LUX BENIGNA,

BEING THE

HISTORY OF ORANGE STREET CHAPEL

BY

RICHARD W. FREE

LUX BENIGNA.

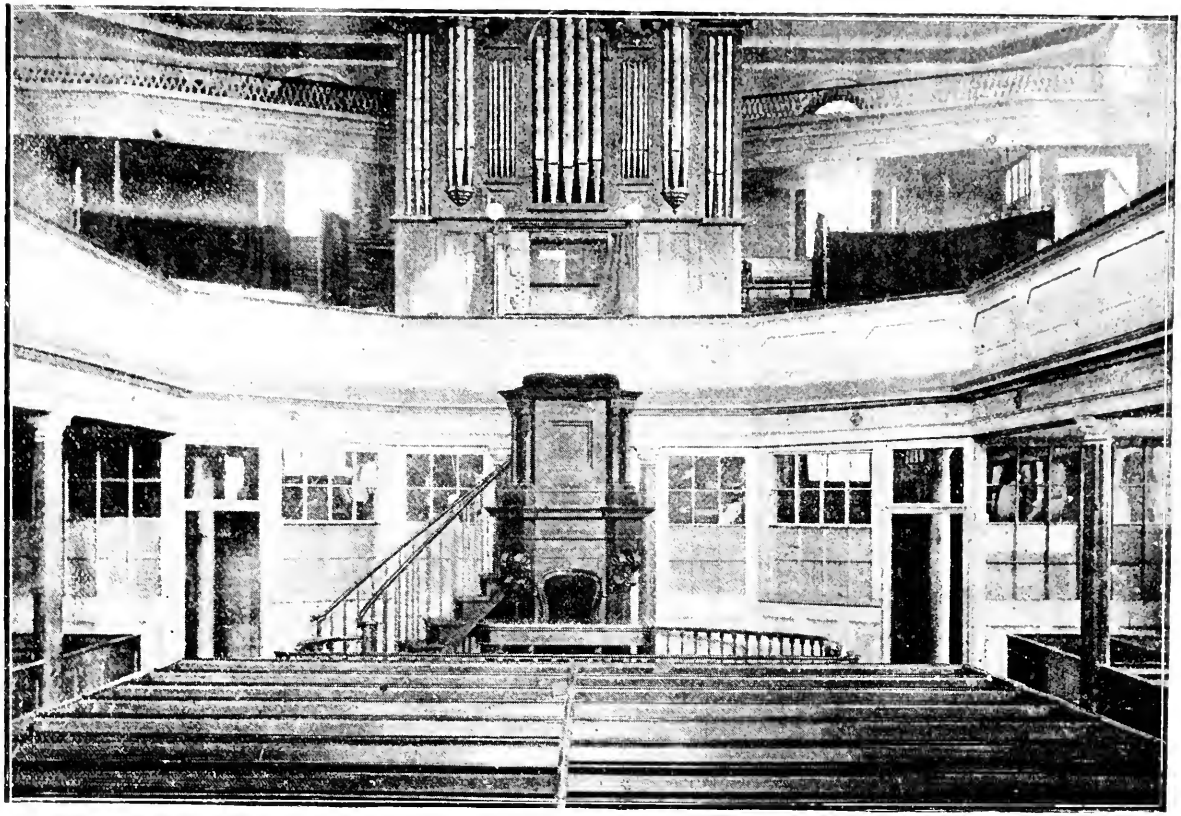
"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."—

H. NEWMAN.

A Chapel long endeared to the religious circle by its interesting associations.—Rev. S. LUKE, *Sep. 28th*, 1847.

This temple of the Most High has long resounded with the songs of *Z*ion. Holy men whose praise is in all the churches, and whose names are embalmed in the memories and affections of the people of God, have preached the truths of the everlasting Gospel, and proclaimed a full and free salvation within its walls.—*Report of Committee of Orange Street Chapel*, 1853.

Heartily shall we rejoice to see a day, when, on a spot hallowed by so many sacred recollections of bygone days, there shall arise a new and more commodious edifice in which the worship of God may be perpetuated.—*Ib.* 1857.



ORANGE STREET CHAPEL, 1888.

Lux Benigna,

BEING THE

HISTORY OF

ORANGE STREET CHAPEL,

OTHERWISE CALLED

LEICESTER FIELDS CHAPEL,

OCCUPIED

1693—1776 BY THE FRENCH REFUGEE CHURCH FOUNDED IN GLASSHOUSE STREET IN 1688; 1776—1787 BY MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND; 1787—1888 BY CONGREGATIONAL DISSENTERS;

BY

RICHARD W. FREE, M.A.,

Minister of the Chapel.

Videt et provident.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

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W. B. WHITTINGHAM & CO., 91, GRACECHURCH ST.

1888.

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DEDICATED TO THE

MEMORY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH MINISTERS

OF

ORANGE STREET CHAPEL,

WHO FORSOOK ALL TO FOLLOW CHRIST

AND

LAYING UP FOR THEMSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN

HAVE

NOW ENTERED INTO THE JOY OF THEIR LORD.

NOTE.—*If any profits accrue to the Author from the sale of this book, they will be devoted to the funds of Orange Street Chapel.*

PREFACE.

THE History of Orange Street Chapel is worth telling if one can get a historian worthy of the office. The difficulty is not one of matter, it is one of man. I have undertaken this task in no spirit of easy confidence, but with clear recognition of its dignity and delicacy. The only excuse I have to offer for my temerity is that I think the history ought to be told and know no one else to tell it. After saying so much, perhaps I need not make a virtue of a necessity by pleading some patience and not a little love as qualifications for the position I have assumed. Both virtues are necessary, however, in a work of this kind; for, without patience facts cannot be accumulated, and without love they cannot be quickened into life. If, therefore, I fail to interest the reader, let him blame neither the dulness of my subject nor the impatience of my mood, but only the slowness or impotence of my pen.

I have assumed that Saurin preached at Orange Street Chapel. There is nothing to prove that he did not, and much to render it probable that he did.* Moreover, it would be unadvisable, in a work treating largely of the French Refugees, to omit all mention of the greatest among the Refugee ministers.

In referring to the many clergymen of various denominations whose names fill these pages, I have, wherever practicable, omitted the title *Reverend*, not from want of respect, but to avoid unnecessary formality.

As far as I know, I have made no statement without sufficient authority, derived from a careful study of works bearing upon the history of the last two hundred years. I intended at first to quote my authority in each instance in a footnote, but this method would have been so tedious and unsightly that I have been compelled to content myself with printing all direct quotations either in inverted commas or in small type, and with acknowledging,

* Weiss and Burn and many others have supposed that Saurin was minister of Leicester Fields, probably because his name appears in the Registers. This, however, proves nothing more than that Saurin *officiated* at the Chapel.

generally, with many thanks, help derived from the following among other sources:—Frances D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*, Boswell's *Johnson*, Brewster's *Isaac Newton*, Burn's *History of the French Churches*, Cassell's *Old and New London*, Cates's *Biographical Dictionary*, Cecil's *Works*, Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, De Coetlogan's *Works*, Cooper's *Foreign Protestants*, Courthorpe's *Memoir of Chamier*, Ersch and Grüber's *Allgemeine Encyclopädie*, Foster's *Works*, Haag's *La France Protestante*, Rowland Hill's *Memoirs*, Hogarth's *Works*, Huguenot Society of London's *Proceedings*, *Memoir* of Leifchild, Leigh Hunt's *The Town*, Kershaw's *Protestants from France*, Marsden's *History of Christian Churches*, Masson's *Huguenots*, Maty's *Memoire sur la vie de M. de Moivre*, De Morgan's *Newton*, Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Johnson*, Poole's *Huguenots*, Rose's *Biographical Dictionary*, Saurin's *Works*, Scott's *Works*, Seeley's *Later Evangelical Fathers*, Smiles's *Huguenots*, Strype's *Works*, Taylor's *Leicester Square*, Toplady's *Works*, *Memoirs* of Townsend, Weiss's *Refugiés Protestants*, and Wilson's *Dissenting Churches*. I have also made use of the *Evangelical Magazine* from 1793, of the *Evangelical Register*, of the *Congregational Year Book* from 1800, and of the *Christian*

World for March 4th, 1886. AGNEW's valuable work, *Protestant Exiles from France*, has afforded me much help, which I beg gratefully to acknowledge. My thanks are also due to M. le Baron F. DE SCHICKLER, without whose courteous and generous assistance the first part of this little work could not have been written; to Miss L. S. DOBSON and Mrs. SAMUEL LUKE; to the Misses M. E. and A. M. FREE; to the Revs. the Vicars of S. MARTIN's, London, and CHOBHAM, Woking, the Rector of HEADLEY, Hants, W. ATKINS, R. E. FORSAITH, A. R. GREGORY, E. JUKES, A. F. MUIR, and W. TRITTON; to Dr. DELAMOTTE; to the Messrs. A. C. CHAMIER, J. T. FREE, W. GARNETT, R. L. POOLE, J. E. RITCHIE and S. ROOD; to the EDITOR of the Eighty-fifth Annual Report of Hackney College; to Mr. JOHN METIVIER, and other gentlemen in the Reading Room of the British Museum; and to the authorities at Somerset House for kindly placing at my disposal the Registers of Leicester Fields Chapel.

I wish also to thank my friend, Mr. H. COLLINS CANE, for the kind and able way in which he has prepared for the photographer the portraits of Toplady, Cecil and Townsend, and the picture of the interior of the Chapel in 1836. Finally, I am indebted to the

publishers of this book for the pains they have bestowed upon the preparation of the volume.

The two pictures of the interior and the exterior of the Chapel in 1888 have been prepared from photographs taken last August. The remaining plates have been derived from the following sources: —A. M. Toplady: *Biographia Evangelica*, in the British Museum (Press Mark, 2008 *e*) *in loc.*; R. Cecil: *Remains* of R. C., Brit. Mus. (3752 *aaa.* 5); J. Townsend: *Memoir* of J. T., Brit. Mus. (1126 *c.* 10); Interior of Chapel, 1836: *Evangelical Register*, Brit. Mus. (P.P. 510), 1836, page 417; J. P. Dobson and S. Luke: in the Vestry of Orange Street Chapel.

Conflicting statements form the chief difficulty I have had to contend with, one illustration of which may suffice. I have found it constantly asserted that Orange Street Chapel was built in the reign of Charles II, *i.e.*, between May 29th, 1660, and February 6th, 1685. Other dates given are 1656,* 1686,† 1689,‡ all of which are sufficiently wide of the mark to cause serious error. In some instances, happily very rare, information that would have been

* *Tract* by Dr. Tomkins.

† *Congregational Year Book*, 1888.

‡ Burn, *History of French Churches*.

of much use to me, has been refused, apparently without any reason, and after repeated application. My hope is, therefore, not that I have made no mistakes, but that I have made as few as possible under the circumstances.

The reader must not hold me responsible for the bad grammar and spelling of some of the French extracts. To have corrected these would have been to spoil them. On the other hand, I have no wish to shirk the responsibility of the statements on Sectarianism made in the Ninth Chapter; venturing only to explain that I have selected for criticism passages from the spoken and written words of the ministers mentioned there, not because I am unmindful of the loftiness of their aims or the utility of their work, but because on account of the existence of these very virtues, I deem their teaching on the subject under consideration the more dangerous, and the need of strongly opposing it the more pressing.

A word of apology is due for my own translations from foreign languages. I am anxious that the youngest and least educated of my congregation should be able to read this book as nearly as possible word for word. At the same time I wish to afford the educated reader the opportunity of translating

for himself. So I have, in every needful instance, given the foreign version as well as the English.

It is possible that I may have failed in some cases to do justice to the memory of the good men whose lives I have tried to sketch. I can only say that I have done my best to avoid flattery on the one hand and detraction on the other.

And now I send forth this little book with the hope that it may prove both interesting and helpful to those who may read it, and that it may serve to inaugurate a period in the history of Orange Street Chapel as prosperous if not as brilliant as the two which it completes.

ORANGE STREET CHAPEL,
November, 1888.

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CHAPTER I.

The final blow was struck. The Edict of Nantes was revoked; and a crowd of decrees against the sectaries appeared in rapid succession. Boys and girls were torn from their parents and sent to be educated in convents. All Calvinistic ministers were commanded either to abjure their religion or to quit their country within a fortnight. The other professors of the reformed faith were forbidden to leave the kingdom; and, in order to prevent them from making their escape, the outports and frontiers were strictly guarded. It was thought that the flocks, thus separated from the evil shepherds, would soon return to the true fold. But in spite of all the vigilance of the military police there was a vast emigration. It was calculated that, in a few months, fifty thousand families quitted France for ever.—*Macaulay*.

TO propose to write the history of Orange Street Chapel may seem to some, even of those who know and are interested in this place of worship, much like proposing to write the history of bricks and mortar. Indeed, there is little else than bricks and mortar to demand the attention of the casual passer-by; and they not of the cleanest, for the neighbourhood of Leicester Square seems to have made a specialty of dirt, and it would be strange indeed if the ancient House of God had been allowed to escape. What solemn resolves the old Chapel made, some two centuries ago, to keep itself unspotted from the chimney-world of adjacent London, and be beautiful for ever, I cannot say; but I imagine it was not until dingy houses crept close to its sacred walls that it yielded to fate, and

in brotherliness of blackness took to itself a sympathetic dingy hue. Nor could I say how many layers of dust and paint there are upon its walls; but I know there must be many strata, theological if not geological, each pair telling a story of the struggle between dirt and cleanliness, and depravity and godliness.

For there have been in its history brief epochs of brilliant prosperity, when eager crowds elbowed each other, forgetful of their manners in their desire to hear some great preacher or devout pastor, when they sat to listen in deathlike stillness, at length relieving their pent-up feelings in bursts of praise so loud and joyous that the old roof rang again. But there have been, too, dreary decades of adversity, when, though the doors were flung wide, none came but a few faithful souls whose fathers and grandfathers had worshipped there before them. Somehow they could not leave the old place. It was home and more than home to them. They loved the uncomfortable pews, in which they sat bolt upright, yet in serene contentment, during the sermon of an hour and a half; the draught that crept in friendly playfulness down their backs as they knelt to pray; the dear old clerk's cracked voice, always half a bar in front of them, as they stood to sing. Many a heart, breaking with pain of lost love or withered hope, found within the old sanctuary quick healing in a new and immortal love, and a hope fading only in glory of realisation; many a mind, dark with sinful purpose, or empty of any purpose at all, was

here brightened by the Light of the world and filled with the Peace that passeth understanding.

For two hundred years Orange Street Chapel has been a centre of Christian work, and a well-spring of eternal life. Its very walls have been silent witnesses for Christ, urging men in voice no less passionate and convincing because heard only by the inward ear to the life that is faithful unto death. Thought of thus, meanness of form is forgotten in nobleness of purpose; the bricks and mortar of the visible church become to us symbols of living members, bound together by a common Faith, of the Church Invisible; we are ready to say with suspended breath, Behold, the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

Orange Street Chapel is closely connected with the struggles for freedom in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the seventeenth it was the asylum of the French Refugees; in the eighteenth it was the home of the English Revivalists. In each case it sided with spiritual freedom, and was a living protest against ecclesiastical tyranny. Its history, therefore, is the history of religious thought. To study the one you must study the other.

There are two great Periods in the history of Orange Street Chapel, each consisting of about a century: the French Period, from 1688 to 1787, that is ninety-nine years; the English Period, from 1776 to 1888, that is one hundred and twelve years. During eleven years—from 1776 to 1787—the Chapel was occupied by both French and English congre-

gations. It is of these two Periods that I wish to give account in the following pages.

Let me, however, first of all, sketch briefly the religious struggles in France previous to the year 1688.

French Protestantism may be said to have arisen at Meaux in 1521, about the time of Melancthon's visit to this city, and of Martin Luther's indictment before the Diet of Worms. The Huguenots—Guenons-de-Huss, *apes of Huss*,* as they were called—were, even at this early period, of some importance. They counted among their number the Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis the Twelfth, and Margaret, Queen of Navarre, sister of King Francis the First. But royal support did not save from royal persecution. By the help of Cardinal Toulon a perfect system of espionage was instituted, and several Protestants were brought to the stake, among others, Pavannes and Berguin.

After about fourteen years, the fire of persecution grew so hot that Calvin, in the preface to his *Institutes*, implored royal leniency for the Protestants. But this cry for mercy seems to have done more harm than good, for the anger of Francis flamed fiercer than ever. On January 29, 1535, Paris was witness to a strange scene. A long procession, headed by the skull of Saint Louis, a piece of the true cross, the crown of thorns, and other remarkable relics, passed

* See, however, a paper on the derivation of this word by Sir H. Austen Layard, in the *Proceedings of the Huguenot Society of London*, II, 2, 249.

slowly through the streets. The priests were in all the glory of alb, chasuble and stole; the King carried a blazing torch; there were nobles and citizens and ministers of the crown in that solemn procession; and they all fared forth that day, in the pomp of regal and priestly millinery, to do six wretched Huguenots to death. And when they had done them to death accordingly, at a very slow fire, having first discreetly torn out their tongues to prevent them speaking to the crowd, they returned home in most blessed state of jubilation to thank God for making them instrumental in defending Holy Church.

Twenty-four years after Calvin's ineffectual plea for mercy, Henry the Second of France summoned what was called a *Bed of Justice*. A foolish person named Dubourg, imagining in his simplicity that this Bed of Justice was what it professed to be, spoke with heroic courage, and in no mild terms, against the profligacy of the Court. The King was hit hard, and not unnaturally lost his temper; but poor, outspoken Dubourg was hit harder still, and lost his life. It was in this year (1559) that the French Protestant Church was established, and henceforth "those of the religion" become an intelligible factor in the history of Europe.

A conference headed by Protestant Beza on the one side and Catholic Journon on the other, resulted in further misunderstanding and dissatisfaction. Words came to blows. The Doctors Beza and Journon retired, and the soldiers Condé and Guise

took their places. A civil war broke out, and raged with extreme violence for several years. When both sides were exhausted, a peace was patched, but so badly that it did not last six months.

On the night of the 23rd of August, 1572, the massacre called of Saint Bartholomew was begun, under the direction of Catherine de' Medici, wife of Henry the Second. Previously, two great Protestants, the Queen of Navarre and Admiral Coligny, had been lured to the capital by the assumed frendliness and munificence of the King. Shortly after her arrival in Paris the Queen died, probably by poisoning; and a little later, on the night for which the massacre was planned, the Admiral followed the royal lady, stabbed to the heart by an assassin. As soon as Coligny was murdered, the deep silence of midnight was broken by the tolling of a bell in the palace tower. It was the signal for the massacre to begin. From a thousand hiding places a great host of armed men arose, who fell upon the hapless Huguenots and smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter. For several weeks, in city and country, the bloody work went on; so that when the Pope repaired to the church of Saint Louis to hear the Te Deum and to return thanks, more than thirty thousand Huguenots lay dead, rifled by bullet or pierced by sword.

In 1598, two hundred and ninety years ago, Henry the Fourth, a nephew of Condé and a Huguenot, published the decree known as the Edict of Nantes. By this Edict he freed his Protestant subjects from

the persecutions and disabilities under which they had hitherto groaned, and gave royal countenance to the seven hundred and sixty Reformed Churches then existing in France. Eighty-seven years later, in 1685, the Edict was revoked by Louis the Fourteenth.*[1]

This King is infamous for the absolute despotism of his rule embodied in that memorable saying of his, "*L'état, c'est moi.*"[2] But the despot was ruled by a woman, the Marquise de Maintenon. Writing four years before the Revocation, she says, "If God spares the King, there will not be a single Huguenot in twenty years," and subsequent events justified the sagacity of the prediction. Armed forces rode through the provinces, headed by a body of dragoons and priests, and called on the heretics to renounce their errors. Some yielded at once, others were tortured into submission. Delighted to hear that the Huguenots were being received into the Church at the rate of three or four hundred a day, Louis, to complete the glorious work, revoked the Edict of Henry the Fourth. Protestantism was rendered illegal, and Protestant ministers were banished. Emigration was forbidden under penalty of the galleys for men, and imprisonment for life for women. Terrified and indignant the people fled. They had already been worried and tortured in every way that petty spite or cruelty could suggest. They had been hung up by ropes, prevented from sleeping, pinched

* The numerals 1, 2, 3, &c., refer to the notes in the Appendix.

and pricked; they had been starved, beaten and half roasted. Mothers had been tied to posts, and their little ones placed at their feet, to die under their eyes. "Some" says Claude, "they dipped in wells; others they bound down and poured wine into them through funnels until reason was destroyed." Faced by this new terror of persecution, men, women and children gathered together of their worldly goods what they could easily carry, and fled in all directions. It was as if a bomb had been dropped among them, so instant was their flight. And, indeed, such a bomb had been dropped, filled with the malignant cruelty of religious fanaticism. Gentlewomen, reared in the midst of every luxury, travelled on foot over two or three hundred miles of country, their fair faces coarsened by artificial means. Thousands of Refugees died by the way, thousands were captured; but many, more than the sum of those who died or were taken, escaped to freer lands. Four hundred thousand Protestants fled to England, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland and America. Among these were noblemen and gentlemen, clergymen and physicians, soldiers and sailors, manufacturers and artizans, who took with them into exile not only the loving loyalty to the spirit of Christ that made them leave home and country rather than deny Him, but also skill, industry and business ability.

The Jesuits were victorious, but in a way they never anticipated. The Protestant churches were closed indeed; but alas! the Protestants themselves were still outside the pale of the Church. The

prisons and penitentiaries were full of obstinate heretics, but the looms they used to work stood idle, and the land they used to plough lay fallow.

What France lost by this exodus of her best and bravest sons is not easily determinable. Fleeing from worse than Egyptian darkness, these children of light spoiled the Egyptians ere they fled. Not, indeed, by robbing them of gold and silver, but by taking what is far more precious, piety, industry and ability. A hundred years later France paid the penalty of her folly in the blood that flowed from the guillotine. The loss was all on her side, the gain all on ours. What we accomplished bloodlessly at the end of the seventeenth century, France accomplished bloodily at the end of the eighteenth. The Huguenots were the living link that bound together the upper and the lower classes. When they went, that link was broken; and every year of the next century served to widen the breach between noble and peasant. Had they remained, the leaven of their faith and practice might have leavened the whole of French society, reform have come without blood, and the head of Louis Capet have been spared. Of course I do not attribute the moderation of the English Revolution entirely to the presence of the Huguenots, although the violence of the French Revolution was probably entirely due to their absence. But that our case would have been worse without the Huguenots I think almost as certain as that the case of France would have been better with them.

