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NEW SERIES, No. 30.

THE

ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1872,

OR

OBITUARY

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1871.

L O N D O N :

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1871.

## NAMES WITH MEMOIRS.

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Harrison Alderson.	Sarah Jefferys.
Elizabeth Allen, <i>Liskeard.</i>	Grace Jowitt.
Ellen Allen, <i>Dublin.</i>	John Kent.
William Bratt.	Thomas Knott.
James Brunton.	Joshua Lamb.
Mary Buckley.	Eliza Lambert.
Hannah Cornish.	A. C. Leicester.
Wilson Crewdson.	Samuel Moss.
Joseph Crosland.	Gundry Neave.
Mary Elizabeth Dale.	Stanley Pumphrey.
Isaac Farrand.	John Rogers.
Mary Foster.	Elizabeth Sibbering.
Caroline Fox, <i>Falmouth</i>	Lucy Sparkes.
David Fox, <i>Dewsbury.</i>	Anne Thompson.
Elizabeth Glaisyer.	Mary Wilkey.
Mary Hustler.	Hannah Williams.
Edward James.	<hr/>
	Benjamin Seebom.

### APPENDIX.

Priscilla Quertier, *Guernsey.*

## P R E F A C E .

The Apostolic declaration—"God is able to make all grace to abound towards you,"—is still confirmed, from year to year, by the experience of those who take Christ for their Saviour, their Leader, their great Example, their Advocate with the Father, their all in all. God indeed makes His grace towards such to abound. He plants the precious seed of His word in the heart; He nourishes it and waters it, till it puts forth great branches. He marks the first acts of dedication and allegiance in the young disciple, even the little children crying "Hosanna to the Son of David." He sees also with compassion the wanderers, suffers them to hunger and pine, till they find it is bitterness in the latter end, that when they come to themselves, and say "I will arise and go unto my Father," He may receive them with loving embraces, and make all grace to abound towards them. Those who, by the love which He implants in their hearts, give a cup of cold water to a fainting sister or brother or mother, shall in no wise lose their reward. His unseen Providence marks out the path of His chosen servants, prepares the way, though they know it not, appoints the place of their habitation, and the field in which they are to labour, and when He has wrought all their works in them, says "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "God is able to make all grace to abound towards us,—to supply all our need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus,—to stablish, strengthen, and settle us."

These truths, so abundantly declared and illustrated in the Holy Scriptures, are confirmed and illustrated afresh, in the lives and deaths, the spiritual growth and endowments of men and women we have known, who were surrounded by like circumstances to those by which we are surrounded, and so far on a level with ourselves. Such examples are to be found even in the simple records of this year's *Annual Monitor*, and are so much the more encouraging, as they who furnish them were of our own time, arrogating no superiority above their brethren, ready to say as Paul and Barnabas did, "we also are men of like passions with you," and who would say, do not look at us in our weakness, our infirmities, and our failings, but see how "God is able to make all grace to abound towards us;"—and be assured towards all others, who "commit the keeping of their souls to Him, as to a faithful Creator."

12-26-67

G. P.

In addition to these general reflections, which arise on presenting the year's roll of three hundred of our departed friends, we cannot omit to speak more particularly of one, in whose hands the conducting of this little publication was placed for more than ten years,—the late *Benjamin Seebohm*. Of German nationality, though early naturalized in England, and fully identified with the habits and customs of the land of his adoption,—intimate with the wise and good both by reading and intercourse,—and led into a wide field of religious labour throughout Great Britain and Ireland, as well as during a five years' visit to the meetings and families of Friends in North America,—his vigorous mind was able to take large and comprehensive views of men and things: and having early dedicated himself to the service of Christ and His Church, his memory is cherished by numbers, as an able minister of the gospel during a period of about fifty years.<sup>9</sup> In this calling he was enabled to act up to the Apostle's admonition, "Study to show thyself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." It is a remarkable fact that Stephen Grellet, a Frenchman by birth, fleeing to America, should there be convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and being led as a messenger of that same Gospel across the Atlantic to visit Europe, should be an instrument in awakening religious life in Benjamin Seebohm's heart;—while on the other hand, Benjamin Seebohm, a German by birth, led by Divine Providence to settle in England, was led as a Gospel messenger across the Atlantic to visit America, and there to be the instrument of awakening others, some of whom have gone from country to country on the same blessed errand. There is more than chance in all this. He, who is Head over all things to His church, still separates His faithful servants for the work whereto He calls them, and sends them into every city and place where He himself would come: for lo! He is with them always, even to the end of the world.

The mind dwells with affectionate remembrance on the services of Benjamin Seebohm. He "rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

JOHN NEWBY.

ACKWORTH, 12TH Mo., 1871.



THE  
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1872.

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OBITUARY.

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	Age.	Time of Decease.	
CALEB BEALE ABELL, <i>Cork.</i> Died at York.	86	2 8 mo.	1871
BENJAMIN ABBOTT, <i>Croydon.</i>	77	6 12 mo.	1870
HARRISON ALDERSON,	71	27 7 mo.	1871

A beloved member and minister of Burlington Monthly Meeting in New Jersey, United States of America, who died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Interred at Uttoxeter.

He was the sixth child in a family of eleven; and was born at "Stone House," Dent Dale, Yorkshire, on the 3rd of Eighth month, 1800.

His parents, Richard and Mary Alderson, were members of the Society of Friends, and were desirous to train their children in a guarded manner.

When only eleven years of age, he was suddenly deprived of a father's tender care and counsel. Singularly matured and thoughtful for his age, he seems to have felt, in pondering upon this affliction and bereavement, that the care and responsibility of his widowed parent and younger brothers and sisters would largely devolve upon him. Not long after this event he was sent to Ackworth School, where he remained until he was nearly fourteen. Of his school life but little is known, except that his conduct was thoroughly satisfactory to his teachers; for whom his feelings of gratitude and affection ever remained warm and sincere.

The most remarkable characteristic of his boyhood was a thorough conscientiousness, coupled with an intense love for his mother; which led him while at school, and in after years, to shrink from performing any act which might add to her care or cause her anxiety; and never was it known that he did so. Full and touching was the testimony to his loving care and watchful solicitude for her, which she addressed to him

shortly before her death,—“Thou hast been to me *more* than son. I can call thee brother—husband—the Lord will reward thee, my child!”

Almost immediately after leaving Ackworth School, he was sent to William Satterthwaite at Lancaster, to be initiated into business. With him he remained until he was of age, and for him his love and respect seemed almost filial. An opening in business presented itself about this time at Blackburn, and after due deliberation, he entered upon it in the year 1821.

His marriage in the year 1833 to Emma, youngest daughter of Samuel and Ann Botham of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, was a union singularly blessed. Her refined and deep spiritual nature, quick perception, and remarkably loving heart was ever

“At leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.”

The very atmosphere in which she moved seemed love and joy. She was to him a help-meet in every sense,—strengthening and encouraging him in every good word and work.

Early in the year 1842, he felt it would be right for him to leave his native land, and remove with his family to the United States of America,

where he settled near the then comparatively infant city of Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio.

It was at this new home, "Cedar Lodge," only five years after entering into it, that his fondly loving wife was called away. Surrounded by her flowers and shrubs, and all in nature that one so thoroughly appreciative of the beautiful in God's creation would most enjoy,—with those she loved around her, husband, children and friends,—the summons came to leave all earthly treasures, and to become a partaker with saints and angels of those heavenly joys, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." After fourteen years of unusual happiness, He who had given so precious a companion saw fit, in His best wisdom, to call the gentle, purified spirit of Emma Alderson to Himself,—thus testing the love, faith and submission of affectionate hearts, preparing them to feel that they were not their own, but belonging by right and purchase to their Saviour, who had bought them by His own most precious blood. Cast down, but not overwhelmed,—in simple faith committing his five motherless little ones into the Divine keeping,—the afflicted father thenceforth took the place of both parents

to his children,—supplying for them a tender mother's care and watchful solicitude.

Four years after the death of his beloved wife, Harrison Alderson gave up the home at "Cedar Lodge." The three elder children were then sent to a boarding school:—and during their stay he visited England, spending nearly a year with his relatives and friends. While here his health was much impaired; but on returning to America in the summer of 1853, the warm genial climate, which he seemed while abroad to crave, proved very beneficial.

It may be of interest to mention, in connexion with the above, that the little Book, "Our Cousins in Ohio," so well known to many English homes, contains the simple account of a year of home-life of the three elder children at "Cedar Lodge." It was written by Emma Alderson during the last year of her life, and by her sent in an unfinished state to her beloved sister, Mary Howitt, who published it early in the following year.

Soon after Harrison Alderson's return from England he purchased "The Cedars," in the vicinity of Burlington, which continued to be his home until the spring of the present year, 1871: only leaving it for a final visit to his native land, where, in the Divine ordering, he was peace-

fully to close his life at the home of his eldest daughter.

In the church of which he was a member he early took an active part, holding successively the offices of Overseer, Elder, and Minister. "As a minister of the gospel" (to quote from an obituary notice, in the *Burlington Gazette*), "he was clear, fervent, and impressive. As a Christian, his walk in life was consistent with his high profession." A fellow labourer in the Lord's harvest-field says:—"His ministry was sound, lively and evangelical; baptizing, and raising the life in the hearers. His was the highest form of Christian intercourse and communion; for he was 'a sweet savor of Christ' according to the states of those that received him, either of death unto death, or of life unto life; stirring up the pure mind in the believer, and causing the slumbering and unawakened to feel that 'the wages of sin is death.'"

A few extracts from letters might be appropriately given here, as showing the appreciation in which he was held by his *young friends*. One writes, "His loss cannot be estimated; and yet the sweetness of such a 'falling asleep in Jesus' after a long life of dedication to Him, must bring with it wonderful comfort. Whenever I have thought of him, those lines of

Montgomery have been brought to my mind,—

‘ Servant of God, well done !  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master’s joy.’

I recall with pleasure past days at ‘ West Hill ’ and ‘ The Oaks,’ when I drank in so eagerly his earnest words : feeling it such a privilege to listen to one so experienced in Heavenly things ; and at ‘ The Cedars,’ too, I did so enjoy him, and always felt helped by what he said :—and those heart-reaching sermons, when, ‘ strong in the Lord, and the power of His might,’ he proclaimed so tenderly and earnestly ‘ the glad tidings,’ will never be forgotten.”

Another says :—“ How we shall all miss his strong, firm character ! so unflinching in what was right, so keen to detect a wrong action or an impure motive, so fearless in condemning wrong or the wrong-doer, and yet withal an humble spirit, depending on the Saviour alone.” From another pen, “ It was always instructive, a privilege as well as a pleasure, to talk with him. His was a very fine spiritual nature ;—a quick and clear conscientiousness, and a perpetual realizing of the Divine presence, were his strong charac-

teristics. How singularly his life seemed to be under the Divine guiding! He said the last morning I saw him, 'He felt that he was going home to die.' He said it in no sad or repining sense, but with the conviction that all things pointed to it, and that he had been graciously permitted to feel no anxiety about any worldly matters,—that he only waited."

The conviction, sealed upon the minds of many of his friends in America on taking leave of him, was that they would see his face no more. After a parting visit to one of them, she thus describes her feelings: "The impression left on my mind was, that he was nearing his home in heaven; so peaceful, so trustful, so 'pure in heart,' that I could only rejoice for him, that he was so soon to realize the fulfilment of the promise, that he 'should see God,' and (as an attendant blessing,) be again united to those whom he had so much loved on earth."

Another remarked after a similar visit,— "I hope I shall never forget the beautiful lesson he taught me at parting; that he could willingly part with all, even at a sacrifice, and resign every earthly treasure as though he possessed it not." Many other testimonies, as to the evidence apparent to all that he was ripening for his



heavenly home, might be given, but it would only be lengthening what is designed to be a brief sketch of one who, could he now speak, would wish that words should not be multiplied.

The benefit hoped for, from change of air and scene in England, was not realized. He arrived early in the Fifth month; and though for a time his strength seemed to rally, those who tenderly watched him soon saw there was nothing to build permanent hopes upon. Week after week his little strength grew less,—his mind seemed more absorbed in heavenly thoughts,—quietly, trustingly, and peacefully he waited for the summons home. Not a murmur escaped his lips. “His heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord.” So precious was this sense of deep, settled peace, that he feared at times even to have the Scriptures or his most favourite hymns read aloud; lest, as he said, his mind might be disturbed from the contemplation of heaven. During his entire illness, very touching and remarkable was it to those who were with him to see the deep introversion of his spirit, while “passing through the valley of the shadow” of approaching death, leaning on the beloved of his soul. Nothing, at any time, seemed permitted to dim the anticipation opening before him; not a

ripple even on the surface; all was, as he expressed, even in the times of greatest physical prostration and weakness, "holy unspeakable calm, sweet peace!" and the blessed assurance was impressed upon his spirit, that through the mercy and mediation of his once crucified, now risen and reigning Saviour, an entrance would be abundantly administered unto him into His heavenly kingdom.

Three weeks previous to his decease, a very remarkable incident occurred: which,—as it was received by him as a very merciful and consoling evidence of the love of Him who is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities,"—it is thought may properly be alluded to here. It was on the afternoon of Fourth-day, on the 5th of Seventh month, after having given him what nourishment he was able to take, he requested that no one should remain with him, but all go to dinner,—that he should enjoy being left alone. In the course of half-an-hour, his daughter Agnes went to try and tempt his appetite with a few freshly gathered strawberries. She found him very much affected. After a short interval he told her, with intense emotion, of a wonderful and most comforting heavenly visitation which he had had. He was at the time fully awake. Having closed his eyes, his mind was

drawn into sweet meditation ; an unusual feeling of peace seemed to clothe his spirit. On opening his eyes again, he saw over his bed a most wonderful light which no words could describe ; and in the centre of this light was an angelic face, smiling upon him with an expression of unspeakable love and tender sympathy. The effect produced upon his mind was that of overpowering gratitude and thankfulness, that he, who felt himself so unworthy, should have been so favoured and comforted. To many minds less spiritual than his, such a circumstance may seem purely the effect of the imagination, or they will seek to explain it by some natural cause : but to him it was a precious reality. This was not the only occasion in the best and most favoured moments of his life, when he felt himself strengthened by “ministering spirits, sent forth to minister.”

It is not needful to linger upon the last few days. They were characterized by the same abiding peace, the same patience and trust :—teaching those who were with him a lesson, never to be forgotten, of the wonderful sustaining power of heavenly grace. No other power than that of “grace Divine” could have supported him then. The nervous prostration and difficulty of breathing became very painful : but our beloved

friend seemed raised entirely above it all. Noticing the distress it occasioned to those about him, he said in a cheerful voice: "I am not distressed, but wish to be perfectly quiet." This was on the evening of the 26th. The following morning, soon after nine o'clock, without a struggle, as quietly as an infant falling asleep, his redeemed and purified spirit entered into eternal rest and joy. "Shall we mourn," says one of his beloved children, "that there is another gem in the Saviour's crown, another soul in heaven?—But we do mourn that there is one less to love on earth; one less to proclaim a Saviour's love; one less to win souls to Christ. Teach us, our Father in heaven, to love Thee more as he loved Thee, and to follow him as he followed Christ."

EDWARD ALEXANDER,                    77 15 6 mo. 1871  
*Monkstown, Dublin.*

MARTHA ALEXANDER,                    71 18 6 mo. 1871  
*Ipswich.*

JOSEPH ALLASON,                    91 30 12 mo. 1870  
*Whinfell, Cumberland.*

SAMUEL STAFFORD ALLEN,            30 26 4 mo. 1870  
Died at Ramleh, near Alexandria, in Egypt.

ELIZABETH ALLEN,                    38 25 12 mo. 1870  
*Dublin.* Wife of Henry Allen.

ELIZABETH ALLEN,                    84 29 8 mo. 1871  
*Liskeard, Cornwall.* A Minister. Widow of  
John Allen.

In recording a few particulars of one, of whom it may truly be said that she lived and died in the Lord, it is desired to bear in mind the low estimate she ever entertained of herself, the simplicity of her faith, and trust in Jesus, and her desire to let her "light *so* shine," that only her "Father in heaven might be glorified."

Elizabeth Allen was born in Bristol on the 11th of Twelfth month, 1787, and was the third daughter in the large family of Matthew and Mary Wright. Naturally of a very sweet disposition, she was carefully trained by religious parents, and shielded from many temptations, but she was early led to feel the deceitfulness of her own heart and her need of a Saviour. In a large circle of congenial friends, she was privileged with the fostering care and instruction of many of the Lord's faithful servants; amongst these she often referred to her friends John and Hannah Grant of Leighton Buzzard, whose Christian influence during a visit at their house in her 18th year, was the means of confirming her previous religious impressions.

From a journal kept between the ages of 24

and 30, a few extracts will show her increasing desire to be wholly devoted to her Lord and Saviour, and how watchfully she endeavoured to walk under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

“ How sweet in my retirement last evening was the belief, that He to whom I had many times in days past cried, in the secret of my soul, without being sensible of an answer to my prayers, was even then nearer to me than I was aware of; and that He was feeding me with food the most convenient for me, though not such as my depraved will would have chosen.”

“ Oh ! for the constant safe-guard of humility, that in a deep sense of my own unworthiness, I may seek Divine teaching from day to day, from hour to hour ; that my actions may be influenced by the life and power of my Redeemer, who is the alone Advocate with God, and who only can present us spotless, and our works acceptable, in the sight of His Father.”

\* \* “ If enabled to employ any of the talents committed to us to the honour of the great Giver, or the good of His creatures, surely we have no cause of self-exaltation, but rather of humility, and gratitude towards Him who dispenses His favours to whom, and in what manner, He pleases. O Lord, may none of those

talents with which Thou hast been pleased to entrust me, be rendered back to Thee without improvement, Thou who hast a full right to the entire dedication of them."

"Every moment is a gift from God, but how apt are we to forget this, and to act as if we considered ourselves in sure possession of a large portion of time. Let it then be my endeavour to employ this precious talent, so that it may not be given up when required, as an unimproved gift."

"I feel the necessity of being more humble and watchful, more backward in giving my opinion, not considering *that* time as lost, which is only employed in exercising patience, in endeavouring to profit by the judgment of others more experienced than myself."

"'Trust in the Lord!' Oh! what does this imply? An invitation for perfect weakness to rely on Almighty strength; mercifully, freely imparted, in that measure which our necessities require."

"Some are almost entirely dependent on the bounty of the rich. Divine providence could doubtless instantly enrich these; but I believe He designs also to bless those through whom their daily supplies are permitted to flow. In the exercise of Christian charity, such will find a pleasure far surpassing that arising from any merely self-

ish gratification. How delightful to be indeed Heaven's almoners, to distribute willingly what He has so liberally bestowed !”

“ May all our kind actions towards our fellow creatures flow from love to God ! then we shall be kind, as He is, to the unthankful and evil. *He* does not wait for *our* gratitude to repeat His kindness ; then why should poor man think himself justified in withholding acts of kindness from those, in whom he sees often a picture of his own ingratitude to Him from whom he receives every blessing, and to whom he is indebted even for the power of doing good.”

“ God indeed hears the sighing of the sincere, and answers them speedily. How often is the promise verified to those who *really pray* in secret, ‘ Your Father which seeth in secret shall reward you openly.’ What a safe retreat from the power of our various temptations does this blessed privilege afford ! how does it open the treasures of Divine strength to the soul !”

“ How precious is the return of peace to the soul !—that peace, which is the effect of the love of God shed abroad therein. How does it make every place an altar, every duty a sacrifice,—an offering well pleasing to the Almighty ! Let me not by any act of disobedience, by any improper



or foolish reasonings, banish from my heart that sense of it, with which I have been favoured to-day."

At this time she was diligently employed in various benevolent objects, and in the daily and First-day schools; whilst in the sick room of her invalid mother, who was confined to her bed for more than three years with paralysis, the gentle powers of nursing with which she was peculiarly gifted, were brought into constant exercise. The sudden illness and death of her beloved eldest sister in 1817, is thus alluded to in the same sweet spirit of submission, which was so conspicuous through life.

"How awful, how solemnly interesting, the scene which this one week has exhibited to our contemplation! A beloved precious sister, the delight of our hearts, our tender counsellor, our kind adviser, our affectionate guide, our bright exemplar, removed from us in one week, and we enabled to resign her, not in despair, but to the arms of her Redeemer, to the bosom of His love! No murmur,—no! an allsufficient Comforter was our stay, our hope, our confidence. How was the voice of sorrow and lamentation hushed into acquiescence, by His powerful words, "It is I, be not afraid!" O soul-sustaining assurance!

granted with such clearness, as left no room to doubt His love and mercy in this awful dispensation."

During the last year or two of her residence in Bristol, she united with some others in visiting one of the prisons. Her mind had been impressed almost from childhood, that she should be called to some engagement on behalf of the poor prisoners; and she rejoiced to find that the minds of others were also prepared for the same work. After their first visit she says, "I felt unusual strength for the employment; and my feelings were, I humbly trust, a mark of the Divine approval, and I desired that I might in great simplicity perform my share of the work, looking constantly unto Him, who I trust has pointed it out to me."

Her marriage with John Allen of Liskeard, in 1820, introduced her into a much smaller circle of Friends. His happy home had been early shadowed by sore bereavement; "but" (to use the words of a near relative of his former wife,) "the Lord was very pitiful and gracious, and again gave gladness to his stricken heart, light to his home, and joy to us all, by the gift of her whose companionship and sympathy have been one of the choicest blessings which man

could enjoy, or the Lord bestow. She was the very person he needed; her loveliness tempered his firmness, she took his little orphan to her heart, and blessed him on the right hand and on the left."

The claims of a young family soon occupied her attention, and her health was often very delicate; but whilst diligently devoting herself to her duties as a wife and a mother, the poor around her were not forgotten, especially in their times of sickness and trial. She entered warmly with her dear husband into the management of schools and other institutions for their benefit, and early made it one of her children's pleasures to accompany her in visits to their cottages. When sickness or sorrow entered the homes of her friends, there also her gentle ministry of love found welcome entrance. As a mother she was peculiarly tender and watchful, yet firm in her quiet discipline. Deeply conscious of her own weakness, and of her constant need of heavenly help, she sought to carry all her burdens to the foot of the cross; and the beaming countenance with which she often rejoined her family after her seasons of daily retirement, proved indeed that she had been with Jesus.

In 1828 she was recorded by her Monthly

Meeting as a Minister. She seldom spoke at much length, but in her own and neighbouring meetings, or others into which she might be led by circumstances, she was often made the instrument of imparting instruction and encouragement to her friends, and in social conversation her few "words spoken in season" frequently made a lasting impression. At a later period she writes in her journal:—"Had to lament over my own frailty and imperfection, my liability to be overcome by sudden and unlooked for trial, which if patiently borne may be made conducive to our benefit. Endeavouring to look to my Heavenly Father for forgiveness, I was comforted by the remembrance that help is laid on One that is mighty, and that He is able to take away the burden of my sins; and to do for me as He did for the poor leper who came unto Him with the petition, 'Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.' Oh! that through infinite love and mercy this may be my experience, that the pride of my heart may be subdued, that meekness, patience, and love may more prevail therein, and a greater desire to fulfil the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' This may be a more acceptable offering to Him who seeth in secret, than more conspicuous services."

In 1845-6 her beloved husband was absent for many months, as one of the deputation from our Yearly Meeting to Indiana. Whilst keenly feeling the distant separation, she cheerfully surrendered him; and was able to acknowledge, that humble fervent gratitude was due for the continued support granted in his absence. She frequently records the earnest secret prayers offered on his behalf, and that a blessing might rest upon the mission, and says:—  
“When favoured to feel our absent friends under the safe guidance and protection of our Heavenly Father, how does it seem to annihilate space and distance, and to bring us in spirit near to each other! our prayers ascending for each other, and our hearts humbled under a sense of the continued and unmerited favours bestowed. \* \* \*  
After a time of much inward conflict, some ability was granted me, to desire afresh to dedicate myself and my beloved husband to the service of our blessed Lord, and that we might both adopt the language, ‘Thy will be done.’ \* \* \*  
Earnestly have I been engaged to petition my Heavenly Father for wisdom and ability to perform my parental duties, that I may be enabled to go in and out before my precious children acceptably in His sight, that they may

be attracted unto Him, that His love may be permitted to flow amongst us. What watchfulness over my own spirit is needed, that I may not be deterred by the fear of pain to myself from cautioning them of danger! How have I craved for them the blessed teachings and tendering influences of Divine grace!"

In 1851 a deep trial was permitted in the death of her beloved daughter Eliza Southall, only six weeks after her marriage. The short illness did not allow of her parents reaching in time to see her, but tidings of the event met them on their journey. The triumph of Christian faith over maternal anguish on this occasion was very striking; and in a spirit of beautiful submission she afterwards wrote in her journal:—"I was mercifully enabled to lift up my heart to my Father in heaven, to implore Him that He would not suffer a murmur to arise in our hearts at His all-righteous will; and oh, with what thankfulness was He graciously pleased to fill my heart at the very time, that my precious child was for ever safe in His glorious kingdom! a child in heaven! what a thought! what consolation did it indeed convey! what reverent gratitude to Him who had, we could not doubt, made her meet for this blissful inheritance!"

During the later years of her life, much bodily suffering was often her portion ; and when in the autumn of 1858 her serious illness called forth the tender sympathy and care of her beloved husband, it was little anticipated that she would remain to soothe and cheer his dying bed, and be a rich blessing to her family for twelve succeeding years. But after this deep affliction, and the loss of a beloved sister and brother, all in one month, —her own health gradually improved ; and though a trying spasmodic affection prevented her for some years from attending meetings, she was able to take occasional journeys from home.

In 1863 a serious fall caused a lameness for the rest of life : but the previous trying ailment was mercifully lessened. She could enjoy more social intercourse ; and after a time greatly valued the privilege of assembling with her friends again at meeting, where her voice was often heard in a few words of earnest exhortation. Twice during this time she was brought very low by severe attacks of bronchitis ; but her heavenly frame of mind was sweet to witness. Her natural reserve in speaking of her feelings was broken through ; and though she felt that “to die” would indeed be “gain,” the return to earth was cheerfully entered on. Her heart was filled with thanks-

giving for her many mercies, and the waking hours of the night were often spent in prayer and praise.

In the summer of 1870 her strength began decidedly to decline, but she still greatly enjoyed the garden, where many happy hours were passed, and her hands were diligently occupied;—whilst her books were a continual source of comfort. She spoke of her happiness as greater than ever before;—she used to feel a *hope and trust*,—but now there was more *assurance*; “when it is needed,” she said, “it is given. The scale of mercy far outweighs the scale of suffering; so many little streams of blessing coming through different channels, but all from Him. He apportions the help just as He sees we need it; sometimes my cup seems so full, it almost overflows.” When her family returned from meeting one day, she said, “I hope you have been praising Him. I have been with you in spirit,—my heart has been filled with praise.”

Looking very bright on her 83rd birthday, she said: “83 years of mercies! and then to look forward to a *for ever*, because we have an Advocate above; this is my only pillow to rest upon.” She spoke on another occasion of the sweetness of love,—love to God,



and love to one another; increasing continually as we approach the source of love, and continuing to increase through all eternity. Then with a tearful, beaming countenance, acknowledged "the little foretaste here of what there will be by and by."

In allusion to our recognition of each other in heaven, she said, "*That* I must leave. We shall see Jesus, and our happiness will be full." To some relatives who joined her at tea, she said, "If it is so sweet to meet here, what will it be to meet above! where we 'shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and lead us to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes;' and this will be for ever." She spoke with delight of the spring flowers telling of the Creator's power. "The prospect of heaven does not at all lessen my enjoyment in the things of earth."

After severe pain she earnestly prayed that all might be for the accomplishment of the Lord's will in her. When the physician noticed her cheerfulness, instead of the depression and irritability so frequent in such cases, she replied, "Oh, I feel that too; but I am helped to struggle against it. What can I expect after 83 years!"

and then spoke in glowing terms of her blessings. "I *can* say that the Lord has never failed me in any one thing; and He never *will* fail those who put their trust in Him."

After expressing her deep interest in some meetings, which had been held in the town, and it was suggested that a blessing was granted proportioned to the believing prayers of the Lord's people, she replied, "Faith is *His* gift, for *us* to exercise." She spoke of the comfort she enjoyed in Christian fellowship with her friends, brothers and sisters of different denominations; how much she felt united to all: and alluding to our daily need of spiritual bread, said "we must leave to Him the quantity, and the quality." After retiring to rest that night, she gave thanks that he who would rob her of her peace, was not often permitted to assail her. "I believe so great is Thy mercy, that Thou wilt not suffer me to indulge in a false peace. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

When suffering greatly, she asked all to pray for her, that her patience might not fail. At another time she said, "It will all be over in the right time. I feel so cold, so little able to feel, though I have had so many mercies;—and your love and kindness are some of the little rills,

which all come from the Fountain that is full and inexhaustible. Oh to think of that,—*inexhaustible!*”

She warmly responded to the text, “ Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,” and said, on reviewing her life from infancy, through childhood, youth and womanhood, even to old age, there had been continued mercy ;—and now she was experiencing the fulfilment of the promise, “ To old age, I am He ; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you.” “ But I am a poor weak creature, I have indeed nothing of my own :

‘ Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.’ ”

In the spring of 1871 she revived a little ; and though extremely weak, much enjoyed being carried into the garden a few times. Though evidently taking leave of all around her, there was no gloom, but a sweet cheerful brightness ; and she spoke of “ the valley ” having “ no dark shadow in prospect.”

On leaving her room one morning, her daughter remarked, what a bright place it always was, she responded with a happy smile, “ I hope it will be a place of thanksgiving and rejoicing to the very end ! I trust all sorrow is taken away

for ever. I have such a sweet hymn here,—

‘ God is so good ! but none the less in sorrow,  
Than when we walk along a path of light :  
For there are stars that day can never borrow,  
And God’s best promises shine best at night.’ ”

To some relations who called, she spoke of her “ downward steps,” and when they noticed her thin hand, “ Yes, my flesh fails, but not my heart;—that is fixed, and the precious support granted me from day to day, leaves no room for doubt or fear. I believe that when I pass through the waters He will be with me.”

After watching the children from the Union-House Band of Hope assembled in the garden, she said, “ The sound of their voices was sweet, though I could not hear the words : how I longed that they might learn the new song ! I earnestly desire that a blessing may rest upon them, their caretakers, helpers and friends.”

During the hot weather in the Eighth month, her strength rapidly declined. She felt that the time was short, and wished “ to make the most of her little remaining strength.” She spoke of being “ borne along,” carried in the arms of her Heavenly Father,—of the “ free love” of her Saviour, “ All my short comings passed by !

and a humble hope given, that He will receive me, and that I shall be permitted at last to see His face. It is but a little while that any of us have to work for Him here ; but what a favour that He permits us that little while ! and when we can work no longer, to lean upon His arm." One evening she asked to hear the hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and the 14th chapter of John : dwelling with delight on its beautiful promises, — on the "many mansions." She spoke of its being "only a step from earth to heaven." \* \* Looking back on the past twelve years, and even twenty years, how short a time it seems !" and in reference to her daughter's death at that time, she quoted the lines, —

"She is in heaven, has crossed ere noon  
The stream that bounds this earthly land ;—  
And wilt not thou rejoin her soon ?  
Yes ! though till eve thou waiting stand."

She spoke of "her own unworthiness, of her entire emptiness ;—of the streams of consolation which were given, just a little at a time, as she needed, and could bear it,—that all her trust was in the righteousness of Christ,—the fulness was all in Him !" —of the white robe which He would

put upon her, "Oh! to be clothed with immortality!" of the new song which He would put into her mouth, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;" dwelling with deep feeling on her dear Saviour's sufferings for her sake. "*My* sufferings,—oh, they are nothing, nothing. How good He is! He is worthy to be served, honoured and obeyed. Be diligent to serve the Lord in your day, till He calls you to come up higher." \* \* \*

On the 10th, during great pain she prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus, oh, come whenever Thou seest it is the right time; and oh, grant me patience to wait till that time!" In the evening she was greatly comforted by the arrival of her absent daughter, and greeted her with "How kind this is of my Heavenly Father! He is so good, so merciful. It would be impossible for me to tell of all His goodness to me,—it is unspeakable! Oh, let us praise and magnify His name; my soul doth magnify the Lord,—my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. I do love Him so much—I cannot tell His love—He is my all in all—my only helper, my Saviour!"

The next day she was carried into another room for the last time. She spoke with much thankfulness of having her children all around her; saying, "If it is so sweet to meet here,

how delightful will it be to meet in that glorious company, who surround the throne, clothed in white robes!" Her heart seemed poured out with affectionate interest for her dear relations and friends, distant and near, sending messages to many. "Tell dear —— that his prayer for me is answered; that my last days are my best days,—that heaven has begun below,—at evening time it *is* light. I desire that God may be more glorified in my death than in my life: and may you all be enabled to say, 'Thanks be unto God who hath given her the victory!' \* \* She spoke of "the blessedness of seeking the Lord,—that He is a rewarder of all those who diligently seek Him. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what good things the Lord hath prepared for them that love Him."

In the evening she said, "It is so sweet to think of your all living together in love, you on earth and I in heaven.

'God's family in heaven and earth are one;—

With you the conflict but begun,—

*With her the crown of victory won.'*"

She remarked that "this had been a sweet day; she had never felt more her own unworthiness, but salvation was a free gift, purchased for her,—“and at what a price? the blood of the

immaculate Lamb! All her sins washed away in the blood of Jesus:—all forgiven,—no condemnation remaining. Oh, what will it be soon to see Him? It is a sweet prospect,—like going on a pleasant journey.”

The next morning, with a loving look, she said, “May the joy of the Lord be your strength! strength in your weakness, riches in your poverty, and a present help in every needful time: and He *will* be, as He has already been.” When anxiety on her account was alluded to, she exclaimed, “Anxiety—that is a word I know nothing about.” \* \* “How quickly the days pass away! The wheels of His chariot are *not long* in coming! oh, no!” When it was remarked to her “The celestial city full in view,” she replied, “He has promised to be with His own even to the end, and I rest upon the promises.” Speaking of the lines, “On Christ the solid rock I stand,” she said: “The rock is firm. I find it so,—nothing else could avail me now.” Her parting words to a dear child were, “Think of me, dear, as thy happy aunt, happy aunt, going to be for ever with Jesus.”

One morning, when a dear friend, who came to take leave of her, congratulated her on being so near heaven, she said, “But not because of



any bit of worth in me, only because Christ has opened the door.

‘ Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I’m constrained to be !’

Adding with a bright smile, “ Thou must part with me cheerfully.” To another she sent this message, “ Tell her she rightly says that to depart and be with Christ is far better ; but I am enabled to say, ‘ Thy will be done, as to *when* and *how*.’ ” At one time she said, fixing her eyes upwards, “ Oh, to think of being introduced to the company of angels, and to the King of kings ! oh, to see the King in His beauty, and the land which is very far off !”

On the 15th, she evidently thought herself sinking, and cheerfully said to her daughters— “ Don’t try to hold me, dears ! Jesus’ arms *are* underneath.” She took leave of all her family, saying she believed the Lord would answer her prayers for them, and tried to cheer them with the thought of the joyful meeting above. But after a time she again revived. When asked if she could wait a little longer, she replied, in a clear, earnest voice, in the words of her favourite hymn,—

“ I can wait a little longer,  
For His will is *very dear*,  
And in waiting I grow stronger,  
For I feel the day is near.”

Whilst wearied with some change made for her comfort, she gave thanks for the blessings of her past life :—"Those sweet gardens, those pleasant meadows, that lovely prospect, where we have had so many pleasant walks together: and now Thou hast provided for me an enduring prospect with Thee for ever! O Lord, I thank Thee for all!" In allusion to her sufferings she said: "They had not been great,—it had seemed as though one had been bearing them for her, — she had scarcely had to bear them herself. \* \* There would not be one more than her Heavenly Father appointed,—just for taking down the poor tabernacle."

Once when feeling rather depressed, she was cheered by the assurance from her nephew, that he believed the welcome awaited her, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord:" she replied, "I think my Saviour would not suffer me to be deceived. Thou hast given me the message just when it was needed." At another time she said "how sweet it would be to fall asleep here, and awake in heaven! Death has been called the king of terrors, but he has no terrors for me,—no terrors for me." On receiving a sweet message of sympathy, she said, "Unworthy! unworthy! but Jesus!

my Jesus! He is my Saviour! He is able to prepare you also. *Whosoever will*, let him come and take of the water of life freely. It is not to be bought. It is a free gift. Sweet assurance! He is the Alpha and Omega; the beginning and the end!"

Her weakness had now become very great,—she slept much, and there was not power for much expression; but a sweet smile often rested on her sunken features.

One evening, she said, "praise the Lord! oh, that I could praise Him as I have desired to do!" \* \* "My whole life should have been devoted to His praise and honour. I have been too desirous to follow my own will. But He is a merciful Saviour. He passes by transgressions: His loving-kindness is from one generation to another, and to children's children.

\* \* Tell dear — that I am still sustained by my Saviour. Tell her to love Him,—love Him,—love Him with her whole heart."

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On First day morning, looking up she softly said, "What a transition! what a transition! King of kings! and Lord of lords!" and appeared to be silently dwelling on the glorious change before her. In the afternoon when very low, she prayed

for Divine help: "My Father, my Saviour, be with me in Jordan's flood!"

The next day the restlessness and weariness were great. She said, "Heavenly Father, take me, if it be Thy holy will! Oh, let me not wander from Thee in word or deed or thought!" She seemed comforted by passages of Scripture and hymns repeated to her, saying once, "Tell me something about heaven." That night she sank into unconsciousness, and the following day she was permitted, without much apparent suffering, to enter into the joy of her Lord.

ELLEN ALLEN, 42 21 12 mo. 1870  
*Ferndene, Blackrock, near Dublin.* Died at  
 Metz. Daughter of Henry Allen.

The circumstances under which this dear friend finished her earthly career have excited so much sympathy, that it seems due to her many friends briefly to allude to some of the events connected with the closing scenes of her life.

Towards the end of the Eleventh Month, when she was but recently recovered from a severe illness, the intelligence reached her that her brother Henry John Allen, to whom she was tenderly attached, had, just at the conclusion of his task as one of the Commissioners of the War Victims' Fund, been attacked with illness at

Metz. In a few days this turned out to be small-pox, a disease then very prevalent in the districts occupied by the French and German armies; and with that unselfish devotion which was so strong a feature in her character, she at once determined to proceed to France to nurse him during his illness,—wholly disregarding her own delicate state of health.

After a rapid journey, in which she was accompanied by her uncle Richard Allen, she arrived at Metz much exhausted with fatigue: the effort having proved to be a very trying and laborious one. Notwithstanding this, she at once addressed herself with the utmost zeal and devotedness to the arduous task she had undertaken. Could a nurse have been procured to relieve her of some of the more laborious work of attending to her brother, her strength might not have been so sorely tried: but this proved to be impossible. About a fortnight after she reached Metz, a return of her old malady laid her on the bed of sickness, and a few days afterwards symptoms of small-pox appeared.

Notwithstanding the constant care of a kind and skilful physician, and of several kind friends whose exertions were unremitting, she rapidly sank from the effects of the disease. After a

season of delirium, she fell into a stupor, and quietly breathed her last in the afternoon of the 21st of 12th Month, 1870. Her friends have the unspeakable consolation of feeling assured that, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the great change was to her a blessed and a glorious one; that for her death had no sting, and the grave no victory.

Although naturally reticent upon religious topics, she had of later years spoken frequently and unreservedly upon the subjects which were always dear to her heart; and there are more than a few who can recur to words of comfort and strength, which have fallen from her lips from time to time in the sacred confidence of friendship. Her mother died when she was quite a young woman; and to her brothers and sisters she was almost like a second mother, so tender and judicious was her influence. Her remains were laid in a quiet corner of the "Cimetière de l'Ouest," about a mile and a half from Metz. A simple gravestone marks the spot where reposes all that was mortal of one tenderly loved, who laid down her life willingly in the path of Christian duty. "*And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*"—*Matt. xxv. 40.*

- ESTHER ALLOTT, 64 24 2 mo. 1871  
*Highflatts, near Huddersfield.* Widow of Joshua Allott.
- MATTHEW ALSOP, 61 30 12 mo. 1870  
*Maldon, Essex.*
- SARAH ARMISTEAD, 48 11 10 mo. 1870  
*Neithorp, Banbury.* Widow of David Armistead,
- JOHN ARMISTEAD, 76 13 8 mo. 1871  
*Mount Radford, Exeter.*
- ABIGAIL BAKER, 26 3 1 mo. 1871  
*James Town, Finglas, Dublin.* Daughter of John and Eliza Baker.
- HANNAH BAKER, 91 1 4 mo. 1871  
*Adel, Leeds.* Widow of William Baker.
- CHARLES BALKWILL, 63 16 3 mo. 1871  
*Plymouth.*
- ARTHUR BARNARD, 13 20 2 mo. 1871  
*Rawdon, Leeds.* Son of Charles and Mary Ann Barnard.
- ANN MARIA BARNES, 86 15 12 mo. 1869  
*Northampton.* Wife of Joseph Barnes. (Not reported last year.)
- JANE BARNES, *Waterford.* 82 29 1 mo. 1871
- ANN BARRITT, 78 26 1 mo. 1871  
*Head Gate House, Colchester.* Widow of James Barritt.

- ELIZABETH BASS, 33 26 5 mo. 1871  
*Sheffield.* Daughter of Isaac Gray Bass.
- PRISCILLA BAYNES, 94 14 1 mo. 1871  
*Clifton, Bristol.*
- MARY BEALE, 71 6 9 mo. 1870  
*Cork.* Daughter of Thomas Beale.
- HARRIET BECK, 43 12 11 mo. 1870  
*Hitchin.* Widow of Richard Beck.
- WALTER BECK, 32 20 8 mo. 1871  
*Isleworth, Brentford.* Son of Susannah Beck.
- MARY BEHARREL, 46 23 7 mo. 1871  
*Hull.* Wife of Francis Beharrel.
- HERBERT LANGTRY BELL, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  21 2 mo. 1871  
*Springfield, Newtownards.* Son of George L. and Clara Jane Bell.
- MARY BELLIS, 79 13 12 mo. 1870  
*York.* Widow of Samuel Bellis.
- EDWARD BILTON, *Bradford.* 61 4 12 mo. 1870
- CHRISTIANA BINNS, 90 31 12 mo. 1870  
*Great Ayton, in Cleveland.*
- JONATHAN BINNS, 85 10 1 mo. 1871  
*Lancaster.* Son of Jonathan Binns, M.D., who was Superintendent of Ackworth School from 1795 to 1804.
- ELIZA BISHOP, 60 26 8 mo. 1870  
*Manchester.* Wife of Benjamin Bishop.



- WOMBELL BLAND, 79 1 12 mo. 1870  
*Cheltenham.*
- MARIA BLUNSOM, 26 27 7 mo. 1871  
*Northampton.* Daughter of John and Maria  
Blunsom.
- THOMAS BOBIEAR, 87 24 11 mo. 1870  
*Enniscorthy.*
- JOSIAH BOWDEN, *Tottenham.* 61 11 12 mo. 1870
- LUCY BOWLY, 27 30 12 mo. 1870  
*Horsepools, Gloucester.* Daughter of Samuel  
Bowly.
- LUCY BRADSHAW, 18 30 4 mo. 1871  
*Eccles, Manchester.* Daughter of the late  
George Bradshaw.
- WILLIAM BRATT, 82 25 3 mo. 1871  
*Winchmore Hill.* Brother of the late Charles  
Bratt.

He was for many years a member of Devonshire House Monthly Meeting before his removal to Winchmore Hill, where he was much esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. Of late years he was confined to the house on account of a great affliction, which at times caused him much pain. This he bore with Christian patience, and was often heard to rejoice in the Lord for all His goodness, and to speak of the many blessings he had received at His hand. Towards the end he

looked, with childlike faith, to Him who is able to redeem unto the very uttermost, for an entrance into one of the many mansions, which are prepared for those who have come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.

JANE BRAYSHAW, 78 21 8 mo. 1871  
*Altrincham, Manchester.* Widow of Benjamin  
 Brayshaw.

ANN BROAD, 68 15 4 mo. 1871  
*Hackney, London.* Widow of John Broad.

ELIZABETH BROCKBANK, 66 4 12 mo. 1870  
*Settle.* Widow of J. B. Brockbank.

JOHN BROOKFIELD, 71 2 3 mo. 1871  
*Swallow Nest, near Rotherham.*

ELIZABETH BROWETT, 80 13 1 mo. 1871  
*Coventry.* Widow of William Browett.

ALFRED BROWN, 61 21 1 mo. 1871  
*Canonbury, London.*

WILLIAM BROWN, 56 23 2 mo. 1871  
*North Shields.*

PATIENCE BROWN, 81 9 9 mo. 1871  
*Weston-super-Mare.* Widow of John Brown,  
 of Woodbridge.

SUSAN BROWNIE, 70 17 2 mo. 1871  
*Newton, Kinmuck, N. B.* Wife of Peter  
 Brownie.

JAMES BRUNTON,                      69 20    3 mo. 1871  
*Sherton, near Lancaster.*

Though the removal of this beloved friend was sudden and unexpected, yet his survivors have the consoling belief, that through redeeming love and mercy, he has been received "into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He possessed in no ordinary degree the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and his daily life was marked by an humble walk with God. He was very earnest in attending religious meetings when at all practicable, though at the cost of much time and difficulty,—his last effort being made on the day preceding his death.

Though much afflicted during the latter part of his life, yet his naturally cheerful disposition shone brightly through all; and his sympathy and interest in the welfare of others were frequently manifested. His benevolent feelings prompted him, several years ago, to propose the founding of a home for the maintenance and care of the weak and imbecile. He brought the subject under notice in the columns of "*The British Friend*," and himself offered a very liberal contribution. Enlisting also the sympathies of his fellow-townsmen, they entered heartily into his views: and his initiative gift of £2000 resulted in

the present noble institution of the "*Royal Albert Asylum*" in Lancaster, for the Northern Counties of England, including Cheshire. Our dear friend's life was spared just long enough to witness the partial opening of this asylum.

MARY BUCKLEY, 64 26 9 mo. 1871

*Manchester.* Widow of Joseph Buckley.

This dear friend occupied no prominent position in the Society. The great delicacy of her health for many years precluded her from taking much part in active life; and yet, notwithstanding her frailty of body, she was remarkably cheerful and sunny, ever ready to welcome her friends: this being increasingly the case as life drew to a close. Her memory is precious to many who saw her during the last few days ere the final summons came, and as it was expressed at the grave-side on the day of interment: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them,"—so do her friends trustingly believe that *she* rests from her labours, and her works, humble though they be and not known to the world,—yet do they follow her.

Mary Buckley was born on the 24th of 1st mo. 1807, at Bolton, in Lancashire, and was the youngest child of William and Jane Houlding.

In the year 1836 she was married to Joseph Buckley, a union that was owned and blessed of the Lord.

Called as her beloved husband was from season to season to work in his Master's vineyard, and even in foreign lands, it was truly instructive to observe the readiness with which she gave him up to pursue the path of duty ; helping and cheering his faith, and encouraging him to a full surrender : and truly in the line of her experience she was permitted to know, that " she that tarried at home divided the spoil. "

In the fourth month of 1866 she was very ill. On the 9th of that month, in the evening, the 46th psalm being read to her, she breathed a short prayer : " Oh Lord God, be pleased to strengthen us, be pleased to help and sustain us in this time of trial, be very near to each one of us for Jesus' sake, our Lord and Saviour. Amen." Early in the morning of the 10th, she said : " I am very comfortable in mind, endeavouring to hope and trust in our all-merciful Saviour. I have been praying to the Almighty, that if he takes me to himself, he will be pleased to take me when I don't know of it," adding that she naturally felt fearful of dying. Three days after this she remarked, that of later time she had felt more

settled in her mind and hopeful about the future, than she was some years ago. Her faith was that her merciful Saviour would help her to the last, and conduct her safely to His heavenly kingdom of rest and peace. She felt it precious to believe him near, being sensible that his love was towards her to gather her to rest.

The fear of dying alluded to above was, we may believe, greatly mitigated ; and when, after being spared five years longer, her hour of dismissal came, she passed away in slumber, in accordance with her own petition, sweetly, gently, without a sigh ; as an infant falling asleep, so she glided into her Saviour's arms.

In the autumn of 1868, she was called to part with her beloved husband ; who after a long and very suffering illness, went to his eternal rest on the 27th of 9 mo., of whom see an account in the *Annual Monitor* for 1869. She survived him just three years, and died at the same age.

During the winter months of 1870 and 1871, friends everywhere were interested in no small degree in working for the poor " War Victims." Our friend, though so weakly, entered with much zest into these labours : her feeble fingers knitting many warm articles of clothing, to comfort the poor French women : and it was delightful to

see how loving was the spirit which animated her, to do it as unto Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

When summer came, her earthly tabernacle showed symptoms of being gently let down: "pin by pin" as she herself expressed it. On the 4th of Seventh month, she exhorted her beloved child to seek to serve the Lord, saying how she wished she had done much more for Him. She had felt it very hard to think of leaving her dear and only child; and as though she could not be resigned: but was at last enabled to leave all in His hands, who is all-sufficient, and who "doeth all things well;" querying whether He might not permit her own removal to work for some good end.

At this time her mind was much tried with many doubts, and it was very distressing at times to see the discouragement under which she laboured. Visits from beloved friends with words of sweet encouragement on their lips did not seem to comfort her; she was under a cloud: but by and by the Lord was pleased to say, "It is enough;" enabling her to rejoice that "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saveth us, by the wash-

ing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. ”

One evening, pacing the drawing room and freely conversing of her depressed and doubtful state of mind, she derived great consolation from hearing one of the Olney Hymns, beginning

“ Pensive, doubtful, fearful heart,  
Hear what Christ the Saviour says.”

She had a great wish to go to the seaside, as had been her wont in summers before ; but now it seemed as if it could scarcely be accomplished, the medical men quite discouraging it. In the course of a few weeks however, she so far revived as to get out in a bath chair, which was a source of great enjoyment to her, and towards the end of Eighth month, she was taken to Lytham ; where she remained for three weeks, going out in her chair for a short time in the middle of the day. She returned home on the 13th of 9th month, and gradually declined, so that on the 19th she kept her room never to leave it again.

She was greatly comforted in the night by hearing the hymn :—

“ 'Tis not a lonely night-watch  
Which by thy couch I spend ;  
Jesus is close beside us,  
Our Saviour and our friend ;—”



also a sweet letter, which had been addressed to her by her beloved husband in 1864, on the anniversary of their marriage. During her few remaining days on earth, she loved to dwell on the sayings uttered by him in his last sickness. On the 20th, a dear friend called on her way to the Quarterly Meeting. Very sweet was the interview between them; the invalid expressing her interest in the approaching gathering,—her love for friends, and her concern that they might be faithful.

9 mo. 25th. She was particularly comforted by a loving message from a friend at a distance, often saying: "Oh what a blessed thing to see the shining ones!" During the day she was heard from time to time to ejaculate: "Happy—happy—happy! \* \* How blessed to mingle with those—\* \* No! no conception!"—and again, "Let us go on the other side, and bless His holy name." On the hymn being read, "Rock of ages cleft for me!" she exclaimed, "Yes that is *my* rock." In the afternoon one of her young friends called upon her; and so sweet is the impression left on her mind of the parting interview, that we insert her remarks: "I am so glad I have seen thy beloved mother once more.—She pressed my hand in both hers; smiling sweetly as she told me it

was kind to come and see her. It was very affecting to me. I shall never forget it. Dear Mary Buckley! How peaceful and loving she seemed! Only waiting patiently for our Father's call." And again, "I could hardly leave her that last day I stood by her bedside; there was something so unutterably sweet and childlike about her meek, patient spirit!—and I felt very strongly, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The same evening in great prostration of body, she prayed fervently: "O Lord, sustain me,—help me to wait on Thee,—help me to look to Thee in my feebleness!"

At length her last day on earth arrived; and early in the morning, on waking from a doze, extending her arms she exclaimed, "Yes—Jesus is there." Other short expressions showed the tenor of her meditations, "He is able to save—We are sustained by the grace of the Almighty—Believe—Have faith in Him—" Then lines from hymns:

"Call on the name of Jesus,  
Until heavenly blessings flow."

\* \*      "So strong to deliver,  
            So good to redeem  
The weakest believer  
            That hangs upon Him."

“Press towards the mark,” she said, “for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. This ought to be impressed upon our minds.” To a dear friend she sent this message; “Tell him—tell him—I’m going to Jesus; that I have no doubts—no doubts.” About noon, the 17th chapter of John was read to her. Pressing her daughter’s hand, she repeated some of the verses after her, saying, “*so sweet!*” Later on, she saw a beloved friend who had been unremitting in her love and kindness. When asked if she knew her, opening her eyes with a beaming smile, she said: “Oh yes, I know——;” and clasping her hand she endeavoured to speak, but all that was audible was, “joy—joy!”

About three o’clock in the afternoon she fell asleep. Her loved ones gathered around her, conscious that the end was near: and at ten minutes to four she passed, as we assuredly believe, from death to life, to be

“For ever with the Lord!—

Amen! so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word—

’Tis *immortality.*”

CAROLINE BULL,

35 1 12 mo. 1870

*Ramsden, Chelmsford.* Daughter of William  
and Sarah Bull.

LOUISA BULLA,	6 22	5 mo.	1871
<i>Monkstown, Dublin.</i> Daughter of Timothy and Ruth Bulla.			
JOSHUA BURTON,	67 19	8 mo.	1871
<i>Waterford.</i>			
MARY PETCHELL BURTT,	74 26	4 mo.	1871
<i>York.</i> Wife of William Burtt.			
ELIZABETH BURTT,	60 5	5 mo.	1871
<i>York.</i> Wife of Jonathan Burtt.			
EMILY JOSEPHINE BURRITT,	23 21	9 mo.	1871
<i>Camberwell, London.</i> Wife of Edward Burritt.			
SARAH BUSH, <i>Poole.</i>	49 16	4 mo.	1871
MARY CARD,	62 15	1 mo.	1871
<i>Clontarf, Dublin.</i>			
JOSEPH CHAYTOR,	78 13	4 mo.	1871
<i>Clonmel.</i>			
OLIVE WINSER CHERRY,	22 3	9 mo.	1871
<i>Waterford.</i> Wife of William Cherry.			
LUCY CHISSUM,	73 14	1 mo.	1870
<i>Northampton.</i> Widow of John Chissum. ( <i>Not reported last year.</i> )			
JAMES CLAPHAM, <i>Beverley.</i>	44 1	4 mo.	1871
CHARLOTTE AMELIA CLAR-			
BOUR,	5 27	1 mo.	1871
LUCY CLARBOUR,	6 31	1 mo.	1871
Children of Fountain Clarbour of <i>Salford, Manchester.</i>			

- HANNAH COATES, 67 3 4 mo. 1871  
*Smelt House, Bishop Auckland.* An Elder.
- FANNY COLE, 2 24 11 mo. 1870  
*Birkenhead.* Daughter of Albert and Caroline Cole.
- ROBERT COLEMAN, 77 4 5 mo. 1871  
*Wandsworth.*
- JAMES ALFRED COLLINSON, 23 25 2 mo. 1871  
*Halifax.* Son of Thomas and Mary Collinson.
- ROBERT COOKE, 85 8 4 mo. 1871  
*Liscard, Cheshire.*
- WILLIAM COOPER, 79 30 6 mo. 1871  
*Southport, formerly of Doncaster.*
- MARY CORDER, 80 11 3 mo. 1871  
*Writtle, near Chelmsford.* Widow of Thomas Corder.
- HANNAH CORNISH, 66 9 8 mo. 1871  
*Redruth.* An Elder.

A local paper speaks of this dear friend as "one of the excellent of the earth, and that in her the poor of Redruth had lost one of their greatest benefactors." It may be added that she was a good example to all, a true peacemaker; very diligent in her attendance of meetings, and grieved to see the contrary in any. There remains a firm belief, that through the mercy of God in Christ, she "exchanged (as the

*Redruth Times* expresses it) mortality for life,"  
—life everlasting.

BASIL COVENTRY, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  21 4 mo. 1871  
*Southport.* Son of Henry G. and Mary  
Coventry.

ANN CRABTREE, *Leeds.* 48 22 3 mo. 1871  
Wife of Joseph Crabtree.

WILSON CREWDSON, 81 4 9 mo. 1871  
*Southside, Manchester.*

We believe it may be said of our dear and venerable Friend, that he feared the Lord from his youth; and was favoured to be, through his long life, an humble and consistent follower of the Saviour whom he loved, and desired, according to his ability, to serve. Though long engaged in active and successful business, it was then, and continued to be, his practice to devote a portion of each day to religious retirement, and to the private reading of Holy Scripture, which was his companion and treasure through his lengthened life. Although he suffered much from the withdrawal of almost the whole of his large family connection, between thirty and forty years ago, from our Society, he himself was steadfast throughout his course in the faith and fellowship of Friends; and by those of his own large meeting was greatly esteemed. Among many other objects

of his interest and bounty, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the City Mission of Manchester were prominent, and received his very liberal support. His latter days were attended with much general infirmity, but, on religious subjects, his mind was always clear; though taking very low views of his own spiritual condition. He died as he had lived, steadfast in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, unmoved by any wind of doctrine from whatever quarter it might come; and his beloved family, and many attached friends, have the support and consolation of a reverent trust that, freed from all infirmity, both of flesh and spirit, he rests for ever with the Lord.

SARAH CRAIG, *Belfast*. 46 9 6 mo. 1871

Wife of James Craig.

JOHN CROSFIELD, 81 23 2 mo. 1871

*Rothay Bank, Ambleside*. An Elder. Interred at Lancaster.

CAROLINE CROSFIELD, 67 14 7 mo. 1871

*Southport*.

ELLEN CROSLAND, 55 17 3 mo. 1871

*Camden Road, London*. Widow of John Crosland.

JOSEPH CROSLAND, 60 20 5 mo. 1871

*Worcester*.

Those who were intimate with this dear

Friend, can revert to the watchfulness and integrity of his character, and to its accordance with his Christian profession. For several years previous to his decease, he had retired from business, principally on account of ill health. The leisure which this afforded him he greatly enjoyed: yet he was concerned to employ his time diligently and usefully, and to make a good use of the means at his disposal. He was ever ready to help the poor, and to assist in works of philanthropy:—and he was particularly careful to notice kindly any individuals, whether members of our Society or not, who were as he thought liable to be overlooked. For some years he held the appointment of Overseer in the meeting at Worcester, discharging the duties of that office with humility and love. For those not members, who were drawn to attend our meetings for worship, he manifested a lively interest, and would seek them out at their own houses for friendly intercourse.

His last illness was short: but having been enabled through Divine grace to experience a preparation for the heavenly kingdom, he was mercifully permitted to feel that confidence which deprives death of its sting, and enables the believer to rejoice in Him, “who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”



- JOHN WAINWRIGHT CROSS. 76 2 11 mo. 1870  
*Colchester.*
- ANN CRUSH, 83 14 11 mo. 1870  
*Broomfield Road, Chelmsford.*
- MARY CUDWORTH, 85 16 5 mo. 1871  
*Darlington.* An Elder. Widow of William  
 Cudworth.
- MARY ELIZABETH DALE, 21 12 2 mo. 1871  
*Bradford.* Daughter of Hannah and the late  
 Christopher Dale.

In the bloom of youth, and in anticipation of a happy marriage, Mary Elizabeth Dale was unexpectedly attacked with what proved to be her last illness. For at least four out of the eight remaining months of her life, the prospect of her recovery was a constant alternation between hope and fear, and for the sake of those she loved, she would thankfully have hailed a return of health and strength ; but she entirely resigned herself to the will of her Father in heaven, and before long was able to remark to a friend, “ *I can say the Lord ordereth all things well.*”

For a time her happiness seemed clouded by a sense of her sinfulness. A friend having remarked that she had little to repent of, compared with some who were older, she said “ she had committed the greatest of all sins, she had

neglected her God." She longed for a clear evidence of forgiveness, and desired a closer union with her Saviour: she could not be happy without Him. Before long this blessed assurance was granted her, and she broke forth in the following language: "Oh I am happy, I am so happy!—dear Jesus! I have such a sense of the forgiveness, love, and mercy of Jesus for sinners. I do feel happy! None but Christ."

After the violence of the first part of her illness abated, she very diligently read the New Testament through; and took great interest in reading the *Annual Monitor*, and other accounts of pious individuals: *strongly condemning light reading* as giving the mind a distaste for serious books; this she could say from her own experience. She observed to a friend who called to see her, that it seemed wonderful to her how gently her heavenly Father had led her along. At first, while desiring to submit to His will, she had felt it difficult to do so: but when she came to see that for her a ransom had been paid, she was thankful for the affliction which had brought her more fully to know and to love Him. Her chief desire was, during the little time she might still have to wait, that she should be enabled to glorify Him who had done so much for her.

Short portions of Scripture and of hymns often came to mind, greatly to her comfort and instruction. She loved to repeat:—

“Jesus is my Saviour,  
Wiping every tear;  
Folded in his bosom,  
What have I to fear?”

Once, when pressed to take some food, she said she thought she might adopt the words as her own, “I have meat to eat that ye know not of.” Very frequently and almost daily came the gentle reminder, “keep on thy quiet way.” Once when very weak, she remarked, “I could almost wish I was going, I feel so peaceful and quiet,” and continued for some time to express such happy feelings: “He will take me to glory, won’t He? Dying is so different from what I expected, I feel no fear.” On reviving a little, she said, “I think I am coming back, but we must not murmur;” and added that the words had come to her mind, “not yet, my child, not yet! a little more rough tossing.”

She was not free from the buffetings of Satan, and when he seemed to suggest that if she got to heaven, she would not be happy, she rejoiced in the prospect of being delivered from his assaults, that “he would not be there to see.”

Often did she pray to be preserved in patience under her bodily sufferings, and said repeatedly, "pray for patience," and towards the close quoted the lines,

‘Bear up, bear on, the end will tell,—  
The Lord, he ordereth all things well.’