The Huguenots fled, and some came to London. James the Second was King of England, and had but recently ascended the throne. He was a zealous Catholic, and his ambition, not yet openly announced, was to bring Britain under the Roman yoke. It would seem, then, at first, that the Refugees, in escaping from fanatic Louis to more fanatic James, were merely jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. It was not so, however; for England, at this time, although a Catholic King sat on her throne, was one of the freest countries in the world. This condition of religious liberty had been brought about, oddly enough, by the King's first move in his great game at restoring the Papal power. In order to aid the endeavours of the proselytising Catholic clergy, James had published, two years after his accession, a Declaration of Indulgence, a kind of Anglicised Edict of Nantes, which gave liberty not only to Catholic dissenters but to Protestant dissenters too. Consequently, when the Huguenots arrived in England, they were received with open arms by a government delighted to take the King's Declaration and prove by it that it must be a very ill wind to blow nobody good.

King James himself, however, was not slow to show his displeasure at the great influx of Foreign Protestants, although he found it necessary to assume a pacific attitude. "The banished Huguenots," says Macaulay, "on whom the King had frowned during many months, and whom he had defrauded of the alms contributed by the nation, were now re-

lieved and caressed." In spite of this, dissatisfaction increased every day. James had occupied the throne only three years, and during that time had pursued his grand object with a zeal that had gradually grown into fanaticism. Even Louis advised moderation, and warned the King of his danger. But James had made up his mind to run the gauntlet, and he ran it to the death. He published a second Declaration and commanded that it should be read on certain Sundays from all pulpits. Seven of the Bishops protested, and being put on their trial were acquitted. On the very day of their acquittal (June 29, 1688), the crown was offered to William of Orange. Three months later that Prince landed on the coast of Devon. The English Revolution was complete, and thereafter Religious Liberty in England became a real and blessed fact to Englishmen and Frenchmen alike.

In London the Huguenots settled chiefly at Spitalfields and Charing Cross, quickly turning these districts into hives of activity, the former soon becoming noted for its silk, and the latter for its crystal.

Charing Cross was bounded by London on the east and by the open country on the west. The cross itself, at first made of wood and then of stone, was used at this time for public preaching. It stood in the centre of the triangular space formed by the junction of the Strand, Pall Mall and Whitehall. Eastward, along the Strand, their gardens running down to the river's edge, stretched a suc-

cession of great houses—Suffolk House, York House, Salisbury House, and the Savoy. Northward and westward lay the open country; the Royal Palace in Pall Mall, Piccadilly Hall, and a few scattered houses of minor importance, being the only landmarks visible for a long distance. In Edward the First's time Charing Cross was a hamlet lying between London and Westminster. In the reign of Elizabeth it was united to London on the Strand side; but even then one could, perhaps, have walked from Pall Mall to Hampstead without passing a single house.* At the time of which I am writing, primroses might have been gathered in Hedge Lane, now Whitcomb Street.

It was in this neighbourhood that a large number of the Refugees settled, giving to Charing Cross a vitality it had never before possessed, and has never since lost. Clergymen and physicians, tradesmen and artisans, joyfully made a home here, working as fervently as they prayed, not forgetful of the terrible persecution they had so lately escaped. The district was full of these quick, dark-eyed foreigners, who, with their quaint ways and pretty accent, formed the staple of conversation in many an English household. Indeed, jealousy itself was not wanting, and might have reached unpleasant proportions had it not been for the readiness with which the Huguenots taught to their English brothers the arts and crafts they had learned in their forsaken Fatherland.

Within a few months of their arrival in England

* Leigh Hunt's *The Town*.

the Refugees were foreigners only in name. Not that they could ever forget France. The memory of her vine-clad hills bathed in golden light, of her quaint towns with deep streets full of chatting groups, could never be effaced. London was not Hyères or Rouen, or even Paris. The harsh tones of the English tongue fell offensively on their sensitive ears, and were forced with difficulty from their unwilling lips. But there was something here to compensate for all they had lost—Liberty of Conscience. They might worship God in their own way, and receive the Sacraments from the hands of their own ministers.

CHAPTER II.

O Seigneur Eternal, tu as été toujours pour ton peuple une retraite d'âge en âge! aussi à toi Seul est dès maintenant cette maison, à toi Seul sage, Seul miséricordieux, sera notre adoration aux siècles des siècles.*[3]

THERE had been for more than a century a Huguenot Church in Threadneedle Street. In 1687 a minister, Benjamin de Joux by name, who had gathered around him a few of the faithful, probably members of a former pastorate of his in France, applied for union with this Church. His application was rejected. Next year his Church, called of S. John, entered into fellowship with a Huguenot Church at Glasshouse Street,† which subsequently migrated to a chapel situated in Leicester Fields afterwards known as Orange Street Chapel.

The first registration of Refugees, who, upon examination, were admitted to the Lord's Supper in Glasshouse Street, is dated May 13th, 1688. The Church entered into immediate alliance with S. John's, which De Joux had founded the year before, and in 1691 joined the Church in Petticoat Lane, which four years later became the Temple of the Artillery.‡

* On the front of the organ gallery in the French church of St. Martin's le Grand, lately demolished.

† Glasshouse Street Chapel was in use until 1750, first by Presbyterians and then by Baptists.

‡ Known later as Parliament Court Baptist Chapel.

Towards the close of the year 1692 a site was taken near the quarry of Leicester Fields, 64 feet long by 40 feet broad. "We discontinued preaching at the church at Glasshouse Street," says Chamier, one of the ministers of this time, "on Sunday, April 9th, 1693, and I closed the place. The Saturday following, April 15th, Easter Eve, I opened and dedicated the Temple of Leicester Fields, when there was a prodigious flow of people." "The Temple" was, of course, Orange Street Chapel.*

This departure was made because the congregation had outgrown the accommodation of Glasshouse Street Chapel; but, the increase continuing, it was found necessary in 1696 to open a Chapel of Ease, which was called the Tabernacle. The alliance with S. John terminated in 1701, in which year the Churches of Leicester Fields and the Artillery admitted into alliance the Church of Rider's Court.† A union was effected with La Patente of Soho ‡ in 1735, and lasted till 1784, between which dates, namely, in 1769, the union with the Artillery came to an end. In 1787, after ineffectual attempts to form an alliance with Threadneedle Street and the Savoy, the Church of Leicester Fields gave up its

* It was not so called, however, until the end of the 18th century. The reader will please understand that when I refer to Leicester Fields Chapel I mean that which is now known as Orange Street Chapel.

† Rider's Court led from Newport Street into Cranbourne Alley.

‡ Called also the Temple. First in Berwick Street, afterwards in Little Chapel Street, Wardour Street.

independence, and was absorbed in the Conformist Church of Le Quarré, Little Dean Street.

A word here as to the constitution of the French Reformed Churches. A number of Protestants could form themselves into a Church by naming a consistory, electing a minister, and exercising discipline. The consistory was elected by the whole Church. The minister was chosen by the "colloquy," or parochial consistory, which consisted of a pastor and an elder from each of the Churches. The elected minister preached three times before the Church, whose silence gave consent. If, however, objection were taken to the election, the matter was referred to the Synod, whose decision was final. There were three orders of clergy: *Pasteurs*, *Surveillans*, and *Diacres*. *Surveillans* were Overseers or Episcopi, and were also called *Anciens* or Presbyteri. *Diacres* were Diaconi or Deacons. The method, therefore, was Presbyterian, not Congregational.*

Some Churches adopted the Anglican Liturgy translated into French, and were known as Conformist; others declined to do so, and were known as Nonconformist. The Church at Leicester Fields was Nonconformist up to the moment of its absorption into the Conformist Church of Le Quarré. French Nonconformists are, however, not to be identified

* The reader may be helped by considering the Colloquy as the Presbytery, the Consistory as the Kirk Session, and the National Synod as the General Assembly. See Haag, *La France Protestante* (Appendix).

with English Nonconformists. Sympathy existed, but little co-operation. They agreed in rejecting the Apocrypha and lessening the number of Saints' Days. When the French Churches were decaying, English Dissenters had been known to help their poorer brethren, but even this does not appear to have been usual. The English notion of the Sabbath, that "Anglican figment," was almost sufficient to account for this want of union.

Thirty-two regular ministers officiated at Glasshouse Street and Leicester Fields during the ninety-nine years of the existence of the Church assembling in these Temples. The largeness of this number is due to the fact that, generally speaking, all the ministers of any year officiated at the whole of the allied chapels. The alliance, for instance, between Glasshouse Street, S. John's, and the Artillery was pastoral, although each Church had its own Consistory. The Chapel of Ease called the Tabernacle had the same ministers and consistory as Leicester Fields Chapel.

There are at Somerset House five registers of the Chapels of Glasshouse Street and Leicester Fields.* Four of these are of Leicester Fields, and are numbered 2, 3, 4 and 5 respectively. Each book measures about 12½ inches by 8, and bears upon its cover the words, "Registres des Baptême et Mariages de l'Eglise de Leicester Fields"[4]; and, lower down, in English, "Belongs to the French Protestant Church called Le Quarré [in] Little Dean St., Soho."

* The Tabernacle Register was used after 1719 for Leicester Fields. (Burn.)

Between these two inscriptions appear the dates of the first and the last entries in each volume; n° 2 and n° 4 reading respectively, "1699 jusqu'a 1714" and "1710 jusqu'a 1742"; n° 3, "1714 jusqu'a 1725," and n° 5, "St. Martin's Londre 1742 jusqu'a 1783."* In n° 2 an "Ordre pour Servir" is written for the use of the ministers in the following terms, "Tous les mois on entre de l'oiste (?) a leglize delesterfils et apres auoir servy lemois on va continuer, lemois Suyuant a Soho." [5]

The contents of these volumes are quaint and curious, even pathetic. One turns the yellow leaves with involuntary sadness. Here is an entry of publication of Banns for the third time:

Le dimanche apres midy 28 sembre a este publié pr Latroizieme foix en cette Eglize les annonces de Mr. Jaques Courtonne delauille delançon et de Suzanne Agasse delauille de Rouen.[6]

The Churches seem to have been on very good terms in those days; for in one instance at least we find that the Banns of a certain couple were published in S. Martin's Parish Church, and the marriage celebrated in Leicester Fields Chapel. The following gives one a fair idea of the marriage entries throughout the registers:

Le Dimanche 21e 7bre† 1718 apres le Sermon du Soir a été Beny Le Mariage De Mr Jean Le Brun avec Madle Suzanne Couselle par Mr Joseph de la Motte Ministre de Cette Eglise en vertu des annonces quy ont été publiées par trois dimanches consecutifs sans aucune opposition dans cette Eglise.[7]

* *i.e.*, "1699 *to* 1714," &c. † *i.e. Septem*-bre.

Sometimes the spelling is very bad. Here is an instance:

Le dimanche Matin 5 desambre 1703 set prezanté dauid Mirasseau . . . pour fere sa Reconnessance de la faute quil a faitte en france en allant partissiper aux errurs deleglize romenne et ayant temoigné sa dolleur a notre assemblee il auroit eté Rescu alapaix deleglise par monsr dargenteuil ministre de cette Eglise.[8]

This is one of the most deeply interesting of all the entries, because it records the reception into the fold of some who had fallen away from the Faith, but now confessed their sin and asked forgiveness of God and the Church.

Although so many fled from France upon the Revocation of the Edict, some were forced to remain in their native land. Terrified by threats of horrible torture, they made an appearance of submission, and renounced their heresies. But their service was lip service only. They confessed the Roman Church in words, but they denied it in their hearts. However dark this their sin of hypocrisy may have been it is not for us to judge them, simply because we cannot realise the horror of their position. Their punishment was in the secret misery of the long months and years following their recantation. But, at last, a chance of escape presented itself, which they seized gladly. Under shadow of night they made their way to the sea shore. The danger was great, for the soldiers of the King and the priests of the Church were equally zealous to save the souls, though they killed the bodies, of heretics. All day long they lay in hiding, in hay-loft and stable,

between rafters and mattresses, in hollows of trees, and in the deep corn. At night they pressed on again, footsore and heartsore, but with a mad hope, springing into all but unendurable life, that the God of their fathers would protect His own. At length, sodden with fatigue, sick with hope long deferred, they heard far away a soft whispering sound like the wind in the aspen. Could they be deceived? The noise grew louder every moment. A quick run, and they were at the top of the hill. The roar of the sea broke upon their ears. They could see the white line of breaking waves. Sweeter music they had never heard; lovelier sight they had never seen. Soon they were being borne swiftly across the waters. The faint line of the land of their birth melted into the morning mist. When the sun rose, behind them spread the sea shimmering with blinding brightness, and before them rose the snow-white cliffs of the English coast. Then what weeping and laughing, what praying and thanksgiving! Stalwart men who were not given to the melting mood found on a sudden their eyes bedimmed and their voices husky. Little children cried to be lifted on the mother's arm, and when they saw those cliffs of *perfide Albion*, shining in dazzling purity in the morning light, they clapped their tiny hands and shouted for glee, "Voilà, Voilà, la bonne Angleterre!"[9] Once landed, they knelt for a moment in prayer, then started for London. The cows stared sleepily as they passed; the pigs grunted a hoarse welcome. Audrey and William, up betimes to feed the pigs and milk the cows, peeped at them

through the quickset hedges, scratching their noses for their pains, and exchanged looks of amazement and fear as the unintelligible jargon of a foreign tongue fell for the first time upon their ears. But they, unconscious of being watched, read in the folded morning sky, in the quiet farmstead where they tarried to rest and eat, in the far sweep of yellow and green field, but one word, FREEDOM. It blazed in the sun, it rippled in the brook, it whispered in the breeze. It was in wood and river, in valley and plain, in heaven and earth. Ah, the blessed word! He who has known the joy of Freedom need ask no greater blessing. All he lives for and all he would die for, all present faith and future happiness are summed therein. Strip him of those things by which we know him, reason, restraint, mercy, love; yet, if in his darkness there is a single silver ray, pointing with oft broken shaft yet with unerring aim, to a time when the fetters shall be struck off, there is hope for him: he is not yet as the beasts that perish.

When a Protestant, who had made outward submission to Rome, arrived in London, his first care was to seek the pardon of his own Church. The extract from the registers just given, is an instance of such pardon sought and obtained. Here are others, all taken from the registers of Leicester Fields Chapel.

Le Judy vingt & quatriesme jour de May Mil six Cant quatreuingt & dixneuf David Canchen delauille de Chatelerau, en poitou a fait Reconnoissance publique de la faute qu'il

auoit commis en sousCombent dans (?) La persecution en france & a este resçu a lapaix de leglize par Monsieur Pegorie Ministre de cette Eglize.[10]

This *Reconnoissance* took place fourteen years after the Revocation. Here is one, dated twenty-five years later:—

Le Jeudy 28° Janvier $172\frac{4}{5}$ apres le sermon sest presentes Louis Montet et Jeanne Montet sa femme protestant de naissance ayant eu lemalheur dassister alamaisse et deflechir des genous devant l'idolle pendant le cours de plusiers années sans avoir donné gloire adieu par la profession publiques de la verite. . . . . .

Below are the words—

La marque de T Louis Montet.
La marque de ℒ Jeanne Montet.[11]

Here are other Confessions, or "Abjurations" as they are sometimes called:—

Le dimanche 13 de fevrier $172\frac{5}{6}$ s'est presenté Barthelemy Gellé de Paris agé de 22 ans pour faire abjuration des erreurs de l'Eglise Romaine & embrasser notre S^t. Religion et a été resçu par M^r. blanc ministre de cette Eglise.

Le dimanche 16^e de Janvier $171\frac{4}{5}$ S'est presentée Jeanne Courady de Boldue en Brabant Elevée dans La religion Romaine pour en Abjurer les Erreurs et apres L'avoir fait, elle a esté receue Membre de cette Eglise par M^r. de la Motte.

iohanna couradi.

Le 23 Fevrier $174\frac{3}{4}$ Monsieur Louis DelaBalle de Guch (?) près de Calais, a fait sa Reconnoissance en présence de L'Eglise, de ce qu'etant nè Protestant, il a eu le malheur de participer a l'Idolatrie de L'Eglise Romaine; et rendant grace à Dieu de ce qu'il est arrivé en ce païs pour y professer la Religion Protestante Reformée dans laquelle Il a promis de Vivre et Mourir.

En foi de quoi ont signé,
Louis de la Balle.

Bourdillon Pasteur,
J. R. Le Comte Ancien.
Isaac Luques Ancien.

Later pastors went into minute particulars regarding converts from Rome. Here are two extracts signed by Elie Brilly :—

Le Sieur Jean Thomas Schmidt né et élevé dans la Religion Chretienne Reformée, s'etant presenté à moi pour etre admis à la Sainte Cêne—Aprés un mur examen de sa Croïance et les informations nécessaires de ses moeurs, j'ai trouvé cesujet trés capable et trés digne d'etre reçu membre de l'Eglise de Christ.

Londres le 31 May 1770. Elie Brilly Pasteur.

Charles Peret natif de paris setant addresse a M^r^ Brilly pasteur de cette Eglise pour Luy faire part de La Resolution ou il etoit de Renoncer aux erreurs de La Communion de Rome dans La quelle il etoit né et elevé pour embrasser et professer La Religion protestante Comme La plus Raisonable et la plus Conforme a La parole de Dieu qui doit etre La Regle fixe et Invariable de notre joy jay voulu massurer de La sincerite de Sa demarche Les Reponse judicieuses qu'il a faites aux differentes questions que je Luy ai proposées mont vivement persuadé que Les Raisons de son Changement etoient fondée sur un Examen impartial Reflechi et qui a Lamour de La verité pour guide.

a Ce titre Je Lay admis volontiers a La Communion des vrais fideles de Jesus Christ pour avoir part aux precieux avantages de son alliance de grace priant tous Les freres Protestans de vouloir le Compter dans Lunion de La foy et de Lui Rendre tous Les Bons offices comme a Lun des membres de La vray Eglise.

fait et Enrigistre au Consistoire
de Cette Eglise Le 27 Juin 1773.

Elie Brilly Pasteur.

The following records the devotion of two sisters :—

Je certifie qui M^les^ Barthelemie et Marie Lichigaray Sœurs setant presentées pour Témoigner la Resolution qu'elles ont prises de quitter Leur Patrie pour professer dans ces Lieux la Religion Protestante Sans avoir jamais adheré a L'Eglise Romaine, elles se sont Trouvée en Etat aprés les Questions Requises de participer d'un Maniere Salutaire a La S^t^ Cene Ce Qui M'oblidge de Leur en Accorder la Parmission avec joie Fait ce 26^m^ Mar 1744.

Jean Blanc, Ministre.

In Register N° 1, page 41, I find the following entry :—

> Du Dernier Januier 1695 a esté Bény par
> Monsieur pegorie ministre de cette Eglise
> Le mariage de Jean Collet de Montagnai en
> Languedoc et de Marie Taubin.

This is a perfectly ordinary record of marriage, and would altogether escape attention were it not for the following note pasted with great care on the left hand side of it.

> *Messieur ayant eue le malheur*
> *que mon enfan & tombe de sus un*
> *cheuale donc for malle se engrandangé*
> *mesieur je vous prie de grace dauoir la*
> *bonté & la charité de consideré les quatre*
> *autre car nous somme engrand*
> *nessisité*
> *& le Seigneur vous le rende.*
>
> Charllotte Collette.[12]

Pégorier himself came from Languedoc. I do not think it is too much to suppose that the gentleness which prompted him to preserve this pitiful note prompted him also to alleviate the misery it described.

To an occasional entry a certain historical interest attaches. Here is the baptism of Henry Barbottin, by Saurin :—

> Le dimanche apres Midy 16 Januier 170$\frac{3}{4}$ a Esté batizé par M^{r} Saurin Ministre Lanfan de Henry barbottin metre tailleur demurant en S^{t} Martin lenne paroisse S^{t} Martin alanseigne delaperruque blanche et Catherine Chos son pere et mere, presenté par daniel Vallantin et Anne barbottin, L'anfant est né le 15 ducouran eta esté nommé Henry.[13]

René Barbottin, who died sometime between 1710 and 1725, and was tutor to George the First's

children, was a relative of Henry's. In 1763 great excitement was caused in London by the fact that an immense sum of money belonging to this family was going a-begging for want of an heir.

One of the most curious features of these old books is the variety of marks made by those who could not write. The simple "X his mark," is rejected, as common-place; and the artistic ingenuity of happy bride and bridegroom, or repentant apostate, is exercised to the utmost in producing designs of the quaintest imaginable nature.

Slowly turning the leaves of the registers, among the crowd of unknown signatures, we catch sight of the names of Contet, Pégorier, Scoffier, Lombard, Van Swinden, Chamier, De la Chaumette, Coulon, De la Motte, De la Douespe, Rival, D'Argenteuil, the Barbaulds, Blanc, St. Colombe, Boisbeleau de la Chapelle, De la Guiffardière, Barnouin, Bourdillon, Stéhélin.

Charles Contet, of Grenoble, baptised a son of Chamier, his colleague, and preached on the occasion from the words, "For our conversation is in Heaven." He died of consumption shortly after the opening of Leicester Fields Chapel.

Claude Scoffier (or Scauffier) was the son of Louis, minister of Mer, who fled to Holland on the Revocation of the Edict. Claude was minister at Leicester Fields eighteen years. He afterwards went to Middelburg, Netherlands.

Phillipe van Swinden was probably related to the

eminent mathematical professor of that name at Francker.

André Lombard, who was born at Nismes, and whose previous cure was at Angers, ministered at Leicester Fields Chapel for five years. Soon after Contet's death, he suddenly disappeared and went to Holland.

Antoine Coulon was a native of Alais, and minister at Cevennes. He came to London from Altona to supply Lombard's place. He was elected in May, 1694; but he was not permitted to serve long, for he died suddenly of a slight fever on Thursday, September 13th, although he had preached in Leicester Fields Chapel the previous Sunday.