On seeing her apparently sinking, it was remarked to her, "thou wilt soon be with thy father," who had died suddenly a few months before, "yes," she said, "and with my *heavenly* Father." The words "It is I, be not afraid," greatly comforted her, and on reviving she was powerfully impressed with the Saviour's language, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Among other expressions, "gentle Jesus" and "poor unworthy Mary" were distinctly heard. She remarked in a subsequent conversation, "I hope I have not said too much. I should not like to talk from excitement. I am surrounded with mercies." She observed it was not right to defer preparing for death to a sickbed, refusing to go to Jesus till we are driven to it. At another time she spoke of having loved a display of intellect in preaching and other ways, "but now," she added, "I love piety and godliness, however homely the language in which it is expressed." In the latter part of

her illness she frequently asked for psalms of praise to be read, and often requested times of quiet; in one of which she quoted, "they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

About one hour before expiring, she said, "I think it will not be long now before the end," and after a few parting words and messages to her beloved sorrowing mother and friends she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! All will be well: there is no mistake about what was done on Calvary! \* \* Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Though now supposed to be gone, she rallied once more, and said, "I thought my pilgrimage was ended, but I am waiting and longing. 'There's glory in Immanuel's land!' Good mother, farewell. If permitted, I will watch over thee. Not my will, but thine, O Lord! be done."

We may, from its very appropriate character, here add Mary Elizabeth's favourite hymn: "*her own*" as she used to term it:—

*Luke xxii., 42.*

Lord, in mine agony of pain  
 I turn my eyes to Thee,  
 In humble trust that as my day,  
 My promised strength shall be :

Teach me to pray, with Thy dear Son,  
 "Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Sleepless I pass the weary night,  
 And long for dawn of day :  
 The dawning day no respite brings !  
 Again for night I pray.

Thou, Lord, canst aid, and thou alone ;  
 Help me to say, "Thy will be done!"

'Tis Thine my sharpest pains to soothe,  
 And dry each falling tear ;

'Tis Thine by precious promises  
 My fainting heart to cheer :

In patience then my race I run,  
 And meekly pray, "Thy will be done!"

A moment's light affliction here  
 On earth, bears no compare  
 To that eternal weight of bliss,  
 With Jesus I shall share :

The cross on earth, in heaven the crown!  
 "Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

ANN DANSON, *Manchester*, 68 1 6 mo. 1871  
 Widow of George Danson.

JOHN JACKSON DILWORTH, 85 31 12 mo. 1870  
*Calder Bridge, near Garstang.*

SARAH DIRKIN, *Wigton*, 72 12 1 mo. 1871  
 A Minister. Widow of Alexander Dirkin.

- EMILY CATHERINE DIX, 4½ 7 2 mo. 1871  
*Ipswich.* Daughter of Richard James and  
 Caroline Dix.
- WILLIAM DIXON, 92 17 5 mo. 1871  
*Todal, near Cockermouth.*
- HANNAH DIXON, 85 3 6 mo. 1871  
*Guisbro.* An Elder. Widow of Thomas  
 Dixon.
- JOHN DODD, *Warwick.* 78 13 2 mo. 1871
- ELIZABETH DODGSON, 88 13 8 mo. 1871  
*Wigton.*
- ELEANOR DYMOND, *Ilkley.* 11 9 1 mo. 1871  
 Daughter of Jos. Jno. and H. M. Dymond.
- MARY EDDY, *Berkhampstead.* 74 17 2 mo. 1871  
 Widow of John Turpin Eddy.
- THOMAS EDWARDS, 60 7 3 mo, 1871  
*Kilmore, Grange.*
- WILLIAM PETER EDWARDS, 71 19 5 mo. 1871  
*Hindwell, in Walton Meeting.*
- ANNA JANE EDWARDS, 36 14 9 mo. 1871  
*Hindwell.* Daughter of William P. Edwards.
- JANE ELLAM, *Penketh.* 83 2 3 mo. 1871  
 Widow of Samuel Ellam.
- MARGARET EYRE, *York.* 79 10 12 mo. 1870
- ISAAC FARRAND, 80 14 12 mo. 1870  
*Northampton.*

The following memoir describes the course

of one, who through many spiritual vicissitudes was not forsaken of his heavenly Father; but who by the Divine mercy experienced "the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

It appears from memoranda made a few years since, that his mind was early visited by the tendering visitations of Divine grace, leading him from the paths of sin and folly; but being placed as an apprentice in a situation much exposed to temptation by the bad example of his fellow apprentices, he was drawn into evil habits, and to a disregard of the reproofs of instruction with which he had been favoured;—and which if followed are the way of life. As a consequence, he fell into darkness of mind and hardness of heart, which state he continued in until he arrived at maturity.

Feeling the galling nature of the fetters by which he was bound, and seeing an opportunity to break away from his evil associates by changing his residence,—he did so; and records his thankfulness that a gracious Providence opened the way for him. Being thus freed from some of the incentives to evil, his mind was gradually drawn to feel his want of the life and substance of true religion. But knowing it was out of his power to



realize it, until his heavenly Father was pleased to open his heart to receive the truth, he became deeply anxious, both in meetings and at other times, that he might be made a partaker of that redemption which comes by faith in Christ.

Abiding in this seeking state, he was favoured in his 27th year with an extraordinary Divine illumination; which (he writes,) broke in upon his soul with such power and brightness, that he could only compare it, though in a much smaller degree, to the conversion of the Apostle Paul. Such was its transcendent brightness, that the memory of it continued with him to old age. He records many seasons when the lifegiving presence of his Saviour was granted to him, making his cup to run over with joy and thankfulness. And the powerful sense of his Saviour's love led him to consider, if it was not his duty to tell to others what God had done for his soul.

As this sense continued, he felt that a call to the Ministry was plainly sounded in his spiritual ear: but, for want of waiting till the right time to exercise the gift arrived, and being too anxious, he appears to have been sorely buffeted by the enemy, and fell into a relapsed state,—fearing what he had felt was all a delusion. This feeling was however, in mercy, dispelled by frequent in-

comes of heavenly love, with which he was often largely favoured. He delighted in retirement, and in the attendance of religious meetings; experiencing a growth in the substance of religion, and in the knowledge of Divine things: and this favoured state he continued in for two or three years, but without any clear intimation of duty to engage in the Ministry, to which he believed he had had a call.

After this he appears to have lost ground by not continuing under the refining process, which was designed to prepare the vessel for the Master's use; and by turning his attention to others, he neglected that watch over his own spirit, which it was his duty to keep. Thus little by little his zeal and watchfulness declined; his spiritual eye became dim; he lost those seasons of solace he had so largely enjoyed, when the candle of the Lord shone upon his head;—and a lukewarm state of mind settled upon him.

Our Friend records his belief, that as a consequence of thus leaving his sure guide, he felt that he was left to himself every way. The things of earth now occupied his chief attention. He embarked in trade with two others; and for some years went on in this relapsed condition of mind. A series of perplexing circumstances followed one

after another. The principal partner in the business died; which necessitated a change in their affairs. Trade declined; losses followed; and although the two partners did their utmost to avert the impending crisis, they were unable to do so, and found themselves insolvent. It was a great grief to Isaac Farrand's honest mind that any one should lose by him; and he resolved that if he ever had the means to repay his creditors, he would do so. Not in any degree did he feel himself excused by having complied with the law of the land,—while the moral law required that strict justice should be done.

“Gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.” (Ecclesiasticus ii, 5.) Thus it was with our dear Friend. Seeing his trials had resulted from a departure in heart from God, he was brought into true repentance and humiliation of soul before Him; and being again visited by the drawings of His love after many years of estrangement, was restored to His favour, and to the sense of reconciliation through Jesus Christ. He could again rejoice in His love, and was enabled to maintain a consistent course of self-denial, humility, and obedience for a period of twenty five years, ending with a peaceful close. Though much straitened in his outward circum-

stances, and brought very low every way, he was enabled still to trust in the Lord's providential care; believing that He who feedeth the ravens when they cry, would supply all his needs.

Isaac Farrand was twice married, and was twice a widower. Each of his wives was afflicted with continued ill-health; which in his circumstances called for the exercise of much patience and self-denial:—and it is worthy to be recorded, that in the several relations of husband, son, and brother, he discharged his duties with a degree of self-sacrifice not often surpassed.

In his declining years, it was a great comfort to him to be enabled, through the blessing of a kind Providence, not only to provide for his own wants, but also by the exercise of much self-denial to pay off some of his business debts contracted many years before: and, in the final disposal of his small property, to arrange for their being fully satisfied.

We read in the Psalms, "The days of our years are three score years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow." So Isaac Farrand found it to be. He was often in his latter days prostrated by illness, but was enabled to bear it with patience: saying that although

the time of the end was hidden from him, he was favoured to see a brightness,—and to feel an assurance that all would be well with him. The last attack was a short one, and his breathing so much affected as to preclude any great expression of his thoughts. It was however evident to those around him, by the little he did say, and by the aspect of his countenance, that peace was his portion:—and as his redeemed spirit took its flight, the words of the poet were felt to be realized :

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life,—quite on the verge of heaven.”

WILLIAM FAWDON, 54 18 7 mo. 1871  
*Gateshead.*

ELEANOR FAYLE, 77 23 12 mo. 1870  
*Merlin, near Clonmel.* Wife of Samuel Fayle.

ELIZABETH FIELDEN, 78 17 1 mo. 1871  
*Cowlishaw, near Oldham.*

ABRAHAM FISHER, 87 8 1 mo. 1871  
*Neath, S. Wales.*

MARY FOSTER, 70 16 5 mo. 1871  
*Truro.* An Elder. Widow of Joseph Talwin Foster, of Stamford Hill, London, and a daughter of William and Ann Tweedy.

Wherever known she was valued and loved.

Her natural disposition was peculiarly sweet and amiable; and from early life she was a diligent worker in promoting the comfort and welfare of her fellow-creatures. A well-cultivated mind and good judgment rendered her society both attractive and instructive. The lowly view she entertained of herself induced a fear, lest the effect of her natural character on her daily walk might, by being attributed to a higher source, lead her friends to form too favourable an estimate of her religious attainments. But the clear evidence of her trust in the dear Redeemer, our Lord Jesus Christ, whose words are so emphatic, "without me ye can do nothing," fully assured them she was indeed building on the sure foundation.

After the death of her husband, in 1861, she came to reside in Cornwall with her aged mother, to whom (as being also most congenial to her own stricken heart) she felt it her duty to devote herself. She was indeed found to be a blessing to the circle to which she was thus restored; and in which, by the influence of her kind and generous spirit, she gained the respect and love of high and low, rich and poor. For some years before she left London, she filled the station of Elder in Stoke Newington meeting very acceptably to her friends, by whom her removal was

much regretted; and no less acceptably did she occupy for some years the same station in Cornwall.

Her health had been declining for more than a year; but she did not apprehend that the disease was to prove fatal until the last few months, when she quietly and sweetly applied herself to setting her outward affairs in order. During the seven weeks she was confined to her chamber, she continued to employ herself in reading, writing, &c., being spared much acute suffering. The lively interest she evinced in every thing passing around her, and in the less as well as the greater concerns of others, was very striking to those who observed her emaciated countenance and great feebleness.

Within the last week, she desired to see the different members of the household, who had long served the family, addressing them in a few words of tender counsel and encouragement: and although her great diffidence restrained her from much expression, the fruits of the Spirit beautifully shone forth in her patience, love and gratitude. The day before her death, observing the distress of those around her, she sweetly said: "He will not lay on me more than He will enable me to bear." The same afternoon, notwithstanding her

great feebleness, she manifested her unceasing care for others, by requesting a cheque to be prepared and sent to one, who had long been a recipient of her bounty; with a message implying that it would be her last contribution. The day following, after some hours of evident sinking, she gently breathed her last. Truly it may be said of this our beloved departed Friend, "the memory of the just is blessed."

ROBERT JOHN FOWLER,                    34 8 12 mo. 1870  
 33, *Rue Magnan, Paris.* Son of the late John  
 Fowler, of Gloucester. Died during the siege  
 of Paris.

SOPHIA LLOYD FOX,                    22 25 12 mo. 1870  
*Wood lane, Falmouth.* Daughter of Alfred and  
 Sarah Fox.

CAROLINE FOX,                    50 12 1 mo. 1871  
*Penjerrick, Falmouth.* Daughter of Robert  
 Were and Maria Fox.

The writer of the following memoranda would have utterly condemned anything approaching to eulogy on herself; but if her sentiments are to have their full weight with the reader, it seems needful for the sake of those who did not know her, to give some idea, however brief and inadequate, of what she was.

In addition to a powerful, original, and highly



cultivated mind, there had been bestowed upon her gifts and graces of person and manner, which helped to render her influential in a very wide and varied circle. Her deep sympathies gave her peculiar power in ministering to the poor, and not to the poor only, but to the sorrowful and tried of every class. Indeed we may thankfully believe that none of the many talents entrusted to her were unoccupied.

*Copy of a paper found in Caroline Fox's desk,  
written when she was 21 years of age.*

“As I think it may be a profitable employment, and, at some future time when faith is at a low ebb, may recall with greater distinctness the struggle, through which a spark of true faith was lighted in my soul,—I will attempt to make some notes of the condition of my mind in the summer and autumn of 1840.

“I felt I had hitherto been taking things of the highest importance too much for granted, without feeling their reality; and this I knew to be a very unhealthy state of things. This consciousness was mainly awakened by a few solemn words spoken by Dr. Calvert, on the worthlessness of a merely traditional faith in highest truths. The more I examined into my reasons for believing some of our leading doctrines, the

more was I staggered and filled with anxious thought.—I very earnestly desired to be taught the truth, at whatever price I might learn it.

“Carlyle admirably expresses my state of mind, when he speaks “of the spasmodic efforts of some *to believe that they believe.*” But it would not do; I felt I was playing a dishonest part with myself, and with my God. I fully believed in Christ as a mediator and exemplar, but I could not bring my reason to accept him as a Saviour and Redeemer. What kept me at this time from being a Unitarian was, that I retained a perfect conviction, that though *I* could not see into the truth of the doctrine, it was nevertheless true; and that if I continued earnestly and sincerely to struggle after it, by prayer, reading and meditation, I should one day be permitted to know it for myself. A remark that Hender Molesworth one day incidentally made to me, was often a gleam of comfort to me during this time of distress and warfare. He said, that he thought “a want of faith was sometimes permitted to those who would otherwise have no trials; for you know,” he added, “a want of faith is a very great trial.”—I did not tell him how truly he had spoken. The first gleam of light, “the first cold light of morning” which gave promise of day with its noon-

tide glories, dawned on me one day at meeting, when I had been meditating on my state in great depression. I seemed to hear the words articulated in my spirit, "live up to the light thou hast; and more will be granted thee." Then I believed that God speaks to man by His Spirit. I strove to live a more Christian life, in unison with what I knew to be right, and looked for brighter days; not forgetting the blessings that are granted to prayer.

"The next epoch in my spiritual life was an exposition of the 10th chapter of Hebrews, which John Stephenson was enabled to give, and I was permitted to receive. He commented on our utter inability to fulfil the law, and the certain penalty of death we had thereby incurred. We no longer confided in the efficacy of the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin: on what then could we build any hope of escape from the eternal wrath of God? When brought to this point of true anxiety about our salvation, our eyes are mercifully opened to see the Saviour offering Himself as the one eternal sacrifice for sin; requiring, as the terms of our redemption, that the faith which had been experienced in the old Jewish sacrifices should be transferred to, and centred in Himself. Thus the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to

Christ, to teach us faith in a sacrifice the fullness of whose meaning Christ alone could exhibit. I was much interested in this at the time, but it had not its full effect till some days after.

“I was walking sorrowfully and thoughtfully to Penrose, and in my way back, the description of Teufelsdröch's triumph over fear came forcibly and vividly before me. Why (I said to myself) should I thus help to swell the triumph of the infernal powers, by tampering with their miserable suggestions of unbelief, and neglecting the amazing gift which Christ has so long been offering me? I know that He is the Redeemer of all such as believe in Him; and I *will* believe, and look for His support in the contest with unbelief. My doubts and difficulties immediately became shadowy, and my mind was full of happy anticipations of speedy and complete deliverance from them. The next morning, as I was employed in making some notes of John Stevenson's comments (before alluded to) in my journal, the truth came before me with a clearness and consistency and brightness indescribably delightful; the *reasonableness* of some Christian doctrines which had before especially perplexed me, shone now as clear as noon-day; and the thankfulness I felt for the blessed light that was granted was in-

tense. I was able throughout to recognize the workings of the Holy Spirit on my heart: for I had often before read and listened to arguments equally conclusive, and indeed sometimes identical with those which were now addressed with such evidence to my heart; but only *this* was the time appointed for their due influence.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I by no means regret the perplexities and doubts and troubles through which I have passed. They have increased my toleration for others; and given me a much higher value and deeper affection for those glorious truths which make up the Christian’s hope, than I could have had if they had only been passively imbibed. The hard struggle I have had to make them my own, must rise in my memory to check future faithlessness; and the certain conviction that the degree of faith which has been granted was purely a gift from above, leads me with earnestness and faith to petition for myself and others, “Lord, increase our faith.”

July 14th, 1841.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And now I must add a later conviction, namely, that the voluntary sacrifice of Christ was not undertaken to appease the wrath of God, but

rather to express His infinite love to His creatures, and thus to reconcile them unto Himself. Every species of sacrifice meets, and is glorified, in Him; and He claims from His children, as the proof of their loyalty and love, that perfect subjection of their own wills to His, of which self-sacrifice He is the Eternal Pattern; and bestows the will and the power to be guided only by Himself."

April 13th, 1855.

*Extract from a later Journal.*

March 18th, 1866.

"I have just been brought through a sharp little attack of bronchitis, and feel bound to record my sense of the tender mercy that has encompassed me night and day. Though it may have been in part my own wilfulness and recklessness that brought it on, *that* and all else was pardoned; all fear of suffering or death was swallowed up in the child-like joy of trust, a perfect *rest* in the limitless love and wisdom of a most tender Friend, whose will was far dearer to me than my own. That blessed Presence was felt just in proportion to the needs of the hour; and the words breathed into my spirit were just the most helpful ones at the time, strengthening and soothing. This was specially felt in the long still

nights, when sometimes I felt very ill. "Never less lonely than when thus alone — alone with God." Surely I know more than ever of the reality of that declaration. "this is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

"I write all this now, because my feelings are already fading into common-place, and I would fain fix some little scrap of my experience. I had before been craving for a little more spiritual life on any terms; and how mercifully this has been granted! I can utterly trust, that in any extremity that may be before me the same wonderful mercy will encompass me, and, of mere love and forgiving compassion, carry me safely into port."

Most fully was this confidence justified. Spared the pang of a parting struggle or a parting word, the last summons came whilst she slept. The dawn of a winter's day shewed that all trace of suffering and weariness,—her frequent companions for years,—had passed away from the beautiful features on which death had stamped the most exquisite repose. "God had given His beloved sleep."

DAVID FOX,

81 21 5 mo. 1871

*Ayton, late of Dewsbury.* An Elder.

In preparing a few reminiscences of one who joined our Society by conviction, we wish to confine ourselves to such circumstances as will show forth the loving kindness of our heavenly Father; as an encouragement to others, to trust in the Lord with all their heart and lean not to their own understanding; in all their ways to acknowledge Him, and He will direct their paths.

The subject of this memoir was born Tenth month 6th, 1790. He lost his father in early childhood, and his widowed mother was left with two small children. He often spoke of her solicitude to imbue their tender minds with the love of their heavenly Father; and her consistent walk under many trials and privations was evidently blessed to him. She was assisted in bringing up her children by their grandfather and uncle, who with herself were members of the Wesleyan body, and who were also seriously inclined.

From youth to manhood he worked under his uncle, who was a clothier, and had married early in life with nothing to depend on but his own honest endeavours. David Fox had a great love for music, and was much sought after on this account; being frequently engaged in playing on instruments in different places of worship. So great was his proficiency that he composed tunes



himself; but he has often been heard to say, that he believed the system of congregational music was more calculated to gratify the senses than to elevate the soul to God: and that from experience he could say, his mind was more engaged in performing his part to the satisfaction of himself and others, than in solemn devotion.

Some few years after his marriage he was afflicted with a very severe illness, which kept him from work more than six months: and had it not been for the endeavours of his wife who was a dressmaker, they would have been plunged into distress and poverty. In this exigency his mind was brought into close conflict as to a future state; and earnest were his desires to enter on a course of life acceptable to God. A short time prior to this, a Friend named Thomas Colley had visited Dewsbury, and held a public meeting, at which several were convinced; among whom was a preacher amongst the Wesleyans. These persons united themselves to Friends, and held their little meetings in a room engaged for the purpose; there being no meeting-house in Dewsbury at that time. David Fox went one First day morning to the room where Friends met; but seeing no one enter, he shrunk from going in, and left without doing so. The next week however found him

there again, when a Friend at the door invited him in. During the time of silence his mind was deeply affected, and a Friend rose, saying that he believed all who had come to years of maturity, were at times led to desire "that they might die the death of the righteous, and that their latter end might be like His." This and the words which followed so reached his state, that he was much broken in spirit; and at the close of the meeting was glad to escape observation, and retire to pour out his soul before God, who in mercy had thus met with him. From this time forward he attended the same little company; and going on from strength to strength, was encouraged to hold on his way rejoicing.

Being still in very delicate health, he went to Harrogate for change of air. He there met with Jonathan and Hannah Chapman Backhouse, who were then holding public meetings. They accosted him as they were walking out, and invited him to attend the meeting they were about to hold, which was at some little distance. He said he did not feel able to walk, upon which they proffered him the use of a pony: but being unaccustomed to riding, he was afraid to venture in his weak state. Not discouraged, they took him

in their own carriage: and from this time felt so much interest in him, that they kept up an occasional correspondence, and many years afterwards saw him restored to health, and in a prosperous condition. When on a religious visit at Dewsbury, they called to take tea in his humble dwelling: and on his recounting the goodness and mercy which had followed him since they last met, Jonathan Backhouse exclaimed, "Wonderful! wonderful! it is indeed the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes." The following letter was found among his papers, and was evidently written to Jonathan Backhouse and wife soon after they first met at Harrogate.

"Dewsbury, 11 mo. 17th, 1822.

"Dear Friends,

"These few lines are to inform you, that since my return from Harrogate I have been variously tossed with my complaint, but I am now so far recovered as to begin my work. But yet I am very weak and not able to do much, and my wife has also been very poorly; but she is now better, for which I am thankful, for truly it was a trying prospect to me when she was taken poorly in our low state. Oh, that we might be sufficiently thankful for such mercies! and friends, I believe it was nothing short of the love

of God, which tendered our souls together. May we individually live so near it in ourselves, that we may tread upon every evil disposition; so that if we never see each other's faces again, we may be prepared to meet above, out of the reach of all temptation. For, dear friends, you know there are many things that would draw our minds away from the truth. O the weakness of man! truly, I never saw myself weaker. My desire is at this time, that I may become so blind spiritually as not to move in any thing, but as the Lord moves me: for truly I see a danger in making idols and falling down to them, instead of waiting for the truth. Oh! that I might abide in patience through every trying dispensation. So no more at present, but my love to you, with desires that you may reign above the glories of this fading world.

DAVID FOX."

The following reply from Jonathan Backhouse was dated, Darlington, 11 mo. 27th, 1822.

" Esteemed friend,

" I received thy kind note, and was pleased to hear of the improvement in thy health, which I hope may continue to be the case; though I felt for thee in the renewal of affliction from thy wife's serious illness, and shall be glad

to hear that this cloud has also passed away. Many indeed are the trials and afflictions that attend us in this life ; but it is no doubt wisely ordered, that our affections may not be too much placed on any thing here ; but that we may be more and more incited to seek Him, who in *all* ages, and to all states and conditions, has ever been found to be the *only* true refuge in times of trouble : and who does indeed often mercifully, very mercifully, sweeten the otherwise *bitter* cup, and enable us to go on our way rejoicing. Well, my dear friend, may neither heights nor depths, things present nor yet to come, ever be able to separate us from that love, which under all trials we have at times been led to acknowledge has indeed been our stay."

. . . . .

David Fox was received into membership in the year 1823. A few year after this, he was called to pass through close trial in the death of his wife ; who left him with six children, the youngest of whom soon followed its mother to the grave. His own health being far from strong, some of his friends advised him to give up his former occupation, that of weaving, as unsuitable for his constitution ; and offered to assist him in a small way of business. One of them, a doctor, wished

him to draw upon him to the amount of £30, and gave him valuable assistance in selecting a few drugs, &c. So anxious was he not to trespass on the liberality of others, that he only availed himself of the loan of 30s., which he was soon able to repay. Content with little things, and blessed by Him who knew the integrity of his heart, he succeeded to the astonishment of all around him, and experienced the fulfilment of the Saviour's promise, "*seek first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." In 1829 he was united in marriage to Rebecca Payne; and a short extract from one of his letters will best show his feelings at this time.

"Oh my dear friend, I often feel tenderly for thee, for I believe there is a good work begun in thee. Oh that nothing may rob thee of it, but that we may both mind this before earthly treasure; for what are earthly things compared to that life which will never end? Bear with me; for I am a slow traveller in this most necessary road. Oh for a deeper dwelling,—for more obedience to knowledge received!"

He was a diligent attender of meetings, and as an elder, was faithful in handing the word of encouragement and counsel. Many a word did he let fall to those who were needing it, and not

long before his death he was heard to say, that he believed "*his* work had been to scatter seed by the way-side, and to speak the word of encouragement in private, rather than to fill a more conspicuous place." His cautiousness, and strict watchfulness not to exceed the measure of his gift, might occasionally lead him into the other extreme, of keeping back more than was meet; and he often acknowledged himself to be an unprofitable servant.

He had not the advantages of early education; but being naturally possessed of a superior mind, and having a retentive memory, he was an exceedingly interesting companion: and the originality of his remarks were often of a lively and instructive character. He was well read in the early history of the Christian church, and the works of the ancient Friends; and his high appreciation of their self-denying efforts to counteract the evils then existing, led him to investigate those of the present day. This brought his own feet into a strait path, and made him willing to suffer for his conscientious adherence to what he believed was the path of duty. He would often in familiar conversation speak of his experience, and recount many of the afflictions dispensed to him by Divine Providence as  *blessings*, which had

preserved him from speculation, that might have had a tendency to draw his mind to the love of outward gain. His desires were moderate, and cheerful contentment was the covering of his spirit.

He left Dewsbury in the spring of 1871, and removed to Ayton, for the purpose of settling near to some of his married children, and of being near meeting, which he had been unable to attend regularly, owing to bodily infirmity. Many were surprised at his leaving his native place at so advanced an age; but he several times expressed the satisfaction he felt in taking this step, saying that "his work was done and his wish accomplished, and that it mattered little where the poor body was laid."

His last days were often employed in reading the Scriptures of truth, and looking forward to the end of his pilgrimage. He would say, "if I am only permitted to have a place among the redeemed who have gone before me, all will be well, whether sooner or later. I have *nothing* of my own; it will be all of *unmerited mercy* in Christ Jesus." He attended meeting twice on the first day preceding his illness, and came down-stairs as usual next morning; but was suddenly seized with a fit of trembling, succeeded by great pro-



stration of strength. He was sensible of his weakness, saying "it will be a great mercy if I am safely landed in a few days." One of his children going in, he attempted to repeat his favourite hymn,

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly :"

and frequently exclaimed, "I have every thing to be thankful for; every burden seems to be removed."

He sent messages of love to his absent children, several of whom arrived in time to see him: and to one who asked him if he had any thing particular to say, he replied "*practice is the main thing.*" He was very patient, and thoughtful for those around him; but his weakness, and intervals of unconsciousness, prevented him from saying much. Sweet peace and unbroken confidence were his portion, no doubts being permitted to assail.

On the 103rd Psalm being repeated to him, he expressed his sense of the rich promises of Scripture, adding "we have had a precious time together." To one of his daughters he said, "thou wilt lose a good friend when thou lovest me, but the Lord will be better to thee than a father. He is so to all those who are rightly

exercised towards Him." He took an affecting leave of his dear wife, who was enabled to thank God, who had thus given him the victory. One of his children remarking, "it is nearly over, thou wilt soon be with Jesus," he emphatically answered, "I think I shall." These were almost his last words. He gradually sunk into an easy posture, and with a *sweet peace* resting on his countenance, which seemed a foretaste of the joys of heaven, he gently fell asleep; and to those who were privileged to witness the holy solemnity of that hour, was granted the undoubted assurance that, clothed in the pure white robe of the Saviour's righteousness, he had for ever entered His Eternal Kingdom of joy and love.

- FRANCIS FRITH, *Southport*. 80 24 3 mo. 1871
- GEORGE COATES FRYER, 27 30 1 mo. 1871
- SARAH AMELIA FRYER, 29 26 3 mo. 1871  
*Smelt House, Bishop Auckland.* Children of  
 Joseph J. and Rachel Fryer.
- EMILY GARDNER, *Leeds*. 19 23 1 mo. 1871  
 Daughter of Richard and Emma Gardner.
- REBECCA BEATRICE GIBBINS, 8½ 26 9 mo. 1871  
*The Craig, near Neath.* Daughter of Frederick  
 J. and Caroline Gibbins.
- CATHERINE GILBY, 57 1 9 mo. 1871  
*Canterbury.*

THOMAS GILKES, 62 1 5 mo. 1871  
*Gloucester.*

REBECCA GILLAN, *Liverpool.* 70 1 1 mo. 1871

ELIZABETH GLAISYER, 96 16 4 mo. 1871  
*Brighton.* An Elder. Widow of John Glaisyer.

“The memory of the just is blessed,” is the language that arises, when contemplating the life and death of this aged pilgrim; of whom it may be recorded that she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, walking humbly, watchfully, and reverently before Him, not only during her later years, but in early life, and when fulfilling the important trust that devolves on a wife and mother. The welfare of her children lay near her heart; and she could say with the Apostle, “I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.”

Benevolence was a conspicuous feature in her character; the solitary and needy obtained her peculiar care, and this was continued even when, through bodily infirmity, she was confined to the house for some years previously to her decease. A cheerful loving spirit and patient acquiescence with the Divine will, were felt as a sweet savour by those whose privilege it was to visit her. In thus testifying of one who has passed the confines of time, we feel that all the

praise and glory are due to Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

MARY GOAD, *Ulverstone*. 85 19 5 mo. 1871

SARAH GOFF, 78 (interred) 16 1 mo. 1871  
*Sandford Road, Dublin.*

WILLIAM GOING, *Cahir*. 76 23 7 mo. 1871

ISAAC GOWER, 77 15 1 mo. 1870  
Died at the residence of his son-in-law, Alexander D. Allen, in the County of Armagh. (*Not reported last year.*)

SHERWIN GRACE, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  17 9 mo. 1871  
*Clifton, Bristol.* Son of James and Frances A. Grace.

MARY JANE GREEN, 41 1 10 mo. 1870  
*Orrfield, Hillsborough.* Wife of John Orr Green.

RICHARD GRIFFITHS, 30 2 5 mo. 1871  
*Dolgelly, N. Wales.*

WILLIAM GRUBB, 86 27 1 mo. 1871  
*Mount Pleasant Avenue, Dublin.*

SARAH GUMERSALL, *York*. 80 18 9 mo. 1871  
A niece of the late Peter Bedford.

WILLIAM HADWIN, 29 14 7 mo. 1871  
*Whitehaven.*

JANE HALL, *Folkestone*. 60 30 12 mo. 1870

ALICE HALL, 85 27 7 mo. 1871  
*Hatlex House, near Bolton-le-Sands, Lancaster.*

- ELLEN LYDIA HARDING, 8 14 12 mo. 1870  
*Bristol.* Daughter of Alfred S. and Eliza  
 Ann Harding.
- RACHEL HARRIS, 60 30 12 mo. 1870  
*Middlesborough.* Widow of Anthony Harris.
- SUSANNAH HARVEY, 86 9 1 mo. 1871  
*Barnsley.* Widow of William Harvey.
- JOHN HEAD, *Banbury.* 89 14 10 mo. 1870
- WILLIAM HOGG, 60 6 4 mo. 1871  
*Blackrock, Dublin.*
- FREDERICK RICHARD HOLDS-  
 WORTH, 23 4 10 mo. 1871  
*Sandal, near Wakefield.* Son of Richard and  
 Rebecca Holdsworth.
- LUCY HOLMES, *Stockton.* 6 6 10 mo. 1870  
 Daughter of Alexander and Mary Elizabeth  
 Holmes.
- GRACE HOLMES, 88 8 5 mo. 1871  
*Darley, Yorkshire.* Widow of William Holmes.
- ANN HOLT, 73 28 6 mo. 1871  
*Manchester.*  
 Widow of Henry Holt.
- RACHEL HOOWE, 84 1 7 mo. 1871  
*Edenderry.*
- MARY DE HORNE, 90 24 10 mo. 1870  
*Ravensbourne Park, Deptford.* Widow of  
 Benjamin de Horne.

- SAMUEL HORSNAILL, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 3 mo. 1871  
*Rochester.* Son of Louisa and the late William  
 Cleverly Horsnail.
- OTTIWELL HOWSON, 81 10 7 mo. 1871  
*Dent, Leayet.*
- MARY HUGH, 69 8 6 mo. 1871  
*Camden Road, Holloway.* Widow of George  
 Hugh.
- JOAN HUGHES, 77 18 5 mo. 1871  
*Llwynburfa, in Pales Meeting, Radnorshire.*  
 Widow of Joseph Hughes.
- ANNA HUNTLEY, 73 5 12 mo. 1870  
*High Wycombe.* An Elder. Wife of John  
 Huntley.
- MARY HUSTLER, 93 26 2 mo. 1871  
*York.* A Minister. Widow of John Hustler,  
 of Undercliffe, Bradford.

Mary Hustler was the daughter of Daniel and Lydia Mildred, and was born in London on the 29th of Eighth month, 1778.

Our dear Friend having attained the advanced age of 93, and having outlived many of her contemporaries, it seems due to the affectionate remembrance in which she is held by those who knew her, to endeavour to collect a few reminiscences of her earlier and middle life, illustrative of her Christian character, and of

her love to the brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus.

Though there may not be any striking incidents to relate in the earlier years of one whose life was spent for the most part in the home shelter, yet a few lines in retrospect, from her own pen, written during a later period, may not be uninteresting, as showing some features of the path in which she was led by her unerring guide, and testifying to the earnestness with which she desired to follow His leadings.

Mary Mildred was only nine years of age, when her father was suddenly removed from his family by death; a loss to which she often alluded, as having deprived his children of the care of one whose Christian experience and parental affection would have shielded them from many difficulties and dangers. In her memoranda, she remarks, "our education had not been in strict accordance with the views of the Society of Friends, though taught to revere its principles; but as I grew up, I was often impressed with the beauty of consistency, and with an increasing desire for its attainment:—this involved many an anxious and prayerful struggle, and exposed my sister and myself to some very severe conflicts."—The beloved twin-sister to whom she alludes, was inti-

mately associated with the whole of her early life. They were the youngest of a large family, and were the devoted companions of their mother during her widowhood.

Carrying on the review of past mercies she says, "throughout my lengthened life I have largely partaken of the cup of mixture,—and have had indubitable proof of the Holy Spirit's influence from early childhood, though I knew it not at the time. In retrospect I can trace the finger that pointed, and the light which made manifest what sin was, at an age too early to understand or experience the different phases of temptation; when (unknown to any mortal) evil was represented to me as good, and darkness as light;—still a doubt would arise in a desire to seek after the truth. In this state, being alone on one occasion, I opened a Bible which lay on the table, and my eyes glanced on a passage, which, clear as the sun, unveiled the error.

"Young as I was, not more than nine or ten years of age, I boldly declared the truth by it, in opposition to sentiments expressed by one who was older, who afterwards acknowledged that it was only done with the intention of trying my principles;—but the Lord sustained, and in advancing years gave proof, that the instrumentality



of even a child, under His holy teaching, was not lost." She remarks, "when very young, I remember being very much impressed with the ministry of Rebecca Jones, in the meeting at Plaistow. It convinced me of the necessity of the heart being cleansed, and of prayer." Frequent allusion is made by our departed Friend to valued opportunities of association with many dear Friends from America, whose loving influence was permitted to strengthen and encourage her young heart in the path of self-denial, and devotion to her Saviour;—amongst these are mentioned George Dillwyn, William Savory and Thomas Scattergood: their services being specially devoted to the young, of whom there were many in the meetings of London and its vicinity. At a later period, the visits of Stephen Grellet gave rise to a warm friendship and correspondence, which continued through life to their mutual comfort.

In the year 1799 Mary Mildred removed with her mother and sister Martha, from London to Tottenham, a change to which she often thankfully recurred, as having been advantageous both socially and religiously. In 1811, she left Tottenham, accompanying her sister to York on her marriage. She resided there till 1815; and was

then united in marriage to John Hustler, of Undercliffe, near Bradford, thus entering on an enlarged sphere of usefulness; devoting much of her time to visiting the poor, and ministering to their necessities.

Mary Hustler took a warm interest in the promotion of education; and besides organizing and superintending schools around her, she was for some years a valuable member of the Ackworth and Rawdon School Committees. Her cheerful disposition endeared her to the young, for whom she felt a loving interest; her sympathies also flowed towards those on whom the care and responsibility more particularly rested, and we believe that her presence and encouragement were often like a ray of sunshine, inspiring with fresh energy for the work. She was much interested in Scriptural instruction; and some of those who were under her care still remember how she used to gather them around her for the purpose of reading the Bible. Possessed of considerable energy of character, and impressed with the importance of redeeming the time, she was in the practice of devoting the early hours of the morning to the perusal of the sacred volume, a habit which was continued till the infirmities of age prevented it.

It was not till the year 1837 that she first appeared in the ministry; many and deep were the baptisms of spirit through which she passed, in yielding to this apprehended duty. Whilst thus exercised in mind, her beloved friends Stephen Grellet and Hannah C. Backhouse were remarkably led to speak to her condition; in allusion to which she says,—“If ever the anointing oil has in any degree been poured upon my head, it was permitted, I believe, through the instrumentality of these dear Friends.” They severally addressed her in similiar language, though unknown to each other,—to her “humble admiration.” In reference to this she remarks, “I believe the different offices in the church would be rightly filled, if there was more of a heart devoted to God. I marvel at their discovery of my mental condition, without the least outward knowledge.”

She was recorded a minister by Brighthouse Monthly Meeting in 1842. At the close of that year, she was called to resign her beloved husband; after which she removed to York, where, with little intermission, she resided till her decease.

A few years later, her only son was taken away after a short illness; and ten years after this affliction, she thus refers to it, “I had been expecting this dear son at York; and I think the

day before receiving the summons to his bed-side, at Bradford, where he was living when taken ill, I had occasion to go into the city. As I went, I felt an unusually solemn feeling cover my spirit, under (it might seem) unfavourable circumstances, and I had a gleam of heavenly love, even beyond what I had often experienced, when my poor head had well nigh been overwhelmed with the billows threatening to go over me. This recurrence to the past, and deep sense at the moment of the Divine presence, drew from me a solemn covenant, that if He, the Holy One, would only deign to be with me through the future steps of my life, I would with His aid endeavour to bear all He might see meet to lay upon me:—little supposing that that future was at hand, to test my fidelity! However, this clear manifestation of the Holy Spirit did greatly tend to strengthen my tribulated soul, when at the bed-side of this loved child under intense bodily suffering. I felt for a few minutes utterly forsaken; when the voice of Him, whose presence I so unmistakably felt, saluted my spiritual ear with, ‘Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God a far off? Can any hide himself in secret places, that I should not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.’ This

brought the conviction, that *even then* I was not from under His notice and care, who was about to strengthen my faith even in the furnace. I have desired neither to forget nor to break this covenant, and I hope I have not done so, though I have nothing but infirmity and unworthiness to record." In speaking of the funeral, she says, "Dear Esther Seebom spoke very impressively at the grave—very consolingly—and ere the coffin was lowered I ventured to bow the knee, resting on it, and returned something of a tribute of thanksgiving. A holy calm covered my spirit, and I was sustained from sinking amidst the overflowings of Jordan. \* \* Oh, my Father, Thou only knowest the series of deep conflicts I have endured for years past; and in this removal of my dearest earthly treasures, Thou hast had, I cannot doubt, wisdom and mercy in Thy dispensations; and I desire to bow before Thee in submission."

Almost simultaneously with these bereavements, she experienced great and unexpected temporal reverses. These deep and varied trials were borne with Christian meekness, and un murmuring submission to the Divine will, and doubtless tended in the overruling providence of God to her refinement; thus preparing her to sym-

pathize with the suffering and sorrowful, and to testify to others of the Lord's goodness and grace.

The ministry of our dear Friend had its spring in loving allegiance to her Saviour, as the great Head of the Church, and being exercised in humility and the fear of the Lord, was to the comfort and edification of her hearers. She travelled but little in the service of the Gospel, except as companion to her beloved Friend Hannah Chapman Backhouse; to whom she was closely attached, and whose death a few months after that of her son was keenly felt.

To live as in the near prospect of death, appears for many years to have been the habitual frame of her mind; and it is instructive to observe, that it was no barrier to the healthy and large-hearted exercise of those feelings of Christian love, and unselfish kindness, which may be said to have characterized her through life. In 1857 she writes, "confined to the house with a bronchial affection, my thoughts (as is often the case) turn to the uncertainty of life. My faith closely tested, is indeed very small. \* \* \* \* On Thee, O my God and Saviour, would I cast my burden, all unworthy as I feel of Thy notice and regard; yet do I crave Thy mercy,

Thy presence, and Thy care, through the few fast-fleeting days of my pilgrimage."

Again in 1859 she writes, "If in the wisdom of our heavenly Father, of Him who cannot err, who hath His way in the sea, and His path in the mighty waters, and the clouds are the dust of his feet, I should suddenly be taken away, it will I have no doubt be in mercy and in love. And though I have nothing to stay my mind upon but God, the freedom from condemnation (which I have often marvelled should be vouchsafed) has often led to the humble confiding trust, that if we cling to our adorable Saviour, we shall, through the mercy of God, be for ever united in the regions of blessedness :—no more conflict, pain, sin, sorrow, or sighing,—joined to the innumerable company around the throne of God and the Lamb! Blessed, thrice blessed this attainment, this hope, when the trials of time are over! To Thy almighty care and preservation, I desire fervently to commit the dear ties of our reduced family, and all I love. May not one of them flinch from the cross of Christ, or be ashamed to acknowledge Him as their leader, feeder, and director! Then will every affinity to the world, its ways and maxims, be sacrificed on the altar, to the horns of which, every sacrifice large and small, must be bound!"

As long as health permitted she loved to assemble with her friends for Divine worship, which she was enabled to do with very little intermission till upwards of 90 years of age; in allusion to which, she remarked to a dear Friend of York Meeting, James Backhouse (whose visits of Christian love she greatly valued) "we have often known what it was to sit together in heavenly places, have we not?" To the last, her natural cheerfulness did not forsake her, nor her considerate thought for others; indeed *habitual unselfishness* was a leading feature in her character. Her faith in the goodness and mercy which had followed her remained unshaken, and she was permitted what she had frequently desired in submission to the Divine will, that her last illness should be short, being only one day confined to her bed. Through the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, having witnessed "a growing preparation for the life to come," we thankfully believe she was as a servant in waiting, ready for the final change.

Perhaps this notice cannot be more appropriately concluded, than by quoting a portion of a letter from our late dear Friend Benjamin Seebom, in reply to the intimation of her decease; the interest of which is increased in the remem-



brance, that he himself *so soon* became a partaker of the joys to which he thus beautifully alludes! \* \* \* “On her account we can indeed but rejoice in the assurance, that the termination of a long life of many vicissitudes in this lower world, has been crowned by an entrance with them that have received the forgiveness of their sins, and been sanctified by faith which is in Christ Jesus. \* \* We cannot form any adequate conception of the joys and the glory of such a transition, to the departed spirit of one whom we have known so long, and loved so much. \* \* Yet another, being added to the many loved ones gone before, will have in it more of joy than of sorrow. We have known her in prosperity and in adversity, in suffering and in rejoicing. By the grace of Christ she was enabled to exhibit a truly Christian character in both, amongst the honourable women of the land; and her example is worthy of grateful appreciation by all who knew her. May it be ours also, to ‘endure unto the end,’ that whenever it may come, it may find *us* prepared, for the dear Redeemer’s sake, to inherit the blessing of final salvation and everlasting life.”

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON,            74 16   3 mo. 1871  
*Darlington.*

THOMAS ISAAC, <i>Bath.</i>	81	30	6 mo.	1871
SARAH ISHERWOOD, <i>Heaton Norris, Stockport.</i>	67	4	8 mo.	1871
Wife of James Isherwood.				
EMMA LOUISA JACOB, <i>Stockton.</i>	6	1	11 mo.	1870
Daughter of Isaac and Emma Jacob.				
ROBERT H. JACOB, 19 (interred)	4	1	mo.	1871
<i>Dublin.</i> Son of William B. and Hannah Jacob.				
HENRY JACOB, <i>Ballitore.</i>	74	31	8 mo.	1871
EDWIN JACKSON, <i>Calder House, Garstang.</i>	16	25	11 mo.	1870
Son of Joseph and Lucy Jackson.				
EDWARD JAMES, <i>Plymouth.</i>	69	1	12 mo.	1870
An Elder.				

This beloved Friend, whose loss has been felt far beyond his own family, was taken to his heavenly rest after a short illness, being only confined to his bed for two days. He was born at Redruth in 1801, and his father died whilst he was yet a boy; but he was blessed with an excellent and pious mother, and the influence of her prayers and of her loving care was felt throughout his life, even whilst he was living at a distance from her. He settled in Plymouth about the year 1833; three years afterwards he married, and continued to reside there until his death.

His natural abilities were good, and he endeavoured, amidst an active business life, to cultivate them. Many remember with pleasure his bright and intelligent conversation, which his genial manner and large and varied stores of information made both interesting and instructive. He was enabled by his upright and consistent conduct, both as a man of business and large employer of labour, and as a citizen, to show the Christian motives which formed the mainspring of his life; and his death has been deeply felt in that part of the Church where his lot was cast.

He was a warm and active Friend to many efforts for the spiritual and the temporal benefit of his fellow-men. For many years he had rendered important services to the Friends' First-day School for Adults, of which he was the highly valued superintendent; and he had the pleasure, on nearly his last attendance, of accompanying the teachers and scholars in an inspection of new and improved premises, though he did not live to be present at the opening of them. His addresses to the scholars, who usually numbered about 140 persons, were frequent and earnest; urging them to look to Jesus for the pardon of their sins, and to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." In the domestic circle, and as the head of a family,

his Christian character shone brightly. Indeed his whole life was a practical commentary on the words of Scripture, "in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

His last illness arose from a chill, resulting in bronchitis; and though at first it did not appear to be of a serious character, yet as the symptoms did not yield to medical treatment, a conviction was felt, that the beloved husband and father was to be taken from a happy earthly home to a better home above; in which feeling he himself participated, remarking, "I feel as if my work here was done." His patience and submission, whilst suffering from incessant cough and great difficulty of breathing, were very striking and instructive to those who were around him. Evidently sustained by the everlasting arm on which he had long ago learnt to lean, in passing through the valley of the shadow of death, he felt that his Saviour was with him, and therefore he need fear no evil; and the sting of death was gone.

On the day of his death, in answer to a question whether he felt Jesus to be near him, he energetically answered, "Yes, I do." Two or three hours before the close, his family being gathered around his bed, the remark was made that he was rich in having all his children around

him. With a beaming look, but with a great effort on account of the difficulty of breathing, he answered: "Yes, but richer still in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus." His last moments were conspicuously marked by the overshadowing peace of God, and his faith and confidence in his Saviour were unclouded. It may be said of him as of Moses, that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated;" and "like a sheaf of corn fully ripe, but not one grain fallen," he was gathered into the heavenly garner.

His funeral was largely attended, not only by the inhabitants of the town generally, but by his own workpeople, some of whom bore his remains to the grave; and by the poor, to whom he was ever a kind friend. It was felt to be a very solemn and impressive occasion. By the grace of God he was what he was; and, having long loved and served his heavenly Father, trusting in the atoning blood of Jesus, he is now, we believe, for "ever with the Lord, in whom alone he had righteousness and strength."

SARAH JEFFERYS, 52 17 6 mo. 1871  
*Melksham.* A Minister. Wife of Samuel Alexander Jefferys.

Sarah Jefferys was the daughter of John and Jane Thompson of Kendal, and was married

in the year 1850 to Samuel A. Jefferys of Melksham: where she resided upwards of 20 years, beloved by all who knew her.

To those not privileged with her acquaintance, it is not easy to convey an adequate impression of the loss her family and friends have sustained by her removal from amongst them; but she has left behind her, in all its freshness, a beautiful example of a conscientious and watchful walk in life, and of devotedness to her Lord. So precious was she felt to be, so loving and useful to all around her, that human wisdom might have said that she could not be spared; yet He who cannot err saw meet to remove her, in the brightness of her days, from the scene of her work on earth, and from the home where she was so greatly beloved.

In early life the sweetness of her disposition, combined with a lively conscientiousness and uprightness, made her a great favourite with her associates, over whom she exerted much influence; and her care not to speak disparagingly of others was very marked. She much enjoyed committing hymns to memory, and repeating them in the family. The store of instruction thus laid up in the mind proved a great help to her in after life in her own religious progress,

and in the training of her family. A simple faith in the continual care and love of her heavenly Father enabled her, even in her youthful days, to leave her cares and perplexities in His hands, in the assurance that He was able and willing to afford the solution of every difficulty.

As a wife and mother, and in other relations in life, her conduct was truly exemplary. Her deep concern for the best welfare of her beloved children led her often to the throne of grace on their behalf, and her tender care and counsel to them, her sympathy in their pursuits, and her watchful oversight, were calculated to excite on their part warm feelings of grateful love. Indeed beyond the home circle she had the power of giving herself out to others in large-hearted sympathy; so that persons of all ages and classes found in her a true helper; and it was her great desire to lead them from a dependence upon human aid and counsel, to the only sure source of strength and comfort.

Her health had been failing for some months before her death, but her benevolent feelings often led her to use exertion beyond her strength. Her valuable assistance and counsel in the management of the British School are greatly missed; and the attenders of the Mothers' Meeting

feel that they have lost a loving friend. To those in sickness and in sorrow, no matter of what class or denomination, she was indeed a welcome visitor, ministering to the weak and weary, and comforting the afflicted with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God; endeavouring to point all to the dear Saviour, in whom she herself was enabled to trust with simple and confiding faith.

Her communications in the ministry were often felt to be searching and instructive. The humble reverence and touching tenderness manifested in seasons of prayer, seemed to carry with her the hearts of those who listened. Her gift was acknowledged by the church several years prior to her decease. We believe it was under no small sense of religious duty, that she made the effort to attend the last Yearly Meeting in London; and her deeply exercised mind entered with lively interest into its deliberations, especially as they regarded those in early life; and she expressed with loving earnestness her desire that they might be so wisely fed and instructed, that there should be no need to go elsewhere for the teaching of which they might feel themselves to be in need.

On the 5th of Sixth month she returned home



much exhausted, and as it proved with little or no rallying power left. Her illness was of a nature that did not admit of much conversation ; but she was sweetly sustained by a sense of her Saviour's presence and support, as was evidenced by such expressions as " pillow'd on my Saviour's bosom,"—" the rock on which I lean," &c. Early on the morning on which she died she confidently quoted the words, " when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ;" and in a few hours peacefully passed away.

SYLVANUS JESPER,                      22 30 3 mo. 1871  
*Maeclesfield.* Son of Samuel and the late  
 Hannah Jesper.

The following account of this young Friend has been forwarded us by his bereaved father, in the hope that it may stimulate and encourage some, to diligence and patience in their journey towards the heavenly city, and to a reliance on Jesus as the only hope of salvation.

" Our dear Sylvanus was always delicate : an affection, which we apprehended to be asthmatic, having set in early after his birth, and attended him through life. This, with general physical weakness, may probably have assisted in producing an unusual thoughtfulness, and maturity

of character. His disposition was peculiarly affectionate and sensitive. In early childhood, obstinacy was his most marked failing: but this in after life, and under the regulating influence of religion (which we have comfort in believing was even in childhood implanted in his soul by the great and good Husbandman, and took root and flourished there) became decision in whatever he believed to be right and good; thus rendering his influence of incalculable value in the home circle, as well as with others among whom his lot was cast. Straightforward truthfulness was ever a leading trait in his character: so much so that his parents cannot recollect his having, on any occasion, attempted to deceive them; and the confidence of his teachers was secured by the same unvarying course of upright conduct. When a schoolboy, he had an attack of rheumatic fever, which is supposed to have laid the foundation of the disease that terminated his earthly career. Too delicate to be placed at a distance from home, he entered into his father's business; and such was his anxiety to perform his duty, that he often exerted himself therein beyond his strength.

“Towards the close of 1870, he became evidently very unwell: a severe cold having caused

the more rapid development of heart disease, which had been long making gradual advances, unsuspected by his relatives and friends, but not by the sufferer himself; although, fearing to arouse their anxiety, he had kept silence on the subject. It was in the First month of 1871, that medical advice was called in, and they were informed thereof. Dear Sylvanus, being told that the doctor gave but little hope of recovery, quietly and calmly remarked, that 'he had wished to know what the doctor thought of his case, and that he could leave the result in the hands of God, who knew what was best for him. Had the choice been given him, he should have liked to live a few years, and to have done a little good in the world before leaving it. But (he added) we are poor, weak creatures, and I feel that I am one; and I might fall away myself.' He frequently said that 'he had lived below his advantages, and that he had nothing to trust to, but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus: but still he believed he should not be forsaken in the needful time.' He was reminded that the composure with which he was favoured, and the reliance he was enabled to place on the Redeemer's love and mercy, was an evidence of heavenly help, and might well encourage him fully to adopt the lines,

‘Trust in the Lord, and He will be  
A tender Father unto thee.’

“ At times he was led to take a discouraging view of his spiritual state, and feared he was too confident of mercy and forgiveness, and of ultimate acceptance. These baptisms of spirit were followed by a deep sense of the goodness of God, with peace and faith in the Lord. He delighted in having portions of Scripture read to him, and in hearing hymns and spiritual songs. Not unfrequently when unable to sleep in the night, as well as by day, he would break out himself in songs of praise, or in prayer. Very often during his illness, when asked how he felt, he would answer, ‘very well spiritually;’ that he felt ‘much comfort;’ that ‘the goodness of God is indeed great;’ that he could say, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name.’

“ Although habitually cheerful, yet occasionally, when the weight of his infirmities had been almost more than he could patiently bear, he was brought under deep feelings of regret for any failure therein, and would say he feared he was very selfish. More than once when thus oppressed he remarked, ‘if it were not for thinking of the sufferings of the Saviour on the cross,

I think I could hardly bear it. But what are my sufferings, compared with what He has borne for me!—and then he would sweetly desire our prayers, that he might be helped to endure all with becoming resignation. He was a member of the '*Young Men's Christian Association*,' and laboured much to sustain true Christian principle and action amongst them. During his illness, he heard with great concern that attempts were being made at their meetings, to introduce discussions of a dangerous theological character. He sent to request the superintendent to call upon him, and pressed him to interpose his authority to prevent so great an evil; which was kindly done, much to his relief and satisfaction.

“From time to time in his lengthened illness he suffered greatly from exhaustion, and several times appeared on the threshold of eternity. Afterwards considerable revival would occur, inducing the hope that recovery to some extent might take place. On the morning of the day before he died, he appeared bright and cheerful, but after breakfast became much exhausted. His mother stood by his chair supporting him, when he looked up at her, and said very sweetly, ‘Peace—peace—peace!’ She said, ‘I hope, my dear, thou feels peace?’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I do, I do feel peace,

and if I am taken now, I shall go to peace.' Thus was his earnest prayer granted, that he might be favoured with a clear evidence of acceptance in the Beloved. During the remainder of the day, his strength was very low, but he was sweetly cheerful. He had a restless night, yet was at different times engaged in prayer and praise. About 4 o'clock, having been assisted into a more easy posture, he soon fell asleep, breathing apparently more easily than had often been the case. His affectionate watchers hoped that this quiet sleep might revive him; but about 7 o'clock, perceiving a cessation of sound in the breathing, which had been gently audible, they were led to look at him more closely, and then found that the gentle spirit had fled. So quiet was the dismissal, that for a few minutes they could scarcely believe it was death. A tranquil, painless expression rested on the features, and not a sigh, or movement of any kind, had marked the passing of the spirit from its earthly tenement."

FREDERICK WILLIAM JESSOP, — 28 5 mo. 1864  
*Dublin.* (Died in Australia.) Son of A. P. and  
 E. Jessop.

DEBORAH JOHNSON, 85 7 9 mo. 1871  
*Ballitore.* Widow of Francis Johnson.

OBADIAH JONES, *Brighton.* 46 23 5 mo. 1871

GRACE JOWITT,

77 22 10 mo. 1870

*Leeds.* An Elder.

She was the daughter of Joseph and Grace Jowitt, of Leeds, in which town she was born on the 29th of Eleventh month, 1792, and where she resided during the whole of her life. Her father dying before she reached her eleventh year, the care of her education and training rested upon her mother; whose tender love and watchful oversight were ever warmly remembered, and whose declining years it was her privilege to cheer.

She took an active part in the adult school commenced in Leeds in 1815. During the time of its continuance, and through life, her kind care for her sick friends and poorer neighbours was much valued. Her attendance of the meetings of our religious Society shewed her interest in its welfare, and in the maintenance of its discipline; and she filled acceptably the offices of Overseer and Elder, also that of Clerk to the Women's Quarterly Meeting. The later years of her life were passed in comparative retirement, during which it is believed she was ripening for eternity. Not long before her death, whilst shrinking from much expression as to her religious feelings, she assured a near relative that her confidence was in Christ alone.

A few extracts from her memoranda may be interesting to our readers.

“2 mo. 1815. What a mercy it is to be made sensible in times of trial that the Lord is near, and that He will give us strength to perform all his requirings! Though the followers of a crucified Saviour must partake of suffering, yet (blessed be His holy name) as they endeavour to keep faithful, they are at seasons permitted to taste of His consolations also. I have greatly desired that deep humility of soul may be my portion; believing it is the state which must be attained, before we can come to know a being led and guided by the unerring spirit of truth.”

“4 mo. 1819. It has appeared to me very often, that there is nothing in this world worth living for, but to prepare for a world to come. We are indeed poor weak mortals, and liable to much error; I have often desired for myself and my friends, that we may be favoured with the evidence of Divine acceptance, ere the spirit is called to appear before the judge of the quick and the dead, who will render to every one according to their deeds.”

“5 mo. 9th, 1819. I have this day felt something of the gracious extendings of the Divine love and mercy, whereby my soul was



tendered, and made thankful that through the redeeming efficacy of the Saviour's blood, I was again permitted to partake of the bounties of His spiritual table; and (magnified for ever be His excellent name!) He still condescends to help those who are endeavouring to put their trust in Him."

"3 mo. 31st, 1821. For a considerable time *before* the Quarterly Meeting, great anxiety and fearfulness attended me, lest the Ark should be touched with unhallowed hands, through my entire unfitness to take any part in the discipline. I had experienced a long night season, and the thoughts of rendering any assistance in transacting the affairs of the church was exceedingly trying to me. But for a few days *after*, a serenity of mind to which I had long been a stranger, was graciously permitted to attend me; though my soul was bowed under the consideration of my unworthiness of such unmerited mercy."

"7 mo. 1822. The preparation of the heart is of the Lord; every right thought and action is from Him. We are commauded to pray without ceasing; but we cannot pray aright without the influence of His Holy Spirit, and the best of us have indeed nothing to glory in, but our infirmities. I deeply feel my lost state, and that

without a Saviour, I die,—without a Redeemer, I perish for ever. I earnestly desire an increase of faith: that through every besetment and trial, I may confide in Him who alone can bring me into the desired haven. O Lord, grant that the spirit of love may more abound in my heart!—Love to thee, and fervent charity to my friends: that I may pity, instead of censuring, the weakness of others; knowing that I am myself encompassed with infirmities, and stand constantly in need of forgiveness.”

9 mo. 8th, 1848. She writes to a dear sister under affliction. “Our situations are in some respects similiar, and it will be relieving to hold a little converse, and meditate on those so loved, and gone to their eternal rest. We have both lost the object of our chief joy! May their example stimulate us to greater diligence, that we may be prepared to meet them in Heaven. But thou hast still thy children to cheer thee: so that my lot appears to me more desolate, and the mind is left more to prey upon itself; yet we cannot wish our dear mother back, she having escaped from her worn-out tenement, and safely landed we fully believe in her Saviour’s kingdom. Then may I rather praise the Lord for her deliverance, and thank him for the precious gift so long bestowed.”

“11 mo. 19th, 1864. To those who have plenty of occupation like myself, time does not hang heavily. Days and weeks quickly pass; and it is my frequent desire, that through Divine mercy I may be prepared for a better country at last.”

“9 mo. 19th, 1870. I do not wish to trouble my friends, or that they should be uneasy on my account. I have had a long life, and been much favoured in many ways; but the end must come, and to have a clear title to a heavenly mansion is the most important.”

JOHN KENT,

91 1 5 mo. 1871

*Shallowford, near Stafford.*

From youth to old age, through the lapse of more than ninety years, John Kent led a remarkably retired and quiet life on the very small farm where he was born, unknown to the world, but yet enabled to bear a testimony to the truth, and show forth his allegiance to the Prince of Peace. In early manhood he was ballotted for the Militia, and refusing to serve, or take the oath, was ordered as a substitute to pay the sum of £36 15s., but this compliance being also against his Christian testimony, he was committed on the 9th of Second month, 1808, to the county gaol in Stafford for three months. He

was however kindly treated whilst in prison, and was visited from time to time by Friends and others.

His house at Shallowford being rather a large one, a meeting was held in it for twenty years or more, to which Friends from Stafford and elsewhere used to come. But of late years more Friends residing in that town, the meeting at John Kent's house was discontinued. This aged Friend retained his bodily powers in a good degree till within three or four months of his decease, and made a peaceful close to a remarkably innocent and unoffending life, inducing one who attended his funeral to speak of him as "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."

WILLIAM DOUBLEDAY KING, 69 21 12 mo. 1870

*Sudbury, Suffolk.* An Elder.

ROBERT KINGSLEY, *Hitchin.* 62 10 8 mo. 1871

ELIZA KIRK, 69 20 6 mo. 1871

*Highflatts, near Huddersfield.* Widow of John Kirk.

WILLIAM KITCHING, *Hull.* 68 11 1 mo. 1871

JOSEPH KNOTT, 79 17 2 mo. 1871

*Rathangan.* "An Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile."