Joseph de la Motte, of Guienne, was minister of Leicester Fields for thirty years.*

Charles D'Argenteuil, called Charlot, was a Romish priest at Bourges. Being converted to

* It is curious that nothing whatever is known of this gentleman except that he came from Guienne. The following facts, kindly contributed by the Rev. W. H Laverty, seem to indicate that the De la Motte of Leicester Fields, belonged to the Refugee family of that name already existing in England.

Philip De la Motte was the first settler in England, and was "ministre de la Parole de Dieu," at Southampton, where he died in 1617. His youngest child, Matthew, became Rector of Beaulieu, Hants. Matthew's son, Joseph, was born after 1634, and in 1724 (the year of Joseph de la Motte's retirement from Leicester Fields) would be under ninety years of age.

I should be glad if any reader could give me further information on this point. Is there any reason why Joseph De la Motte, minister of Leicester Fields, should not be the son of Matthew De la Motte?

Protestantism he fled to England in 1696, and was minister of Leicester Fields Chapel until his death twelve years later. He published a "Sermon delivered in the Church of Leicester Fields, on the day of the fast ordered by H.M. William the Third, to implore God for the success of the campaign and the negociations of peace." He was a shocking bad writer, as his numerous signatures in the registers testify, but he was a devout minister and an earnest preacher.

Ezechiel and Pierre Barbauld were both ministers at Leicester Fields Chapel. Ezechiel's former charge was at Plymouth, and he left Leicester Fields in 1704 to become pastor of the City of London Church. Probably it was he that when a boy was "enclosed in a cask and conveyed to England." He appears to have been the grandfather of a certain Dissenting minister named Barbauld, whose wife was an authoress and has given us some interesting particulars about the French services. Pierre came to Leicester Fields from La Patente of Spitalfields. In 1720, he became minister of La Patente, Soho. He died in 1738.

Samuel de la Douespe belonged to a *famille Poitevine*, many of whom had suffered for the Faith. He was minister at Brown's Lane, at Leicester Fields, and at La Patente.

Jean Blanc was minister at Frankfort. Coming to London he contested successfully with Chamier a vacancy in the Walloon church of London, and finally settled at Leicester Fields Chapel, where, in

1721, he married Marie Fulgot. If one may judge from his writing, he was a dapper little Frenchman, with cravat of the cleanest and wig of the neatest. His signature is as clear as print and as unchanging. Once, at the beginning of Register N° 4, he has made a conscientious attempt to correct the reckless slovenliness of the entries, and for three whole pages there is order and beauty. But on the fourth page chaos has come again, and the rest of the volume, save for Jean Blanc's little oases of orderliness, is riot and excess.

Louis de la Chaumette. The grandfather of this gentleman was probably Theodore, minister of Maringues, from whose church, in presence of my lord the Bishop, were flung books, desks, &c., and "bruslé au-dessous la grande halle avec joye et applaudissement de tous nos bons et chers frères Chretiens, apostoliques Romaines."[14] Louis was minister of Leicester Fields only one year. He afterwards went to Threadneedle Street.

Armand Boisbeleau, Sieur de la Chapelle, was born in 1676, at Ozillac, in Saintonge. At the Revocation of the Edict he fled with his mother to England, where he studied theology. At eighteen he was ordained, and was minister for some time in Ireland, and Wandsworth, London. Then he came to Leicester Fields, where he ministered for fourteen years. In 1725 he went to the Hague. He is described as "a trained theologian, an able critic, a conscientious translator, and an

amiable man, although a little too much inclined to satire."*

Jacques Francis Barnouin was the son of a Refugee. He was educated in Holland, and took orders in 1723. Two years later he came to Leicester Fields, where he ministered for forty-two years. He left in 1767, and died three years later. James H. Barnouin, of Pall Mall, was a descendant of his.

Daniel Auguste de Beaufort was born in 1700. He was minister of La Patente (1728), of Leicester Fields (1729), and of the Savoy. Then he went to Meath, Ireland, and some years later became Provost and Archdeacon of Tuam. He married Esther Gougeon. He was a vigorous Protestant apologist. Members of his family are said still to exist.

The very worst writer of the whole series is César Pégorier, although D'Argenteuil runs him very close. He was born at Roujan, Languedoc. He studied theology at Geneva, and became minister of Sénitot, in Normandy. When the persecution began he fled to England, and was minister of Leicester Fields Chapel for thirty-five years, during which time he wrote several works on the Christian Religion. In 1728, his daughter married, at Rider's Court, Jean Sauvage. His signature at the very best is a succession of little shakes, as if produced by a pen worked by electricity, and, at the very worst, fades, with poor Monsieur Pégorier himself, into thin air.

* Haag, *in loc.*

One closes these registers sadly enough. There is an old-world look about them that accords ill with modern feeling. The hands that filled these pages have long since become one with mother earth. The children whose names are recorded here as among those who were held at the fonts of Christendom have become men and women; have married, and gotten children to themselves; have fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf; have passed away, babbling of the green fields of their childhood. Of all these thousands not one remains. They have gone like the mist of early morning; their dwelling-place knows them no more. The sun shines, but it shines not on them. The wind blows, but at its touch their cheeks redden not. The world's heart still beats, but not for them. Peace to their souls. They rest from their labours. After life's fitful fever they sleep well.

CHAPTER III.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.—*S. John.*

WHAT these brave Frenchmen did for England cannot well be told in words, and that because words are inadequate to describe the subtle influences of honesty of thought and nobility of character. Nevertheless, they being dead yet speak, and speak to us in their works which do follow them.

I have yet to notice Chamier, Rival, Bourdillon, Stéhélin, De la Guiffardière, and Saurin.

DANIEL CHAMIER was born at Beaumont, in 1661. He was educated at Die and Geneva. His great grandfather was the Daniel Chamier whom, for his Protestant zeal, Henry the Fourth of Navarre had termed one of those "hard skulls that nothing works upon, with a heart that neither threat nor promise could move." One of his cousins was, for his faith, broken on the wheel in front of his father's house, and when offered his life if he would recant, "il rejetta cette proposition avec beaucoup de courage."[15]

In 1680, Daniel left College and returned home to Montelimart. Five years later, he fled before the storm of persecution to Neuchatel. Here he received

ordination, and was married to Anne Françoise, daughter of Huet, minister of Neuchatel. In March, 1691, he started for London, where he arrived two months later. He ministered for two years at Glasshouse Street, and then opened and consecrated the new church at Leicester Fields, where his ministry lasted for five years. During this time, he lost two of his baby sons, described by him, the one as "handsome in person," and the other "as a very beautiful boy." He founded, with Lyons and De la Motte, the Church of the Tabernacle.

In 1698, he died, aged thirty-seven years, leaving a widow and two children, a son and a daughter. He preached in Leicester Fields Chapel on the very day the fever seized him. A sister of his, named Madeleine, writing to Chamier's surviving son, says: "He preached with much power, saying that a sinner should not delay to seek God till the day of adversity or the end of his life; that we knew not at what time God would summon us—*perhaps* (he added) *among those now hearing me there are some who are soon to die—perhaps, I, who am speaking, shall be of that number.*"* At the close of the service seven Refugees were received into the Church on making due profession of their faith. Chamier then visited and prayed with a sick man, from whom it is probable that he caught the fever. During his sickness he "spoke of nothing but good things," and at his funeral a thousand people testified by their presence the honour and love they bore him.

* I have used Agnew's translation.

Pierre Rival was born at Bearn, and was minister at Salies. In 1694, he came to Leicester Fields to supply the vacancy occasioned by Coulon's death. He subsequently became the King's Chaplain at S. James's. He was married, in 1704, at Leicester Fields, to Jeane Cassenave, of Castres. Here is the record of the happy event as given in the register:

Le Samedy 18 Mar 1704 a été celebré le mariage de Pierre Rival ministre de cette Eglise et de Jeanne Casenave Castres, en vertu d'une licence, par Mr de La Motte, dans les formes prescrittes par l'Eglise Anglicane.

Rival does not seem to have got on very well with his congregation for some time previous to his departure. When he left, the following epigram was written at his expense:—

Leicesterfields offre au Ciel une riche Hecatombe,
Il exauce aujourd'hui tes voeux:
Il te delivre enfin de ton cheval Fougueux,
Et te donne en sa place une Sainte Colombe.* [16]

The following year he began a paper war with A. Du Bourdieu, which lasted for many years. In 1716, he published a tract to prove his loyalty to King George the First, from which we learn that he had been employed, during the years immediately following his arrival in England, on important affairs of State. In the preface to this tract, he thus addresses his former flock:—

"Do me the goodness to receive it" (*i.e.* the tract) "with favour, and as a mark of the tender attachment I shall have all my life for everything that

* St. Colombe was Rival's successor.

concerns you. Yes, God is my witness that I love you with a hearty affection in Jesus Christ." He closes with these words, "As for me, I am, with regard to you, all that I was when you were my flock; and so long as I live, I shall remain, with much gratitude, zeal, and respect, my very dear brothers, your very humble and very obedient servant and brother *in our Lord*, P. Rival."

There is a ring of earnestness about these words that makes us think the fault could not have been altogether on the side of the pastor.

Jacob Bourdillon was minister at Leicester Fields Chapel thirty-eight years. His parents were resident at Berry, whence they escaped to Geneva. It is said that the Bourdillon family is flourishing at this day, and has furnished many pastors. When he began to preach at Leicester Fields the church was crowded; but he preached the sermon in honour of the jubilee of his ministry, in the church of the Artillery, Spitalfields, to empty pews.[17]

Jean Pierre Stéhélin was born in 1688. He was minister of La Patente, Soho. In 1736 he came to Leicester Fields, where he ministered until his death seventeen years later. In the *Scots Magazine* for July 2nd, 1753, there is the following obituary notice:—

At London, aged 65, Mr. John Peter Stehelin, F.R.S., Minister of the French Church near Leicester Fields. He made himself a perfect master of the seventeen languages following, viz., Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, French, German, Italian, Danish, Dutch, Coptic, Armenian, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldean, Gothic, Old Tudesco or Druid, Anglo Saxon, besides Spanish, Portuguese and Welch.

Charles de la Guiffardière is known to us chiefly from the diary of Frances Burney, who lived towards the close of the eighteenth century, with her father, Dr. Burney, in Sir Isaac Newton's house, in S. Martin's Street. Miss Burney was one of the ladies of the Court of Queen Charlotte, and has given us some curious and interesting glimpses of Court life in the reign of George the Third. De la Guiffardière, who appears in the diary as Mr. Turbulent, used to read French with the Princesses, and even with the Queen herself.

He was much in Miss Burney's society, and has had to pay the penalty of associating with a fair and talkative diarist. He appears to have been a man of exceptional ability and easy morality; subject to fits of deep depression followed by outbursts of reckless gaiety. It is not easy to understand him. His faith was probably as changeful as his mood. He could forgive the sins of others, perhaps because he had already learnt to forgive his own. "Sweetness and sensibility" he supposes often to be the sinner's "sole source of misconduct." He was fond of mock heroic, and once fell on both knees before Miss Burney to dedicate himself to her in the name of "Jupiter, Juno, Mars and Hercules, and every god and every goddess." He once prevented the Princess Augusta from leaving the room because she said she did not like French plays, and astonished Miss Burney at his temerity when he hinted that the royal lady's affections were in Denmark.

He had been married some years to a "sensible,

amiable, and gentle" lady, but this union did not limit his gallantries in other quarters. "If I had known you," he once said to Miss Burney, "il y a quinze ans, il y auroit en pour moi le plus grand danger du monde."[18] Perhaps this "rhodomontading" was harmless enough, but he was unwise in uttering, and she in transcribing what may have been after all no more than a pretty compliment. When his wife lay ill, he wrote to "Poor Peggy" as he called Miss Planta, Fanny Burney 's friend, "Si je la perds je me regarderai comme le plus malheureux des hommes,"[19] and I have no doubt he meant what he said. He was a great favourite with the Royal Family, and he could hardly have maintained his popularity had he been as bad as he was wont to represent himself. There is no doubt of his ability. Queen Charlotte said of him, "Nobody converses better than he; nobody has more general knowledge, nor a more pleasing and easy way of communicating it." The only question is as to his morality; and perhaps it would be better to leave the answer to that question to One whose judgment cannot err.

Jacques Saurin was born at Nismes, in 1677. Upon the Revocation of the Edict, his father, who was an eminent lawyer in that city, fled with little Jacques to Geneva, and shortly afterwards died there. In 1700 young Saurin, then in his twenty-third year, came to London. For five years (1701-1706) he was official minister of the Church at Threadneedle Street, and preached besides at various churches in

the metropolis. In 1705 he retired to a chaplaincy at the Hague. He died in 1730, aged 32.

The story of the early years of Saurin's life is deeply interesting. Before he was fifteen he entered the army, and it was then that doubts, begotten of the vanity of his life, began to trouble him concerning the Christian religion. When nearly nineteen he abandoned the profession of arms and took to study. One day he told his doubts to his tutor, who listened to him awhile in silence, and then said, "Young man, go as thy heart leads thee, but remember that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." From that moment Saurin became a new creature. He turned to his books with renewed zeal, and made such good use of the next few years, that by the time he was twenty-two he was able to enter the ministry.

Saurin was one of the world's great preachers. When Abbadie heard him, he cried, "Is it a man speaking or an angel?" Leclerc for a long time declined to hear him on the ground that fine language is not convincing, or ought not to be. At length he yielded to the persuasion of friends. He took care, before Saurin began to speak, to place himself where he could not see the preacher. At the close of the sermon, Leclerc was surprised to find that he had moved from his hiding-place to a spot where he *could* see the preacher. "To tell truth," says Weiss, "no preacher among the catholics or among the protestants could be compared to this sublime genius, whose inspiration is equalled only by that of the

ancient prophets, and of the most illustrious among the Fathers of the Church."

Let me draw a picture of the time of which I am writing, namely, the opening years of the eighteenth century.

It is Sunday morning in Leicester Fields, one of the most fashionable districts in London. A few years ago the French chapel stood alone, but now many other buildings have sprung into existence to keep it company. Orange Street—so called after the Prince of Orange—has been opened only four or five years.* S. Martin's Street fronts Leicester Fields, and falls into Hedge Lane.† The houses in it are very substantial, and one of them at least is honoured by the presence of a great man, and that is the corner house, next door to the chapel.

It is early yet, and nobody is astir. There is no sign of life at the windows of any of the great houses in the Fields; nor is there any at those of the houses that run southward and eastward in irregular, confusing lines. Leicester House stands grand and cheerless. For many years it was the home of the Sidneys, who were descended from Bryan de L'Isle, one of King John's counsellors, through the Greys and the Dudleys. The two sons of John Dudley were Guildford, who married Jane Grey, and Robert, Earl

* Sometime between 1686 and 1700.

† Strype, in 1720, speaks of S. Martin's Street "fronting upon Leicester Fields, and falling into Hedge Lane; a handsome open place with very good buildings for the generality and well inhabited. At the upper end is Chapel Court, which hath a small passage through an entry into Green Street, against Leicester Fields."

ORANGE STREET CHAPEL, 1888.

With Sir Isaac Newton's House and S. Martin's Street.

of Leicester, favourite of Elizabeth. It was Philip, Leicester's nephew, who died, like the gallant gentleman he was, at the battle of Zutphen, a little more than a hundred years before the Refugees, who have given such life to the neighbourhood, fled from France and settled hereabout. At Leicester House, only twenty-six years before the French chapel was built, there passed away, on S. Valentine's eve, the hapless Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George the First, who for many years had been entertained by Lord Craven, faithful servant and brave soldier, at his house in Drury Lane. It was here in Leicester Fields that Peter the Great, half-a-dozen years ago, used to spend most of his nights, drinking with his friend Carmarthen. He was a great drinker. They say that he could put away a pint of brandy (he liked it spiced with pepper) and a bottle of sherry before mid-day dinner, and eight bottles of sack after that meal.

As the sun rises, its rays catch the gilded tops of church spires, and the steep, red roofs of houses; then, stealing lower, force a broken way through the streets, courts, and alleys that intersect in narrow slits the great blocks of buildings. Gradually the chilly twilight gives place to the warm, mellow light of day; the deep silence to an indescribable stir and bustle. A night-capped head appears at a window; a pair of blue eyes look, sleepily yet anxiously, upward at the narrow strip of sky between the roofs; a pair of red lips part for a moment in a sleepy yawn; the white night-cap, with blue eyes

and red lips—the national tricolour—slowly disappears. A bell rings; and before the sound of it has quite died away, a cock in a neighbouring yard, suddenly awaking to a sense of duty, gives vent to a prolonged cock-a-doodle-doo. Somebody laughs. A door opens with a sharp click and plaintive squeak, and closes with a sudden bang.

Feet are heard in the echoing streets; and voices, loud and angry. We run in anxious haste to see what is the matter. A few moments later we come back laughing behind our hands. My lord Bittlepen, returning from a carouse with Sir Thomas Buckram, and somewhat heated with wine, declines to pay the chairmen for carrying him home. Importunated, his lordship draws sword and swears he will stick them like pigs. Whereat the chairmen run as if possessed across the Fields, and his lordship, overbalancing, falls into a muck heap. With some difficulty he is extricated, a sorry sight to see, and is placed again in the chair, soiling it not a little, for which damage he must needs pay, we suppose, not less than fourteen shillings.

Meantime, the city has become broad awake. The bells are ringing all good people to church. A faint odour, growing very strong and unpleasant as the sun gains power, greets one everywhere. It is barely forty years since the great Plague swept over our city; in spite of which and the hundred thousand of our friends it swept away with it, we have not yet learnt the habit of cleanliness. But the habit of godliness we have acquired right well; so

we tuck our prayer-books under our arms and start for church. Where shall we go? To S. Martin's, of course. Nay, let us play truant to-day. They say there is a great preacher at the French chapel in Leicester Fields. Let us go there.

More easily said than done, however. By the time we reach Chapel Court, we have abandoned all idea of getting in, so great is the crowd. But, on a sudden, the doors open, and we are swept into the building. In a few minutes every available square foot of space is occupied. People are standing in the aisles and sitting on the steps of the pulpit. A large number, unable to gain admission, press round the open door.

As we enter, somebody starts singing a Psalm, and the congregation, after a moment's pause, take it up heartily. The tune is simple, in spite of which it drags a little, and we can detect two distinct waves of sound, one following rapidly on the other. But there is something inexpressibly grand about this unaccompanied congregational singing. The music of all these human voices is undoubtedly impressive, but it is something more than the mere music that impresses us. These people are singing with their hearts. Their eyes flash, their lips flutter, the light of enthusiasm shines visibly in their faces. An old man near us, with hair as white as snow falling on his shoulders, courteously offers us a book. It is Clement Marot's version of the Psalms, and this is what these people are singing:

Rendez à Dieu louange et gloire,
Car il est benin et clement :
Qui plus est, sa bonté notoire,
Dure perpetuellement.

Qu' Israël ores se recorde,
De chanter solennellement,
Que sa grande misericorde
Dure perpetuellement.

La maison d'Aaron ancienne,
Vienne tout haut presentement,
Confesser que la bonté sienne
Dure perpetuellement.

Tous ceux qui du Seigneur ont crainte,
Viennent aussi chanter, comment
Sa bonté pitoyable et saincte
Dure perpetuellement.

Ainsi que j'etois en destresse,
En invoquant sa Majesté,
Il m'ouit, et de ceste presse
Me mit au large, à sauveté.

Le tout puissant qui m'ouit plaindre,
Mon party tousjours tenir veut
Qu'ay-je donc que faire de craindre,
Tout ce que l'homme faire peut ?

De mon costé il se retire,
Avec ceux qui me sont amis :
Ainsi, cela que je desire,
Je verray en mes ennemis.

Mieux vaut avoir en Dieu fiance,
Qu'en l'homme qui est moins que riens :
Mieux vaut avoir en Dieu fiance,
*Qu'aux Princes et grands terriens.**

* Psalm 118. Œuvres de C. Marot, 1597-9 p. 126.

No wonder they are moved so deeply. They are singing facts, not words. They have found it better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes; they have realised how good the Lord is to them that trust Him; it is with them a matter of personal experience that His mercy endureth for ever. It will be long before that triumphant chorus ceases to ring in our ears.

Meanwhile a minister has entered. It is Ezechiel Barbauld, who, they say, escaped to England hidden in a cask. The moment the Psalm is finished, he invites the congregation, in a set form of words, to unite with him in confessing their sins, which they all do with bowed heads. Barbauld then gives out another Psalm and reads a few lines, and the congregation begin to sing at the point where the minister left off reading. Some curious things happen during these short devotional exercises. More than once, the minister, who appears to have a cold, turns round and vigorously blows his nose; in which exercise he is followed, whether out of compliment or not it is difficult to say, by many of the worshippers.*

* This custom, incredible as it may seem, is vouched for by Anna Lœtitia Aiken, wife of Rochemont Barbauld, probably Ezechiel's grandson. To her clever description of this curious practice of nose-blowing at a church in Geneva in 1785, she adds, "and a glorious concert it is, for the weather is already severe, and people have got colds." She even insinuates that the minister, when preaching, takes advantage of these occasional interruptions to refresh his memory from his manuscript sermon placed conveniently behind him!

We feel inclined to laugh profanely, but with some difficulty suppress the inclination. The Frenchmen are deeply in earnest in this as in every other part of the service. Indeed they behave themselves so reverently that we are astonished; for it is not our wont so to restrain ourselves during Divine Service, although, since the Revolution, things are improved in that direction. Mr. Pepys has put it on record in his diary that, forty years ago,* King Charles the Second himself laughed in White Hall Chapel because the Anthem was "ill sung," and declares that he saw the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, and my Lady Castlemaine, "talk to one another very wantonly" through the curtains that divided them; also that on Christmas Day, when Bishop Morley in "a poor sermon but long" reprehended "the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days. . . . they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill-actions and courses." Therefore we are somewhat surprised, and perhaps a little conscience-stricken to see how devout these foreigners are.

A curious place, this French Chapel; rather small, very plain. There are great dusty cushions on the desks, bulky books resting in fat contentment on them. The worshippers hang their hats in every conceivable place. There is a double row of the three-cornered things, seemingly suspended on nothing, all around the outside of the gallery; and

* Sept. 14, 1660.

every window-niche and every pillar are profusely adorned with them.