THOMAS KNOTT, 76 23 5 mo. 1871

*Rathangan, Ireland.*

While we consolingly believe that the record of this dear Friend is on high, we deem it not inappropriate that some notice of him should appear in the *Annual Monitor*, to exalt that grace by which he was enabled to adorn the doctrine of his Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thomas Knott was born in Dublin ; and was blessed with religious parents, who endeavoured to bring up a large family in the “nurture and admonition of the Lord.” From early life he was remarkably conscientious, being very careful to speak the truth at all times without equivocation. Of the lessons instilled by his parents he often spoke with thankfulness ; and believed they were the means, under Divine grace, of preserving him in after life from many temptations to which he was exposed, especially when travelling extensively in Great Britain, Ireland, and on the Continent of Europe.

He received a classical education at the well known seminary of Ballitore, kept by Abraham and Richard Shackleton, where that eminent statesman and orator, Edmund Burke, was instructed in his early years. Of those school days, their associations and friends, Thomas Knott was wont to speak with pleasure to the last.

It was his father's wish that he should be

educated for a physician. But this desire was overruled by his pious mother, who feared that the associations of a college life might expose him to dangers; though it is hoped such are not at the present time so injurious. He was therefore apprenticed to a Friend, an eminent chemist, at Newcastle upon Tyne. While yet in this situation, he delivered a remarkable speech at one of the meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, then comparatively in its infancy. This address from so young a man attracted great attention, and was copied into most of the leading newspapers of that day, and printed in a separate form; though not in any way at the instance of the author. About the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was deprived by death of his worthy father, and returned home for a while to assist his mother, in the fulfilment of her trust as sole executrix of her husband's will.

Thomas Knott settled in Exeter in 1830 as a medical chemist, married in 1834, and gained the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens, by skill in his profession, integrity and urbanity, during a period of 32 years. As a chemist, he lectured from time to time by invitation, to large audiences in the city where he resided. At length he relinquished a lucrative busi-

ness, desiring to free himself from its cares and anxieties, and returned to his native country, occupying the residence of his deceased parents, at Rathangan. Here he spent the last nine years of a useful life, often assisting his poor neighbours in illness, by whom his death was felt as a serious loss. He was distinguished by humanity towards brute animals, and was urgent to have children taught that any cruelty towards them was offensive in the Divine sight.

He endeavoured, more especially as he advanced in years, to uphold the discipline of the Society of Friends, in carrying out its rules and regulations in a loving spirit. He attended the last Yearly Meeting in Dublin ; and during its sittings was heard at some length, against innovations which he believed would lay waste our distinctive and cherished practice, of waiting in silence for ability to worship God in spirit and in truth. To bear this last testimony, he rose from his bed under a severe bronchial attack, but expressed to an intimate friend his satisfaction in what he had done. On leaving Dublin, an attack of influenza was added to his previous ailment ; and in the short space of four days, he sank under the disease, in full possession of his mental faculties. He expressed his resignation to the Divine will,

and many times saying, "*love to all*," he calmly breathed his last without acute suffering, from which he was mercifully spared towards the close; no struggle or sigh marking the moment when his spirit left its earthly tabernacle, to join, as we humbly trust, the ransomed throng who surround the throne of the Lord God and the Lamb.

In a letter to his beloved sister about two years before his death, he wrote: "I have been graciously vouchsafed a healthy and extended life, now in my 74th year, and never that I remember, since childhood, a day in pain, or laid up in bed, except for a cold. As to the end of the journey, while thoughtful, I am not desponding. I often think of poor Burke's last lines from his dying bed,—'humbly and fearfully hoping, that my better part may find a better mansion;' but Job Scott got beyond this in saying, 'I have no fear; perfect love casteth out fear; for fear hath torment, and he that feareth is not made perfect in love.' So when the summons suddenly came to this dear Friend, he was found prepared to depart, having been washed in the fountain set open for all. He could say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because he lives, I live also. I have a spiritual life in Christ Jesus, who has taken away all fear.'"



Thomas Knott however was not often demonstrative in religious expression, though what he said of this nature was seasoned with grace. His last exhortation in the small Preparative meeting of Rathangan was, that Friends might imbue the minds of their children with a knowledge of the history, practices, and triumphs of the early Friends; whose doctrines were those of the New Testament Scriptures, faithfully expounded, and carried out in their lives.

SOPHIA KNIGHT, *Chelmsford*. 75 5 4 mo. 1871

ELIZA KNIGHT, 69 28 7 mo. 1871

*Pontefract*. Wife of Samuel Knight.

JOSHUA LAMB, 75 11 7 mo. 1870

*Sibford Ferris*. A Minister. (*Name given last year.*) The following memorial of this dear Friend is supplied by one of the family.

“In calling to remembrance the childlike faith and devotion of our beloved father, we feel that there is much to be gained by the contemplation of a life like his, and yet but little to be said respecting it.

“There was in him such a marked simplicity and genuineness of Christian character, and such an abiding confidence in our heavenly Father, that we well remember how deeply the conviction that ‘he walked with God’ laid hold of our minds

when very young. He was peculiarly happy in the religious teaching of his children,—so simply, and yet so lovingly instructing them in the knowledge of the holy Scriptures, and seeking to imbue their minds with the love of God; earnestly directing them to ‘receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save the soul,’ and tenderly leading them to the dear Saviour, that they might obtain forgiveness of all their sins through faith in Him; and loving Him, keep His commandments.

“The same directness of purpose was to be observed in his ministry, and his plain words of exhortation and entreaty were often greatly blessed. He sought to live as one who waits for his Lord, with his lamp trimmed and his light burning. And when in a good old age he was called home, we could look back upon his pilgrimage with thankfulness, and acknowledge that the Lord had led him all the way, and fulfilled to him that gracious promise, which He gave concerning His vineyard, ‘I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.’

“Very sweet and solemn was the assurance, near the close, of his safety and blessedness; though from the gradual nature of his decline,

and from his extreme deafness precluding conversation, we could scarcely tell whether he knew he was going. As his dear wife, children and grandchildren surrounded his dying bed, and he passed painlessly and peacefully away, we could almost have said in the words of Bethune,

‘ We felt it were a sin to weep  
 O’er such a smile, and such a sleep,  
 So peaceful, so profound ;  
 And though we wept, our tears express’d  
 Joy for his time-worn frame at rest,  
 His soul with mercy crown’d.’ ”

ELEANOR LAMB,                                 63 12 4 mo. 1871  
*Edgbaston, Birmingham.* Wife of Joseph Lamb.  
 ELIZA LAMBERT,                                 65 17 9 mo. 1871  
*York.* Widow of Charles Lambert.

The subject of this brief sketch was born at Barnet in the county of Hertford, 1806. Being blessed with pious parents who were Wesleyan Methodists, she was early instructed in the word and doctrine of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She could well remember the loving counsel and fervent prayers of an affectionate mother, who had long sat at the feet of Jesus, and drank in the gracious words which fell from His lips. And here the seed, which was sown in infancy and childhood, was ultimately destined

by God's grace to grow up into an abundant harvest; thus illustrating those words of Holy Writ, "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it."

The first real trouble and serious misfortune which befel our dear departed Friend (then but thirteen years of age) was the loss of her dearly beloved mother, who having fought the good fight of faith, laid hold on eternal life. Her early religious training, the fervent prayers offered up at a throne of grace, and the example of Christian virtues, were as "bread cast upon the waters, which should be seen after many days." Our dear Friend has often said during her after life, "she did not remember the time when the Holy Spirit did not strive with her." Yet she deferred wholly yielding to its influence. Being naturally of a lively turn of mind, she sought to satisfy the cravings of an ardent soul, by joining in the mirth and frivolity of the young by whom she was surrounded. But while seeking happiness in the things of time, she found no firm foundation whereon to rest, until like the dove she returned to the Ark.

She married while young, and went to reside at Selby in Yorkshire, where she became an active member of the Wesleyan Society; and being

blessed with a truly Christian partner, they went up in company to the house of prayer. Her gentle unassuming manner, quiet spirit, and sympathetic soul, won the confidence and affection of all around her. In her domestic concerns she was the pattern of neatness and order: whilst her kind and genial spirit softened every woe, and soothed every care. In after life she used to look upon this period of her history, as a sunny spot, on which fond memory delights to dwell. But the sum of human happiness is fleeting and fragile as a flower.

“God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.”

In the ordering of Divine wisdom her husband was removed from the church militant on earth, to the church triumphant in heaven, while she with two little daughters were left to mourn his loss.

She then removed to York, and here she would often trace the hand of Divine Providence, which led her in a way that she knew not. Here she was visited by some of the Friends, by whose conversation she was much edified. She attended their meetings; and finding their views of Divine truth and their mode of worship so much in accordance with her own sentiments, felt con-

strained to say, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." Hence she sought and obtained admittance into the Society.

She took a lively interest in the welfare of the Society, was punctual in her attendance of religious meetings, was privileged to draw water from the wells of salvation, and was favoured to grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of God. Thus was she prepared also to endure future trials and affliction. In addition to outward trials, during the last twenty-five years of her life, she suffered much from a nervous disorder throughout the system, which baffled all human skill to remove. It gradually increased, until at length she was unable to get to meetings. But the holy Scriptures were precious to her soul—and on their sacred truths she delighted to meditate. She would say,

“When quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still;  
My joy thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the record of thy will,  
And search the oracles Divine,  
Till every heartfelt word be mine.”

Naturally gifted with a poetic and refined taste, she delighted to soar above the world, and speak of heaven and things Divine; and it was.

no mean privilege to visit this humble Christian in her affliction.

She frequently expressed her gratitude to the Friends who called upon her, and to God the giver of every good and perfect gift, who had caused her lot to be cast among them. Being some years thus confined to her room, she felt the need of Divine grace to enable her cheerfully to suffer the will of God. Sometimes she would express a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; yet she would say, "not my will, but Thine be done." A few days before her death, when speaking to her daughter about her approaching dissolution, she said, "I wish my faith was stronger. I am only a sinner saved by grace; it is not much I can do." Then quoting the following passage of Scripture, "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him; upon them that hope in his mercy," her face brightened with an angelic smile, and she said, "praise the Lord, I *can* hope in His mercy,—

‘In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.’"

She had often prayed that she might be spared the bitter pangs of death, and was heard in that she feared. On First day morning, the 17th of Ninth month 1871, during a peaceful slumber, she gently fell asleep in Jesus.

WILLIAM LAMLEY, <i>London.</i>	67	20	5 mo.	1871
ELIZABETH LAYCOCK, <i>Burnley.</i> Widow of David Laycock.	84	16	6 mo.	1871
MARGARET LEATHAM, <i>Heath, near Wakefield.</i> Widow of William Leatham.	78	7	1 mo.	1871
JAMES HALL LEE, <i>Long Melford, Sudbury.</i>	60	5	5 mo.	1871
ARTHUR C. LEICESTER, <i>Flounders Institute, Ackworth.</i> Son of Chamney and Elizabeth Leicester.	22	16	6 mo.	1871

With the exception of a few years passed in Tasmania, the greater part of Arthur Chamney Leicester's life was spent at Ackworth, as scholar, teacher and student. He always loved to speak of his Hobart Town friends, and of his enjoyment of Tasmanian scenery; and he cherished to the last a fond hope of returning, to take part in the work of education in the colony.

On his first entering Ackworth School, Arthur was soon recognized to be a boy of a tender conscience. The acquisition of knowledge was not easy to him; but his unfailing vivacity and fondness for conversation, together with an affectionate disposition, as ready to bestow sympathy as to cling to those who loved him,



combined to form a character in many respects adapted to the work of a teacher. As the term of his apprenticeship proceeded, he had the enjoyment of winning the warm affection of many of his pupils ; and the more he felt the preciousness of the love of Jesus to his own soul, the more desirous he became to encourage them to yield their young hearts to their Saviour. During his last illness he spoke of the comfort he had felt, when, on one occasion, he had been enabled to offer a few words of vocal prayer amongst his boys, at the time of their morning Scripture reading. "When I rose from my knees," he said, "I think there was not a dry eye among them." It was not the young only, who reciprocated his love. He is remembered affectionately in many a home, where he esteemed it a privilege to be a visitor, generally taking some little book with him for his friends to read. As one of his companions writes of him, "he truly *enjoyed* the little services of love that his Lord employed him about."

Cheerful in his intercourse with others, Arthur C. Leicester was no stranger to trouble in himself. But the thought that his heavenly Father's hand was laid upon him in his trials, deepened his longings for entire obedience to

His holy will. The following memorandum, found in his Bible, bearing date 3 mo. 26, 1870, manifests the sincerity of his desires:—

“A few hours more, and I shall be twenty-one years of age. What thoughts and recollections are running through my mind, of times which are past, and shall be no more! What trials and afflictions have been mine during the younger part of my life! but oh! *nothing* compared to those which my dear Saviour endured. God my Father, and my dearest and best friend, be pleased to create in me a new heart. Father, let this be the turning point in my life. Let me from this day strive to do all in my power for *Thee* and Thy kingdom. Give me health and strength to do all these things; for without it I am as nothing. Grant, heavenly Father, that I may be the means, through Thy great love and mercy, of bringing many souls to Christ.

“Strengthen me to do all I can to further and promote the spread of Thy gospel. Oh! how my heart seems to overflow in feelings of thankfulness and praise to Thee and Thy dear Son, for all Thy mercies towards me. Oh! that such feelings may not be ephemeral, lasting but a day; but that they may go on increasing in number and strength day by day. Oh! that all the good

resolutions which I have formed this night may be carried out ; and I shall through God's mercy live in that eternal home, where there is no sorrow nor sighing, but all joy and gladness. From this hour, by God's help, I will strive to do all I can to bring souls to Christ, and work with all the strength God gives me in the cause of Christ. May this be my constant and oft-repeated prayer.

11 p.m., Bedroom, Ackworth School."

Little more than a year remained for earthly service after this was written. But soon after the summer vacation, being now resident at the Flounders Institute, and having more leisure on First-days, he was able to dedicate a little more time to the active work to which he felt called ; by joining a fellow-student in visits to the neighbouring village of Purston, and holding an evening class there for adults. For part of the afternoon, he also taught regularly in the Primitive Methodist School near the Institute ; and on other occasions he frequently united in the operations of a Temperance Society, whose cause he had much at heart. Meanwhile his studies were pursued with his usual perseverance ; and all his wonted buoyancy of spirits, when engaged in cricket or skating or other exercises, encouraged the hope that his zeal was not wearing out his

strength. Weariness however gave warning of weakness in the spring of 1871 ; and at last, congestion of the lungs confined him to the house, and restricted his employments to little more than quiet reading and conversation, meditation and prayer. Though particularly sensitive to pain, and to any indications of increasing illness, and always cherishing the strongest hopes of recovery, he lost ground so gradually, that the close came as suddenly upon himself, with little more than an hour's warning, as it did upon his friends. It was a six weeks of final preparation, graciously granted to lead him, as we believe, through heart-felt experience of the truth that "whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth," up to the immediate consummation of all his desires.

"His gentle loving disposition," writes one of his companions, in reference to an earlier period, (and it was true of the end,) "coupled with the very marked cheerfulness that was so noticeable, endeared him to all ; and though very few words comparatively were ever exchanged by us on the higher truths of the Christian life, the few that were spoken served abundantly to show that he belonged to the fold of Christ. \* \* \* In the early stages of his illness, he used often to ask me to read and pray with him when we went

to bed ; but somehow the prayers always seemed to come round to one petition, that if the Lord intended to take him home, He would strengthen his faith, and make him fit to go, and be with Jesus."

We humbly believe that this petition was granted. Dear Arthur spoke one afternoon of its being a little discouraging, that although he could so fully recognize his heavenly Father's great love and kindness to him, and did feel so thankful for all His mercies, and was so cheerful through all his illness, yet he could not quite realize an assurance that his sins were all forgiven him ;—he could not understand it, but he thought it might be that he had been careless before he was laid aside ;—and he had resolved that, if he should recover, he would be more careful not to let the pressure of his studies interfere with reading his Bible, and with prayer. He was reminded of our Father's having a discipline for us, all in love ; and of our needing patience ; and of the help we may derive, under every shade of discouragement, from the simple thought that *Jesus loves us*. This seemed comfortable to him ; and at another time, when feeling more peaceful, he mentioned his fondness for the hymn,

“There is one above all others,—

Oh ! how he loves !”

and said, “it does break one down so.”

At last, when a sudden change foretold the end, he was asked if he felt that Jesus was near him, and he responded very earnestly, "yes, yes!" A few words of vocal prayer were uttered, that if it was His will, the Lord Jesus would strengthen our brother, and take him to Himself; and then he sank back with a happy radiant smile, and almost imperceptibly ceased to breathe. Day was just breaking when we turned from the now silent chamber, and told one who inquired after him all the thought of our hearts, "He is just *gone home.*"

PHEBE LESLIE, 81 15 2 mo. 1871  
*Wells in Norfolk.* Widow of John Leslie.

JOHN BRIDGER LIDBETTER, 51 6 11 mo. 1870  
*York, formerly Leeds.*

MARY ELIZABETH LIDBETTER, 16 7 9 mo. 1871  
*Plymouth.* Daughter of Sarah and the late James Lidbetter.

LUCY LINGFORD, 69 6 1 mo. 1871  
*Bishop Auckland.* Widow of Samuel Lingford.

ANNA LONGMAID, 33 15 3 mo. 1871  
*Maidenpek in Servia.* Wife of John Longmaid.

BERNARD LUCAS, 25 25 5 mo. 1871  
*Luton.* Son of Edward and Benjamina Lucas.

DEBORAH LUCAS, 62 10 9 mo. 1871  
*Oakfield, Hitchin.* Wife of Joseph Lucas.

- HANNAH MACDERMID, 72 27 11 mo. 1870  
*Darlington.* Widow of John Macdermid.
- JOHN MACKAY, 85 5 3 mo. 1871  
*Bathgate, Edinburgh.*
- RICHARD HENRY MARRIAGE, 17 3 10 mo. 1870  
*Maldon, Essex.* Son of Alfred and Sarah Marriage.
- HANNAH MARSH, 48 14 6 mo. 1871
- ANN MASEY, 53 26 1 mo. 1871  
*Bristol.* Wife of William Masey.
- JOSEPH MASON, 74 10 10 mo. 1870  
*Barton, Calder Bridge.*
- ELIZABETH MASON, 33 3 7 mo. 1871  
*Waterford.* Wife of Woodward Mason.
- SAMUEL MASON, *Enniscorthy.* 84 31 7 mo. 1871
- MARY MESSER, 68 6 6 mo. 1871  
*Ware, near Hertford.* A Minister. Wife of Joseph Messer.
- RACHEL MILES, 63 12 1 mo. 1871  
*Weston-super-Mare.* Widow of Edwin Miles.
- JOSEPH MILLER, *Whitehaven.* 83 5 5 mo. 1871
- JOHN MILLS, *Liverpool.* 18 16 5 mo. 1871
- ELIZA JANE MORRIS, 46 26 2 mo. 1871  
*Belfast.* Daughter of the late William Morris.
- SAMUEL MOSS, 59 22 5 mo. 1871  
*Dundrum, Dublin.* An Elder.

In recording some particulars respecting the

last illness of this beloved Friend, the desire is, not to exalt the creature, but to bear testimony to the efficacy of living faith in Christ, in giving that solid rest to the soul which is so essential at all times, but especially in such seasons of trial; as well as to the all-sufficiency of Divine grace to support under a degree of bodily suffering, of which it is impossible to convey any adequate description; and surely at such times the very foundation of our faith is tried. Those who visited him from time to time (and they were many) can testify to the unwavering steadfastness of his faith, and of his cheerful resignation to the Divine will. Most instructive were the remarks made by him, even when articulation became painful and difficult; his heart was so full of love to his Saviour, and his desires that others should experience the same blessedness which he had found were so earnest, that as long as he was able to do so, he seldom allowed an opportunity to pass without speaking for his Lord. In remembrance of him many can truly say, "He being dead yet speaketh."

He was ill for about two years, and although not told what his disease was (cancer of the tongue and the throat) until some months after its first appearance, yet it was evident that from



the beginning he had very serious thoughts as to how it would terminate. In the Tenth month of 1869, he had the first tooth extracted on the side where the sore of his tongue was ; and one night, knowing he had been some time awake, he was asked if he were suffering ; he replied, " No, I have not had near the constant sense of pain since the tooth was taken out, but that says nothing as to the ultimate conclusion of this matter ; but I seek to be resigned to my heavenly Father's will, whatever that may be. I know that He doth not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men." One evening he remarked how very little of good he seemed to know. He was reminded that it was a precious thing to know the sins of our past lives forgiven : when he repeated,

" There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

Often about this time he quoted most cheering texts of Scripture with great tenderness of manner. On one occasion, looking at his wife with tears in his eyes, he said, " The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee ;" adding how wonderfully

this desire had been fulfilled in his experience. Once, after a time of quiet, he said : “ The peace of God, which passeth understanding, keep *your* hearts and minds in the love and knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord ; ” adding,

“ One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to *me* o'er and o'er ;  
I am nearer home to day,  
Than I ever have been before.”

On another occasion, speaking of the consolations of the Gospel, he said, “ God in Christ Jesus *our* resting place.”

In the Third month of the following year, he was informed by a medical man, at the request of the one who usually attended him, that they could do nothing more for him, unless it was by an operation ; and this they did not feel prepared to recommend. He received the information with perfect calmness ; and although, as he himself expressed it, he felt the sentence of death was passed on him, he yielded to the wishes of some of his friends, that he should seek further advice in London ; whither he proceeded early the same month, only to learn that they could not do any thing for him, except so far as alleviating means might be used. Silence, as much as possible, was one of the things enjoined upon him, but this it

was impossible to induce him to observe; for he deeply felt that he had often been silent when he ought to have spoken; and now he said, "I must speak," and it is believed, that he rarely missed an opportunity of speaking on the subject of salvation to those who called upon him, business men as well as others.

His knowledge that his disease was mortal, was the means in two ways of stirring him up; for when asked how he was, and obliged to reply "worse bodily," he would speak also of his sure and certain hope, that when disease had done its work, he should enter into rest, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and set forth that no matter what might be our profession amongst men, we could not find salvation in any other way; for there is "none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." The other reason was expressed by himself, after being remonstrated with for the length of time he had spoken to a young man who called, and for which he would be sure to suffer afterwards,—the tears running down his cheeks as he said, "There were once two debtors; one owed little, the other much; *I owe much.*" He could not say more then, but afterwards added, that his tongue had so often refused to speak when it was able,

that his friends must not prevent him now that his days were numbered.

As time wore on his sufferings increased, and were augmented by the difficulty of taking food. In this however he persevered, when it seemed almost impossible for him to swallow, lest (as he expressed it) "he should come into condemnation." He likewise continued to go to town to business, unless the weather prevented, up to the 6th of Twelfth month, 1870. On the 8th he had an attack of hemorrhage, which weakened him a good deal; but in about ten days he was down stairs again, and seemed rather relieved by the attack.

As he retired to rest on the night of the 28th, he put the question, "What is the end to be?—starvation?"—the reply was, "The Lord only knew that; but that it was quite as likely to be hemorrhage." About seven o'clock the next morning, very considerable hemorrhage came on; and in the course of the forenoon he remarked, that he felt as if he should have a return of it, and then perhaps he might slip away. About four in the afternoon, the bleeding again commenced, and continued for more than an hour. The exhaustion was so great, that there was little expectation of his surviving the night; and he

bade us farewell, hoping (as he wrote on a slip of paper) that "if he could get to sleep, he might be permitted to pass quietly away." But the Lord's thoughts are not as our thoughts. It was His will, that our dear Friend should continue yet longer in the furnace; and it did indeed sometimes seem to be heated, one seven times hotter than it was wont: but, blessed for ever be the name of the Lord! the "Son of God" was with him therein, and enabled him to glorify and praise God in the midst of the fires.

There yet remained to him months of intense suffering, that we dwell upon only, to testify to the all-sufficiency of faith in the atoning blood of Christ, and the power of His grace in the soul; which supported our dear Friend in patience and in cheerfulness, even enabling him often times to rejoice in tribulation. At first, when he found himself gaining a little strength, and that it was likely he might again be down stairs, he evidently found it hard to say, "Thy will be done;" as he had fully believed his release was at hand. For some time he seemed more depressed in spirit than during all his previous illness; but even then a cheering text of Scripture, or a few verses of a hymn, would call forth a thankful response, and it is believed that

however tried and depressed he might feel, he never doubted of his eternal salvation through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Once, when speaking of the agony he was enduring, he said that he had no idea that the mortal frame could bear such suffering; but he added, "You only see the dark side of the cloud; you do not see the bright side that is turned towards me." The pain in his head was so intense, that sometimes he thought he should lose his reason; but he said, "whatever the end may be, let nothing ever shake your belief, that I died in the faith and hope of the Gospel." On another occasion, rising from his chair with clasped and uplifted hands, he exclaimed, "Oh, how could I bear this, only that *I know* that my Redeemer liveth!" And when at times the pain was lessened, his thankfulness and gratitude often found vent in praise. Many times he asked for the text, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

He spoke of the impossibility of those who have not the spirit of Christ, understanding the joy and peace of those who have, and one night he remarked, "Well might the disciples say, 'Lord,

how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?' ” He fully realized that “man does not live by bread alone,” but that it is by heavenly bread the soul is sustained. The love of God, the peace, joy, and rest he had found in his Saviour, his full belief in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, were themes he often dwelt upon; so that when the time came in which he could no longer speak of them, it was felt that there was no need of words to tell how it was with his soul.

Though his bodily strength declined, still day after day he came down stairs about twelve o'clock, generally remaining until ten at night. On Fifth day, the 4th of Fifth month, he appeared to be suffering more than usual; and about four in the afternoon, he articulated, “I think I am going home.” Immediately afterwards he signified, that he wished to go to bed, and from that time never spoke of getting up. On the Seventh day following two Friends called, with whom he shook hands very cordially. After a short silence they both spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement. Thinking that he might wish to express something to them, his wife enquired if he would like to have his slate. Raising his head from his pillow, with great effort he replied: “There is no

occasion. I know him whom Paul knew, and I know He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him." It is believed that this was the last time he expressed himself in a sentence so as to be understood. On Second day, the 8th, on trying to take a little food, he found he could not swallow it; and although he lived for two weeks longer, he was not able to take any nourishment except cream, and at the end of a week that also had to be given up; yet it is thankfully believed that with the inability to take it, the desire for it was taken away. Still the bodily distress and exhaustion was such, as we think could only be understood by those who witnessed it, but the spirit was sustained through all. Once indeed he uttered the words, "This is *Marah*;" not in any murmuring spirit, but as signifying to those around him, how fully conscious he was of his condition. Many times during his illness he asked for the lines,

"O Saviour! I have nought to plead,  
In earth beneath, or heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need,  
And Thy abounding love.

"The need will soon be passed and gone,  
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;  
The love unbought is all Thine own,  
And lasts for evermore."



It is needless to dwell on those last suffering days. The morning of the 22nd found him in close conflict with the last enemy, death ; but to him death had lost its sting, and the grave its victory. About half past six in the evening for a few moments all suffering seemed gone, and he looked tenderly on each one of those around him. He was reminded in this bright interval, that his suffering was nearly over, and then all would be rest and peace. As he listened to the words, a heavenly radiance overspread his face ; and throwing up both arms, with a look of rapture, he signified that he knew his departure was at hand. In about a quarter of an hour he fell into a sleep, which lasted about three hours, out of which he quietly passed away, awaking in that land, "where there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying ; and whose inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick.'" And "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Suffering o'er, and trial ended,  
Every toil and grief complete,—  
Thy freed Spirit hath ascended  
Our Redeemer's face to greet.

"Oh ! to stand with thee before Him,  
Oh ! to see Him face to face !

And with boundless love adore Him,  
For the wonders of His grace.

“ But awhile we yet must labour,  
Our allotted place must fill ;  
And through His abounding favour,  
Seek and learn to do His will.

“ Ever near our Lord abiding,  
Though our cares abound the while,  
Yet beneath that shelter hiding,  
We may upward look and smile ;—

“ Upward look and smile like thee,  
Worn and weak at eventide,  
And at last our souls shall be  
With His likeness satisfied.”

GUNDRY NEAVE,

71 3 2 mo. 1871

*Woodbridge.*

“ The closing days of our late beloved father’s life,” writes one of his sons, “ afforded striking evidence of the truth, ‘ By grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God.’ *Eph. ii., 8.* In addition to the many cares, perplexities, temptations, and disappointments, which attend an active business life, and which are the lot of most, he had naturally a peculiar irritability and warmth of temperament, which made these trials

harder for him to bear than for many; so that his course was one of much conflict both mentally and spiritually. Usually very reticent on religious subjects, his inner life remained much hidden from even his nearest relatives; but there is reason to believe the work of the Holy Spirit was going on in his heart, gradually softening and subduing the inequalities of the natural man, and finally triumphing over them all.

“ He had retired from business for a number of years before his death, but continued to evince an interest that he had always manifested in the temporal and spiritual welfare of his neighbours; which he exemplified latterly by distributing tracts, in the villages near his home at Woodbridge, and at other places. For about a twelvemonth before his last illness, his kind and loving deportment towards all, and the interest he took in their welfare, was remarked by many. During the winter he was suddenly attacked with bronchitis, to which he was liable. At the commencement of his illness, he seemed impressed with the probability of a fatal termination, and gave directions to his son as to his funeral arrangements and other matters. During a trying illness of five weeks his patience was remarkable, he seemed clothed with a spirit of

love, and of gratitude to his heavenly Father for all His mercies; and was frequently heard in earnest prayer and praise. At the end of five weeks he seemed so much better, that both his friends and himself were sanguine of his recovery, and he was able to visit his wife in an adjoining room, who had also been laid up by illness most of the time. But a change for the worse taking place, he was again confined to his bed for about five days before the close; during which time he seemed in a sweetly resigned state of mind. He remarked to a kind Friend who attended him, 'what a comfort it was to him, when often lying awake at night, to feel that there was nothing laid to his charge, that his sins were all forgiven, not one unpardoned, all washed away in the blood of Christ, and though he should be glad to feel more assurance of acceptance, still he could not believe that his dear Saviour had brought him thus far, to cast him out at last.'