Presently there occurs a short pause, and a hush of expectancy falls upon the congregation. All eyes follow the figure of a youthful minister as he slowly ascends the pulpit stairs. When he turns to us and breaks the intense silence with the words "Let us pray," we know that we are in the presence of the great preacher SAURIN. It is a wonderful prayer that he offers. "O Lord our God and Father," he begins, "Thou seest us prostrate in Thy presence to render the homage due to Thy Majesty, to confess our sins to Thee, and to implore Thy favour." But the voice of the preacher is so musical that our attention is drawn again and again from the matter to the manner of the prayer. Yet we have a clear conception of the general tenour of it, and some phrases are heard never to be forgotten: "O Lord, though our sins and miseries depress us, yet Thy mercy lifts us up. Thou art a God merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abundant in goodness. . . . We have always need of Thine assistance. . . . Suffer us not to labour in vain. . . . We pray for all these blessings in the name of Thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord."*

The prayer over, the preacher puts on his hat. Looking round, we are amazed to find that pillars and galleries have been stripped of their appendages and that every man sits with his hat on. We remember now to have heard before of this donning

* Robinson's translation.

of hats during sermon. Complaints were made by occasional visitors to the French churches, and some of the clergy were willing to conform to English usage in this particular, but "others pulled their hats over their eyes more than ever." Saurin begins to preach, and every eye is fixed on him. He is a mere youth. He has no hair on his face. He wears gown and cassock, after the manner of the French clergy. There is something singularly impressive about him. We are struck by the beauty of his features. His face is perfectly oval, and stands out of his great wig like a picture out of a frame.

Among the hundreds of faces turned to the preacher, there are not a few whose features are known well enough to the town. That magnificently dressed lady, splendid with diamonds and lace, and redolent of the choicest perfume, is no other than Lady Sutherland, concerning whom Queen Anne wrote to the Princess of Orange, "She runs from church to church after the famousest preachers, and keeps such a clatter with her devotions that it really turns one's stomach." Yonder old man, with his loose neckcloth and many-buttoned open coat and flowing white hair, is the Warden of the Mint. His face is comely and mild, yet impressed with deepest thought; his manner sedate, yet humble. He is a great man. His name is Isaac Newton, soon, they say, to be knighted by Her Majesty.

By his side sits a beautiful young girl, who is watching with intense interest all that is taking place. She is Catherine Barton, Newton's niece, destined,

with the help of Lady Betty Germaine, to tease with her "Whiggish discourse"* poor susceptible Dean Swift, who, indeed, confessed, "I love her better than anybody else and see her seldomer. Why really now, so it often happens in the world that when one loves a body best—psha! psha! you are so silly with your moral observations;" † destined, too, to be toasted thus at many a gallant gathering:

> Beauty and Wit strive each in vain
> To vanquish Bacchus and his train;
> But Barton with successful charms
> From both their quivers drew her arms;
> The roving god his sway resigns,
> And cheerfully submits his vines.

On the other side of Isaac Newton sits his friend and colleague, Abraham De Moivre, Fellow of the Royal Society and eminent mathematician. He is a Refugee himself and has had to suffer for his faith. Coming to London, nearly twenty years ago, penniless and friendless, he called on Newton, and, while waiting for an interview lighted upon a copy of the *Principia*, and was so fascinated by it that he tore out and pocketed certain leaves of the book he was too poor to buy. Newton thinks so highly of his friend that he is accustomed to say when questioned about his own teaching, "Go to De Moivre; he knows better than I do."

But we cannot afford more than a hurried look at the congregation: our attention is absorbed by the preacher. Turning the hour-glass at his side, he

* Letter to *Stella*. † Ib.

begins to speak in a low tone, now and again pausing and scrutinising the faces of his hearers as if to be sure they are following him. But as he warms to his subject he forgets to pause. His eyes flash; his voice is in turn threatening and persuasive, loud and low. Now it thunders like a cataract; now it ripples like a summer stream. The audience catch the fire of his enthusiasm. They make no sound; their silence is almost painful; but their eager eyes, dilated nostrils, parted lips, tell plainly the effect of the preacher's words upon them. Suddenly Saurin stops with the question:

Do they not tell you in manner most certain that there is no communion between righteousness and unrighteousness, between light and darkness, between Christ and Belial?

Dead silence. It is as if the very hearts of his hearers had ceased to beat.

Let us renounce our illusions. Let us accept that religion that Jesus Christ gave us, whatsoever violence it may do to our passions. Let us do, in thankfulness to Jesus Christ, what Jesus Christ did for us in love, in compassion, in pity. What did Jesus Christ do for us? Can you be ignorant? If you *are* still ignorant, come to learn about it next Wednesday. He offered His body as a sacrifice. He said when He came into the world, "In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the Book it is written of Me) to do Thy will, O God. The blood of bulls and the ashes of the heifer cannot cleanse the conscience of men. Sacrifices cannot suffice to satisfy justice armed against their crimes; and all these victims that poor mortals slay upon Thy altars, cannot snatch them from the flames eternal into which their sins have hurled them: My blood alone can save them; Lo, I am here, ready to shed it. Great God, it is only My cross that can reconcile them to Thee. Behold I am ready to bear it." O depths of mercy! O the length and depth and

height, to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge! We also, Christians, in the strength of our gratitude, let us say to God: "O God, this outward worship that is rendered to Thee in these congregations, these Temples built to Thy glory, these hymns sung to Thine Honour, this return of solemn Feasts—all this is little worthy of Thy Majesty; Thou art a Spirit, and they that worship Thee must worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Lo, I come, O God, to do Thy will. I have passions that master me; I sacrifice them, great God. I have wicked habits that enslave me; I will root them out to please Thee. I am unruly in temper and capricious in mood; I will bend them to Thy laws. I have a soul disputed for by the maxims of Thy Gospel and by those of the world; I will make the maxims of the world yield to those of the Gospel. There is my religion—there my inner worship and my sacrifices; a spirit henceforth wholly occupied in knowing Thee; a heart burning with Thy love; a mouth destined to celebrate Thy praises—these are my offerings and my victims." May God inspire us with all these feelings. To Him be honour and glory for ever! Amen. [20] [21].

The service is over. The congregation streams into the streets. Gallants, adorned with ample wigs and flowered satin coats, sword on one side and gold-headed cane slung to the wrist on the other, elbow lawyers and physicians, merchants and artizans. Small boys, not yet in their 'teens, the counterpart of their gallant fathers even to sword, silk stockings, and buckled shoes, swagger their infant way down the narrow court. There is a loud cry from all sides of "Coach!" and "Chair!" Very soon there is left no vestige of this or any other congregation; for London, from Queen to sempstress, from Duke to carpenter, is taking its Sunday dinner.

The years of the eighteenth century passed slowly by, bringing many changes. The neighbourhood of Leicester Fields became more distinguished than

ever. Here Hogarth, a poor apprentice, used to wander up and down in the sunshine, with his master's child in his arms. Here, in later years, the "little bustling man, with a face more lively than refined, a sort of knowing jockey look,"* used to walk in his sky-blue coat, seeking subjects for his great pictures. From 1710 to 1727 Newton and Catherine Barton lived in S. Martin's Street, and drew with irresistible magnetism all the beauty, learning and wit of the reigns of Anne and George the First. "Hither came for scientific converse or official counsel, Mead and Arbuthnot, Halley and Gregory, Wren and De Moivre, Bentley and Whiston, Sloane and Clarke, Butler and Burnet; but hither also Halifax and Harley, Swift and St. John, Addison and Prior, Gay and Congreve, Bathurst and Chesterfield, Lady Betty Germaine and the Duchess of Queensbury."† In this same house, towards the end of the century, lived the musician Dr. Martin Burney, and his daughter Frances, the popular novelist. To this long list of eminent names we must add two more, John Hunter, physiologist and surgeon, and Joshua Reynolds, painter. Both lived in Leicester Fields, and did some of the best work of their lives there.

Meantime, in sad contrast to the vigorous life around it, the French Church at Leicester Fields was slowly dying. The great crowds of the early years of the century had dwindled to a mere

* Leigh Hunt, *The Town*. † Tom Taylor, *Leicester Square*.

handful of people. The French Refugees were gradually becoming one with the English people. Jacob Bourdillon,* in his Jubilee sermon, preached five years before the French left Leicester Fields Chapel, tells us that fifty-two pastors were dead since the opening of the century, and that of the twenty new churches erected for the Refugees only eleven were still existing. For a few years, however, the French congregation struggled bravely on, glad enough of the few pounds paid to them for the partial use of the chapel by Toplady and others. But in 1787 they could hold out no longer, and entered into the Church of Le Quarré. Even then they were determined to sell their independence as dearly as possible, and stipulated that their last minister, De Lescure, should hold, at Le Quarré, a special service every Sunday evening for the remnant of the Leicester Fields congregation. This was done until 1806, when Lescure died.

The French Refugees had worshipped in Leicester Fields Chapel nearly a hundred years. As babes they had been baptised at its font, as lovers they had been married at its altar. What it cost them to leave the old place one does not like to think. But necessity knows no law; they were forced to go. Curiously enough, however, French services continued to be held at intervals (though not by the Leicester Fields congregation) on the ground floor of Newton's house; and even as late as 1878 a

* See Appendix.

French day school and congregation under the care of M. Barbier used to meet in the same place. But now, even these remnants of the past are gone, and the Huguenots are as a forgotten dream. No more they throng the narrow streets; no more they crowd the Temple to hear the Gospel of Peace. Their very names are forgotten. Who among us think of them as we hasten through these purlieus of West London? How bravely they endured! How faithfully they lived! How nobly they died! Who of us think of these things? Must we echo the words of the preacher and say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity?" Surely not. They are dead, truly; but, being dead, they yet speak to us; and this is the burden of their message:—

HE THAT SHALL ENDURE TO THE END, THE SAME SHALL BE SAVED.

CHAPTER IV.

His consciousness of good—will it desert
The good man? Yea, even in his darkest hours
Still doth he war with darkness and the powers
Of darkness, for the light he cannot see
Still round him feels, and if he be not free,
Struggles against this strange captivity.—*Goethe.*

AS Orange Street Chapel is connected with the great Protestant Revival in France at the end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth, so it is connected with the great Evangelical Revival in England at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.

William of Orange died in 1702. He was succeeded by Anne. During this Queen's reign of twelve years English Protestantism in her person was engaged in a terrible struggle with Roman Catholicism in the persons of *Le Grand Monarque* in France and the Pretender in England. Things were not much better when George the First ascended the throne. James the Third and his son constantly threatened invasion, and although the threats were idle enough, they served to keep up the bitterness of feeling between Catholics and Protestants.

This constant rivalry between the two Churches gave an appearance of vitality to religion in England that it did not really possess. As a matter of fact, religious life scarcely existed. In spite of the

brilliance of the age, and the lofty morality of many, the fact remains that the aims of the great bulk of Englishmen were utterly selfish, and their lives vulgar and mean.

One of the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) gave England a "Monopoly of Slaves to Spanish Colonies," and was but one of the outcomes of the doctrine of elevation of the few at the expense of the many that was eating into the heart of English society.

The uses of steam and electricity were unknown. The roads were badly kept and infested with highwaymen. To send a letter even a couple of miles out of London was an expensive matter. There were no newspapers, if we except such leaflets as that of Dean Swift, which was not cheap and could be very nasty. The streets at night were dark, and unprotected, save by the watchmen, who called out the hours of the night between their tipples. In some country places there were no schools of any kind; Sunday schools were everywhere unknown.

The churches were neglected by rich and poor alike. Burnet thought the ruin of the Church of England imminent; Secker declared the age openly irreligious; Butler added his testimony to the prevalent unbelief. Many of the clergy were infidel and profligate. Drunkenness, adultery, fornication, duelling, were regarded certainly not as vices, perhaps hardly as failings. Virtuous women were as rare as good parsons; but examples of both classes were highly prized wherever found. Catherine

Barton was one of these pearls of great price, and Voltaire found it so incredible a thing that a woman should be chaste that he tried his best to soil her fair fame. One cannot but believe with Montesquieu that there was "no religion in England," and, therefore, one might add, no morality.

But suddenly Wesley and Whitefield appeared upon the scene, preaching Christ for everyone, no priest but the sinner, no altar but the human heart. Such teaching broke down all clerkly traditions of vicarious confession and forgiveness, and while striking a blow at priestly arrogance, declared all members of the spiritual Church a priesthood, who bow only to a power within yet above them, the Spirit of Christ Himself. And under the influence of this blessed teaching, the heart of England began to warm again, and she awoke from her cold trance. Men began to feel frightened at their selfishness and unbelief; the conviction began to steal upon them that they were their brothers' keepers. This conviction, sinking deep into their hearts, could find its true expression only in leading to One who "was rich, yet *for our sakes* became poor." Hence, it was left to such awakened and earnest men to restore to a wondering world the picture of a Saviour crucified for the sins of men. Rationalism had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Its poison had worked through the veins of Society to her very heart. When, in the State, thrones tottered and fell; when, in the Home, golden virtue was but a fringe for the garment of vice; when, in

the Church, the Cross was buried under a mighty heap of mystic nonsense and rationalistic rubbish; little marvel that men, burning with love for lost humanity and spurred by duty to redeem the lost, swore that, so help them God, they would raise aloft the fallen standard of the Christian faith, and be a voice crying in the wilderness, "Repent, repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

In 1776 the friends of Toplady secured Leicester Fields Chapel for the evenings of Sunday and Wednesday. The building was licensed by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, and the new era began.

Augustus Montague Toplady was born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4th, 1740. His father, who was a Major in the army, died on duty at Carthagena, soon after the birth of his only child. His mother was a good woman, who seems to have comforted herself in the loss of her husband by loving devotion to her son. Young Toplady went to Westminster School, and to Trinity College, Dublin.[22] One day he happened into a barn where a man named Morris was preaching. Twelve years later he wrote in his diary, "It was from that passage* that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God." Having taken orders, he became curate of Blagdon in Somersetshire. Shortly afterwards he was presented to the livings of Harpford and Fen (or Venn) Ottery, Devonshire.

In 1768 he exchanged Harpford for Broad

* Eph. 2 13.

REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, B.A.

Hembury, a village about ten miles distant, and was passing rich on eighty pounds a year. He soon became very popular. In his diary he speaks of his congregations as "exceeding numerous," "exceeding great," "exceeding large." He deserved his popularity, for he was as good as he was eloquent. God was very real to him. "The Lord favoured me with some gracious outgoings of affection towards himself. . . The Lord was with me in the discharge of my ministry. . . O my faithful God, bless the word spoken." Such expressions would be affected from the lips of some men; with Toplady they are the outcome of splendid faith. His fame soon reached London, and he was flooded with invitations to preach in the City churches.

Wherever he did so he drew overflowing congregations. "What a shame, my brethren," said Thomas Oliver of the Foundry, "that an Antinomian preacher should have so many people to hear him, while I, who preach the pure Gospel, was forced but now, to wait a considerable time for my congregation, and, after waiting long, to begin to eighteen or twenty people." Poor Thomas!

But a greater than Oliver was sharpening his weapons of war, and that was John Wesley himself. Into the prolonged paper battle that ensued, it is useless to enter. Blame was on both sides. Wesley was violent, Toplady was coarse. In the desire of each to defend his own view of the Christian Faith, each seemed to forget that the practical outcome of that Faith ought to be Love.

For two years Toplady preached at various London churches, among others at S. Ann's, Blackfriars, for Romaine; at the Lock Chapel for Martin Madan, at S. Mildred's in the Poultry, and at Westminster Chapel. Then he came to Orange Street, where he ministered for two years and three months.

About this time he published a collection of hymns. A few were from his own pen. "Rock of Ages" is, of course, the best known of these; and perhaps the least known is one from which the following stanza is taken:—

> What tho' my frail eyelids refuse
> Continuing watching to keep,
> And punctual as midnight renews
> Demand the refreshment of sleep;
> A sov'reign Protector I have,
> Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
> Unchangeably faithful to save,
> Almighty to rule and command.

Toplady was in miserable health when he came to Orange Street, although he was only thirty-six years of age; and during the next two years he gradually grew worse. In the beginning of 1778 he was in rapid consumption. In a letter written to the Countess of Huntingdon the previous summer, he tells her ladyship he is "much wasted," but "very cheerful and very easy and very happy; and I am therefore happy because I have the King's presence, and because his sweet Spirit assures me that my anchor is cast within the veil."

On Easter Day he began to preach from the words, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead

body shall they arise," but became too hoarse to continue. He preached for four more Sundays, but with terrible expenditure of his failing strength. Face to face with death, his trust was unshaken. "I am enabled," he says, "to be more than resigned; I am thankful for His every dispensation, knowing them to be all ordered in faithfulness and love." With a mind thus at peace he retired to Knightsbridge.

While here a report was started that he was anxious before he died to recant his religious views in the presence of Wesley. People believed it, as they will believe anything; but Toplady determined to undeceive them. Warned of the danger he ran, he replied, "A good man* once said he would rather wear out than rust out, and I would rather die in the harness than in the stall." So he came to London.

During his absence, "beloved Mr. Shirley," and Venn, that "first-rate messenger of Christ," as he called these friends of his, had occupied the pulpit at Orange Street. Dr. Illingworth, who had been with Conyers in Yorkshire, was now curate at Orange Street; and it was after the evening sermon by this gentleman, on June 14th, that Toplady, to everybody's amazement, ascended the pulpit, and giving out the text, "Yea, I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle to stir you up by putting you in remembrance, knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as the Lord Jesus hath

* Whitefield.

showed me," told his weeping hearers that his days were numbered, but that his trust was in God. "I am everyday," he said, "in view of dissolution. And, in the fullest assurance of my eternal salvation . . . am waiting, looking, and longing for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." He did not need to wait long. On Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, Toplady died. He was buried in Tottenham Court Chapel, under the gallery opposite the pulpit,* in Mr. Hussey's grave, thirteen feet deep. The funeral was kept as private as possible, yet thousands of mourners attended. Rowland Hill, whose eccentricities used to puzzle and grieve Toplady, spoke a few honest words over the coffin of his friend.

Wesley is said to have declared that Toplady died blaspheming, which proves that Hamlet was right when he said, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." For Toplady's life was a holy one. To him to live was Christ; to die was gain. He walked with God, and was not, for God took him. We may quarrel with the theologian; we must love the man.

At his death an admirer wrote an elegy, in which Gabriel is supposed to say to Michael:—

> 'Tis true, he was indeed
> A burning and a shining light; set up
> By heavenly power to lead the ransomed race
> Safe thro' the darkness which o'ershades the land.

Toplady was catholic in his sympathies. "Would

* The gallery has since been moved further back. Toplady's grave is therefore near the middle of the chapel.

to God," he once said, "that the nasty party walls, which separate the Lord's people from each other below, were everyone of them thrown down"; and a short time before his death he denounced from his pulpit the persecution of Papists, a fashionable amusement at that time.

He was no ascetic. People were surprised, after his death, to find, among his manuscripts, papers advocating the use of theatres, cards, and other amusements.

He was on the most intimate and affectionate terms with his congregation. His letters and diary abound in references to "the dear people at Orange Street," to whom he had "the happiness and the honour to minister."

His was a noble nature. As feeble as a child, he was bold as a lion. He was transparently honest, unchanging in friendship, more generous than he could afford to be, an enthusiastic Christian, and a true gentleman. He had his moments of humour, too. He once turned into Wesley's book room. "In the course of my stay I took out my snuff-box. Mr. Cownley asked for a pinch. As I held it to him I said with a smile, 'Is not it against the law of this place for a believer to take snuff?' Mr. Cownley huddled the matter up by alleging that he was troubled with a headache."

He was on intimate terms with Johnson, and sums the Doctor's character in the following terms:—

If he likes his company, no man is more affable and communicative. If he meets with a coxcomb, he is sure of taking him

down without mercy. Or, if people of sense affront him, he discovers very great and quick sensibility, and generally makes them pay dear for their temerity; for his proofs are weighty with sentiment, and his repartees cuttingly smart.

In the pulpit he was dignified and serious, with grace of manner, sweetness of voice, quickness of eye. He exercised a peculiar fascination over his audience. They became his mirror, reflecting his varying moods of sorrow or joy. At Orange Street he was at his best, his sermons there, being "in a particular manner heavenly and enchanting." Here are a few extracts from his manuscripts:—

It is not necessary to be timid in order to be meek. There is a false meekness as well as a false charity. . . . The conduct of our Lord Himself and of the first disciples on various occasions demonstrated that it is no part of Christian candour to hew mill stones with a feather.

* * * *

When I read the eighth Psalm I form to myself an idea of David the stripling, and I think I see him watching his flocks on a summer night under the expanded canopy of the skies. The air is still. The heavens are serene. The moon, arrived at the full, is pursuing her majestic silent course. The stars (like peeresses on a coronation solemnity), assume their brightest robes to attend the beauteous sovereign of the night, while both moon and stars concur to shed a soft undazzling lustre on the subjacent landscape.

* * * *

If our views of God, and Christ, and Heaven, are dim and languid, still He abideth faithful and cannot deny Himself. Not upon our frames but upon the adorable Giver of them is all our safety built. If we cannot follow Him in the light, God help us to follow Him in the dark; and if we cannot follow Him so, let us fall down at His feet and sink into nothing under the feeling of our vileness. They who are enabled thus to fall shall be raised in due time.

Toplady was succeeded at Orange Street by Cecil and Foster.

Richard Cecil was born in Chiswell Street, London, November 8th, 1748. His father was a scarlet-dyer to the East India Company, and a Churchman. His mother was a Dissenter. In his early days he was as gay and thoughtless as most young men. When a mere boy he took a trip to France (there were no Cook's excursions in those days!) to see the galleries, and would have gone to Rome had funds permitted.

He was a bit sceptical, as became a lad of æsthetic tastes; and little wonder, for all the fashionable world was at that time petting Hume and idolising Voltaire. But he grew morbid and then utterly despairing. One sleepless night he lay a-thinking of his mother, who was very happy in her simple faith. He tried to pray, but it was only "Words, words, words." "Now," said he, "this Christ have I ridiculed; He stands much in my way, and can form no part in my prayer."

He was so distressed that he resolved to lead a new life. Like many young converts he imagined this new life to be outward rather than inward; and so he gave up music and painting, and moped. His father, fearful of his joining the Methodists, sent him to Queen's College, Oxford. Contrary to the usual custom, he took orders before he graduated.

After serving as curate in Lincoln and Leicester, he accepted two livings in Lewes, of the joint value of eighty pounds a-year, and there he met John

Townsend. But the place was damp and Cecil was delicate; so he came up to London and officiated at Orange Street Chapel.

His colleague was HENRY FOSTER, son of a shalloon manufacturer in Yorkshire, also of Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated ten years before Cecil. The Bishop of London ordained him. Newton, the poet Cowper's friend, wanted him to become his curate at Olney, but Foster declined with thanks. He was minister at Orange Street Chapel and lecturer at S. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate Street, curate of S.S. Andrew and Anne, and finally vicar of S. James's, Clerkenwell.

JOHN EYRE also assisted Cecil at Orange Street. He came from Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca. He had been Cecil's curate at Lewes; and Cadogan's at S. Giles's, Reading, and S. Luke's, Chelsea. He was one of the founders of Hackney College, and the minister of Ram's Chapel, Homerton, for many years.*

I extract the following from the eighty-fifth report of Hackney College, partly because it is typical of the rise of many similar Christian institutions of this time, and partly to show the reader what rapid strides we Protestants of the nineteenth century have made in the science of sectarianism. John Eyre was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the fact that he chose a Dissenting minister for

* There is a portrait of this gentleman in the library of Hackney College.

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the first tutor of his new institution is more convincing than many arguments could be of the real unity that existed in his time between Christians of various denominations. The italics are mine.

The beginnings of Hackney College must be traced back to the close of the last century, when the revival commenced by Whitfield and the Wesleys was spreading far and wide, and was manifesting itself in the spiritual quickening of many Christian people and in the origination of Missionary and other Societies, some of which have since become great in their world-wide usefulness and influence. This Institution, of which the Rev. John Eyre, of Homerton, was the first Treasurer and Superintendent, was begun in the spring of 1796, with the view of spreading the knowledge of Christ among the poor, by preaching the Gospel and teaching their children to read the Scriptures.

No mention made of what denomination the preachers were to be. Perhaps these Christians were benighted enough to suppose that it did not very much matter as long as they preached the Gospel!

In the autumn of 1802 Mr. Eyre, being desirous of increasing the usefulness of the Society and anxious that the preachers sent out by it should be better educated, conferred with the Rev. George Collison, then *pastor of the Independent Church* at Walthamstow, and previously assistant tutor at Hoxton Academy, and requested him to take upon himself the office of tutor. . . . Mr. Eyre and his little band of fellow-helpers then made arrangements for the commencement of the Seminary in the spring of 1803. He insisted on the lease of his own house in Well Street, Hackney, being accepted for the purpose. Mr. Charles Townsend, *a member of Mr. Eyre's congregation*, bequeathed £10,000, payable at his death; and Mrs. Mary Mather and Mr. Edward Hanson also promised liberal support to the Institution.

I do not think we have advanced much on this in a century. See, however, the ninth chapter.

Thomas Scott was a Lincolnshire farmer's son. He studied privately for several years, and entered the Church at the age of twenty-five. Having heard Newton described as "a Methodist and an enthusiast," Scott went to hear him, and when the famous divine referred his hearers to Acts xiii, 9-10, and began, "O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil," the young man was stricken to the heart, believing he was the person addressed. A correspondence ensued between the two clergymen, and in the end Scott himself became "a Methodist and an enthusiast," and subsequently succeeded Newton at Olney. He was an indefatigable worker. In his old age we find him studying Arabic and Susoo. Of him Dr. Carey wrote, "If there be anything of the work of God in my soul, I owe much of it to his preaching." In 1785 he came to London, and was lecturer at the Lock Hospital, at Orange Street Chapel, and at S. Margaret's, Lothbury. It was a walk of seven miles from his home to Lothbury and back, and the service began at six o'clock in the morning. The fee was seven and sixpence! In 1801 he was presented to the living of Aston Sandford, Bucks, and he died twenty years later. His name is best known as the author of a Commentary on the Bible.

In 1787 ministers and congregation moved in a body from Orange Street. The old French chapel was sadly out of repair, and unfit for public worship. The Huguenots, deprived of the income that had accrued to them since Toplady's time, could hold

their own no longer. The English went to Long Acre Chapel, where, thirty years before, Whitefield had preached to an accompaniment outside of "a copper furnace, bells, drums and clappers;" the French to Le Quarré Chapel, with Lescure, the last of their thirty-two ministers. Orange Street Chapel was closed.

Cecil and Foster were men of very different types; and one is apt to wonder how they contrived to get on together. Cecil was quick, emotional, eloquent; Foster, slow, practical, almost prosy. But these were accidental, not essential qualities. In their deeper life they were identical. The same faith strengthened them; the same passionate love thrilled them. God was very real to both, and neither thought it robbery that Christ should claim equality with God.

One is almost awed by the simple trust of these men. Cecil was very nearly killed in Oxford Street. His horse slipped and threw him. The wheel of a passing waggon crushed the hat he wore and escaped his head literally by a hair's breadth. Ever after, the dilapidated hat used to hang in the clergyman's study as a gentle reminder of God's good providence.

He used to go to Lothbury alternately with Scott at six o'clock on Sunday mornings. It was dark and cold, and footpads were about, but he remembered his mission and was not afraid.

Once he was attacked on East Grinstead Common by highwaymen, who demanded his name. When

he told them with child-like directness, one of them said, "Sir, I know you, and have heard you preach at Lewes. Let the gentleman's horse go."

Foster's experiences were different in kind, but not less interesting. Once he aided with money and counsel a poor fellow who needed both. Some time afterwards he heard that his protégé was in prison, and straightway went to see him. As soon as Foster appeared, the man commenced to excuse himself. "Sir," quoth Foster, "I do not now come to talk with you about religion: you are in distress, and I come to relieve you." Presently the prisoner began to lament his inability to give security for the money offered him. "Sir," said the clergyman, "I am not going to lend you money: I mean to give it," and forthwith wrote a cheque for the amount of the debt.

He supped invariably on bread and cheese. When preaching seventy miles from home, he strenuously declined an "elegant supper," and stuck to his simple fare. One likes to think of the steadfast man preaching in Newgate gaol to thieves and others, and keeping on with his sermon, although everybody was laughing, talking, or sleeping.

While still at Orange Street, Cecil was prevailed upon by Mrs. Wilberforce, aunt of the great Wilberforce, to take S. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, afterwards known as Baptist Noël's church. It was a great undertaking, but by dint of hard work the large building was soon crowded. Cecil was very delicate, but also very courageous; and his courage carried him through many difficulties that

robust men might have shrunk from. Towards the close of the century he fell very ill: the strain of London life was killing him. His friends prevailed upon him to accept the livings of Chobham and Bisley. He draws us a mournful picture of this new sphere of labour. "When I first came to Chobham, as I was sitting in the vestry, on hearing the noise and uproar of the boys, and the people in the gallery talking aloud to each other, I burst into tears, and felt with the prophet when he said, 'Can these dry bones live?'" He laboured in this parish for nearly ten years. When he left, the Spirit had entered into the bones, and they lived indeed.* In April of the last year of his life, he removed to Belle Vue, Hampstead, and there he died a few months later.

Some idea of his style may be gathered from the following extracts:—

I think you must often have remarked that the urgency and bustle of present things not only raise a cloud of dust before our present prospects, but early beget a false principle that the present life is the only one. You must also have observed that ten thousand false maxims, which daily fly through the world, take their rise from this prime falsehood. Whereas, in fact, the present life, instead of being the whole, is comparatively nothing—a stage, a porch, a dream, a weary day's journey. What is this drop to the ocean before us? what this moment to eternity? As a theatre, indeed, in which God exhibits the wonders of His providence and grace, or as a stage on which we are to act our parts without any opportunity of repetition, the present state is infinitely grand and important; but surely no greater imposition can be put upon the pilgrim than to per-

* A Mission Room, in memory of Cecil, was erected at Chobham in 1883.

suade him that he is at home, or to make him forget and drown his eternal interests in such a vision of the night as this life!

* * * *

A mouse that had lived all his life in a chest, says the fable, chanced one day to creep up to the edge, and peeping out exclaimed with wonder, "I did not think the world was so large!" The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant. It is a great point to know our place; for want of this a man in private life, instead of attending to the affairs in his "chest," is ever peeping out, and then he becomes a philosopher! He must then know everything, and presumptuously pry into the deep and secret counsels of God, not considering that man is finite, and has no faculties to comprehend and judge of the great scheme of things.

* * * *

Humiliation is the spirit of our dispensation—not a creeping, servile, canting humility; but an entire self-renunciation. The mystics often talk admirably on this subject. Pride is the most universal and inveterate of all vices. Every man is a proud man, though all are not equally proud. No sin harasses the Christian so much, nor accompanies him so unweariedly. Its forms of exhibiting itself are infinitely varied, and none are more common than the affectation of humility. The assumption of the garb of humility, in all its shades, is generally but the expression of a proud mind. Pride is the master-sin of the spirit; and the grace of God, in the whole tenor of our dispensation, is directed against it.

* * * *

By the patrons of livings Henry Foster seems to have been held in very high esteem. He did not lack preferment. Indeed, had he not been troubled with a tender conscience he could easily have lined his pockets. He declined the living of S. Dunstan's, and that of "the rich and fashionable village of Clapham," on purely *sentimental* grounds. In 1804 he was nominated for the second time to the living of S. James's, Clerkenwell, the other candidate

being the late curate. The election caused delirious excitement; scores of broadsides were discharged by both parties, who vilified and called each other names, and when they got a chance pounded one another. "With great regret and indignation," the curate's supporters stigmatised Foster as a Dissenter; "with sincere regret and reluctance" that they should have to deny such a statement, Foster's supporters did deny the horrid libel! Each side had no doubt of the success of their candidate! After whole days of polling, the curate, who had "a very feeble utterance," was defeated, and Foster came out victorious with a majority of fifty-eight votes.

His first sermon at S. James's is very characteristic. Here is an extract:—

> You know among men, when a person has acted such a part that their character is gone, none will look upon them; they have ruined themselves; they go to offer themselves for service, but what success can they hope for without character? If theirs is faithless, infamous, lewd, and everything that is bad, though they might be willing to enter into service, they cannot be accepted because they have lost their character. But it is not so with the blessed Jesus; he doth not upbraid the returning sinner, but saith, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

As soon as he was elected, he addressed a letter to his parishioners, in which he said, "My time and talents, such as they are, are yours." Never was word more truly kept. After ten years' faithful service Foster went to his rest. The rector of S. Swithin's preached the funeral sermon. Church and people were draped in deep mourning. In S. James's, on

the right side of the altar, there is a square marble tablet inscribed with these words:

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. HENRY FOSTER, M.A.,
MINISTER OF THIS PARISH
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 26, 1814
AGED 69 YEARS.
"*Brethren, the time is short.*"

CHAPTER V.

Sine caritate opus externum nihil prodest; quidquid autem ex caritate agitur, quantumcumque parvum sit et despectum, totum efficitur fructuosum. Magis siquidem Deus pensat, ex quanto quis agit, quam quantum facit. Multum facit, qui multum diligit. Multum facit, qui rem bene facit. Bene facit, qui magis communitati quam suæ voluntati servit.[23]—*Thomas à Kempis.*

SOON after the Huguenots left Orange Street, an attempt was made by "some persons" unknown to restore the English services; but the results were so disappointing, that after a very short time the Chapel was again closed.

It was at this time that friends of Charles de Coetlogan, assistant-chaplain at the Lock, arranged for him to come to Orange Street. Coetlogan was the son of a French doctor, and had known Rowland Hill at Cambridge. By means of a good deal of aristocratic influence and some ability he had become eminent. He subsequently was presented to the livings of Godalming and Godstone in Surrey. He seems to have preached several times at Orange Street Chapel, but hesitated to minister regularly until he had obtained the consent of the vicar of S. Martin's. Receiving a blank refusal from the vicar he declined to become minister. It was, perhaps, with recollection of this unhappy experience that he wrote, when an old man and still a minister of the Established Church—

I am not one of those who dream that real Christianity depends on any human institutions. It never did: it never will.

It stands upon its own foot. Whether it be the Religion of the multitude, and national or not national, or whatever be the forms of it in national establishments, *it is one and the same in itself*—firm and unalterable—and will undoubtedly remain so to the end of the world—whether owned or not owned by any public establishment; for though assaulted from every point of the Compass, "the Gates of Hell shall never prevail against it."

Nevertheless, he was a Churchman to the backbone. "The more critically," he says, "all these" (doctrines of the Church of England) "are investigated, the more clearly shall we discover that they are purified from the least stain of popish abomination." To which Dobson, a later minister of Orange Street Chapel, replied in 1829, "How can these things be asserted when it is notorious that the Book of Common Prayer consists almost entirely of translations from the mass book?"

Coetlogan having refused to become minister, Orange Street Chapel seemed doomed to extinction; but by the courage of its supporters, a new lease of life was granted to it. The Chapel was "parcelled into shares,"* an organ was erected, the Liturgy was introduced, and Townsend was invited to become minister.

John Townsend was born in Whitechapel, March 24th, 1757. He was brought up very strictly, being compelled to go through certain religious exercises, "which I tried to evade," he says, "by the most frivolous excuses." The death of a schoolfellow at

* Wilson, *Dissenting Churches.* He adds that the Chapel was "ticketed in the manner usual in places of this description," whatever that may mean.

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Christ's Hospital made a profound impression on him, and he began to think earnestly about religious matters. He was in the habit of accompanying a lay-preacher to the villages around London. One day this gentleman fell ill, and asked Townsend to take his place. After much hesitation the young man consented. "Such was my terror," he says, "that the pulpit shook beneath me." He preached for an hour, and then finding he was but half through his sermon, gave up in despair, He had a happy issue out of all these difficulties, however; for the indirect result of this first sermon of his was a call to a Church at Kingston at a salary of £60 a-year. He was ordained in 1781, and the same year he married Cordelia Cahusac.

After labouring at Kingston for about six years, he received an invitation to become evening preacher at Orange Street Chapel. He had already occupied the pulpit there (his being the first sermon preached in the Chapel after it was opened under the Toleration Act), on which occasion he took for his text Ephes. 1, 7: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace;" and a lady in the congregation, who had come to hear Rowland Hill, was so affected by the sermon, that she regarded it as the turning point in her life. This fact, which was communicated to Townsend, decided him to go to Orange Street. For thirty-nine years he faithfully fulfilled the duties of Pastor and Preacher in this Chapel, and from here "many are the jewels which will adorn his

crown of rejoicing in the great day of account." But his labours were not confined to Orange Street. He was the founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Congregational School; one of the originators of the *Evangelical Magazine;* and a promoter, with Bogue, Wilks, Eyre, and others, of the London Missionary Society, which came into existence six years before the close of the eighteenth century.

When John Townsend had determined to do a thing, he set about doing it with courage and devotion that were as rare as admirable. He had resolved to found an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and nothing could shake his resolution. He started a subscription, and managed to scrape together four guineas, one of which was given by himself. He and Henry Cox Mason, whom he used playfully to call Aaron, because he acted as spokesman, used to go round to the big houses to solicit subscriptions. They once called on a great surgeon. The man of medicine was sitting at a late breakfast attended by two footmen. When Aaron was only half through his story, he was interrupted with "Sir, I shall not give you anything." Aaron, nothing daunted, quietly proceeded. "Sir," roared the angry physician, "I shall not give you anything. John, open the door and let the gentlemen out." "It was done instantly," says Townsend, "and we made our bow, happy to escape from so much pride and consequence."

But such rebuffs, severe though they were, could not crush a soul like Townsend's. He himself

collected £6,000 for his "darling child," as he called the Institution, and I imagine that Queen Charlotte struck home when, to her friendly "I am glad to see you, Mr. Townsend," she added, "It must be a great satisfaction to you to see so many children made happy." His reward, like that of all true workers, was in his work. He did not want to be paid for doing his duty.

Townsend left Orange Street Chapel in a most flourishing condition, the building in a good state of repair, free of debt, pews all let, Church and congregation prosperous. In his time there was a Sunday School for girls and boys; a School of Industry, which had for its object the clothing of poor children; a Day School of twenty boys; a Society for Visiting the Sick; auxiliaries to the London Missionary Society and the Bible Association; and a Bible and Tract Society, the members of which in 1822 visited more than three thousand families in jails, hospitals, barracks, and other places.

It must therefore have been the shadow of Death upon his soul that caused the good man to write, shortly before his decease, "Pardon me if I express a fear, in some instances, that I have laboured in vain and spent my time for nought." This was but the expression of momentary humiliation before the great mystery of life. He was more like himself when he said, "I have faithfully preached the Gospel of the Son of God." The last time he took pen in hand he wrote; "Weary and ill through the last week; but yet was enabled to preach at Orange

Street on Thursday night; on Friday visited the sick; attended the prayer meeting in the evening, and hope I felt thankful for so much assistance." That "hope I felt thankful" was characteristic of the man. He was no mere enthusiast. His faith made him humble. Not long before his death he said, "I have no ecstatic joy, but I have a sure hope and peace in God." Some one said that he would meet many in Heaven whom he had helped on earth. Townsend's reply was, "I hope so." That was the humility of greatness. Yet his trust in God was perfect. One day, resting his arm on the Bible, he said: "The promises in this Book are my sheet-anchor," and his whole life proved the truth of his words.

He was a good Dissenter. When he was at school he heard a foolish clergyman preach against the Methodists, and from that day forward he assumed a distinctive position. He was not rabid, however. Somebody once protested in his presence against any Dissenter preaching in a church where the Liturgy is read. "If this is vile," Townsend burst forth, "I would be still viler; for, could permission be obtained from Romish priests, I would stand on the altar after mass had been performed and proclaim to the erring disciples of Popery the power and the grace of the Saviour." On August 24th, 1820, he wrote in his diary: "Preached at Orange Street Chapel, and referred to the memorable recollections belonging to this day. The Christian Church should never forget the massacre of the

Protestants in 1572, nor that the diabolical deed was celebrated at Rome as acceptable to God and beneficial to His Church. On this day 2,000 excellent and useful ministers were ejected from the Church of England."

As a preacher he is said to have been "plain, simple, and unadorned, having neither the aid of rhetoric nor imagination;" but this can scarcely have been, if we are to judge from the published records of his spoken words. The following is a part of a speech delivered by him at Willis's Rooms in support of an Auxiliary to the Bible Society, when his "worthy friend" Wilberforce sat near him.

We have heard lately of the great nation; but has it been ascertained what is the legitimate criterion of a great nation? Is it the extent of its commercial relations, or the fidelity with which its mercantile engagements are executed? Is it the extent and depth of its scientific researches? Is it that its civil and religious liberties rest upon a broad and deep foundation? Is it the courage and fortitude of the defenders of that nation by land and sea? If any one of these were the criterion, my native country has nothing to fear from a comparison with any nation under heaven. But I dispute the premises; these are not the criteria of a great nation: it is my fixed and decided opinion, that a great nation is that which concentrates within its own bosom the most energetic principles, and the largest measure of moral, social and religious good, and which, from the abundance of its goodwill toward man, is aiming to carry the same blessings to the very end of the earth. If *this* is the criterion of a great nation, we this day witness that it eminently applies to our own country. We possess the Bible, the very fountain of moral, social and religious good; but we are unwilling to possess it alone, we would send it to every nation of the world—nay, I am happy this day in recog-

nising the fact that we are fulfilling the instructions of the Book itself, which says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; if he is naked, clothe him."

The Gospel which Townsend taught was not subscription to dead creed, but acceptance of living faith, finding its highest expression not in repetition of formulas, but in a holy and useful life. He deserved the title that was given him by those who loved him, "The Apostle of Charity." He lived what he taught. His life was an open book, known and read of all men. He knew men did not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, and recognised the fact that we can tell the good men of this world only by the good which they work, not by the things they profess to believe. "It is evident," he once said, "that those persons who talk exclusively about grace, election, everlasting love, justification by Christ, and the assurance of eternal life, have not felt the powerful, the holy influence of those divine and heavenly truths, in which they profess to be better instructed, and to glory above all other men."

He died in 1826, in the seventieth year of his age. On the Thursday week following he was buried at Bunhill Fields, and those who had long loved him bore him to the grave. There was an immense concourse of people, who wept freely when John Clayton the younger prayed over the last resting-place of their departed friend. "He was a man of sincere and unaffected humility. His temptations to vanity were as powerful as could well have

assailed any public character—the applause of popular assemblies, the homage of the representatives of foreign nations, the condescensions of royal favour on the part of crowned heads, and of princes of the blood, the general estimation of the wise and good; yet all this abated not the lowly estimate he formed of himself." *

"The wealthy congregation and the poor
Will miss their preacher, counsellor, and friend;
His words were faithful and his doctrine pure,
His aim was usefulness, and peace his end." †

There are two other names of this time, notice of which must not be omitted, those of Thomas Lewis and John Leifchild. Neither was official minister of the Chapel, but the relation of each to Orange Street was much closer than that of an occasional preacher.

Thomas Lewis was born at Ludlow in 1777. He was at first a Wesleyan preacher, but by the persuasion and help of John Clayton, he became an Independent minister. He was ordained at Orange Street Chapel in April, 1804, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, but for several years previous to this date he had been accustomed to occupy the pulpit for Townsend. At his ordination Burder delivered the charge, and Rowland Hill preached from Romans xii, 4-5. He was invited to take the pastoral charge of Grove Chapel, Highbury, which was a Church consisting of Episcopalians and Con-

* Extract from his funeral sermon.

† *Evangelical Magazine*, 1826, p. 114.

gregationalists. In 1806 a new chapel was built for the overflowing congregation he drew, and called Union Chapel, Islington. John Watson, of Hackney College, was at one time his colleague; and, later, Dr. Allon, now minister of Union Chapel. After a useful and eminently successful ministry of forty-eight years, the "loving and holy Lewis" was called to his rest, February 29th, 1852, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and Leifchild preached his funeral sermon. His faith was summed in his own words, "Christ is all to me; the foundation of my hope, the object of my ministry, and the source of my consolation and joy."

John R. Leifchild, A.M., was born at Barnet in 1780. He studied theology at Hoxton Academy. Rowland Hill once asked him to preach at Surrey Chapel, and disgusted the young man by mimicking him in the organ gallery behind the pulpit, and making the people laugh. Leifchild was a frequent and popular preacher at Orange Street Chapel, "where," he says, modestly enough, "my ministry was made useful." On one occasion, a lady signing herself "E. M.," wrote to him to ask an explanation of 1 Cor. xi, 29, being troubled about the "eateth and drinketh damnation to himself" in the Lord's Supper. Somehow his reply got sent to another E.M., who was also puzzled about this particular passage. Some time after, the first lady met the second, and in the course of conversation the curious mistake was discovered.