"When informed, about two days before his death, that the doctors gave but little or no hope of his recovery, he appeared quite prepared for the solemn announcement, and remarked that 'he must leave it in better hands.' The following night he appeared to be sinking gradually, but not suffering any acute pain. As his friends and

relatives watched beside him, he would occasionally give utterance to short expressions indicating the peaceful state of his mind, such as 'perfect rest,'—'through grace,'—and 'precious Saviour;' and would generally respond to any question put to him. He seemed much to enjoy the company of his beloved wife, who being herself so unwell reclined on the bed beside him, though he was unable to make her hear what he said. In the morning he revived contrary to the expectation of his friends; and alluded to the past night as a highly favoured season, using the expression 'good—good.' He continued without much variation, but gradually sinking, during that day; and about half-past two the following morning, with scarcely a struggle, the spirit was released from its bonds of flesh to be (as we reverently believe) for ever with the Lord. We conclude with the words of the kind Friend who attended him, 'In retracing the time I was with him, it is very sweet to notice his evident ripeness for heaven. He was so clothed with humility and love, so patient, and disposed to think his own sufferings hardly to be thought of compared with those of others, and so filled with adoring gratitude at the wondrous mercy of God, that to be with him seemed to be breathing a heavenly atmosphere.' "

ALFRED NEAVE, <i>Lynn.</i>	46	4	5 mo.	1871
WILLIAM BENJAMIN NOAKES, 60 <i>Croydon.</i>	18		6 mo.	1871
HENRY ODDIE, <i>Oldham.</i>	54	21	6 mo.	1871
THOMAS ORD, <i>Fulwood, near Preston.</i>	48	24	1 mo.	1871
ANN OSMOND, <i>Congresbury.</i> Widow of John Osmond.	92	15	12 mo.	1870
JANE OWDEN, <i>Seapark, near Carrickfergus.</i> Widow of John Owden.	67	29	5 mo.	1871
JAMES PALMER, <i>Gloucester.</i>	81	2	9 mo.	1871
WILLIAM PARKER, <i>Bradford, Yorkshire.</i>	75	23	5 mo.	1871
ABRAHAM SHIELD PATTINSON, 32 <i>Liverpool.</i> Died at Burnlaw in Allendale.	3		7 mo.	1871
ANNA PRISCILLA PAYNE, 7½ <i>Church Brampton.</i> Daughter of John Wells and Priscilla Payne. ( <i>Not reported last year.</i> )	28		4 mo.	1870
RICHARD ECROYD PAYNE, 78 <i>Roundhay, Leeds.</i>	2		12 mo.	1870
HENRY PEARSON, <i>Oakenshaw, near Cleckheaton.</i> An Elder.	69	5	9 mo.	1871
PHARAOH WILLIAM PEAT, 63 <i>Kirkstall, Leeds.</i>	16		3 mo.	1871
MARY PEILE, <i>Mosser Gate, near Cockermouth.</i> Daughter of William Peile.	23	29	3 mo.	1871

- WILLIAM PEILE, 50 27 6 mo. 1871  
*Mosser Gate, near Cockermouth.*
- MARY HARRISON PENNEY, 5 mos. 30 12 mo. 1870
- GERTRUDE LUCAS PENNEY, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  26 6 mo. 1871
- LUCY HANNAH PENNEY, 15 22 10 mo. 1871  
*Southwick, near Brighton.* Children of Robert  
 H. and Lucy Rickman Penney.
- STEPHEN PERRY, 75 3 4 mo. 1871  
*Needham Market.*
- GEORGE PERRY, 28 22 4 mo. 1871  
*Ballinagore, Moate.* Died at New York. Son  
 of John Perry.
- HENRY LAMB PIERCE, 42 8 6 mo. 1871  
*Kinson, near Poole.*
- ELIZA PIM, 67 (interred) 29 3 mo. 1870  
*Monkstown, Dublin.* Widow of James Pim.  
*(Not reported last year.)*
- WILLIAM POLLARD, 77 22 1 mo. 1871  
*Hertford.* An Elder.
- CONSTANCE POLLARD, 3 13 6 mo. 1871  
*Reigate.* Daughter of William and Lucy  
 Pollard.
- HERBERT PRIESTMAN, 13 16 1 mo. 1871  
*Bradford.* Son of John and Henrietta Priest-  
 man.
- JANE PROCTOR, 70 23 12 mo. 1870  
*Stockton.* Widow of John Proctor.

WILLIAM SQUIRE PRYOR, 75 5 3 mo. 1871  
*Clapham Park, London.*

STANLEY PUMPHREY, 65 26 1 mo. 1871  
*Worcester.* An Elder. Son of Stanley and  
 Ann Pumphrey.

Many of our readers will associate the name of this dear Friend with that of his older brother Thomas Pumphrey, the much esteemed Superintendent of Ackworth School, from 1834 to 1862.\* In consequence of that relationship, he was from time to time a visitor at Ackworth, and naturally took a lively interest in all that was going on, though he did not serve on the School Committee till after his brother's death.

Stanley Pumphrey was born at Worcester in 1805. His father was for many years a valued Elder in the meeting to which he belonged, and is still affectionately remembered by many for his cheerful piety. His mother (Ann Baker), who was a frequent companion in the Gospel labours of Sarah Lynes, afterwards Sarah Grubb, died a week after his birth. Alluding to this in his last illness, he gratefully acknowledged the protecting care that had attended him through life: "Sixty

\* See the *Annual Monitor*, for 1863, for notices of Thomas Pumphrey, his father-in-law George Richardson, and his son George Richardson Pumphrey.



five years ago to-day, I was left a little motherless boy, and here I am still cared for and sustained."

In 1820, he went as an apprentice to Lancaster. The years spent there were among the happiest of his life, and it was one of his greatest pleasures to revisit the scenes and friends that had become so dear to him. In 1827 he began business in Worcester, but at first was so far unsuccessful, that it was eleven years before he was in as good a position as when he started, except (as he used playfully to remark) that he had a wife and three children to put to his credit on the balance sheet. His natural cheerfulness and vivacity remained remarkably undiminished, through the trials and losses of those anxious years. He lost his wife in 1846, after a happy union of fifteen years, and was left with five children, the youngest a baby; but was enabled to commit them to the care of the Lord, and proved His faithfulness.

In 1860 he passed through a very severe illness. The reality of his religion had hitherto been manifested much more by his life than his confession; but when brought to the very confines of the eternal world, his lips were opened. Night and day he poured forth praise and thanksgiving, and bore unequivocal testimony to Christ

our Saviour as his only hope. Those characteristics, which had led a Friend to speak of him as a "*diamond in the rough*," were henceforth smoothed; and it became his care to show unmistakably whom he sought to serve. Though his constitution never fully overcame the effects of this illness, he regained a large measure of health, and was able to resume his usual engagements.

In the Bible Society, the British School, and other kindred works, he took an active interest, and he endeavoured faithfully to fulfil his duties as a neighbour and a citizen. All felt that they could confide in his inflexible integrity, and his sound common sense led many to seek his advice. He had a rich vein of humour; and his cheerful spirits, buoyant to the last, made him a delightful companion, and an especial favourite with the young. "He would be a very serious person," remarked one of his workmen, "who could help laughing at what he said sometimes." In his counsel to others, wit and good sense were at times happily blended. A clergyman, with whom he was on friendly terms, was one day telling him his difficulties with his landlord, and concluded by saying, "I'll give him a bit of the law." "Thee, a minister, to talk like that!" was the reply, "try giving him a bit of the gospel first."

The Apostle Paul, in summing up the character of an Overseer in the Church, has noted among other things, that he must be "a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men." Stanley Pumphrey possessed these qualifications in a large degree. His house was always open to his friends, and he was seldom happier than when entertaining them. For some years he filled the station of Elder. Possessing the charity that hopeth all things, and thinketh no evil, he was more ready to encourage Christian labour than to check it. Writing to his son while out on religious service, he said, "I wish to express my gratitude for the mercies and blessings that have attended thee, while engaged in thy dear Master's work. Truly He has not forgotten to be gracious; and the earnest and frequent prayer of my heart has been, that thou mayst be kept in humble dependence on Him, who I believe will not forsake thee, but will arise continually for thy help according to thy need. It is a blessed thing to know we cannot be where He is not, and that, at all times and under all circumstances, He is near to those who call upon Him in sincerity and truth." \* \* "Seek counsel of Him," he wrote again, "who has in former times been thy helper, and who remains to be a very present help in

every time of need. To Him I commend thee, and pray that He may direct thy paths, and bless thee."

While ever ready to fulfil the admonition, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice," he did not forget the counterpart; and many can bear witness to his peculiarly tender sympathy. To one who was under the shadow of a dark cloud he wrote, "Thou mayst not be permitted at present to see the cause why such a dispensation has happened, yet be assured that He who sees the end from the beginning knows what is best for us, and remember that 'He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' Have faith in God, and in His merciful dealings with us, and believe that 'all things work together for good to those who love Him.'"

In the summer of 1869, accompanied by his son and son-in-law, he visited the Continent. He had long desired to look for once upon the Alps, and wished also to visit the grave of his early friend Corbyn Barrow, by the lake Maggiore. Very precious to his companions is the memory of those days, in which the blessing of the Lord seemed daily to follow them; filling their spirits with joy, as they moved among scenes whose sublimity and loveliness must be seen to be

understood. The remembrance of hours of worship, when they proved the faithfulness of the Saviour's promise, is especially sweet. On one of these occasions, his lips were opened with the Apostle's joyful words, "thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the following winter his health gave way. The severe weather tried him much, and he deeply felt the loss of a little grand-daughter, the first of his descendants he had followed to the grave. He did not improve with the return of spring; and at the Quarterly Meeting in the Fourth month of 1870, his failing energies suggested to his friends sorrowful forebodings, that they would enjoy his hospitality on such an occasion no more. A visit to Cornwall however revived him, and he continued much better through the summer. In the Ninth month, he greatly enjoyed a visit to Lancaster and the Lakes. His last journey was to the Quarterly Meeting in the Tenth month, which was held at Cirencester; but he was only able to attend the meeting for worship. Soon after his return home he became worse, and at once decided to release himself from all business cares. From this time he lived as one who had received the charge, "set thy house in order."

His own expectation was, that the disease of the heart from which he suffered would end suddenly, and he was solicitous that all his affairs should be so left, as to give the least possible trouble.

During the early part of his illness he slept little, but without much sense of weariness, or acute pain. He remarked once, after lying awake from one o'clock, that the night had not seemed long, and that he had realized the meaning of those words, "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." (*Luke iv., 4.*) Often, when unconscious that any one heard him, texts would be whisperingly repeated, with his own thoughts sweetly thrown in. "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee . . . I seem nearing that . . . Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden:—and are heavy laden,—and what then? . . . I will give you rest. . . . Why are ye so fearful? . . . they were tossing on the lake, and He arose, and there was a great calm—a great calm!" Referring to this passage again afterwards, he hoped such might be his own experience: "why should they be so fearful (he added) when *He* was there?" The love and thankfulness with which his spirit was clothed, and his perfect peace of mind, were very beautiful

to witness. Once, quite early in his illness, he spoke of a time of conflict with his soul's enemy, but the words were brought to his remembrance : " Fear not, for I am with Thee : be not dismayed, for I am thy God. \* \* \* When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." The heavenly message scattered all his fears, and they seemed never to return.

Contrary to his own expectation, he revived during the Twelfth month, and was able greatly to enjoy the family re-union at " Christmas." His sweetness and serenity shed peace around him ; and the cheerfulness that had been so attractive a feature in his character was almost unbroken. The old merriment often overflowed too. " I expect it will," he said, " and I hope it will not be regarded as lightness. I should be very sorry if it were : it is natural to me ; and I have wished to show religion in a cheerful light. I want my last days to be bright days, and for you to look back upon them as such." On the evening of " Christmas-day " his children were gathered round him at the fireside, when he wished to have some hymns repeated, as in days gone by. Then he asked for a passage from Isaiah, and afterwards his voice was heard in

prayer and praise. This was often the case in the last few weeks of his life, during the evening worship, and in the night watches. Sometimes while lying awake he enjoyed looking out upon the stars. "The heavens declare the glory of God," he would repeat, "and the firmament showeth His handywork. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." He wondered what he should do for language to express his thoughts, if it were not for the Psalms. Again and again, when he wished to have the Bible read, and was asked what part he preferred, "Oh (he would say) let it be a Psalm of thanksgiving."

His humility and faith in our Lord and Saviour were very instructive. "I have nothing of my own to trust to. My trust is simply, that when I come to die, I may stand clothed in my Saviour's righteousness. My trust is in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, who died to save us. That is my creed." If he was saved, he said at another time, it was because he stood "accepted in Him who died for us. We must come as sinners and simply take the salvation freely offered, our life and conversation being evidences of the reality of our faith." He often declared, that his hopes of salvation were through Jesus Christ alone.



“If He were to ask me,” he said, “as He asked Peter, Lovest thou me?—I think I could answer, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.” The honour of the Redeemer was very dear to him. He could not bear to hear of his Deity being called in question, nor to have the smallest doubt thrown on any of His words or miracles. He accepted unhesitatingly “the record that God gave of His Son;” and the last passage in the Bible for which he asked, was the beginning of the Gospel of John. “*How clear it is!*” he remarked.

On the First-day of the week in which he died, taking leave of his son, he said “he could die without a care. Thou wilt be preserved,” he added, “as thou keeps near to Jesus. Keep very near to the blessed Saviour. What I desire for thee is, that thou mayst be made a blessing, and that thy ministry may be in demonstration of the spirit and of power; and then whether the words be few or many, they will touch the heart, and carry the blessing.” On Fourth-day he enjoyed a parting visit from his son-in-law Henry Stanley Newman. To him also he gave the charge: “Keep near to Jesus, and He will keep near to thee. Preach Christ crucified, and thyself only His servant.” While his son prayed, he held his

hand, and then himself, followed in praise, thanksgiving, and solemn prayer, asking that, as Jacob ere he died blessed both the sons of Joseph, he might be permitted to bestow his blessing on his sons; and that the Lord, who had been so very good to him, might "bless the lads." About eleven o'clock the following day, a change suddenly came over him; articulation failed, and about four o'clock without a struggle or a sigh "he fell asleep."

ALFRED STANSFIELD RAKE, 40 23 1 mo. 1871  
*Newcastle on Tyne.*

REBECCA RAWE, 50 19 7 mo. 1871  
*Southampton.* Widow of Joseph Rawe.

ANN READ, 87 5 8 mo. 1871  
*Axbridge.* Widow of James Read.

ARTHUR EDWARD RECKITT, 5 19 12 mo. 1870  
*Croydon.* Son of George and Elizabeth Sarah Reckitt.

RICHARD RICKETS, 70 9 5 mo. 1870  
*Haddenham, Berkhamstead.* (*Not reported last year.*)

GEORGE WM. RICHARDSON, 30 7 1 mo. 1871  
*Newcastle on Tyne.*

MARY RICKMAN, 93 22 1 mo. 1871  
*Reading.* Wife of George Peters Rickman.

WILLIAM RICKMAN, 89 11 4 mo. 1871  
*London.* Died at York.

- ARTHUR ROBERTS, 8 20 2 mo. 1871  
 WILFRED ROBERTS, 2½ 6 4 mo. 1871  
*Dromana, Leeson Park, Dublin.* Children of  
 Alfred and Lucy Roberts.
- MARTHA ROBINSON, 6½ 1 5 mo. 1871  
*Liskeard, Cornwall.* Daughter of Whinfield  
 and Caroline Robinson.
- KATHARINE ROBSON, 45 10 9 mo. 1871  
*Hurworth on Tees.* Wife of Edward Robson.
- JOHN ROGERS, 72 3 6 mo. 1870  
*Bessbrook, near Newry.* (Name reported last  
 year.)

There may be many of the poor of this world, who struggle through their daily difficulties, and are so absorbed by them, and so overwhelmed, that they find no time for looking beyond the emergency of to-day; and are, as Bunyan says, always grubbing in the earth, while a glorious crown is held out to them, if they would only turn their faces upwards towards heaven, to enable them to see it. Such however, though often poor and troubled enough, was not the case with John Rogers. He saw the crown, and strove in all his toils and troubles, to press after it. And "hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised for them that love Him?"

John Rogers was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1798, of parents who were members of the Irish branch of the Established Church. His father, James Rogers, was much respected by those who knew him, for his kind neighbourly disposition, intelligence, and moral uprightness. His mother died when he was only seven years of age, and the only recollection he retained of her, was the grief and agitation of mind he underwent at the time of her funeral.

From his childhood he was of a studious and retiring disposition, and his father kept him much at home, not permitting him even to attend the Public school, in order to protect him as far as possible from the evil influences that surrounded him; particularly from companionship with a number of wicked boys, addicted to cursing, swearing and gambling, who eagerly sought his company. On First-days, his father would often call him in from his playmates, and get him to read to him from the Bible or other good books; and endeavour to impress upon his youthful mind the maxim of Holy Writ, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." The seed thus early sown, was like the "bread cast upon the waters, found after many days." In after years John Rogers often related to his family, how,

whilst still a youth, he would retire into lonely places; and there taking out his Testament, feel his mind much attracted to read of the sufferings of Christ, until, absorbed with the subject, his feelings found relief in a copious flood of tears.

As his father's farm was small, and he had no particular predilection for farming, he was bound apprentice to a gardener in the employ of Sir George Macartney, whose mansion was in the immediate neighbourhood. This enabled the boy to remain under his father's roof, and still enjoy the benefit of his society, with that of an only sister. During the term of his apprenticeship, he was subjected to many trials and temptations: the gardener he was under being irreligious, and much addicted to intemperance. His father meanwhile maintained a watchful care over him; and when he was invited to a dance or other frivolous entertainment, persisted in refusing to let him go. On one occasion when he was enticed away without his father's knowledge, he became so troubled in mind that he could find no enjoyment, conscience reproaching him, and, as he said, burning as a fire within him. When the seven years of his apprenticeship were over, his father's health failing, he remained at home, and assisted him on the farm

till his death, which occurred not long afterwards.

He then took another situation as a gentleman's gardener, but did not retain it long through the following occurrence. He was a strict observer of the Sabbath; but his master's son, one First-day morning, having directed him to mark out an avenue near the house, he refused to obey him, but promised to do it on the morrow. The young man however insisting on its being done then, John Rogers walked away, and went to church. Next morning he was sent to the neighbouring town with a letter, which proved to be an order of committal to prison. The gaoler received him roughly; but sensible of suffering for conscience' sake, he betook himself, after the example of Paul and Silas, to singing and prayer. For this he was called to order, and told he was disturbing the other prisoners, and that if he did not hold his tongue, he would be put in the stocks; to which he replied, "you cannot put my *soul* in the stocks." After twenty-four hours detention, he was released, without any satisfaction being offered him for this harsh and illegal proceeding; nor did he take any further notice of it than to leave the situation; having learned the lesson,— "if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take

it patiently, this is acceptable to God." Years afterwards, he saw the same young man much decayed, and reduced to penury.

His next situation was with a Unitarian Minister at Crumlin, who kept an academy to prepare young men for the learned professions. Here he was kindly treated, and found the family charitable to the poor; but he was preserved from imbibing their views of religious doctrine.

When about twenty-five years of age, he married a respectable young woman, named Agnes Loughridge, whose father was an Elder among the Covenanters. He subsequently took a farm of nineteen acres; and his wife being frugal and industrious, and of undoubted piety, they enjoyed great happiness for about seven years. After a long and suffering illness, she was taken away by death on the 22nd of Second month, 1830. In a little four-page memoir he published a few years since, he says of her, "in all her corporeal sufferings her mind was rooted in the Lord; and laying aside all other things, she rested only on the death and merits of her Saviour, and pleaded them as the ground of her acceptance with God." They had three children, the youngest (an infant) died about a week before its mother,—two sons still survive.

After this double bereavement, which plunged him into deep affliction, he remained a widower for twelve years. He gave up his farm, and was for seven years a Scripture Reader under the late Dr. Thomas Drew. His labours in this new engagement ranged over a considerable extent of country, holding prayer-meetings and Scripture readings in the cottages of the poor, distributing tracts and portions of Holy Scripture, and inspecting Sabbath schools in five neighbouring parishes in the counties of Down and Antrim. This employment he retained, till the fund was exhausted out of which the expenses were defrayed.

In 1842 he was married again to Sarah Neill, of Portadown, a member of the Wesleyan body; who survives him, and by whom he had a numerous family. He had resided there about five years, and had united himself to the Methodist church by conviction, exerting himself with much zeal in the cause of religion, as he then viewed it. Often would he collect money and clothing for the relief of poor families, and endeavoured to oppose vice and vanity. On one occasion he went to Lurgan fair; and seeing a crowd surrounding a puppet show, and among them some religious professors, he took his stand not far off,



gave out a hymn, and turned the occasion into a religious meeting. It was a common practice with him to write out texts or verses, and place them in trees or behind stones, where they might be found, and attract the notice of passers by. One day he heard the town-crier in Portadown announcing a sale by auction of some Friend's cattle, seized for refusing to pay tithes. This circumstance led him to enquire after the principles of those, who were ready to endure the spoiling of their goods for conscience' sake. His half-brothers who lived three miles off at Moyallen invited him there; and going to the Friends' meeting he received a tract on Baptism, which opened his eyes on that doctrine. He also borrowed some books from a Friend in the neighbourhood, and was gradually led to see the accordance of their principles with the teachings of the New Testament.

Soon after his second marriage, he obtained a permanent situation at Belfast, which he held eighteen years, as a land-steward and gardener. Here he commenced attending Friends' meetings with his children, though little noticed by Friends; his wife continuing with the Wesleyans as before. He was not without many trials at this time; although he prospered in this world's goods, until

it pleased the Most High to take them from him by sickness. In 1860, he removed to Moyallen, and was employed by John Grubb Richardson of that place.

Finding that a First-day school, which had been commenced seven years before by Elizabeth Wakefield, a Friend in that meeting, and which had at times been attended by 150 children, was discontinued in consequence of her removal from the neighbourhood, he earnestly sought to have it reopened. The following description has been given of his efforts. "Amongst the men at Moyallen House was an honest and worthy working gardener, a plain outspoken man, full of quiet native humour, with a word and an answer for every one; but under his simple exterior beat a warm heart full of love to God and man. Influenced by this love, he more than once asked 'the master' (his employer) to re-open the Sabbath school; but meeting with some hesitation, he obtained permission to take the key, open the door, and commence by himself. \* \* On the second Sabbath, scarcely less than eighty scholars crowded round the good old man, all unable as he was to manage half that number. Sympathizing pity for *him*, as well as higher motives, soon drew other teachers, and

the number of scholars rapidly increased." This school is still maintained, and has at the present time an average attendance of nearly two hundred.

John Rogers was admitted into membership with the Society of Friends about 1862. Soon afterwards we find him going with a religious message to the magistrates and ministers in Belfast, where he had so long resided; which was kindly received. In like manner, two or three years later, he visited the ministers (both Catholic and Protestant) in the neighbouring towns of Gilford and Portadown; who thanked him for his exhortations, in which he set forth their responsibilities. The last two years of his life he resided at Bessbrook near Newry, where a considerable meeting of Friends has been formed, in connection with the extensive works of the Bessbrook Spinning Company. Here he continued to follow the calling of gardener, as his strength would permit, but was in very straitened circumstances, and his outward trials were many; some of his children going away to America, and one of his sons enlisting into the Navy. He sometimes in consequence fell into a degree of despondency, and gave way to a murmuring spirit. Notwithstanding all this, his affections

were still set on things above, and in religious labour he found access to his Roman Catholic neighbours. A friend having supplied him with some Douay New Testaments, he took great delight in placing them in their hands.

He was a diligent attender of meetings, and more than one Friend can testify to the ripening and mellowing of his spirit near the end of his course. "We walked up and down the street," says one, "the last evening I was with him after our Fifth-day evening meeting. Speaking of the Churches in general, and Friends in particular, he said he looked on them all as so many regiments in the Master's army, each having its appointed service; and as each regiment in a secular army, while fighting for the common cause, was jealous of its own individual honour and character, so should we thoroughly maintain our own position, keeping our colours intact, even to the very facings." Another Friend speaks of a perceptible change that came over his spirit, during the last few months of his life, though they also were chequered with troubles. His mind which, tremblingly alive to his duties and responsibilities as a member of a professing Christian Church, had often been full of uneasiness, appeared gradually to attain a fuller sense of his privileges as a Christian

believer, set forth in the words of the Apostle, "we which have believed do enter into rest."

"It pleased the Lord," observes one of his daughters, "to visit him with a mortal sickness of only nine days, during which he seemed to have his mind fixed on his Saviour. I asked if he was afraid to die? No, he replied, and smiled, though his pain was great. Sometimes he would break out into singing a hymn. 'Sure, I'm going to Jesus,' he said, 'the very pillar and ground of salvation.' A short time before he died, he put up his hand, and said, 'O the crown!' He spoke of one in white standing at his bedside; and stretching forth his arm, he said, 'Help me over, Lord.' Being asked what word he would send to his sons, he replied, 'I have left them with the Lord \* \* tell them to meet me.' \* \* I shall never forget (continues his daughter) the happy expression that came over his countenance at that awful moment, as his spirit passed quietly away."

HANNAH ROOKING, 66 7 12 mo. 1870

*Kendal.*

CATHARINE RUSSELL, 80 3 10 mo. 1870

*Cork.* Widow of Joseph Russell.

MARY SALTER, 83 8 12 mo. 1870

*Norwich.* Widow of Charles Salter.

MARY SCOTT,	31	27	11 mo.	1870
<i>Darley.</i> Wife of Benjamin Scott.				
BENJAMIN SEEBOHM,*	73	2	6 mo.	1871
<i>Luton: formerly of Bradford.</i> A Minister.				
MARY ANN SEEKINGS,	72	17	11 mo.	1871
<i>Edgbaston, Birmingham.</i> Widow of Jno. R. Seekings.				
JOSEPH SHACKLETON,	82	16	11 mo.	1870
<i>Little Horton, Bradford.</i>				
GEORGE SHACKLETON.	85	1	7 mo.	1871
<i>Ballitore.</i>				
MARTHA SHARP,	57	14	11 mo.	1871
<i>Liverpool.</i>				
JOSEPH SHARPLES,	79	1	10 mo.	1871
<i>Hitchin.</i>				
GEORGE SHEPHARD,	58	14	2 mo.	1871
<i>Holloway, London.</i>				
ELIZABETH SHEWELL,	75	19	2 mo.	1871
<i>Rushmere, Ipswich.</i> An Elder. Widow of John Talwyn Shewell.				
JOHN SHIP, <i>Manchester.</i>	68	5	6 mo.	1871
WILLIAM SIBBERING,	25	3	2 mo.	1869
<i>Swansea.</i> (Not reported before.)				
ELIZABETH SIBBERING,	71	20	4 mo.	1870
<i>Swansea.</i> (Not reported before.)				

\* For a Memoir of B. Seebohm, see the end of this Obituary.

Elizabeth Sibbering was for many years an Overseer in the Meeting to which she belonged, an exemplary and consistent Friend, ever ready to promote the well being of our Religious Society, and much beloved by all who knew her. She was kind and hospitable to all, humane and generous to the poor; and this not only in gifts of money for their immediate wants, but also in devoting much of her time to working for the Dorcas Society in her neighbourhood. Her life was chequered by many keen trials and bereavements, under which she was remarkable for her cheerful acquiescence to the Divine will; and it is believed the chastening of her heavenly Father led her into the paths of peace, trusting in the blessed Saviour, who died to save all that come unto God through Him.

ELIZABETH SIKES, 28 27 7 mo. 1871

*Limerick.* Daughter of the late Francis Cherry Sikes.

MARY ANNE SIMMONS, 52 22 4 mo. 1871

*London.*

MARY SKELTON, 85 21 11 mo. 1870

*Hensingham, near Whitehaven.*

MEHETABEL SMITH, 79 23 11 mo. 1870

*Norwich.*

LISTER SMITH, *Bocking.* 72 2 5 mo. 1871

- ELIZA SMITH, 68 28 5 mo. 1871  
*Yoakley's Buildings, London.*
- ELLEN SMITH, 40 29 6 mo. 1871  
*Colchester.* Daughter of Charles Smith.
- JOSEPH SMITH, 70 28 9 mo. 1871  
*Bainbridge, Richmond in Yorkshire.*
- MARY SOUTHALL, 81 24 11 mo. 1870  
*West Lodge, Leominster.* An Elder.
- ELIZABETH SOUTHALL, 67 17 9 mo. 1871  
*Birmingham.* Widow of Wm. Southall.
- LUCY SPARKES, 57 23 5 mo. 1871  
*Malvern.* An Elder. Wife of William Sparkes.

This dear Friend was the third daughter of Thomas and Mary Pumphrey of Ampthill. When eleven years of age she was deprived of her beloved parents, who died within a few months of each other. This irreparable loss was, as much as could be, supplied by her kind aunts at Alcester, whose tender care she repaid with warm and grateful love; and often in after years she testified to the faithfulness of a covenant keeping God, who truly had been a "Father to the fatherless." From a child she was distinguished for gentleness and amiability; and when on leaving school she was engaged in tuition, she gained the love and esteem of her pupils and their parents.



In 1844 she was married to William Sparkes of Worcester, where they resided till 1855, when they removed to Malvern. She proved not only a devoted wife and true helpmeet, but also a loving and exemplary mother; and by her watchful care over the young men who, from time to time, were resident in the family, she exercised a gentle influence for good, which is gratefully remembered by many of them. As she advanced in life there was evidently a growth in grace, manifested by her deep humility; the fruits of the Holy Spirit becoming increasingly apparent. She was truly a bright example:—but we wish not to exalt the creature, but rather to magnify the power of Divine grace which made her what she was, and to encourage others to faithfulness. A striking feature of her character was her readiness to enter into the feelings of others; and those in trouble or perplexity ever found in her a true friend and adviser, for she possessed, in no common degree,

“A heart at leisure from itself,  
To sooth and sympathize.”

She could from her own experience testify to the grace of God being sufficient to sustain in trial, for she had to drink of the cup of affliction;

but through all the proving dispensations of her heavenly Father, she was graciously upheld.

In 1864 our dear friend met with a serious carriage accident, which caused various fractures and great suffering; the disabilities consequent through the remainder of her life, were borne with Christian resignation. When a few years later she fell and broke her knee-cap, the gracious assurance, that "a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without your Father," was so sweetly brought to her mind in the moment of the accident, as to prove a means of strength during the six weeks she was confined to her bed in one position. During this trial, she was so remarkably sustained in quietude and cheerfulness, as to be an instructive example to her friends. She seemed, at this season especially, to live in the experience of those sweet lines which were very precious to her, and which she desired to have read the day previous to her decease,

“ My never absent Saviour !  
'Tis pleasant here to lie,  
And drink in loving glances  
From Thine indulgent eye !  
To hear Thee whisper,  
'Thou art mine,'—  
And gladly answer,  
' I am Thine ! ' ”

The proposal of her friends that she should accept the office of Elder in the Church, produced much exercise of mind; but seeking prayerfully to know the will of her heavenly Father, she felt she must not shrink from the responsibility, but endeavour to believe that wisdom would be granted her from time to time according to her need; and through the help thus received, she was enabled to be faithful, blending good judgment with a loving spirit. She rejoiced in the atoning love of God her Saviour, as her only but sure hope; and she endeavoured to embrace any opportunity in her power to promote the spread of truth and righteousness in the earth.

About 1864, she writes,—“Thank thee, my dear, for thy kind interest and sympathy, in reference to a few vocal petitions uttered by me in our little meetings. I have on two or three occasions, when wrestling for myself, been so impressed with the belief that the utterance of them would be useful to those around me, that with a little grain of faith that it was from the Holy Spirit’s prompting, I have yielded to it, and hope I have not done wrong. My utter inability to control wandering thoughts, and the constant need of watchfulness against a physical weakness

(drowsiness,) which has through life beset me, may have prepared me in some degree to enter into feeling with those who are similarly tried; and were it not for the gracious assurance given to the Apostle formerly, "My grace is sufficient for thee," I believe I should have sunk under discouragement."