Leifchild was minister at Kensington until 1824,

when he went to Bristol. In 1831 he was invited to Craven Chapel, where he remained twenty-three years. He was a faithful minister of Christ, and both at his own church and at Orange Street, the fruits of his labour were abundant. R. E. Forsaith, writing when minister of Orange Street Chapel, acknowledged the blessed result, in his own life, of Leifchild's preaching. In 1853, only nine years before his death, a lady came to him and said, "Forty-five years ago I heard you preach . . . . at Orange Street Chapel, Sir, and by your sermon I was brought to God." On Leifchild's tombstone his own words are written :—

> I will creep as well as I can to thy gate;
> I will die at thy door; yea, I will be
> found dead on the threshold of thy
> mercy, with the ring of that door
> in my hand.

CHAPTER VI.

Pour le jardin, il était tout bouleversé par d'affreux ravins; la plupart des arbres fruitiers avaient leurs racines en haut. . . . il n'y avait plus aux environs ni gazons, ni berceaux, ni oiseaux . . . A la vue de cette désolation, Virginie dit à Paul: Vous aviez apporté ici des oiseaux; l'ouragan les a tués. Vous aviez planté ce jardin; il est détruit. Tout périt sur la terre; il n'y a que le Ciel qui ne change point.[21]—*Bernadin de Saint-Pierre.*

LET us review the way we have come. From the commencement of Toplady's ministry at Orange Street to the completion of Townsend's, there is a period of exactly fifty years. Never was a half-century so full of change. From end to end of Europe during those years there rang one cry, the cry for Freedom. It was answered in France in the blood and fire of the Revolution; it was answered in England in a new enthusiasm for Christianity. In France, Freedom was degraded into Licence; in England it was elevated into Duty.

Yet we cannot wonder at the violence of the French Revolution. French society of last century was diseased from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. A corrupt Court made a corrupt priesthood and a corrupt people. What wonder, when the eyes of the blind were opened that they were dazzled by the light, and in shattering the symbol imagined they had shattered the thing symbolised too!

It was left to such men as Romaine and Newton,

Toplady and Cecil, Scott and Madan, Thornton and Townsend, Wilberforce and Carey, Martyn and Moffatt, to correct the conscious acts and fulfil the unconscious prophecies of past generations. The cry in England was for liberty, but only for the liberty of the sons of God. Englishmen struck at tyranny, but offered a humble and reasonable service to the everlasting Father. The Revivalists elevated the blind enthusiasm of rapid and often vapid thinking into the calm clear light of Christianity; and, while recognising the merit of those poor, half-mad reformers by blood and fire, declared a Gospel broader yet narrower than the false gospel of Licence—broader because it appealed to sinner and saint alike, narrower because it flowed from one Person—"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life *for Christ's sake* shall find it."

Seven years before the close of the century, a statue of Reason was reared in the Cathedral of Our Lady at Paris, that all who ran might read what great things their human god had done for the French. While the Parisians were giving rein to every unreasoning passion (to celebrate the triumph of Reason!), a cobbler, Carey, was sailing from England with the cross of Jesus for the Indians. As he was unfolding his life's message to the dusky savages of Bengal, sea-green Robespierre died on the scaffold, and the Reign of Terror came to a sudden end. A little later Buonaparte donned his true colours, and France began to groan under a despotism more shameful than ever the Louises had imposed during

sixteen generations. In this same year England roused herself and stood at last the declared and relentless enemy to all tyranny, religious and secular, home and foreign; John Eyre began to think of a village itinerancy; and the London Missionary Society was inaugurated by a sermom from Matthew Wilks on the words, "O send out Thy light." In the three last years of the eighteenth century, the light began to glow in real earnest. Men rose at a bound from selfishness to family piety, to patriotism, to Christian enthusiasm. Thirty-five missionaries to the South Seas and the heathen; and Rowland Hill and others to Hampshire and elsewhere to preach Christ on village green and in shady lane. Murder and disease thinned the ranks of many of the faithful abroad, while many more at home were disheartened by cold sneers and colder pity. But the Spirit of the Lord was in them, and that Breath blew so mightily that the banner of the Cross under which they all marched never for a moment fluttered or fell. Thus the dawn of a new era broke over the world; and the growing light, falling in France on flashing steel or gloomy fort, was in England already bathing in its warm radiance the quiet homes of Christian thought and work. And thus another century was ushered in, with the roll of drum and the clash of arms and the tramp of many feet to battle and death; but above the fret and turmoil of man the angel-voices were singing once again, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

In the last year of the old century, Malta fell into the hands of the English; and the Church Missionary Society, founded at the same time by the influence of Wilberforce, Scott, Newton, Foster, Cecil, and others, thenceforward made the island her head station, and sent Christian teachers to the four quarters of the world. In the second year of the new era, the Bible Society, which had sprung from the modest Tract Society of three years before, began its work, Wilberforce again lending his valuable patronage and support. But the greatest act of this great man, who, like Scott, owed his Christian enthusiasm to John Newton, was the abolition of the Slave Trade. If men are to be free, indeed, then they must no longer be serfs even in name. For many long years he had laboured to root out the evil, with only partial success. But, when the century was only five years old, Nelson fell on board the *Victory* with the words on his dying lips, "I have done my duty: I praise God for it;" and, like an echo, the living lips of numberless mourners took up the sacred strain, "My duty! God help me to do my duty!" Within twelve months the chains were struck from off the limbs of a glad host of men, and Wilberforce was crowned with immortal honour.

Work started on such a basis could not fail. Duty is more than reverence for God, more than love for equals: it means no less than stooping, even as Christ stooped. The liberty of Christ is the liberty of loyal service. He is the Truth, and knowing Him the Truth shall make us free.

In 1815, the would-be Emperor of Europe was defeated at Waterloo, and the nations began to breathe freely again. A few months after he landed on the lonely Atlantic rock that was to be his home and his grave, the martyr, Williams, started to the South Seas on his mission of love; and, following close behind, Moffat left England for Cape Town and fifty years' work in the heart of Africa. Within an incredibly short space of time, Missionary and Bible Societies sprang up in every civilised country of the globe, and their emissaries went forth to preach the Glad Tidings. All glory to those good men, whether they laboured at home or abroad! The voice of the Master was heard, asking, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And each, laying aside his work, said simply, "Here am I; send me."

In studying the lives of the leaders of the Later Revival, one is atonished to find how social they were. John Newton, whom Lecky calls "one of the most devoted and simple hearted of Christian ministers," and who speaks of himself as "once an infidel and libertine,"* had come from Olney to S. Mary Woolnoth, and used to keep open house.[25] Breakfast was provided every morning for any clergyman who cared to call in. On Tuesday afternoons, the ladies and gentlemen who came to drink tea sometimes numbered forty. The gentlemen smoked, and everybody talked; everybody, that is, except Henry Foster,

* On the marble tablet in the Church of S. Mary Woolnoth.

who, good easy man, was wont to puff in solemn silence. In later days he used to play the host in *his* turn, and worry his young clerical guests into fits by his taciturnity. Newton was very deaf, and, no matter how trifling a remark might be, such as "Sir, the tea is passing hot," or, "Sir, I marvel at the mildness of the weather," would say "What's that? what's that?" and never rest until he heard clearly. Reading and prayer ended the social gathering. Saturday evening brought a meeting of "Parsons and Parsonets." Newton's curate, Gunn, was a bit of a wit, and managed to keep things going. Sometimes, however, in spite of him, the solemnity of Foster seemed to infect the whole party, and an awful pause was only saved by Latrobe, who had travelled, telling some funny story or other which set everybody laughing.

But the literary and artistic world was quite as social as the religious. Towards the close of the French period at Orange Street Chapel, Joshua Reynolds used to keep open house much after the manner of Newton; and Windham, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Mrs. Thrale, and Fanny Burney were constant visitors; while Dr. Burney's house in S. Martin's Street was almost as full of distinguished personages as it had been in the time of Sir Isaac. Anthony Chamier, a descendant of the minister of Leicester Fields Chapel, who is bitterly inveighed against in the *Letters of Junius*, probably because of his appointment as deputy secretary of war, was one of those who, with Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Sir

J. Hawkins, helped Johnson to found his Literary Club.

The social instinct was so strong, that for a time it broke down the barriers between Church and Dissent. Not that cases of rabid bigotry were unknown. Foster himself was the victim of blind prejudice. He was once as young and as foolish as any of us, and fell in love. But the maiden of his choice was the daughter of a Dissenting minister. The father wrote to the anxious lover, affirming his respect, but denying his daughter on the ground of Foster's churchmanship. Persuaded, however, by friends that he had acted wrongly, he wrote again, withdrawing his refusal. "I've committed the matter to the Lord," said Foster, "and can go no further." That was very like the sober man.

But instances of this kind were conspicuous by their rarity. Johnson must have been more short-sighted than usual when he looked and saw in Dissenters nothing but "sour solemnity, sullen superstition, gloomy moroseness, and stubborn scruples." Bogue saw more clearly when he spoke of the Dissenting ministers of the 17th century as "devout and holy, faithful to Christ and the souls of men, wise and prudent, of great liberality and kindness, strenuous advocates for liberty civil and religious, learned, studious." And Dissenters of the eighteenth century were pretty much the same as their fathers of the century before. Their lives are the best proofs of their piety; and their position with regard to learning may be summed in the words of Sir Richard

Hill to his brother Rowland when at Eton, "Be diligent in your studies. However human learning may prove a snare to such as are 'vainly puffed up in their fleshly minds,' yet in a gracious heart it is very desirable."

A sense of common danger, too, may have made Evangelical Christians most anxious to secure strength in union. When the persecution in France was at its height, Dr. Turner dared to say, in a sermon at Whitehall, that Christians ought to submit to their persecutors. That was the spirit of the High Church party a hundred years later, if we substitute for "Christians," "Low Churchmen and Dissenters," "the same wicked sect," as a worthy Rector declared, "which, in the time of King Charles the Second destroyed the Church and laid waste the whole kingdom with fire and sword!" Many of the clergy of the Established Church in the eighteenth century were utterly worthless. They made up for their neglect of their cures by ecclesiastical zeal worthy of a better cause. A case found its way into print of a clergyman who had burnt the works of Doddridge and Bunyan, and was anxious to see a Popish chapel in the next village. Dr. Free, Rector of Sutton, instituted in 1817 a prosecution against Sir M. Burgoyne for non-attendance at church, and it was shown in evidence that the reverend gentleman held services when the mood took him, which was not often, and at times of the day known only to himself. Rowland Hill never took higher orders than deacon's, and so had

to travel through life with one boot on, as he puts it; but then it is, perhaps, not surprising that no Bishop would ordain him priest, since even liberal-minded Toplady looked askance at his young friend's extraordinary freaks.

But gradually things altered, and Evangelical fervour began to cool. This may have been caused partly by the admission into the ministerial ranks of men whose heads were no better trained than their hearts, and who were induced by the chance of easy promotion to assume a piety which they did not feel; but more probably it was due to the fact that the ideal life of the Revivalists was too high for common attainment.

In Dobson's time there still seems to have been reason for complaint. In a sermon called *The Old Paths*, preached by him in 1833, he says: "We cannot think of the times on which we ourselves are fallen without being obliged to adopt the painful conviction that, in regard to such excellencies, professors of the present day are, for the most part, lamentably deficient."

Sometimes enthusiasm bordered dangerously on cant. The *Evangelical Magazine*, in reviewing Cecil's *Advice to Servants*, declares it to be "sweeter than honey dropping into the mouth." In 1796, a book was published, entitled *Hymns Cries and Groans lately extracted from a Mourner's Memorandum.* It was inevitable that the rising generation should regard these extravagances with amusement, if with nothing worse, and chafe under clerical rule.

But, whatever the cause, the change was undeniable. It was a common saying that in churches of the Establishment the Gospel was given from the prayer-desk and rank heresy from the pulpit. In Dissenting churches a restless desire for change began to manifest itself, and the pew called the pulpit dull, and the pulpit called the pew stupid. There was truth on both sides.

Ministers often made up in assumption what they lacked in conviction. Too often they were artificial and correspondingly insolent in their public ministrations. Sometimes a younger member of the profession would appear in the pulpit dressed like a Bond Street beau, "with a fashionable brush upon his head and an enormous brooch in the bosom of his shirt." An indignant correspondent, writing to a contemporary on a discovery he had made of pulpit fop, actor and ape in one, describes how he "rose with self-complacent dignity and placed himself in the most bewitching attitude. This, Mr. Editor," cries the sufferer, "was too much for my poor stomach."

Congregations were not blameless. Then, as now, everybody criticised the sermon; then, as now, few had any right to do so. Young ladies, who were exceedingly severe on the preacher's style, voice, gesture, and delivery, were apt to forget that they themselves shared the frailties of humanity. They would have scorned to steal a toothpick; they were not ashamed to go to Meeting in contraband silks. Favoured by piety and beauty both, the

smuggler waxed fat, and the weavers of Spitalfields, who were the great grandchildren of the Huguenots, grew very thin. "It is not," said the Physician to the London Dispensary, "in the power of language to describe their long and continued miseries—miseries not brought on by idleness, intemperance, or a dissolute course of life; but human wretchedness absolutely produced by the want of employment." For the poor creatures, Churchmen and Dissenters preached special sermons; Cecil and Foster, as if to keep up the connection with Orange Street Chapel, realising at Christ Church, Spitalfields, and S. Peter's, Cornhill, nearly £150.

Ministers were overworked and badly paid. Toplady and Cecil received only £80 a-year at Orange Street Chapel, and little else from other appointments. For a seven mile walk to Lothbury and back, as I have said, Scott was paid seven and sixpence. Cecil's son, Richard, who was some time Independent minister at Ongar, broke down, while still at Rotherham College, under the strain of walking a score or more of miles on Saturday, preaching three times on Sunday, and returning on foot on Monday. In spite of these facts of hard work and little pay, the Christian public had to be gently reminded that "every person who writes to a minister ought to pay the postage of the letter."

Sleeping during service was very common. The most orthodox dropped off as soon as the text was announced, "as if the sermon acted as a composing draught," and made wry faces and mouths, and

sometimes snorted and started and even talked in their sleep. To cure this bad habit seemed impossible. It is said that Dr. Young sat down and wept; that Bishop Abbot began reading Greek. Later ministers dropped their voices or raised them. At times a desperate preacher would cry "Fire!" or, stopping in his sermon, would fold his arms on the desk before him and say, "Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbotham, will you please wake up?"

This tendency to sleep was due to the abnormal length of sermons, to their theological dryness, and to the practice of reading them which was becoming fashionable. The tendency was not lessened by the habit of over-eating and over-drinking on Sunday.* A sermon preached before the Gospel Tract Society in 1827 must have taken at least three hours to deliver. On the other hand, a curate preached at Leicester, in the same year, a sermon that occupied no more than fifteen minutes.

When churches were crowded by popular preachers, the pew-opener was a personage of immense importance, and very terrible if he had not his way, which was always a silver or a golden way. Even when fee-proof, he was a creature to be dreaded rather than loved. At Orange Street Chapel, every person, stranger or not, used to be escorted to his pew by a pew-opener. The absurd custom was not abolished until 1849. When a pew-opener was too honest to add illegally to his income, the honours that great

* The Temperance Cause is not yet sixty years old, and it had a very sickly childhood.

crowds brought weighed on him heavily. At Bristol, when Leifchild's preaching used to fill Bridge Street Chapel, the old bewigged and bespectacled pew-opener was wont to get so annoyed, that he would say to strangers, "What do 'e all come here for?"

Revival services were a harvest field for pick-pockets—"a number of men and women, exhibiting a very *genteel appearance*, make it their business to visit places of worship, just as the service is concluding, solely for the iniquitous purpose of picking pockets."

Services were held morning and afternoon. The introduction of evening "lecture" was an innovation. In Dissenting chapels, the service usually opened with a short prayer. Then followed lessons, the long prayer, in which members were mentioned by name, a hymn or two, and the sermon. Dr. Mant, Rector of Southampton, described Dissenters' prayers as "extemporaneous effusions in enthusiastical nonsense." The probable justice of the criticism was weakened by its being too general. The whole service lasted about two hours, and on Communion Sundays about three hours; but many came in late, making, with the grand pew-opener at their head, a terrible clatter as they walked down the aisle to their places.

Few Dissenters would tolerate an organ, although Orange Street Chapel had an organ at an early date. Struck by this fact, Wilson, after speaking of the organ, prayer-desk and Liturgy, tries to explain matters by asserting that the worshippers did not "strictly fall under the denomination of Dissenters."

This however, is not true, for in the very first year of Townsend's ministry (1787), the Church was formed on Congregational principles, and has remained the same ever since. Wilson, like a good many other people, seems to imagine that Dissent has to do solely with methods of worship.

In 1807 a Glasgow clergyman was accused of using an organ at his church; but on his pleading guilty and making a "judicial declaration that he would not again use the organ in the public worship of God," he was dismissed with a caution. Even singing was banned, being charged by a certain Dissenting minister with error, apostasy, and carnal formalism.

Orange Street Chapel, like Surrey Chapel, did not share these extreme views. The Refugees loved to sing Marot's Psalms. Toplady, in the preface to his Hymnal (a rare thing in those days), defended the singing of "human compositions in Church," and contributed *Rock of Ages, Your harps, ye trembling saints, Jesus at Thy command, Deathless principle*, &c. In Dobson's time there were paid professionals in the choir.

In churches that were so happy as to possess organs, the voluntary was played in the *middle* of the service. Two centuries and a half before, six thousand people had been known to sing together at S. Paul's Cross. But in Dr. Watts' day, about the time Saurin was preaching in London, congregational singing was almost unknown, and even where practised the hymns were "drawn out to such an

extent as to disgrace the music and put the congregation quite out of breath." The clerk led the singing, and the people followed at such intervals as suited individual taste.

Churchmen, high and low, bought sermons in lots. A short time after Toplady had taken orders, Osborne, the bookseller, whose head Johnson had once nearly broken with his dictionary, called the young clergyman aside, and recommended a fine selection of sermons. When Toplady remonstrated, the bookseller declared, doubtless surprised at his young friend's eccentric way of looking at things, that he had sold sermons to many a *Bishop* in his time.

Among Dissenters, sermons were often too flowery, as in the beginning of the century, or too bare, as in Townsend's time. Floweriness, both in sermons and in other compositions, was highly appreciated. What would become now-a-days of a poor young man who ventured to talk in print of Spring's "radiant brow encircled with a wreath of flowers," or of the crocus "opening her swelling bosom to the pearly drops," or of the "golden glories of the dawning day"? Yet W. B. Collyer was guilty of this, and much more of the same kind. It is true he was a very young man, but he did this thing and survived.

In his sermon a preacher had to conform to inexorable laws. The "skeleton" must show through the flesh. The consequence was a great number of skinny sermons. When Rowland Hill was preaching in Scotland, his hearers of a certain Sunday morning

were shocked at his lack of order, and hinted as much. In the evening Hill expressed deep contrition for his failing, and promised amendment. "I shall first go round about the text; secondly come up to the text; thirdly, go through the text; lastly, I shall altogether go away from the text."

Ordinations among Dissenters still excited much interest. The first public ordination after the Act of Uniformity was passed (1662), was that of Edmund Calamy, in Little Saint Helen's. The service lasted from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and the candidate was given the following Thesis to defend, *An Christus officio sacerdotali fungatur in cœlis tantum!* I wonder how a modern candidate for the ministry would like this. In a hundred and fifty years, ordinations had lost much of their rigidity, but none of their popularity. Even as late as 1839, at R. E. Forsaith's ordination, there were seventeen ministers present; and the same year, when E. Jukes was ordained, the overflow was so great that the congregation had to retire to a larger chapel. The service consisted of Prayer, Reading, Questions, Confession of Faith, and Ordination proper with or without imposition of hands.

It was quite common at these ordinations for as many as eighty persons to dine together between the services. Sometimes Deacons were ordained. "Do you accept this office?" they were asked, and on their replying in the affirmative the pastor offered the designation prayer. Not infrequently a sermon was preached from the First Epistle to Timothy, iii, 13,

"For they that have used the office of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree."

Most of the leaders in the Evangelical movement were in politics moderate Liberals, by no means Radicals. One reason of this may have been the terrible example of the French Revolution; another was, perhaps, the fact that their social influence was superior then to what it is now. Whitefield had a peer and a peeress in his congregation; the Dukes of Sussex and Kent patronised such men as Cecil, Foster and Scott; Lord and Lady Molesworth were constant attendants on Leifchild's ministry at Kensington.

When, in 1820, King George the Third and the Duke of Kent both died, a deputation of Dissenters presented an address of sympathy to the Duchess. They ventured to ask to see the "infant Princess Alexandrina," and when the tiny creature of one year was produced, they expressed a hope that "the illustrious infant, who may possibly at some future period dignify the throne, may be trained up in the principles of piety and of civil and religious liberty." The Dissenters who congratulated Her Majesty last year on the celebration of her Jubilee were the visible signs that the hope was not vain.

CHAPTER VII.

I opened my oldest Bible just now . . . yellow now with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at the eighth chapter of the First Book of Kings and the thirty-second of Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having caused me much pains. . . . And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education. For the chapters became, indeed, strictly conclusive and protective to me in all modes of thought, and the body of divinity they contain, acceptable through all fear and doubt: nor through any fear or doubt or fault have I ever lost my loyalty to them, nor betrayed the first command in the one I was made to repeat oftenest, Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.—*John Ruskin.*

IT is curious to note how the connection between Orange Street and the French people was maintained long after the last French service had been held in the Chapel.[26] When Cecil and Foster were preaching for the Spitalfields weavers, Frances Burney, who came as a girl of eighteen to Sir Isaac Newton's house, next door to the Chapel, was appealing to her own sex to help the six thousand French clergy who had just fled from the horrors of the French Revolution. When she came to S. Martin's Street with her father, the services in the French Chapel were still being held, Van Swinden and Elie Brilly being ministers. Sitting at her window, she must often have seen the thin stream

of worshippers, mostly very old men and women, leaving the Chapel and moving slowly away, and doubtless, her curiosity was aroused, and, what was better, her heart was touched. So that twenty-three years later, when she had become famous, she was not ashamed to take up her powerful pen on behalf of the nation that had sinned much and suffered more.

It was a noble thing to do. Anything French was hateful to Englishmen just then. Never popular, the Refugees had lost what caste they ever possessed by the "formal cant and feigned ecstatic fits" of the Camisards, the self-styled prophets who brought disgrace upon the French Church in England in 1706. During the eighteenth century, the Refugees had gradually declined in public estimation. When Frances Burney wrote, all England was terrified and disgusted at the excesses of the French Revolution. Only a few months before, Louis had been guillotined, and now the streets of Paris ran with noble blood. But the wife of General D'Arblay was no coward. With passionate eloquence she pleaded for help for the exiled clergy, "driven from house and home, despoiled of dignities and honours, abandoned to the seas for mercy, to chance for support, many old, some infirm, all impoverished." "Are we not," she wrote, "all the creatures of one Creator? Does not the same sun give us warmth? . . . Behold age unhonoured, disease unattended, strangers unfed!"

She was no mere woman of the world who could

write such words as these. Years before, she had written, "The world, and especially the gnat world, is so filled with absurdity of various sorts—now bursting forth in impertinence, now in pomposity, now giggling in stillness, and now yawning in dullness—that there is no occasion for *invention* to draw what is striking in every possible species of the ridiculous." She had the keen insight into human nature of Hogarth, but what she described with her pen the painter delineated with his brush. Her native ability stood her in good stead, for in the year of Toplady's death, her novel, *Evelina*, which she wrote "in a little playroom up two pair of stairs," was the talk of the town. The story was published anonymously. She was in dread lest her stepmother, who had an idea that all female writers were immoral persons, should discover the author. One day her old friend, Mr. Crisp, innocently spoke of the work before Mrs. Burney. In her fear of discovery, Fanny forgot that "Daddy," as she called Crisp, was as ignorant as her mother of the authorship of *Evelina*. "As I sat on the sofa with him," she says, "I gave him a gentle shove." "*Evelina!* what's that, pray?" said Mrs. Burney. "Again I jolted Mr. Crisp, who, very much perplexed, said, in a haggling manner, that it was a novel—he supposed from the circulating library—only a trumpery novel!"

The "trumpery novel," however, brought Miss Burney many friends. Herschell drank her health; her "dear, dear Dr. Johnson," that "respectable

Hottentot," as Lord Chesterfield (according to Toplady) used to call him, taught her Latin, and one day kissed her! "To be sure," she says, "I was a little surprised." Sir Joshua Reynolds sat up all night to read her book; Sir Walter Scott wrote in his diary, "I trust I shall see this lady again."

Wilberforce knew her, and helped her by Christian counsel to bear the irreparable loss of her beloved husband. She once met Robert Raikes. She and a Miss Planta "took an airing to Gloucester" and called on the philanthropist. "Mr. Raikes," she says, "was the original founder of the Sunday Schools—an institution so admirable, so fraught, I hope, with future good and mercy to generations yet unborn, that I saw almost with reverence the man who had first suggested it. . . . He is somewhat too flourishing, somewhat too forward, somewhat too voluble; but he is worthy, benevolent, good-natured, and good-hearted." The year following this interesting visit, the Burneys moved from S. Martin's Street.

Speaking of Raikes and Madame D'Arblay, reminds me that I have said nothing as yet of one of the most important branches of work at Orange Street Chapel. I need not repeat here the story of the origin of Sunday Schools; but I would remind the reader that previous to the year 1781, when Robert Raikes gave four dames a shilling a-piece to instruct children in Reading and the Catechism, the children of the lower classes were utterly neglected. If one may except the chance teaching they got from

the pulpit, or the occasional afternoon catechetical examination by clergymen of the Established Church, the religious education of children was unknown. Even when Sunday Schools were an acknowledged fact, and the voluntary principle firmly established, there were men so prejudiced as to deny their utility and even their morality. A Bishop of Rochester denounced them as "Schools of atheism and disloyalty," drawing upon himself a sharp rebuke from Townsend, who declared that the teaching in Dissenting Sunday Schools was that of the Articles, Prayers and Homilies of the Established Church. For a long time the clergy of the Establishment, with the exception of a few men like the aristocratic Cadogan, opposed the alarming innovation. But gradually the unreasonable opposition ceased. In 1803, the Sunday School Union was formed, and a little later, on similar lines, the Institute of the Church of England. Since then, the movement has become world-wide. Within the last thirty-five years, the increasing number of day schools has rendered secular teaching unnecessary in Sunday Schools. But the restriction to purely religious subjects has had the effect of increasing the efficiency of teachers; so that, although there is still much room for improvement, there never was a time when teachers were so well qualified as they are now both in head and in heart for the important duty of training the heads and hearts of children.

To-day Sunday Schools are held in universal respect, even in quarters known to religious eclecti-

cism as "worldly." A notable instance of this was given a short time ago, when Gilbert and Sullivan's Opera, *Ruddigore*, was put upon the boards of the Savoy Theatre. The bad Baronet and mad Marguerite, who have "given up all their wild proceedings," and turned Methodist, were made to say —

> In fact we rule, a Sunday School,
> The duties are dull, but I'm not complaining.

What happened has not transpired. Perhaps the audience forgot to laugh at the joke, and smiled at the ignorance of the joker; or perhaps somebody wrote to expostulate. At any rate, the word "Sunday" was soon exchanged for "National."

Place side by side the vehement Bishop and the compliant Playwright; and he who runs may read the tempering effects of time.

Orange Street Sunday Schools were opened in 1812. During the next twenty-four years 5,634 children passed through the schools. In 1834, an Infant Day School was established, and in two years and a-half admitted 536 children. There were, in 1836, in the Sunday School, 171 boys and 165 girls; in the Infant Day School, 160 boys and girls together. On week evenings, classes were held for both sexes in Writing and Arithmetic, and, for girls, in Needlework. Many of these poor waifs were so ragged, that they had to be decently clad before they could come to school. During the last fifty years the schools have been superintended successively by Messrs. Poland and Renton, Mr. Thomas Smith and the Misses Wright, Messrs. Chappell and

Pile, and, lastly, by Mr. William Garnett, who, by his genial kindness and ardent zeal, has managed to keep the schools fresh and vigorous through all the fluctuations of the Church. In the Spring of the present year, this gentleman was presented with a handsome writing-desk, in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with Orange Street Church and Schools. The schools are still strong, consisting at the present time of 246 boys and girls; and, supported by such men as Mr. Garnett, who has been superintendent for sixteen years, and Mr. Stephen Rood, who has been secretary for twenty years, they bid fair to survive the Church itself.

CHAPTER VIII.

If your lives His laws obey,
Let love your governed bosoms sway;
Blessings to the poor convey,
To man his benefits display.
Act thus, and He, your master dear,
Though unseen, is ever near.—*Goethe.*

My friend, the Golden Age has passed away; only the good have power to bring it back.—*Ib.*

Lord Reay.—Well, God mend all.

Sir David Brewster.—Nay, by God, Donald, we must help him to mend it.

WITHIN the first decade of the nineteenth century, two of the best-known and best-loved ministers of Orange Street Chapel were born, Joseph Dobson and Samuel Luke. In 1805, the year of the Battle of Trafalgar, Lydia Dobson, the mother of Joseph, died. Hers was a troubled, busy life; yet she was wont to say, "I cannot live if I have no time to be with God." A short time before her death she said, "The everlasting arms of God are underneath me, and I have no fear that He will fail to support me in the trying moment."

The New Toleration Act was passed in 1812; and the year after, Joseph, a boy of twelve, left home to go to school. In 1822, he was ordained;* the year

* During this year Orange Street Chapel was repaired. There were present at the re-opening services, Revs. Dr. Spring, Dr. Collyer, Geo. Clayton, Townsend, Turner, Jay, Wilks, Burder, Arundel and Yockney.

of Townsend's death he came to New Broad Street, London ;* and five years afterwards he was invited to Orange Street.

Joseph Penuel Dobson, son of the Rev. J. Dobson, of Chishill, in Cambridgeshire, was born at Chishill in 1801, in the fifth year of his father's pastorate. He was educated at the Congregational School, Lewisham, and Wymondley College, Herts. His first charge was at Wareham, in Dorsetshire, where he was regarded as an attractive preacher and had a large congregation. His recognition to Orange Street took place Tuesday, May the 3rd, 1831. The services began at eleven in the morning. J. Chapman, of Greenwich, offered the ordination prayer; Binney stated the grounds of dissent from the Established Church. The usual questions, which were asked by T. Lewis, of Islington, were answered by Mr. Kinnerley for the Church and by Dobson for himself. Dr. R. Winter offered the designation prayer; the charge was given by T. Morell, of Wymondley College, and the sermon preached by Dr. J. Morrison. For many years Binney, Dobson and Fletcher were among the most popular preachers in London.

Dobson was a man of fine feeling and true culture, and these high qualities of heart and head found worthy expression in the elegance and dignity of his style. He wrote his sermons in shorthand, on thin paper, and read them word for word. In the pulpit

* Revs. J. Dobson, Dr. J. P. Smith, Dr. Collyer, and J. Clayton, jun., were present.

his manner was "highly nervous," and "weighty with thought, with emotion, with urgency." "You never heard him preach without learning something, and rarely without feeling much. His style was full of matter, and the matter was carefully arranged and forcibly presented; you thought not of the style, but of the truth, made so clear, pressed on your spirit so tenderly, and urged with all the force of feeling and love."* His definition of Repentance is worth preserving, "Conviction of sin, sorrow for sin, hatred of sin, and care to avoid it."† Here are the closing words of a sermon on Job xiv, 14, preached at Orange Street, September 22nd, 1839, on the occasion of a young girl who had been an attendant at the Chapel throwing herself from the Monument:—

And are the clouds thick about you? Are the tribulations of this tearful vale still numerous and strong? Are waters of a full cup still rung out to you? And is it ever and anon as if you *must* bring matters to a crisis, and rid yourselves of a state of being which seems productive only of wretchedness, and grows too heavy for you to bear? Do it not, but—*wait*. Sink not beneath the stroke of disappointment, however severely it may affect you, but—*wait*. Yield not to the pressure of adversity, from whatever quarter it may proceed, but—*wait*. Forsake not the station which Providence has allotted to you, although its difficulties appear insurmountable, but—*wait*. Heed not the suggestions of unbelief, notwithstanding their plausibility and the seemingly palpable intimations of concurring circumstances, but—*wait*. Leave not your sworn and malignant adversary in possession of the field, furious as may be his onsets and keen as may be the wounds inflicted by his fiery darts, but—*wait*. All the days of your appointed time—*wait*. Till your change come—*wait*. Come, it assuredly will. The mutability stamped in

* Letter from Rev. W. Tritton. See page 117. † *Ib.*

REV. JOSEPH P. DOBSON.

legible characters on all sublunary things tells you that it will. The frequent departures from amongst us of kindred and friends, tell you that it will. The symptoms of dissolution, already perceptible in your own physical frames, tell you that it will. It is nearer to-night than it ever was. And O, what a change! O, what a change! From the Cross to the diadem—from the dunghill to the throne—from weakness to power—from dishonour to glory—from corruption to incorruption—from mortality to immortality—from faith to sight—from hope to full fruition—from earth to heaven—from time, with its debasements, its conflicts, its vicissitudes and its griefs, to eternity with its robes of spotless white, its palms of triumph, its tree of many fruits, and its perennial stream of living water! Amen. Years of our earthly pilgrimage yet remaining, roll on! Mystery of Providence, hasten to thy completion! Son of God, accomplish the number of thine elect! Death, transformed from the king of terrors into a messenger of peace, come with the bidding of our Lord, that we ascend to behold him in his kingdom,—strike off the fetters wherewith we have so long been held in bondage—throw wide open the doors of our mortal prison-house—and conduct us to where there shall be "no more sorrow, nor crying nor pain," because to where "there shall be no more curse, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." Amen and Amen.

Here is a passage, very different from the last, yet equally interesting, from a sermon on Jeremiah vi, 16, preached on October 10th, 1833:

That the Christian system has its mysteries cannot be denied; depths which finite penetration has never fathomed; heights to which the most sublime intellect has never soared—and lengths and breadths over which the largest measurements of human thought have never stretched. But at the same time that such is the fact, it is also indisputable that every thing vitally connected with the interests of the soul, comes within the grasp of the meanest capacity. While there are profound abysses in which an elephant might swim, there are streams which the lamb may ford. While there are doctrines shrouded in the grandeur of a divine obscurity, and which the powers of the

mightiest minds cannot comprehend, there are others written as with a sunbeam; and in reference to which the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err. And these, all who profess themselves followers of Christ should well understand, and be capable of defending and abiding by. *The depravity of human nature—the Deity and atonement of the Son of God*, lying as they do, at the very foundation of a safe and blessed hope—*justification by faith*, constituting, as it does, the keystone of the arch over which we pass from wrath to reconciliation, from death to life—and *the influence of the Sacred Spirit*, so essential to enlighten the understanding, to impart the holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, and to actuate to the faithful and persevering discharge of the duties of a Christian course, are what ought to be full and distinct in the discernment, and immovably settled in the belief of every godly person—are what he ought to be able to prove to be the doctrines of Scripture; and are what ought to furnish the principles upon which his whole existence proceeds—giving to his thoughts their character, to his feelings their tone; to his conversation, its savour and its tendency; and to his habitual deportment, its aspect and its impressions. They are truths which ought never to be lost sight of, and in reference to which it should be a fixed sentiment that they are never to be given up, and that all dogmas and theories are to be viewed with suspicion, in proportion as they are likely to interfere with their influence, or to efface from the mind a sense of their value and momentousness.

A little further on the preacher strikes a note which certain Dissenters of the present day might listen to with advantage.

The true spiritual appetite, which nothing could satisfy but "the sincere milk of the word," has degenerated into a diseased craving after stimulants, the only tendency of which is to debase and to enervate. Persons repair with delight to the house of God, in proportion as they expect displays of talent or of eloquence, and leave it with satisfaction, in proportion as they have been intellectually gratified, or have revelled in a sort of ethereal luxuriousness. The devotional parts of our worship are deemed to be of but little consequence. No loss is con-

sidered to be sustained by the circumstance of not having arrived before they are drawing to a close; or if attended upon, it is too frequently with the feeling that they are necessary, but irksome preliminaries, obliged to be tolerated for the sake of what is to succeed them. And it is not until the *sermon* has commenced, that people begin to think of fastening down their attention, and experiencing emotions of interest and pleasure; and those emotions are called into play, not by the solemn grandeur of the truth—not by the impressiveness with which appeals strike home to the conscience and the heart—not by the perspicuity with which the will of God is stated and enforced—not by the consolatory unction with which the promises of the Gospel are explained and applied, or the glories of heaven dwelt upon; but by the clearness and power with which a doctrine is discussed—by the ingenuity with which an argument is conducted and an antagonist overcome—by the mighty cleverness with which a poor fellow-mortal seems to prove himself capable of handling the Word of Life.

What would this earnest old-fashioned minister say to the ways and means adopted by some of us to-day? Surely the besetting sin of nineteenth century Nonconformity is the blind adoration of the preacher. The main idea in Public Worship is Praise; secondary ideas are Teaching and Prayer. To teach or preach is not to worship; to pray is not to worship. We can be said to worship only when we give thanks to God and praise Him. "O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness and come before His presence with a song. O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name. Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is. Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve; for

the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. Glory and honour are in His presence; strength and gladness are in His place. Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering and come before Him: worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." This is the ideal of worship—praise and thanksgiving; and any effort that falls short of this ideal cannot be called worship at all. At least it cannot be called Divine worship. It may be human worship, and that of a very high order; but without praise and thanksgiving to our Creator and our Redeemer, it is profanity to call it *Divine* worship.

It seems to me that Protestant Dissenters in England, more perhaps than any other section of Christian people, have gone wrong on this question of worship. In their desire to escape any suspicion of leaning towards the ornate and elaborate ritual of the Church of Rome, they have gone to the opposite extreme. Little by little, they have stripped their services of every beauty, until they are almost as bare and cold as the buildings in which they worship. Time was when the congregation poured out together confession and thanksgiving; now they can scarcely be persuaded to say "Amen" to the one, or to open their mouths to endorse the other. Time was when Prayer was called common, and rightly, because both minister and people joined therein; now it can be called common no longer, because the parson has it all to himself. Time was

when God's house was so called, or named after one of the Apostles; now we hear of Smith's Tabernacle and Jones's Church, and Somebody Else's Meeting House. Who is Smith? Who is Jones? Who is Somebody Else? Are they servants of the living God and interpreters of His law to men? Are they members of the Catholic Church of Christ? Or are they isolated professors who have pitched their camp among us for a time, built their own lecture-halls, and are prepared to deliver to us their theological lectures for the customary fees? It may be said,—"But these are merely ways of speaking; we do not mean to put these men in the place of God." Ways of speaking mean ways of thinking; and by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned. If we go to God's house for any reason other than God's worship, we are wronging our own souls, and dishonouring God.

We Protestants pride ourselves on being descended from a sturdy race of Puritans, who tore down the graven images of the saintly dead, ground the crucifix under foot, and smashed the priceless stained-glass windows of our churches. We mourn over the brilliant atoms, but we say, "So be it, if these things shut out the sight of the Almighty. We will worship the Lord our God and Him only will we serve." We are proud of being iconoclasts, but let us carry our image-breaking a little further —let us dethrone the sensational preacher. What the image of Saint or Virgin is to the Church of

Rome, the merely popular preacher is to us. He absorbs our reverence and our devotion; we admittedly admire *him*, go to hear *him*, attend *his* church; he prays for us, he preaches for us, he saves us a world of worry, he always gives us a little electric thrill of horror or surprise, we are content; he shuts out—shall we say it?—the vision of God, and we lose sight of the Creator in the creature.

There is something worse than superstition in religion, and that is no religion at all; there is something worse than the blind worship of God, and that is the open-eyed worship of man. By all means let us have good preaching, but let us have good praying, and good praising too. Are we Congregationalists indeed? Then let our praise be congregational, not priestly, our prayers common not vicarious. If we might apply to worship John Ruskin's words on ornament, we would say, "To carve our own work and set it up for admiration, is a miserable self-complacency, a contentment in our wretched doings when we might have been looking at God's doings. And all noble worship* is the exact reverse of this. It is the expression of man's delight in God's work."

At Orange Street, Dobson earned for himself the title of "The Beloved." One who remembers him well,† speaks of "his kindness, charity, and hearty sympathy with youth in its restlessness." Speaking of his theology, the same gentleman writes: "As a theologian, he was of the old school; and it seemed

* Ruskin uses the word "ornament."

† J. E. Ritchie, Esq.

to me that he was burdened with a sense of its imperfection, while at the same time he knew no gospel less stern or more full of joy to the tender conscience. As a man, I think he would have rejoiced in the larger hope, but I fancy he could be bold and severe—that is, that he was quite prepared to sacrifice his private feelings in accordance with his ideas of Divine truth." "There never was a greater mistake," says one who ought to know;* "my father would have had no sympathy with the larger hope . . . he was truly one of the old school." He had a stately bearing and imposing presence, which well became him in his office of preacher. Many can recall the tall handsome man, with long black hair, high forehead, mobile features, and gentle yet penetrating eyes.

I think I cannot do better than let Mr. Tritton speak, in his own eloquent way, of his recollections and impressions of his friend and teacher.

It was my privilege to attend the ministry of the Rev. J. P. Dobson at Orange Street Chapel during some of the most susceptible and formative of the years of my boyhood. His teaching awakened and stimulated my first earnest interest in religion. His kindly encouragement and guidance led me to the public confession of my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and fostered my early cherished desire to enter the Christian ministry. I have ever felt for him the most sincere and affectionate veneration, not unmixed with gratitude for kindness shewn by him to me through many years.

My earliest recollections of Mr. Dobson reach back over more than forty-five years. It must be nearly fifty years since that a chance visit—"Eternal God that chance did guide"—paid by my elder brother and myself to Orange Street Chapel, led to the settlement of our family there as regular attendants.

* Miss L. S. Dobson.

I well remember my mother encouraging me to take a greater interest in Mr. Dobson's sermons. I had complained of inability to understand them, when she reminded me of the good education I had received, and assured me a little more earnest attention would make them easily intelligible. Her good counsel was not lost. In a little while I began to take the deepest interest in Mr. Dobson's ministry, and was rarely indeed absent from my place in the Chapel, or from the Lecture Room at the week-evening services. After a time, I formed the habit of taking down in shorthand the Sunday sermons, carefully revising in ink, on the Monday morning, the pencil notes of the previous day. In this way I gained a good knowledge of Mr. Dobson's mode of thinking and composition, and grew, I hope, into some degree of sympathy with his thought.

Mr. Dobson had a fine—I think I may say, a noble—presence. He was tall and large, dark in complexion, with flowing black hair. The face was full and refined, the forehead bold and high, the features flexible, the eyes penetrating and kindly. The voice was soft, low in pitch, but mellow and musical, and capable of giving expression to every variety and shade of emotion. When I first knew Mr. Dobson, he had lately passed through a dangerous illness. He had gone into his sick-room a young man with long, flowing black locks; he came out of it middle-aged and bald, with but a fringe of his black hair left. He still, however, wore it long, and it fell gracefully over his slightly-rounded shoulders. I cannot doubt that affliction wrought other changes in him besides this great change in his personal appearance; but of the deepening of character and the widening of sympathy wrought by his sharp and prolonged struggles with threatening death I can but conjecture. He had suffered now, and he knew. Doubtless a tender feeling for other sufferers sprang up in his breast. Tried himself, he was the more able, after his victory, to strengthen his brethren.

Mr. Dobson's manner in the pulpit was highly nervous, with the nervousness that often gives to oratory its highest effects. His sermons were always carefully written and read; and yet he sometimes hesitated in his delivery. He would seem at a loss for a word, but the word which came was always the fittest and the best, as those that knew him were quite sure would be the case. He would sometimes go back upon a whole sentence,

repeating it, not merely for emphasis, but for clearness and certainty. I always thought these occasional hesitancies in manner served to heighten the general effect. People sometimes called his manner "heavy." To my mind it was rather "weighty," weighty with thought, with emotion, with urgency.