On the 6th of last Fifth month, our dear friend joined a Committee of the Quarterly Meeting, in visiting the meetings and families of Friends in Gloucester and Nailsworth Monthly Meeting. In this engagement her heart was especially drawn towards mothers and children; which exercise several times found expression in the language of counsel and encouragement. Of the dear children she then met with, she spoke affectionately even during her last hours. A long-loved Friend who accompanied her in this mission remarks, "Her spirit seemed clothed with humility and love, and evidenced a preparation to lay down its earthly tabernacle; though we little thought her end was near." She returned home on the 15th of the same month much fatigued; but, though feeling weak and poorly, she was able to move about the house. On the 19th medical aid was called in, yet no serious view of her case was taken till the 22nd,

when the vital powers were much prostrated. Early on the following morning a great change was observed, and it was intimated to her that the end seemed very near. She said, "then do you think I am sinking?" though unaccompanied by any sign of alarm. Soon after, she repeated part of the 23rd Psalm, and said, "Jesus is very near,—I feel He is *very near* us." She appeared to realize in a striking degree the consolations of the gospel, and several times spoke of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, adding, "He hath not dwelt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. His mercy endureth for ever, from henceforth and for evermore,—and *for evermore.*" After lying still for some time she turned to the loved ones around her, and with a beaming smile said, "I am thinking of the pleasures of the heavenly Jerusalem." About mid-day, and not long before the close, she fell asleep, and woke, as we cannot doubt, in glory,—to see her Saviour face to face;—and, having been washed by Him in His own blood, and clothed in the white robe, to join in the anthem of the redeemed, ascribing eternal praise unto God and to the Lamb.

JOHN STANDING,

' 66 20 4 mo. 1871

*Charlwood.* An Elder.

- JOSHUA J. STRANGMAN, 71 4 6 mo. 1871  
*Shanagarry, County Cork.* An Elder.
- ELLEN STURGE, 27 22 9 mo. 1871  
*Melksham.* Daughter of Emma Sophia Sturge.
- CLEMENT SKELTON SUTTON, 76 22 9 mo. 1871  
*Stanwix, Carlisle.*
- HENRY SWINBORN, 47 27 4 mo. 1871  
*Birmingham.* Died at Weston-super-mare.
- JOHN SATTERTHWAITE SWITHENBANK,  
*Liverpool.* 61 1 6 mo. 1871
- ROBERT TAYLOR, *York.* 60 5 10 mo. 1870
- ANTHONY THISTLETHWAITE, 39 3 8 mo. 1871  
*Ackworth.* Died at Greenham in Somersetshire.
- ETHEL ANNA THORP, 2½ 14 10 mo. 1870  
*Alderley Edge, Cheshire.* Daughter of Samuel  
 and Emily Thorp.
- ANNA MARIA THORP, 8 11 7 mo. 1871  
*Hulme, Manchester.*
- ROBERT TINDALL, *Scarboro'.* 81 21 6 mo. 1871
- ANNE THOMPSON, 79 30 7 mo. 1871  
*Enniscorthy.*

Nearly fifty years ago, Anne Thompson was one of four Friends, who laid themselves out with much zeal and devotedness to the establishment of a Mission Settlement on the Western Coast of Africa:—all of whom, except herself, laid down their lives in that enterprise, falling victims to the

fever so frequent in those regions. It is with a mournful interest that we recal that earlier attempt at African Missions. As companion and helper to the devoted Hannah Kilham, Anne Thompson offered her services; and her brother John Thompson then proposed to accompany his sister. They arrived at the mouth of the Gambia near the end of 1823. Of Richard Smith, who intended to settle there permanently, at his own charges, but died within eight months after landing, a very interesting account is preserved in the *Annual Monitor* of 1852, extracted from a Memorial issued by the Monthly Meeting of Staffordshire in 1825.

For several years, two young natives had been under care and training in England as teachers. One of them, Mahmadee, married, and moved further into the country. The other, Sandanee, attended Richard Smith in his last illness; on whose death, however, the Station was broken up. Yet in these few months a fair commencement had been made. Twenty pupils attended school, a model garden had been brought into cultivation, and lessons in the Waloof language, which Hannah Kilham had successfully reduced to writing, were found available for instruction.

Having witnessed the completion of these arrangements, she embarked on the 24th of Seventh month, 1824, on her return to England, accompanied by Anne Thompson and her brother. John Thompson was taken ill the first night on ship-board, and in less than a week his lifeless remains were entombed in the depths of the Atlantic. At the same time Richard Smith was taken ill at the Settlement, and expired on the 30th. Hannah Kilham, indeed, survived eight years longer, and paid two successive visits to Sierra Leone, preparing lessons and promoting schools; but died at sea in 1832, on her return from an attempt to extend her labours to the Colony of Liberia.

The dear friend, whose name appears in this present Obituary, retired to her native County of Wexford; and, outliving most of her contemporaries, has at length "come to her grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in His season." (*Job* v., 26.)

THOMAS WAGGET,                                 45 29 6 mo. 1871  
*Sunderland.*

MARY WALKER,                                 53 16 9 mo. 1871  
*Ullock Mains, near Cockermonth.* Wife of  
William Walker.

SARAH WALPOLE,                               71 28 11 mo. 1870  
*Bloomfield, formerly of Ballyduff.*



- MARY WALPOLE, *Limerick*. 71 8 1 mo. 1871
- GEORGE WALPOLE, JUN., 20 10 7 mo. 1871  
*Grange, Waterford*. Son of George and Abby  
 Walpole.
- SARAH WATSON, 61 16 12 mo. 1870  
*Leeds*. Widow of Nathaniel Watson.
- SARAH WATSON, 57 15 8 mo. 1871  
*Gateshead*. Wife of Joseph Watson.
- SUSAN WATSON, 16½ 9 6 mo. 1871  
*Birmingham*. Daughter of Samuel and Susanna  
 Watson.
- MARTHA WEBB, *Bristol*. 90 5 4 mo. 1871
- SARAH WELLS, 73 15 2 mo. 1871  
*Chipping Norton*. Widow of John Wells.
- JAMES WELLS, 89 2 4 mo. 1871  
*Broomfield Road, Chelmsford*.
- JOHN CHARLES WELLS, 17 29 10 mo. 1869  
*Northampton*. Son of John and Elizabeth  
 Wells: (*not reported before*.)
- ELIZABETH WELLS. 58 14 6 mo. 1871  
*Northampton*. Wife of John Wells.
- SOPHIA WHEELER, 33 18 7 mo. 1871  
*Prestonville, Brighton*. Daughter of Edmund  
 Wheeler of Holloway.
- CHARLES EDWARD WHITE, 26 11 3 mo. 1871  
*Waterford*. Son of Henry and Marianne  
 White.

- HANNAH WHITFIELD,                    52 1 10 mo. 1870  
*Cootehill.* Wife of John Whitfield.
- ANNE WHITING,                        73 14 10 mo. 1870  
*Northampton.* Widow of Daniel Whiting.
- MARY WILKEY,                         34 12 6 mo. 1871  
*Mount Radford, Exeter.* Daughter of John  
 Fry and Hester Wilkey.

In gathering up a few memorials of one who was much beloved by a rather wide circle of relations and friends, we wish to bear testimony to the grace of God, by which she has, as we undoubtingly trust, been made perfect in Christ Jesus, and is now admitted amongst the "great cloud of witnesses" in heaven.

Mary Wilkey was born at Exeter on the 19th of Eighth month, 1837. Being naturally of a gentle and amiable temper, and the only child of parents whose fervent desire it was to train her for heaven, she was kept from some of the temptations to which many others are exposed. In tracing, by means of her journal, the progress of her religious experience, we find that her heart was very early touched with the love of her Saviour, and awakened to seek the guidance of her Father in heaven. Many of the earliest records allude to her feelings in meetings, and to the instruction she derived from what was spoken

in them. She was very sensible, even from a child, of the "plague of her own heart," often bemoans her sins, and expresses her earnest desires to be made pure and holy, obedient to the Divine will. From many allusions, we see that the thought of death was often before her, and it seemed as if God, who in His mercy so early began the work of grace in her soul, was all along gently preparing her for a comparatively early removal to her home above.

She writes on the 10th of Eleventh month, 1850, when little more than thirteen years old: "I feel very poor and needy. I want more of the Lamb's light, life and food, all of which is wholesome and nourishing to one who wishes to see her God in heaven, when He sees it meet to take her from this wicked world to her heavenly home. I sometimes want patience in this respect; but at the same time I wish always to be able to say to my Divine Guide, Thy will be done. For I am sure He will help, even in the eleventh hour, all those who fear and love Him, as I hope I do. Oh that I may not fall away from it! Lord, help me."

In the prospect of going to school, she says: 20th of Seventh month, 1851. "O Lord draw me nearer to Thyself. Do keep me very close to

Thee that I may not slide ; especially near, during my trials and temptations in my future school-days, when I am far from the protecting care of my beloved parents. Do Thou then, my dear heavenly Father, be especially near to me, and O Lord, forget me not : draw me near unto Thee, and I will run after Thee, as Thou givest me ability so to do ; oh help me, dearest Lord and Master." She was unable to remain more than about three quarters of a year at school, on account of illness. Soon after returning home she writes, 25th of Third month, 1852 : " Oh how earnestly I desire the Lord to strengthen me to do what is His will. I have often felt at school, that it would be right for me when I come home to put aside a part of the day for reading and prayer ; and I hope I shall have strength to do so. I have been favoured, during and since my illness, with a precious feeling of my Saviour's presence ; but He has no doubt wisely withdrawn it for unwatchfulness. Oh that He, who is our heavenly Master, would cleanse and purify our hearts, and so make us His servants ! But we cannot continue such, without *His own* Spirit and strength, of which I feel I am very deficient. O Lord, give me a large portion, that I may do Thy holy will ; for in my own strength I can indeed

do nothing good or acceptable in Thy holy sight."

As she grew older, we find records of much conflict with temptation, a deeper sense of unworthiness, but still she speaks of earnest longings after purity and holiness, and it is evident that the way of salvation is more and more unfolded to her view, until she is enabled fully to repose in Jesus, as her *own* Saviour.

11th of Fourth month, 1852. "I have the last few days renewedly desired to be made thoroughly pure, to have all the dross and tin taken away, to die with Christ the spiritual death, that I may gloriously rise in His resurrection with Him,—that I may be baptized in His baptism, and, though deep my trials, my faith may not fail. What a young, imperfect beginner I am in Christ! oh how I desire to be a pure and holy child of His! I hope it may be His will to make me one, and that my love may be made perfect even in weakness. It is not by any works of righteousness that we have done, but by His mercy that He saveth us."

"23rd of Fourth month, 1853. "I feel extremely sinful. One hour I am full of sorrow for my failings; another I commit the same thing. Oh, I could not indeed save myself; it requires

something more to do it; that power is Jesus. He invites me to come to Him that I may have life. Lord, I come with all my sins, and I believe that Thy blood is sufficient and more than sufficient atonement for them, by which to wash them all away. Oh give me strength, I beseech Thee, my Saviour, to overcome them all."

On the 19th of Eighth month, 1857, she writes: "This is my twentieth birthday; it is twenty years ago that I was first given to my beloved parents; it is now morning, and I desire to note this at this time, before entering on the accustomed little occupations of the day. We do not know what may occur in another year, still less in twenty years to come. The present only is ours, but let us look forward in faith, and endure unto the end, "enduring hardness as a good soldier." Oh, that I may be enabled to overcome my evil thoughts, and to live close to my Saviour! 'Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.'" And again in the evening, after recording some of the events of the day, and speaking of the "Great Giver" of her many blessings, she wrote, "Oh that I may more abundantly serve and follow Him, and that I may be, through mercy,

kept in the *lowly* valley, kept under His protecting eye; that all the praise and *all* the glory may be given to Him alone, to whom *alone* it is due."

The time was approaching when the gold was to be further tried and purified in the furnace of affliction. In the First month, 1860, Mary Wilkey's mother was removed by death; they had been most closely united, and it seemed an almost overwhelming stroke, but in the midst of her bitter sorrow, she speaks very thankfully of the help and support granted to her, so that for a time she was almost carried above the trial. She writes 5th of Second month, 1860, "Yesterday two weeks my precious mamma was taken from us. Almost continually since then, her spirit more or less has seemed to be with me, so that the absence of her bodily presence has seemed almost made up."

The two or three years succeeding this event, were a time of much and varied feeling. On the 7th of Fourth month, 1863, she writes after briefly recording her father's second marriage, "I want, for my own remembrance, to make a notice of a severe illness from which I have lately recovered, and of a dream which comforted me, while laid low. Oh how much comfort was there in that

illness! It seemed a trial to come back to earth again, to come down as it were from a mountain to the valley of the battle once more." \* \* \* Then follows the description of the dream. "The scene of the crucifixion came before me, the intense agony endured by Him who suffered; and my sympathy and sorrow were so great, that I awoke groaning aloud at the rending picture of that holy sight, and the words came before me, 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him;' how I felt then, with the image of that pain strong upon me! and I said, I can return to the battle if it be Thy will; what a privilege to suffer with Thee!"

After this time her energies were much devoted to philanthropic engagements, she became a useful worker in many ways amongst the poor of her native city, and with ever increasing zeal, she endeavoured to promote the good of those around her. We find, however but few records in her journal, and can less fully trace her mental history by means of it; but those who knew her could feel what she was, an earnest and loving disciple of her Lord,—whose first desire was to walk acceptably before Him, and who was ever on the watch to exercise a right influence on others.



Very few, even of her intimate friends, fully know the extent of her labours during the latter years of her life. One of her chief objects of interest was a home for the training of young servants; to this she devoted much time, and spared no pains in endeavouring to promote the welfare of the girls who came under her notice; watching over them with almost maternal solicitude, and seeking above all things to lead them to the Saviour whom she loved. Other objects also claimed much of her attention; amongst which may be mentioned the Ragged School, the Bible and Temperance Societies, and a Mothers' Meeting in which she occasionally assisted. Towards those who were in sorrow or suffering, the aged and the sick, she manifested a tender sympathy; often visiting at their homes some of her poorer friends, whom she could help by kind offices and loving words.

Her friends feared at times that she would overtax her strength, but she delighted in her work; and was most anxious to use every opportunity, and improve every talent. Truly she might be said to work while it was day. Under date 1866 she writes, "This is the first day of a new year, and I look back with thankfulness to my heavenly Father for all His mercies. May

He be with me during the next year, protecting me from evil, drawing me nearer and nearer unto Himself, making me more and more as He would have me to be, and preparing me more and more for His glorious home in heaven, for an entrance, through redeeming mercy, into His heavenly kingdom which fadeth not away! May He be with all my dear friends, and draw them nearer unto Himself! May we be more and more united together in Him, and may we live more and more to His glory and His praise! Amen."

The last record in her journal is on the 19th of Eighth month, 1870. "Five full years of joyousness and praise I may record! in which my cup has seemed full of joyousness and blessing. Oh, I may look back with thankfulness to the mercies of my God; He can help us through every sorrow, and cause all things to work together for our good: praises to Him for all His blessings, all His mercies and loving kindness! It is now my thirty-third birthday. Thou hast helped me hitherto, Lord; do not, I entreat Thee, let my strength fail now. Show me what work Thou wouldst have me to do, and give me faith and strength and wisdom for any service Thou mayst place upon me; or if it be Thy will I should do nothing, help me even thus to wait on

Thee ; only let me not slip, but keep me very, very close under Thy loving hand, and may all be to Thy glory and Thy praise ! Amen."

The winter which followed was one of good health and unusual activity. Towards spring she began to flag a little, but not so as to excite any uneasiness. She anticipated attending the Yearly Meeting with much pleasure ; and while there, appeared to take her usual deep interest in the various proceedings. She much enjoyed social intercourse with dear relatives and friends at the lodgings ; how little did any suppose that she would be taken from them so soon ! She did not speak much of her feelings, but in reference to some visits, which she had in prospect after the Yearly Meeting, she said several times, what an uncertainty seemed to hang over them ! She could not see her way beyond Croydon.

On Fifth-day, the 1st of Sixth month, she spoke of feeling poorly. Nothing serious was apprehended ; but she continued to get worse, and on the 3rd, (the day on which she was expected at Croydon,) she was so poorly, that her mother thought it necessary to accompany her on the short journey. On arriving at the house of her kind friends F. O. and L. Squire, where she was received and nursed with the greatest kind-

ness and care, she was shown at once to the chamber set apart for her use ; which she never again quitted from the time of first entering it. It was two or three days before the very serious nature of the malady was apprehended, but as the terrible illness (small-pox) increased, her danger became evident to all around, although it did not appear as if the dear invalid herself was aware of it. Her sufferings were at times intense, but it seemed as if nothing was permitted to disturb the sweet calm of her spirit. One day, in the earlier part of her illness, she said, " Ever since I left home, the line of a hymn which was read the evening before, has remained with me, and it has been such a comfort to me. On being asked what it was, she repeated emphatically, " God doth not leave his own ! " adding, " it has so rested with me, and comforted me *through all*." She greatly enjoyed hearing portions of Scripture and hymns read to her ; and on one occasion, when a kind attendant asked if she should read, dear Mary quickly replied, " Yes, some Psalms of praise ; " the 121st Psalm, a great favourite with her, was one of those selected. At another time she remarked, " I feel great peace in my mind."

One morning, after a restless and suffering night, she told her mother that some lines of a

hymn had been brought to her mind during the night; "they were *so clearly* before me, and were *so comforting*."

"Thou art with me, O my Father!  
In the changing scenes of life,  
In loneliness of spirit,  
And in weariness of strife.  
My sufferings, my comfortings,  
Alternate at Thy will;—  
I trust Thee, O my Father!  
I trust Thee, and am still."

At another time, she asked to have the 40th chapter of Isaiah read, and when it was finished exclaimed, "how beautiful!" It was very striking to observe throughout her illness, how her mind was kept in quiet confidence and humble thanksgiving. He who had led her safely to the borders of the river, was abundantly upholding her with His arm, and enabling her to praise Him, even with dying lips. She often sent messages to her dear father, but even the thought of his anxiety was not permitted to trouble her.

During the last few days she was at times unconscious; but to those who watched beside her, as the power of recognizing earthly objects ceased, it was inexpressibly comforting to know that she was safe in her Saviour's keeping. On

First-day morning, the 17th chapter of John was read to her, as well as some psalms and hymns. From this time she became rapidly worse. Her dear father reached Croydon that night, and had the comfort of being with her occasionally during the last few hours; and on the evening of the 12th, with nothing to disturb the holy serenity which surrounded her, she gently fell asleep in Jesus.

SUSANNAH WILKINSON,                    51 2 6 mo. 1871  
*Cheetham, Manchester.*    Widow of Richard  
 Wilkinson.

SAMUEL WILLETT,                        76 22 11 mo. 1870  
*Cheltenham.*

HANNAH WILLIAMS,                    58 18 10 mo. 1871  
*Sunderland.*    Wife of Benjamin Williams.

Though a member of the Society of Friends for only a few years, she was esteemed as a sister in the truth for a much longer period. Her educational advantages were limited; but her humble unobtrusive concern to adorn the doctrine of Christ, and to confess Him before men, was an instructive example to others. Two days before her death she said, "I was taught in my youth to love the Lord; I have endeavoured to remember it through life; and now He is underneath strengthening me."

- WILLIAM WILLMOTT, 77 4 2 mo. 1871  
*Birmingham.*
- LOUISA WILSON, 12 16 9 mo. 1869  
*Plaistow.* Daughter of Robert Andrew and Sarah Wilson. (*Not reported before.*)
- ERNEST WILSON, 8 8 6 mo. 1871  
*Plaistow.* Son of Robert A. and S. Wilson.
- BENJAMIN WILSON, 79 5 12 mo. 1870  
*Nottingham, late of Blyth.* An Elder.
- ANN WILSON, 74 24 1 mo. 1871  
*Hillhouse, Gainford.* Wife of Christopher Wilson.
- ELIZABETH WILSON, 51 27 1 mo. 1871  
*Newcastle on Tyne.*
- HANNAH WILSON, 94½ 28 2 mo. 1871  
*Stansted, Essex.* Widow of Thomas Wilson.
- CHARLES WILSON, 52 1 10 mo. 1871  
*Southport.* Died at Llandudno.
- BENJAMIN WINTER, 35 20 10 mo. 1870  
*Liverpool.* Perished at sea, being wrecked in the steamer "*Varuna*," off the coast of Florida.
- MARGARET ELIZ. WISE, 2 7 7 mo. 1871  
*Brighton.* Daughter of Thomas (junr.) and Mary Wise.
- CORDELIA WOOD, 18 13 1 mo. 1871  
*Leeds.* Daughter of John and Sarah Jane Wood.

BENJAMIN WOOD,	77	13	2 mo.	1871
<i>Rock Ferry, Birkenhead.</i>				
THEODORE MORRIS WOOD,	4	2	7 mo.	1871
<i>Reigate.</i> Son of Thomas Ashby and Eliza Wood.				
MARY WOODWARD,	1½	9	8 mo.	1871
<i>Middlesborough.</i> Daughter of George and Jane Woodward.				
NATHAN WRIGHT,	71	7	1 mo.	1871
<i>Miltown, Dublin.</i>				
JOHN WRIGHT, <i>Edenderry.</i>	75	5	8 mo.	1871
FRANCIS DANIEL ZACHARY,	57	29	11 mo.	1870
<i>Areley Kings, near Stourport.</i>				
FRANCES BINNS,	72	25	9 mo.	1870
<i>Mansfield.</i> Widow of George Binns, of Bradford. ( <i>Too late for insertion in its proper place.</i> )				

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*INFANTS whose Names are not inserted.*

Under one month.....	Boys	4	...	Girls	4
From one to three months ...	do.	3	...	do.	2
From three to six months ...	do.	0	...	do.	2
From six to twelve months...	do.	2	...	do.	3

N.B. The number of Friends in Great Britain being at the last return 14,013, and in Ireland 2911, total 16,924;—the death-rate per 1000 this year is about 19.79 *on the twelve months*, somewhat less than the *rate per week* in many of our towns.



TABLE,  
*Shewing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the Years 1868—69, 1869—70, and 1870—71.*

AGE.	YEAR 1868—69.			YEAR 1869—70.			YEAR 1870—71.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Under 1 year* . . . . .	20	9	29	14	13	27	9	11	16
Under 5 years . . . . .	39	21	60	26	26	52	15	17	32
From 5 to 10 years . .	2	5	7	4	0	4	2	11	13
" 10 to 15 " . . . . .	5	4	9	1	1	2	2	3	5
" 15 to 20 " . . . . .	5	4	9	3	5	8	7	5	12
" 20 to 30 " . . . . .	11	8	19	13	11	24	12	11	23
" 30 to 40 " . . . . .	8	13	21	10	7	17	7	10	17
" 40 to 50 " . . . . .	5	8	13	8	9	17	8	13	21
" 50 to 60 " . . . . .	19	22	41	15	17	32	14	18	32
" 60 to 70 " . . . . .	29	30	59	23	31	54	21	29	50
" 70 to 80 " . . . . .	30	48	78	30	34	64	38	35	73
" 80 to 90 " . . . . .	14	23	37	19	22	41	23	24	47
" 90 to 100 " . . . . .	2	6	8	0	4	4	3	7	10
All ages . . . . .	169	192	361	152	167	319	152	183	335

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

Average age in 1868—69, . . . . . 50 years, 9 months, and 8 days.

Average age in 1869—70, . . . . . 51 years, and 17 days.

Average age in 1870—71, . . . . . 53 years, 11 months, and 7 days.

BENJAMIN SEEBOHM,

*Died at Luton, the 2nd of Sixth month, 1871,*

AGED 73 YEARS.

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It is mentioned in the life of John Woolman, that during his last illness at York, he was attended by a girl of sixteen to whom he addressed the words, "My child, thou seemst very kind to me, a poor creature: the Lord will reward thee for it." It was to one of the daughters of William Tuke—afterwards Sarah Grubb—that these words were addressed; and not in vain. Dedicating herself to the service of her Lord in early life, she became a much valued Minister of the Society of Friends, and her labours were greatly blessed. In 1790, shortly before her death, at the early age of thirty-five, she performed her last journey in the ministry on the Continent, and in her journal the following passage occurs:—

"From Rinteln we proceeded to Minden, where we found a little company of sincere hearted and exercised Christian travellers; who appeared glad of our visit, and expressed a belief that it was in Divine appointment for their good.

We here met with great civility and tenderness of spirit from a counsellor and director of the place ; but the cross is a mighty stumbling block ; he often makes me think of Nicodemus. When we left the town, he kindly went before us to an Inn on the road, where he had provided coffee, and convened several of the Friends to take their last leave ; a parting which I hope was attended with true solemnity as well as brokenness of spirit. With tears he expressed his desire, that He, who said He would be with His disciples to the end of the world, would go with us and bless His own work." (*S. Grubb's life*, p. 218.)

The counsellor thus mentioned was Frederick von Borries, whose daughter Julia had recently been married to Louis Seebohm of Pymont, the father of the subject of this memoir. Sarah Grubb also visited Pymont ; and the impression left by her visit,—deepened and confirmed by the visit of John Pemberton, who died there four years after,—resulted in the gathering of the little community both at Minden and Pymont under the name of "Friends." It is interesting to know that Esther Wheeler, to whom Benjamin Seebohm became united in marriage, was a niece of Sarah Grubb, and that thus his connection with the Society of Friends, was one of the results of the faithful labours of an aunt of his future wife.

Benjamin Seebohm was born in 1798, and

was the middle one of a family of nine, who (when he was but eight years old) were deprived by death of the watchful care of their excellent mother. Respecting her he records,

“ Her adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, combined nevertheless with great firmness of purpose, and persistent effort to do what she believed to be right. Love to God, and simple faith in Christ as her Saviour, seemed to be the ruling motives of her actions. \* \* \* Brought up in fashionable life,—most of her near connections moving in that circle,—it was no easy thing for her to assume, and consistently to maintain, the character and demeanour of a simple ‘Friend.’ But once confirmed in the conviction that for her it was the path of Christian duty, she was resolute in taking the decided step; and to the end of her days, she maintained the position she had chosen with beautiful propriety.”

Referring to his own course, he says :

“ As I grew up, I was far from what would be called a ‘good boy,’ but always thoughtful, fond of books, and studious,—thirsting for knowledge. The evil propensities of my nature soon manifested themselves in various ways, and I often fell into sin,—not of a gross or scandalous kind, but such as I *felt* to be *sin*, in word, thought or deed. \* \* \* God did not leave Himself without a witness in my heart. My convictions for sin were poignant and strong. I was naturally shy, and seldom spoke to any one of what was passing within; but I can now remember the times and places, where I was wont to retire to mourn, and sometimes to weep, over my way-

wardness and wrong doing: not unmindful of the omniscience and omnipresence of God, though still unacquainted experimentally with his love and mercy in Christ."

The following is Benjamin Seeböhm's own narrative written "for the use of his children and grandchildren," of the circumstances which led to what may be spoken of as his conversion; and eventually to his residence in England.

"The winter of 1813-14 was a very long and severe one. The ground was thickly covered with snow for many weeks. The Friedensthal boys used to amuse themselves, by carrying their little one-seated sleighs (*Eisbads*) to the top of the hill, sloping down from the Königsberg into the plain below, and then rapidly sliding to the bottom. One fine sunny day, about the middle of Second month, I was enjoying this sport with them in high glee. I had brought my 'Eisbad' to the highest point, and was just preparing for a rapid descent, when I saw my uncle Diedrich coming through the adjoining wood from Pymont. I left my sleigh, and ran to meet him. He said a letter had just been received from an American Friend, informing them that he was on his way to pay a religious visit to Friends at Pymont and Minden, and might be expected to arrive before long. My attention was at once arrested. Within my recollection no such visit had been received, and the thing altogether seemed strange to me. But I returned to my 'Eisbad,' and was soon carried down the hill with delightful velocity.

"In the evening, however, I was not slow

to make my way to my uncle's (the next house above ours), to enquire a little further into the nature of the anticipated visit; and what could be the inducement of the stranger to come all that distance, in the depth of a most inclement winter, to visit a few scattered sheep of so insignificant a flock. Of the distinguishing views of Friends I knew but little, and less perhaps of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity. My uncle entered very kindly, and very fully, into my rather anxious enquiries. He gave me a very simple but clear explanation, of the nature of a call to the ministry of the Gospel, the influence under which the ministers of Christ were expected to move in their services, prompted by love, and a sense of Divine requiring under the leadings of the Holy Spirit. The remarks he made, especially upon the latter point,—and on the awaking, convicting, regenerating, and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, in taking of the things of Christ and showing them to us, that our souls might be converted to God,—were in great measure new to me; and took a deep hold upon me. I found them, in many points, so to correspond with what (ignorant of the source of my emotions) I had often felt in my own heart, from the early days of childhood to that hour, that, far beyond what I was willing to admit even to myself, a strong impression was made upon my mind. On coming home, I introduced the subject of my conversation with my uncle to my father, who seemed evidently much surprised at the earnestness of my enquiries. He entered still more minutely into some of the points to which my uncle had adverted, and gave me some very interesting particulars of some of the visits of a similiar kind formerly received from

Friends, both from America and England. It was a memorable evening to me. My interest was completely aroused, and from that time I could think seriously of little else.

“The time which intervened between this and the arrival of the ‘Friend,’ was passed in much anxious thoughtfulness, and not a little conflict; though I said but little more about it. I preferred to retire into lonely places, privately to meditate upon what I had heard. I deeply felt my estrangement from the ways of God, and lifted up my heart in prayer to Him. One of my great troubles was the thought, that it was not very likely that I should have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the stranger, or that he would take any notice of me.

“The sequel proved however very different from what I had feared. When Stephen Grellet arrived at the end of the month, my father’s health not allowing him to be out, I went alone to meeting; where of late years I had not often been before. Instead of looking shy upon me as an outcast, Stephen Grellet noticed me with the greatest kindness. My knowledge of English soon pressed me into the service of interpreter, young as I was. The burden of the ministry, which I had to convey to others as best I could, was not lost upon myself. Stephen Grellet visited the families of Friends at their own homes, and I had to accompany him; nor did he omit to come to *our* house. He addressed us all seriatim, and did so with an unction, a tenderness and love, that seemed to come home to every heart. His words to me were very striking, almost prophetic. My soul bowed before the message of ‘peace through Jesus Christ.’ I was much

affected, and looking down, (no carpets then,) I found the floor was wet with my tears,—they flowed so freely. Hearts were tender in those days, and we were not ashamed to shew it; nor did the impression evaporate, or become less permanent, by the unsuppressed emotion.

“My father’s health did not improve, and I had afterwards to accompany Stephen Grellet to Minden. There also I acted as his interpreter, both in the public meetings he held, and in his private interviews with the families of Friends.

“Stephen Grellet’s visit and gospel labours proved the turning point in the history of my life,—and indeed of the whole of our branch of the Seeborn family at Friedensthal. Temporal and spiritual blessings which can be duly estimated only in the light of eternity, followed the change. Trials indeed have not been wanting since. Sometimes they seemed to follow in such quick succession as almost to overwhelm; yet He, who breaks not the bruised reed, nor quenches the smoking flax, so intermingled them with mercies, that it would be ungrateful, and no mark of wisdom for fear of presumption, not to recognize the hand of the Lord in all; both as regards the dispensations of His providence, and the more direct leadings of His Spirit,—the one often verifying and confirming the other by wonderful coincidences, like face answering to face in a glass; or ‘like beacon to beacon answering.’ To God alone be all the praise.

“Some months after the departure of Stephen Grellet, Elizabeth Coggeshall from New York, and Sarah Hustler from Undercliffe, near Bradford, Yorkshire, arrived at Pymont on a like



errand of love. It was the height of the season at Pymont. The place was full of visitors from all parts, and of all qualities. My father was still confined to the house by the state of his health. I was of necessity again impressed into the service as interpreter; though in the naughtiness of my heart, I had almost run away from it. I had not long entered my seventeenth year, and was naturally bashful. It would not be easy to describe the feelings which oppressed me, as I walked into the first meeting, crowded with the fashionables who had come to the baths of Pymont, and who were all curiosity at the strange sight of two 'Quaker lady preachers.' I took my seat under the gallery, near the Friends who had come to visit us. Sarah Hustler—her heart doubtless touched with pity for the poor lad—just leaned over the rail, and gently whispered into my ear, 'Fear not, thou wilt be helped.' Elizabeth Coggeshall soon rose to address the meeting. I stood up below her, to convey to the company in German what she said in English. It was a hard pass; but after the first sentence had been uttered, all fear of man was gone, and I went through the service with far more ease than I could have hoped. Truly I *was* 'helped' on that occasion, as well as on many subsequent ones, in public and in private.

"After the conclusion of this service at Pymont, the Friends proceeded to Minden. My father's health was a little improved, and he hoped to join them there, to accompany them through the remainder of their journey, through Switzerland, France, &c. In the meantime I had to go with them to Minden, hoping that my father would arrive to relieve me. However so it

was, he did not come,—his health not permitting it. Very reluctantly, and still hoping for my father to take my place, I went on with the Friends to Frankfort, up the Rhine, through Switzerland, then to the South of France to visit Friends there, and afterwards through Paris to Calais ;—and finally to England.

“ A short time only before this, (for I had no other thought than of returning home from Calais), Sarah Hustler most kindly informed me, that she had had some correspondence with her brother about me, and that they both wished me to come to Undercliffe to stay awhile with them, having obtained the consent of my father. Though the proposal so kindly made was unexpected, I found no difficulty in acceding to it; and thus was brought about, in a manner most unlooked for, my coming over to England, and settling there for life.

“ Looking back upon all that has arisen out of this change of country, or been connected with it, the thankful acknowledgment is made that the Lord has dealt well with me; but I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth, which He hath showed unto His servant.”

On his arrival in England, he took up his abode at Undercliffe, under the almost parental care of John Hustler and his sister Sarah, as a member of their family; and it was under the kind auspices of the former, that he ultimately settled in business at Bradford. To the watchful oversight and judicious counsel of Sarah Hustler,

he always expressed himself as greatly indebted for help and encouragement in his christian course, and he records his "thankfulness to the author of all blessing," to quote his own words, "for having granted me, even for a short time, (and it, perhaps, the most critical period of my life,) such a counsellor and friend." He made the following entry in his pocket book on his seventeenth birth-day :—"To-day is my birth-day. I am now seventeen years old. May it please the Almighty so to strengthen me, that henceforth I may live to His glory only, and be found doing His bidding!"

The following is a further extract from the narrative before mentioned :—

"The change to me from Friedensthal to Undercliffe was great. It required some effort to accommodate myself to my altered circumstances and position. I had much to learn, and much to unlearn. But the 'one thing needful,'—an abiding interest in the unsearchable riches of Christ,—had become so much the main object of my pursuit, that everything else appeared of minor importance. My time being very much left to my own disposal, I gave myself up to the prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures, and the reading of the early journals of Friends, as well as the history of the Society. It was my regular practice (continued through the greater part of my life), daily to retire to my chamber for the private perusal of the Sacred Writings, and waiting upon

God in meditation and prayer. To the benefits arising from this practice resolutely kept up, I attribute, under the Divine blessing, much of my preservation and growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

In the year 1821, he first spoke in a Meeting for worship at Bradford, as a minister of the Gospel; and describing the steps by which he was gradually led to devote himself to the Lord's service, he says:—

"From very early life, long before I had yielded to the renovating power of the Holy Spirit, or could truly call God 'Father,' and Jesus 'Lord,' a latent undefined impression sometimes hung about me, that, if faithful to my God, I must one day become a preacher of the Gospel. I could not account for such feelings, and quickly turned away from them, as not likely to come true."

He then proceeds to relate how, in the progress of the work of grace in his subsequent experience, these impressions were deepened and confirmed, until, after many doubts and fears lest he should be mistaken, he became fully satisfied that this was the line of service to which he was appointed. Being "not disobedient to the heavenly vision," he was strengthened to bring his gift to the altar; and in the surrender was favoured with "a calm and abiding assurance, that the sacrifice had found acceptance with God

though Jesus Christ." His naturally capacious understanding, well cultivated and stored with varied knowledge, being thus humbly dedicated to the service of his Divine Master, the Lord condescended largely to employ the talents thus improved and sanctified, and to make him an able advocate for the truth as it is in Jesus, and a minister of comfort and encouragement to very many in their Christian course. To a quick natural perception of character, was superadded a remarkable gift of spiritual discernment; enabling him often, under the fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit, to minister very pointedly to the states of individuals among whom his gospel labours were exercised.

In 1831, he was married to Esther Wheeler of Hitchin. Their union was a fellowship of heart and service; both having given themselves up to the ministry of the Word many years before their marriage. They were fully conscious that, under these circumstances, the prosecution of the work which they believed to be the service of their Master, would involve many separations and trials; and even the then-distant prospect of the long absence of Benjamin Seeböhm in America, with what it involved, was spoken of and considered by them. They had counted the

cost. This prospect of separation and sacrifice was abundantly realized. Seldom has it been the lot of any one, more diligently to labour in the ministry of the gospel than, did Benjamin Seebohm. There were few, if any, meetings of Friends in the United Kingdom, which he did not visit at one time or another; and very frequently he had religious interviews with every family composing them. During his absence in America, accompanied by Robert Lindsey, he also visited, with very few exceptions, all the then existing meetings on that Continent. This arduous journey was commenced in 1846, and concluded in 1851. In the peculiar condition of the Society there at that period, it could not be otherwise than that its performance was attended by many and deep discouragements. It may truly be said that frequent spiritual baptisms were his portion. But these doubtless were all made subservient, under the overruling of Him who sent him forth, to the better fulfilment of his mission. It is often by such means that self is kept down, and also that the messenger is better prepared to sympathize with those to whom he is called to minister. That his labours were greatly blessed to many on that Continent, abundant evidence remains to this day. It was

very striking to one, who passed over much of the same ground twenty years after, to find so many in the various Yearly Meetings, who spoke of the lasting benefit they had derived by the "word in season" from his lips.

It was no wonder that during his long sojourn in America, he became closely attached in Christian fellowship to many dear friends in that country; with some of whom, so long as he was able, he maintained occasional correspondence. From a portion of this, recently published in the "*Friends' Review*," the following remarks seem well worth transcribing.

He considered the Christian testimony of Friends—doubtless using the term in its widest sense—to be "the healthy outgrowth of a living principle, the genuine fruit of that faith in Christ, which led our early Friends not only to love and adore Him, their Saviour and their God,—but earnestly to desire also to follow Him under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, as their perfect example,—that the same mind might be in them which was in Him; and thus, like the early believers, they were made willing cheerfully to hazard their lives even, for the name of the Lord Jesus. And perhaps we need not go very far for evidence, both as it regards individuals and the church, that efforts to arrive at outward conformity in any other way than this,—from the centre to the surface,—from the root to the branch,—from faith to works—from love to holiness,—from a hearty

reception of Christ Himself as our all in all, to obedience to His will and conformity to His example—have not always been attended with the Divine blessing; and have sometimes brought confusion upon those, who attempted to rear and sustain a superstructure without a foundation. Oh! we do want to be brought back to that love of Christ, which so powerfully constrained our ancient forefathers to devote themselves to His service; which made them so greedy, *not* of filthy lucre, but of winning souls to Him. Oh! that it might please the Lord to pour out His spirit upon sons and daughters, young and old, and really to revive His own work amongst us, that we might love Him more and serve Him better; thankfully and rejoicingly conscious of the greatness and the preciousness of the price which was paid for our redemption, when the Holy One, the only begotten of the Father, bowed His head upon the cross, and said, ‘it is finished.’”

During Benjamin Seebohm’s absence in America, his faith was put to the test by a succession of outward trials; but well knowing where to flee for help, he realized the truth of the declaration, “in the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and His children shall have a place of refuge;” and both in the faithful accomplishment of his mission abroad, and in his diligent labours after his return, he exemplified a spirit which reminds us of the language of Paul: “None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear to myself, so that I might finish



my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

In addition to his missionary labours in the service of Christ, he consented in the year 1852, with the able assistance of his true helpmate, to take charge of the preparation of the *Annual Monitor*. This labour of love was performed with much acceptance to his friends until the year 1863, when his failing health and other causes obliged him to relinquish it. About this period of his life, he also undertook at the request of the relatives of the departed, the editorship of the *Life of Stephen Grellet*, and afterwards in like manner that of *William Forster*; both of which remain as standing memorials of his rare qualification for this kind of service. And he did regard it as a *service*. These works were not undertaken merely to embalm the memory of two illustrious men, but to magnify the grace which made them bright examples, and to lead his readers to follow their faith, "considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

In the year 1864, his beloved companion, the sympathizing sharer of his joys and sorrows, who had so often willingly and faithfully tarried by the

stuff whilst he went forth to the battle, and so fully borne her part in their united service, was removed by death, as his beloved daughter had been a short time before.\* Under these afflictions, the strength of that Almighty arm on which he had been accustomed to lean, was abundantly proved in his experience; so that, instead of repining or nursing his sorrow, he was permitted to derive sweet consolation from the assurance, that their ransomed and purified spirits were for ever at rest in the presence of their God and Saviour. He often alluded to his abiding sense of this, and to the thinness of the veil by which they were separated. Three years before this he had removed to Luton; and henceforth he became an inmate in the home of his youngest son in that place. Nearly to the last he kept up his early habit of diligent reading. Perusing the works of the most eminent authors, Continental as well as English, and being thus well acquainted with the prevalent aspects of religious thought,—the treasures of his richly furnished intellect and mature judgment, mellowed by Divine grace and brightened by Christian cheerfulness, gave a charm of no ordinary kind to his conversation, which was at once animating, informing, and strengthening.

\* See *Annual Monitor*, for 1866.

During most of the few remaining years of his life, the state of Benjamin Seebohm's health almost precluded his engaging in active service. Such was his difficulty of breathing, that in order to accomplish visits to the families of Friends in Manchester and Liverpool, he engaged apartments, and invited his friends to come to him, to receive the messages which he felt called upon to deliver; in this way, through the ready kindness of the Friends there, he ministered to nearly all the families of those large meetings. After this a similiar service, which proved to be the last, was performed to the younger members of his own meeting of Luton.

Although now obliged to keep his room during the winter, he found relief in spending a portion of the summer at Harrogate, where he was frequently able to attend meetings, and to exercise his gift in the ministry, much to the edification of the mixed and floating congregations assembling there. Not long before his death, he had contemplated the occupation of his usual apartments in that place; not then anticipating that his end was so near as it proved to be. He had also hoped to have attended one at least of the sittings of the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders; where he wished for an

opportunity of expressing his regret, that the practice of paying what Friends call "family visits" had of late declined. Whilst fully recognizing the need of especial care in such religious engagements, he believed that when rightly performed, they are often a great blessing to the Church. He had also desired to express his concern in observing, that the practice—formerly so common among Friends—of yielding to a feeling which would sometimes come over our social gatherings, gently drawing them into silence, and affording opportunity for the offering of prayer, or for the expression of religious interest on behalf of those assembled, is much less frequent than formerly. Both these subjects had pressed weightily upon his mind, and the expression of this concern may be accepted, as his last message to the Church to which he was so deeply attached. But he was not permitted to deliver it in person; and before the conclusion of the Yearly Meeting he was called to the world above. The summons found him ready. Death was no king of terrors to him. Great as was his suffering from shortness of breath, there was no gloom in his chamber. The sweet serenity and collectedness of his spirit, as well as the words which he uttered with difficulty, bore ample testi-

mony to the firmness of the Rock on which he had built. Referring to our Society he remarked, that we had not followed cunningly-devised fables, and expressed his earnest desire that we might be preserved on the one sure foundation—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." In reference to himself he said, "there is nothing for me to do—nothing to trouble me—Christ is all in all to me, unworthy as I am."

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*Errata in the "Annual Monitor" for 1871.*

- Page 2—For *Sarah* read *Mary Allis*.  
 26—Under E. P. Fry, for 9 *mo.* read 8 *mo.*  
 32—For *widow of Thomas*, read *sister of the late Luke Howard*.  
 47—For *Walter* read *Percy Lean*.  
 105—Under Matilda Shephard, read 17 11 *mo.*  
 105—Under Alfred Shephard, read 15 11 *mo.*  
 105—For *Ann*, read *Mary Ann Shield*.  
 126, line 22, for Elizabeth *Green*, read *Greer*.  
 194, line 11, read *John Eliot the elder*.  
 197, line 5, for 1802, read 1801.  
 197, line 25, read *John Eliot the younger*.  
 197, line 26, for *another Friend*, read *two others*.

## A P P E N D I X .

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PRISCILLA QUERTIER,

*of Guernsey,*

*who died on the 16th of First month, 1870, aged  
13 years, 5 months, and 6 days.*

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“ How bless'd is the child of the Lord,  
When taught of the Father to run !  
When led by the light of His word,  
And cheer'd by the beams of His sun ! ”

These lines by the late Joseph John Gurney seem particularly descriptive of the spiritual experience of a child of thirteen years old, who at that early age was truly enlightened by the Holy Spirit, to know God as her heavenly Father, and Jesus as her Saviour and her Lord.

She was the daughter of Hilary and Mary Quertier, and was born on the 13th of Eighth month, 1856, in the island of Guernsey, in the parish called St. Andrew's. Although the youngest in a family of nineteen, of whom before her death fifteen were still living, she was intelligent beyond many of her age ; of a sweet and bright disposi-

tion, thoughtful, and fond of learning. After reaching the age of nine, her health began to fail, but going to school was her joy, and to the house of worship her delight. One evening returning home with her mother from their meeting, she said, "if *I* could pray also, though young, I might perhaps do some good." Another evening her mother was talking to her as they walked along, but Priscilla did not reply;—on being asked what was the matter? she said with tears, she was praying to the Lord. Two years elapsed, yet though feeble, she would always go to school, and made rapid progress in her studies, often obtaining the first prizes. But in the Twelfth month of 1867, she attended the examination for the last time; at which she took most of the first prizes, though not yet eleven years and a half old. Soon after an inward complaint was felt, which gave her much pain, though she bore it with exemplary patience; but medical skill was only able to relieve, not remove her disorder.

Such was her condition during the year 1868. Unable to resume her attendance at school, she became an apt scholar in the school of Christ. Sometimes she would rally for a few weeks, then her sufferings returned: till she began to doubt of her recovery, and serious thoughts occupied her

mind. In the meantime she had two remarkable dreams, which much impressed her. "Then," says she, "I believed the Lord was speaking to me by dreams."

The last day of 1868 was to her a memorable time. She was powerfully visited by the Holy Spirit, and brought under a sense of being a sinner, guilty before God. This gave rise to great distress and anguish, and an earnest wrestling of soul to become reconciled to her heavenly Father. She exclaimed, "I will not give sleep to mine eyes, nor slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord." Her father seeing her so fervent in prayer, encouraged her to continue her supplication, telling her the Lord would certainly come, and would not tarry. Her mind was now in some degree calmed : and she thought of the promises, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow;" and again, "He who hath begun His work in me will not fail to accomplish it." For several days she continued in this state of mind, ardently seeking the pearl of great price. On First-day afternoon, the words impressed her mind, "Hold fast that thou hast, that no one take thy crown," and she felt much encouraged. On the 5th of First month, before breakfast, the word came to her, "Fear not, my



daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee:" but (to quote her own language) "I only dwelt on those first words, 'Fear not, my daughter,' for I did not believe my sins had been pardoned." Seeking more and more for this assurance, and cheered by several passages of Scripture that presented themselves, particularly "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," at length came the last word as well as the first, "My daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Such is the particular relation little Priscilla afterwards left on record of this Divine visitation, and conversion of heart. "On this," she says, "I perceived it was the Lord who was speaking to me, and I placed faith in it; but not so lively a faith as that which I now enjoy; for it has been increased more and more, since I received the precious gift. \* \* I recal passages from time to time, of which I could say it was the Holy Spirit that was speaking to me, which much encouraged me, though my faith was still feeble. All this time I was budding, but I matured from the fourth of June. One afternoon I was so transported in spirit, it seemed as though I saw my own interment, and the persons present asked my name, and where my soul was, and I heard a voice saying, 'in heaven.' Since then I have

been so encouraged and so happy, I would wish that all might follow me. I have now that faith by which I shall grow and ripen for heaven. Oh, may glory, honour, blessing and power be ascribed to Jesus, who alone has called me out of darkness into His marvellous light, which shall endure for ever and ever. Amen."

As the spring of 1869 advanced, her disorder advanced; but her heart was full of joy. Her words at this time were few, her looks serious and thoughtful, with a countenance always sweet and cheerful. In the Fifth month, her illness made such rapid progress, it was thought advisable to begin speaking to her of it. She was asked, if she would feel any regret to part with the family, or anything in this world. "No," she replied, "for I believe there is a mansion prepared for me in heaven with the blessed." A few days after, she said with a cheerful smile, but with tears of emotion in her eyes, "How happy I am! I feel so happy, that I would like to tell every one that Jesus loves me with an everlasting love. My cup is full! I pray the Lord to enlarge it. His sweet words have come to me, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.'" The passage dwelt on her mind, "Lord, make me to know my end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know

how frail I am." She said, "I feel very weak, but happy. My desire is to be in heaven. I shall only go but a short time before you. Since I have known my precious Saviour, I wish you all may follow me, He has not left me without His life and light in my heart. Satan tries to lead me astray, and to turn me away from the good path; but I know he is a liar from the beginning, and that my sweet Jesus is mightier, and can say, 'thou shalt go no further.'"

Soon afterwards, namely from the 4th of the Sixth month, (the date before mentioned in Priscilla's own account of her soul's enlargement,) she felt it laid upon her to write a journal of her feelings and meditations; which she continued to do till within a day of her decease, a period of seven months: only missing a very few days from weakness. This work was undertaken as a testimony to the goodness of the Lord in His dealings with her soul, and as a means of exhorting and entreating others not to neglect the great salvation: and it was her express desire, that the same should be published after her decease, and that if any profits accrued from the sale, they should be distributed among the poor. This request was complied with, and an edition of 600 copies in the French language, with a memoir

and some letters, bound in cloth, and with a photograph of the writer, was rapidly bought up in seven weeks by the inhabitants ; with the exception of a small number that, in accordance with her wish, were given away to all the poor families that could not procure them. A second edition of 600 has since been called for, and is now on hand.\* There are many homes in the little island of Guernsey, where this work of 160 pages is valued as a family treasure.

The reader who shall thoughtfully peruse this record, can hardly fail to derive much instruction from it. Offered with the simplicity and frankness of childhood, he will find in it a striking portraiture of the joy and peace of believing. A constant overflowing of gratitude for mercies received, "my cup overflows, O Lord, enlarge it, that it may hold the more!"—a meek resignation under suffering, in the belief that all is for good in the heavenly Father's hand, and even to be matter of gratitude too,—continual rejoicing in Christ the Lamb of God, the Good Shepherd, the only Saviour ;— a looking and longing for the New Jerusalem, the heavenly country,

\* This Memoir and Journal in French may be obtained of Hilary Quertier, Pedvins, Guernsey, post free, for 2s. 3d. bound in cloth, or 1s. 4d. in paper cover.

rejoicing at every near approach, every step towards the goal,—and an always increasing entreaty to the worldling, the sinner, and the unconverted, to come to Christ while yet they may, assured that He will in no wise cast those out who come to Him in faith ;—these are some of the leading subjects that occupy the pages of this remarkable journal. It shows also, how rich a treasury of heavenly wisdom we have in the Holy Scriptures, when opened by that Spirit which inspired those who wrote them, and which can impart a clear view of their meaning even to the mind of a child.

“Yesterday I was so encouraged,” writes Priscilla, “I could say with David, ‘Thy word giveth life.’ What sweet words ! \* \* I sought consolation in the Holy Scriptures, and I was arrested with these passages : ‘Continue thy favour to those who know thee, and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.’ . . . ‘For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but he has given us a spirit of power, and of love, and of sound mind.’ . . . ‘Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ I believed these words were suited to my state, and I felt at peace with God.”

From day to day we find one Scripture after

another brought up with freshness and instruction, as in the following entries.

“June 9th. Last night I enjoyed communion with God. The passage, ‘He wakes and slumbers not,’ was much on my mind, though Satan wished me to believe it was not so; but I know he was a liar from the beginning. O my soul, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I feel detached from the things of earth. I would rather choose to lie on my sick bed as long as it shall please the Lord, than to walk in the ways and vanities of this world; but I must be steadfast and faithful.

“June 16th. Last night the words, ‘Every eye shall see Him,’ were in my mind. O what a terrible thing for those who shall not have availed themselves of His precious sacrifice,—to appear before their Judge!”

“June 22nd. When I read those beautiful and sweet promises which are given me, it seems that it is the Lord himself who is speaking to me in the heart. O how precious they are to me! they are foretastes of my bliss. ‘Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.’”

“July 4th. This passage has been opened to me to-day. ‘You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid!’ The Christian is known by his works. He must not be ashamed to confess Jesus; all his pleasure is to speak of Him, and of His word. \* \* The worldling is ashamed of Jesus, because he did not open to Him the door of his heart, when He knocked; and He continues still knocking, in His love.

Such a one knows nothing of His love, and is troubled. How shall it be otherwise,—when there shall be the Great Judge of quick and dead, who will deny him to all eternity?"

"July 9th. It is on the parable of the king and the marriage feast, that the Holy Spirit enlightens me to-day." \* \*

"August 11th. My meditation is, 'the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound of it, but thou knowest not whence it comes, or whither it goes. So is every one who is born of the Spirit.' We cannot see the wind, likewise we cannot see what is in the spirit of man; but we must be born again by the Spirit of God, to attain the life eternal. For to have communion with God, who is a Spirit, we must worship Him in spirit and in truth. \* \* \* The Spirit ought to be revealed in us, before our flesh returns to dust, if we would share in that happiness which is now unseen, but which will then be seen, when there is only the spirit that lives."

"August 13th. To-day is my birth-day (13 years.) \* \* 14th. I commence my fourteenth year with this injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for in the grave whither thou goest, there is neither work, nor language, nor knowledge, nor wisdom.' Oh, this passage stimulates me to push forward, and write my journal. \* \* O reader, art thou of the number of those who confess the Lord? If not, ask of Him His grace and Holy Spirit. It is in the spirit we serve God; for the kingdom of God is not in words, but in power. Perhaps thou canst not tell how I am able to write every day.

O it is the Spirit of God that instructs me each day. There is no end to the increase of His kingdom in the heart."

The day following Priscilla composed a French hymn of five stanzas in praise of the Saviour. About this time, she wrote five or six similar productions (cantiques), one of which we here insert under date of the 6th of Tenth month.

" J'étais misérable,—  
Mais par grâce,  
Jésus m'a éclairée  
De mon pêché.

" Sur le bois  
D'une croix  
Il expire,  
Pour me fair vivre,  
A jamais,  
Dans son palais,  
Où il n'y a  
Que des Allélulia.

" ' Saint, saint,'  
Disent les Séraphins,  
' Est l'Agneau,'  
Qui fait tout nouveau,  
Dans le lieu  
Où sera Dieu,  
Notre Créateur,  
A faire notre bonheur.

" O j'espère  
D'être fidèle,  
Pour participer  
De cette cité."

P. Q.

The following rendering of the above into English has been furnished by a boy in one of our public schools, of about the same age as the writer :

" Miserable was my case !  
When dear Jesus, by His grace,



My unenlightened spirit freed,  
From every bad and evil deed.

“ Upon the cross He died,—  
There was He crucified—  
His blameless life to give,  
That I might ever live  
    In his palace,—  
Where is never heard  
But the repeated word,  
    Hallelujah !

“ ‘ Holy, holy ! ’ seraphs cry,  
‘ Is the blessed Lamb ’ to die,  
Who shall every thing make new,  
Where, before my wondering view,  
My Creator I shall see,  
And shall ever happy be.

“ Oh ! I faithful hope to be,  
And have my part in that city.”

J. T.

We need not extend these extracts. Priscilla was never more fervent than when extolling the power and love and work of the Redeemer. “ O if I had a thousand tongues, they would not be sufficient to relate the love of Jesus towards me. How delightful it will be for all His ransomed children—all with one accord—to sing the song of the Lamb, every one casting a crown at His

feet, and saying, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, and it is by Thy merits alone that we are saved." Every word and act of Jesus was dear to her. "This is my consolation to-day, Christ is the way, the truth, and the life." \* \* \* "Jesus said, I will come and heal him. What an encouraging promise to him who received it! Jesus saw the faith of that man, and made him this reply." Again, "This is my word of comfort to-day, by which I have been instructed, 'one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.' \* \* I have the hope that I am one stone in that edifice, of which Jesus is the chief Cornerstone."

Not only waking, but in the night slumbers, did these consolations abound. "I sleep, but my heart waketh," might well have been her acknowledgment. On the 1st of Tenth month, she writes on the words, "I meditate day and night on the goodness of the Lord." She dreamt she was confessing the love of Jesus, and woke saying, "There is no peace, nor joy, nor love, but in His presence." "What a Saviour I have found!" she would exclaim. Such was her happy condition, it might have been said of her (quoting again from Joseph John Gurney's "Child of the Lord")—

“She listens with fear and delight,  
To hear what the Master shall say;  
She sleeps in His bosom all night,  
And walks in His love all the day.”

On the 2nd of the Eighth month, she received a visit from two of her school companions. She kissed them, and told them how happy she was,—that she would not exchange her state for all the riches of this world. When they both wept, she said, “O do not weep! death may be near to me, but I don't fear it: because I have the witness of the Spirit of Jesus, that a crown of glory is reserved for me.” At another time she said: “My spirit communes with Jesus as an intimate friend: He answers me with sweet peace.”

Her aunt came to see her: and on her asking how she was, Priscilla replied, “Man is of a short life, and full of trouble,” and added, “we cannot serve God too soon nor too long. I feel myself gradually getting weaker, but all that the Lord does is for our good. I am filled with His goodness. It is all by the grace of God that I am what I am. My trust is in the Lord. Though the enemy of my soul by his subtle insinuations tries to make me doubt of my true happiness, I know the voice of the stranger, and repel it.” To one of her sisters she said, “my mother has been to me a tender mother, but there is One

who loves me with a greater love, for He died for me." To comfort her mother, she said: "You will be sorry to see me depart, but that will be lost in the thought, that I shall be enjoying the delights of heaven." A friend bringing her some little books to read, "yes," she said, "but I love the Bible better, for there I find food for my soul."

At times during the summer and autumn of 1869, she sank so low, as to lead all to think she was dying: and on these occasions her words were, "I shall soon be with Jesus." The 25th of Ninth month was one of these times. Her pulse was very weak, and she felt cold as if death were at hand, which made her exclaim, "Glory! glory! I shall soon be with the blessed! what we all want is a change of heart: let us strive that we all meet again round the Throne!" A silence followed, and she said, "Lord Jesus! come." But she revived. In the evening she said, "My mother, I thought I should be in glory now. I felt so happy that I seemed already there. The Lord's consolations were so precious to my soul. He is so compassionate and so merciful, in giving me an evidence that I am a sheep of his heavenly Fold."

Understanding the English language as well as French, she derived comfort from English hymns, which she would repeat at times. When

her cough rendered breathing difficult and speaking painful, she said: "The valley is not dark; again I have furnished an example, that we must have a heart changed by the grace of God, and feel the life in our soul which is found in Jesus only; for when these solemn moments come, if we have not built on the rock, we are confounded."

On the 5th of Eleventh month, she writes in her journal, "I hope a good Providence will bless all my poor writings,—I have such an ardent desire to labour at the work which is given me to do, while I have power. Satan sometimes begins to suggest that they will have no effect, but I wish to do all that the Lord will permit, to lead souls to a knowledge of salvation. I have received freely: I must also give freely." In the same mind, on the First-day of the New Year, 1870, she writes, "I hope I shall continue to do my duty, till I hear the call, 'it is enough, come up hither.'"

The end was drawing near. On the 12th her speech failed for some hours, but returned in the evening. On the 15th very early, after a tedious night, she asked for her journal to write the closing sentence: and the following day was her last.

That morning she said, "How weak I feel! but my cough has left me. I long to go." After

a short silence she said, "Oh what beautiful things I see! my bed appears all surrounded with flowers as in a garden, yet finer than the palaces here below. I see as it were a golden splendour diffusing itself around!" She prayed that all their large family might meet again in heaven, and embraced every one while strength was afforded; and soon after, clapping her hands with an air of joy, said, "All my pains are ended, Jesus has taken them away." Then embracing her sister, exclaimed, "O Emily! there is nothing more for me below,—it is all there on high! . . . O what delights! it is a foretaste of heaven! I feed on heavenly food." Soon after she said, "I shall depart to-day, but when I am gone, do not weep over me, but sing." She refused to have more pillows placed under her head, and said, "I wish to look upwards, the better to contemplate my Well-beloved. I wish only to regard Him now,"—and she was heard singing in low tones to herself.

Many joyful expressions followed, and words of affection. "Farewell to all of you:—my brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces;—may we all be found together around the throne of the Lamb! My heart is full of love." \* \* "The sting is taken away and the victory gained." Looking at her parents, with a happy countenance, she said, "I shall soon be arrived at the

port." Her aunt coming in, she said : " this is the day of my departure. I shall go this afternoon. Come and meet me in heaven. There is room for all who have part in the first resurrection." In the afternoon, an intimate friend called and read the 23rd Psalm. On hearing the sweet words, she looked upwards, her face bright with joy : and at the last verse, " I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," she smiled afresh and said, " with all the angels,—O what a company ! There are thousands round the throne, and I shall soon be of the number."

About four o'clock she said : " Oh, I see glorious things which I cannot describe to you." Her mother drew near, and asked what she saw ? she replied, " I see Jesus on the cross, but you do not see Him." Shortly after, her father said to her, " I hope thou art still in peace, and happy." She replied triumphantly, " O more than ever !"

Making a sign to give her last kiss to all in the room, her voice diminished, though she still spoke ; and the last words that could be understood were these : " I am . . . going . . . to heaven . . . there above . . . with the prophets . . ." She lost her consciousness only about a quarter of an hour before the end, and fell tranquilly

asleep as a lamb in the arms of her Heavenly Shepherd.

This dear child left behind her a letter of exhortation and encouragement to her nearest relations; also some short verses which she had prepared months previous, that they should be read at her funeral, before committing her remains to the grave. They may be rendered into English as under:

*My dear Relatives and Friends,—*

My body to the ground you trust,  
There dust shall turn again to dust:  
Meanwhile, my soul, released and free,  
In that dear home I longed to see,

Is singing glory,—loud acclaim,  
To exalt my precious Saviour's name;  
His brightness now before me beams,  
He gives me of the living streams.

Seek, then, this Saviour all divine,—  
Nor let your ardent zeal decline,—  
That we may re-united be,  
Nor part through all eternity.

FARE YOU WELL.

N.B.—Several Friends from England had the privilege of visiting Priscilla Quertier during her last illness, and can testify to her heavenly frame of mind. We have no space for any of her beautiful letters to her brothers and sisters, as well as to others; a number of which are added to the Memoir of her Life.