I have often regretted that he so habitually read his sermons; it was only on Sundays that he did so. His weekly lecture and his sacramental addresses were spoken freely, entirely without notes; and in these we had the very best qualities of his preaching. He was altogether at his ease; and was fluent, and without hesitation, and especially urgent and impressive. Yet perfectly free speech was by no means his strong point. He was never at home on the platform. There, he could be not merely hesitating and nervous, but feeble and ineffective.

His sermons were not merely carefully prepared; they were often highly elaborated. His style was formed upon the best models, and was, of course, shaped by the methods of his generation, methods very widely different from ours. He drew freely from "the well of English undefiled," but his speech could be ornate, rich and cultured, as well as forcible and terse. His method was instructive, "teaching every man." It was argumentative; he "reasoned" with men, of "righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come." In his chain of argument, every link was well forged, and the chain itself closely and strongly concatenated. Everything was subordinated to a purpose; he meant to convince, to persuade, and by God's grace, to save. He was never controversial. He preached all the Christian doctrines, without being ever merely doctrinal.

The substance of Mr. Dobson's preaching was eminently biblical. He had the profoundest reverence for the Scriptures. His appeal was always "to the law and to the testimony." With him, the "Thus saith the Lord" was the end of all controversy. His method was in the main textual. His texts were chosen carefully, and formed always the basis of his discourse; being rarely or never used as mere mottoes, or starting points for trains of miscellaneous reflections. His sermons had invariably a purpose; there was a plan in his thoughts; his formal divisions marked salient points of this plan, constituted the well-defined stages in the progress of his argument. His preaching was distinctly and strongly evangelical. He preached

the Gospel, and with rare power and persuasiveness, not disdaining to use the element of terror—he believed in the "judgment to come"—yet preceding all his discourses with the tenderness, the grace, that characterised his own spirit. Preaching once upon St. Paul's reasoning with Felix, I remember the thrilling effect produced by the contrast which he drew between the destinies of the Apostle and the Roman Governor. After describing St. Paul's blessedness in the Kingdom of God, he suddenly exclaimed, "But Felix—misnamed Felix, *un*happy Felix—where is he?"

The wonder has often been expressed that a man so richly and variously gifted should have remained so long in the comparative obscurity of his position at Orange Street .There was a tradition current in his congregation of his once visiting an important Scotch town, on some great ecclesiastical occasion, and having preached one sermon, being invited to preach day after day, so long as the ecclesiastical session lasted. The late Mr. Binney was his personal friend, and showed his appreciation of his rare powers by trying once and again to bring him to the front; but the shrinking modesty of Mr. Dobson made the effort vain. He was, in truth, a preacher to the few, rather than the many.* He was little fitted for popularity over a wide area; but his influence over his proper auditory, "fit though few," was extraordinarily powerful and deep.

In temper Mr. Dobson was exceedingly genial and kindly. He seemed always to have something pleasant and merry to say when one met him. He was a man of broad, catholic spirit. A convinced Nonconformist, there was about him little indeed of sectarian narrowness and bigotry. He appeared to be strongly attracted to the Established Church by its culture, and the types of piety it favoured; but his conscience barred the way. He was present at the great meetings—in Manchester,

* "Mr. Tritton speaks of my father influencing small numbers; but that was only in comparison to Mr. Binney, who was more known outside of pulpit work, as the congregations at Orange Street were large, the Sunday School one of the best at the time, and the Bible classes both for young men and young women all that is said about them in the M.S."—*Letter from Miss L. S. Dobson.*

I think—at which the Evangelical Alliance was formed, and I well remember the glowing fervour of his imagination, as he described, in two special sermons preached on his return to town, the long hoped and prayed-for Unity of the Churches of Christ, brought nearer, he supposed, by this great event. On leaving Orange Street, he became the first Secretary of the Alliance; combining with this office the duty of minister of the beautiful little chapel at Belvedere, on the estate of Sir Culling Eardley. At this chapel, I more than once, in my College days, took the duty for him.

I was a member of a Bible Class which Mr. Dobson for some time conducted, and have a very vivid recollection of the painstaking care with which his prelections for this mixed class of young people were prepared. He would sometimes ask that the lesson of one week should be reproduced in writing by the members of the class for the next meeting. I well remember his description of repentance, which formed the subject of one of the lessons so reproduced. It was, he said, Conviction of Sin, Sorrow for Sin, Hatred of Sin, and Care to avoid it.

Mr. Dobson's leaving Orange Street was one of the great sorrows of my early life, and was felt to be a sorrow equally great by not a few of my young companions and friends. I was but a youth of seventeen, and one of the most potent of the good influences affecting my young life was then withdrawn, leaving a blank not soon or easily to be filled. I still, however, saw him occasionally, at the office of the Evangelical Alliance. He encouraged my entrance into College as a student for the ministry, and advised me when I settled in my first pastorate. I sometimes preached for him, as already stated, at Belvedere Once I saw him at his residence in Doughty Street, when he was recovering from a severe illness. He was much wasted, and his tall figure looked like that of a slender over-grown youth. On my saying I hoped he experienced in his illness and convalescence the consolations he had so often ministered to others, he replied, "Ah! I have found these six months of suffering harder work than thirty years of active service!"

These slight recollections will give, I fear, to those who did not know him, but a faint notion of Mr. Dobson and his ministry; but they will at least show that his memory is tenderly and sacredly cherished in one grateful heart.

Townsend himself was not more unassuming than Dobson, who is said to have been "as humble as a little child." Had his humility been less and his ambition greater, Binney's attempts to bring him to the front might have been more successful than they were. Not that he was unknown outside his own church. Indeed, his work was world-wide. For nine years he was Secretary to the Evangelical Alliance, and in the three National Conferences in London, Paris and Berlin, urged with unwavering enthusiasm the claims upon Christendom of foreign residents in those cities. He was an eloquent advocate of Religious Liberty, and did much to make public the religious persecutions in Italy and Germany. Nearer home, he instituted services at Exeter Hall for the working-classes.

A few years after his settlement at Orange Street Chapel, special services were held to commemorate the Jubilee of the Church since John Townsend had become its Minister. The congregation assembled at seven in the morning for devotional exercises; at eleven W. Chapman, of Greenwich, and T. Lewis preached; at half-past six in the evening the Pastor gave the people "various interesting particulars" concerning the history of the old Chapel, and George Clayton preached. Jeula, Yockney, and J. Clayton also took part in the services.

In 1847 Dobson left Orange Street, and excepting the few years during which he presided over the church built by Sir C. E. Eardley at Belvedere, did

not again assume pastoral duties. The closing years of his life were spent in Chelmsford.

Samuel Luke was born in London. His father was a deacon of Hare Court Chapel. When he was sixteen his father died, and his long-cherished wish to enter the ministry had to be abandoned. But five years later he entered Highbury College, and, after passing through the usual curriculum, spent a session in Edinburgh. His first pastorate was at Chester, where he remained twelve years.

At the age of thirty-eight he came to Orange Street. But London work was too heavy for him, and, after six years he was forced to leave. He was minister of Hope Chapel, Clifton, until 1864, when the work and anxiety of building a new chapel proved too much for him, and he was stricken with a severe illness. He recovered, however, after about seven months, and for two years preached in an iron chapel erected for him by his friends.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 25th, 1868, he preached from Eph. v, 14, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light," a sermon composed many years previously. He was very exhausted when he reached home; and rested awhile before he retired for the night. At length he said, "Now, I will go up," and there was a meaning in the words he did not intend. He never spoke again. On the following Thursday he passed quietly away. David Thomas, who had been with him at College, preached his funeral sermon.

Samuel Luke was a man of exceptional goodness.

His gentle face, winning manner, and clear sweet voice, were outward signs of inward Christ-like grace. He came to Orange Street, he says, "solely with the hope of preventing this place of worship from passing into other hands; and of becoming the instrument of restoring, reviving and perpetuating the cause of Christ here." It was a courageous thing for a young man to do who had been honoured during a few months with invitations to no less than seven Churches. "My heart sank when I saw the large and empty gallery," says his widow. They were obliged to store their furniture, and live in two rooms. But the new minister's vocation "seemed to be to fill empty churches." A few Sundays passed, and the gallery was no longer empty. At the end of two years, the Chapel was thronged, and the minister's income had risen from £100 to £350.

Luke loved his work. "I bless God," he used to say, "that my preparation days and my Sabbath days are the happiest of the week." Speaking of the study of the Bible, he would say, "I *revel* in it. I can find no other word strong enough to express my enjoyment."

As a preacher he was imaginative, but simple and natural. Here are a few notes that were penned from memory by one of his hearers.

But some of you know nothing of this hope. You do not care for it; you do not want it. You are in high health and spirits; friends and comforts crowd around you; no thought of the future troubles you. Wait a little! The scene may change, and the hope you so little covet now assume a priceless value.

REV. SAMUEL LUKE.

Did you ever, on some brilliant morning, set off by the railway for some distant place? The sun was high; your fellow passengers were numerous; your prospects were bright; your spirits were buoyant. Over your head there hung a little lamp, but you heeded it not. You did not require it or care for it in that bright sunlight. But by-and-by you entered the dark tunnel, black, cold, silent, death-like, and *then* the little lamp brightened up, and you found out its value. . . . And so you may just have entered upon the journey of life. The road is smooth; the transit is easy; the sun is high. But before you all are dark passages, through which you *must* pass. You will want the hope of which I have been speaking *then;* you cannot do without it *then*. Blessed will you be if you have this hope—"Christ in you the hope of glory." This hope will brighten as the shadows deepen, prove brightest in the dark valley of the shadow of death, and gather vividness till it is merged in the cloudless effulgence, the visible realisation of heaven. God grant us now, one and all, the possession of this hope. Amen.

* * * *

The nature of the Scriptures calls for search. The truths lie scattered here and there, and require to be brought together, and arranged and compared. It was so designed in order that we might be compelled to search.

The most diligent searching is insufficient without the Holy Spirit's aid. Here we have an advantage which no other study can supply. We may come to a splendid passage of Homer, in which we find some lingering obscurity, but we cannot ask him to make it clear to us. We are charmed with a page of Milton, and wish to know what suggested that burst of eloquence, but the hand which penned it is still, and the voice silent in the grave. We pore over a difficult problem in the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton, and long for the help of that master spirit to make it plain to us, but he is gone for ever, and the wish is vain. Not so with the Spirit of Eternal Truth, who is ever at hand to remove the difficulties, and to respond to the inquiries of the humblest believer. "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all truth: He shall take of mine and show it unto you." Under His teaching, the unlettered Simeon understood what Nicodemus, though a

member of the Sanhedrim, was unable to comprehend, and asked, bewildered, "How can these things be?"

"Search, for they testify of me." The bee wanders from flower to flower, and sips honey here, and gathers wax there, but it settles in the rose. So the Christian student wanders over the garden of Scripture, and gathers honey from many a choice flower; but the Rose of Sharon attracts him most strongly, and there alone he reposes in satisfied and perfect enjoyment.

Scripture is needed for guidance as well as for knowledge. It is very delightful to gaze through a telescope at the magnificence of the starry heavens; but place a telescope in the hands of the traveller as he wanders in the dark, among pitfalls and quagmires, and he will tell you that he wants not a telescope but a lamp, to guide him to safety, home, rest. As a traveller in the dark wilderness without a lamp, or a ship on the trackless ocean without a compass, so is man without God's Holy Word to guide him.

Some have that precious Word, but do not use it. A ship sets sail with every prospect of a safe and speedy voyage, and, to the surprise of many, it founders on the sand-bank, and becomes a total wreck. A few are saved, and among them is the captain. An inquiry is instituted. "Was your vessel seaworthy?" "Yes, she was a new vessel, on her first voyage." "Had you a man at the helm?" "Yes, a most trustworthy and skilful helmsman." "Had you a compass?" "Yes, one of the best kind." The jury are at fault, and know not how to pursue the investigation, till at length it occurs to one to ask, "Did you constantly *refer* to your compass?" "Alas! no; I never looked at it." Such is the folly and infatuation of those who, bound on the voyage of eternity, neglect to consult the compass which God has given them.*

* * * *

And you, selfrighteous professor, who say to yourself, "Yes, I will plead the sacrifice of Christ; and I will try to do what I can myself besides, and then, looking at both together, I hope God will accept me." Have you ever heard of the man who

* See *The Bristol Pulpit*, 1859.

owed an almost incredible sum—ten thousand talents? To vary the illustration, let us suppose that when the time for payment came, he was brought before his creditor, bankrupt and destitute. And, at this moment of his abject distress, there stood forth one of boundless wealth, and said, "I will be security," and he gave his bond for the amount, and the poor debtor was allowed to go free. And in course of time the bond became due, and the debtor was unable to meet it, but his generous friend was there, and he paid down the amount and took up the bond and tore it in pieces, and scattered the fragments to the winds. The debtor was very thankful, but he turned to his deliverer and said, "My dear friend, I do not like you to have to pay it all; I wish to help. Here, take my penny-piece." You startle at the illustration—you think it unworthy of the subject; but how shall I convey to your mind an idea of the utter unworthiness, the lamentable absurdity, the pitiful meanness, of attempting to add your poor performances to the priceless sacrifice, the finished work of the Son of God? "It is finished." You can add nothing to it. Wound Him not, insult Him not, by the fruitless effort!

* * * *

You go round a gallery of sculpture; the works of Canova, Chantrey and Gibson meet your eye and delight your taste; the pure white marble, the carefully-preserved forms, exhibit the skill of the artist in fair and faultless beauty. But what if they were soiled, prostrate, broken! Would they then do justice to the hand that wrought them? The Elgin marbles, as they lay in ruins on the ground, might find some experienced eye to trace out, in their marred and broken fragments, the evidence of the master hand which reared them on the Parthenon at Athens; but could the uninitiated throng discover their beauties?

Christians! you are the workmanship of the Heavenly Sculptor, wrought after His image, and designed to show forth His praise. But what if that workmanship be marred, soiled, disfigured? How shall the world do homage to the Divine Originator, or be attracted by the manifestation of His skill and loveliness? Whether as polished stones in that temple of which He is alike the Builder and the Corner Stone, or as fair

and noble pillars adorning its interior, or as living statues formed after His image to grace its courts, you are called upon to be so many visible embodiments of His holiness, and by all that is true, and pure, and beautiful, and blameless, to do honour to the Divine hand which placed you there.

* * * *

Some good Christians are too humble, or to speak more correctly, do they not cultivate a spurious humility, altogether different from that which the Scriptures inculcate? I do not speak of those who are too indolent to care for anything but being just saved at last. I speak of those sincere but mistaken ones who say, "Oh! if I can only find a little corner in heaven, out of sight of everyone, it will be enough for me!" or, as I heard one such observe, in his quaint way, "If I can but get behind the door in heaven, I shall be content." Paul sanctions no such diffidence or half-heartedness. He holds out the inducement of an abundant entrance to nerve us for diligence and conflict. He sets before us the example of the Roman victor, and encourages us to contend for more than a Roman triumph.

Let us take a three-fold illustration of these different states and results. A few years since, three ships left Liverpool about the same time. One was a large and costly vessel, possessing much of public confidence. She went out amply furnished and provisioned, with colours flying and music playing, with a joyous crew and a large number of passengers, a rich freightage and a favouring breeze. She went, but she returned no more. She never entered her destined harbour, and not one of those light-hearted passengers ever came back to tell the many weary watchers on shore, what had become of the *President*. She was a type of those who set sail, apparently for the haven of heavenly rest, but betrayed by false security, or waylaid by some fatal snare, are lost on their passage, and never obtain an entrance.

A second ship set sail. She too was gallantly equipped and well provisioned for the voyage. She, too, had a fine cargo, and a goodly number of passengers. This ship was not lost. She reached her port in safety, but, Oh! how changed in appearance. She had encountered the storm, had done battle with the winds and waves, had been among the rocks, had narrowly escaped

shipwreck. Who could recognise in the almost dismantled hull, the torn sails, the broken masts, the confused rigging, that this was the gallant ship which set sail so full of hope and promise? She was a type of those who are "scarcely saved," who creep into heaven unrecognised, with none waiting to welcome them, with no "Well done" to greet their ears. Through infinite mercy they obtain "an entrance," but that is all.

A third vessel, freighted in like manner with goods and passengers, set sail from the same port, and in due time accomplished her voyage. She arrived uninjured, with every hope more than realised. Her fair white sails were spread, her colours flying, her crew singing. Her happy passengers thronged the deck, and looked out with smiling faces and with beating hearts, for the relatives who waited to greet them. And as she crowded all sail, and swept into the glorious harbour admidst the acclamations of welcoming friends and of admiring spectators, she illustrated the expression of the Apostle, "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"He always," writes Mrs. Luke, "cherished pleasant memories of Orange Street and affectionate recollections of his friends there. He said that he had met no such staff of deacons in any Church." One of these excellent gentlemen was J. K. Kilpin, who was "upright and business-like, and in all things reliable and conscientious . . . clear-headed and sagacious, yet maintaining his Christian simplicity . . . and ever a most attached and faithful friend." He had been connected with Orange Street nineteen years, while Robert Thornley, another deacon, could number twenty-six years of connection. With such men to support him, Luke did noble work. But the strain was too great for his delicate constitution, and he was obliged to leave after six years' work. He left the various societies of the

Church in full vigour. In a single year a hundred members were added to the Church. Under the ministrations of the good pastor, the years flowed smoothly by, the quiet joy of them known only when they were irrevocably lost. It is strange to think of the peace of this Christian congregation, separated only by a narrow band of sea from unhappy France, convulsed by another Revolution.

Like Chamier, Toplady and Townsend, Samuel Luke was taken in the midst of his labours. "Just as he was concluding the Sabbath work, just as he was breathing the Sabbath benediction, he was touched by the angel, who was soon to unlock the gate, and admit him to the light, the purity and the service of Heaven."

In 1854 Edward Jukes came to Orange Street. He had previously exercised the ministerial office at Leeds (1838), and Blackburn (1842). His recognition took place June 13th. Dr. Morrison offered the designation prayer, and A. J. Morris, J. C. Harrison and Samuel Martin delivered addresses. Four years later he left for Fish Street Chapel, Hull, and was presented in token of the regard in which he was held, with farewell presents from Church and teachers and children. From 1867 to 1878 he ministered at Uxbridge. He is the author of *Thoughts on National Education*, &c.

But the people were beginning to leave the neighbourhood, and the cause at Orange Street was gradually declining. Jukes was succeeded by R. E. Forsaith, who ministered for ten years.

This gentleman was ordained at Durham, when Dr. Henderson gave the charge. For sixteen years he ministered at Royston. His name at Orange Street will ever be identified with the clearing off of a debt of £2,200, being the balance of the sum borrowed for the purchase of the freehold of the Chapel and adjoining houses. By his "indefatigable exertions," to borrow Mrs. Luke's words, the necessary sum was collected in a single year. Dr. Campbell, in the *British Banner*, highly commended the achievement, and the event was celebrated by a meeting in S. James's Hall, and a presentation to the minister by his former tutor, Dr. Halley.

LONDON, *Friday, November* 30, 1860.

CHAPEL DEBTS.

St. James's-hall, last Tuesday evening, was the scene of extraordinary interest to the church and congregation of Orange Street Chapel, Leicester Square, who met to celebrate the removal of a heavy debt, by which they had long been burdened, and all but crushed.

Speaking of certain qualifications, the writer goes on to say:—

This force of character is the result of the combination of peculiar qualities by no means common among men, but indispensable to high achievement. To Mr. FORSAITH it unquestionably belongs. It was our privilege to know the first, second and third pastors of Orange Street, all excellent, amiable and exemplary men, whose element was gentle work and peaceful times; but not men to blast rocks, bridge rivers, raise valleys and level mountains—the last men in the world that would have thought of visiting Vesuvius and joining GARIBALDI. At length came the fourth pastor—a man of another mould—a man who had the magnificent hardihood to lay dukes and lords under

contribution, and to solicit the aid of England's QUEEN, the Empress of HINDOSTAN! In the strength of God, and by the help of His people, he has fairly emancipated this ancient church from its intolerable thraldom. All honour to Mr. FORSAITH for his achievement! He is a noble benefactor, not only to his own flock, but to the Christians of the Metropolis.

On this interesting occasion, a tea preceded the public meeting; but, somehow, provisions were scarce, and "while the assembly were singing *Praise God from whom all blessings flow*, an unlucky waiter, with his tray heavily laden with tea and cake, groaned under his burden, came down on his knees, and scattered the whole contents on the floor." Among those present were Drs. Halley, Campbell and Leifchild, and Sir John and Lady Hare. Dr. Halley, in a "most powerful, faithful and affectionate address" charged his former pupil "to go on preaching the good old Gospel, such as John Townsend, Toplady and others had often preached within the hallowed walls" of Orange Street, and, at the close of his address, "presented the pastor with an elegant purse containing eighty guineas, and three handsomely-bound volumes." Mr. Forsaith, in reply, said that he hoped to be able "to do something worthy of the time-honoured sanctuary," referring to the fifteen hundred pounds that had "passed through his hands from dukes, noblemen, members of Parliament, judges and magistrates, bankers and merchants, tradesmen, labouring men and servant-girls." Dr. Campbell had "a kind word for everybody—the pastor and the pastor's wife, and the beloved people of his charge."

In a subsequent letter to the *British Standard*, Mr. Forsaith declared that he started upon his difficult work, "depending on Divine aid, with the full conviction that I should succeed. Some called it presumption; I called it faith, which never utterly failed me. My determination to do the thing at length became a passion, and absorbed me. I could think and talk of nothing else. Failure would have killed me outright, and success nearly did so."

In 1866 Mr. Forsaith was absent for several months on account of severe illness. Two years later, on his departure, his friends presented him with a sum of £200. No less than eight hundred people assembled to bid him farewell. Judge Payne described the retiring minister as a man who "did not mumble, did not grumble, did not stumble, did not crumble, but as one that exhibited vitality, lessened criminality, lighted up the locality, preached the highest morality." In 1872 he went to Hertford, where he remained ten years.

Alexander Fraser Muir was ordained at Orange Street in the presence of Drs. Halley and Bevan, and other ministers. In 1873 he left for Greville Place, Kilburn; and from 1879 to 1884 ministered at Week Street Chapel, Maidstone. During three years from the latter date he was one of the Editors of the *Homiletic Magazine*. He is now minister at Catford.

In 1874 Frederick A. Tomkins came to Orange Street. He remained four years.

Abner Rothwell Gregory was minister from

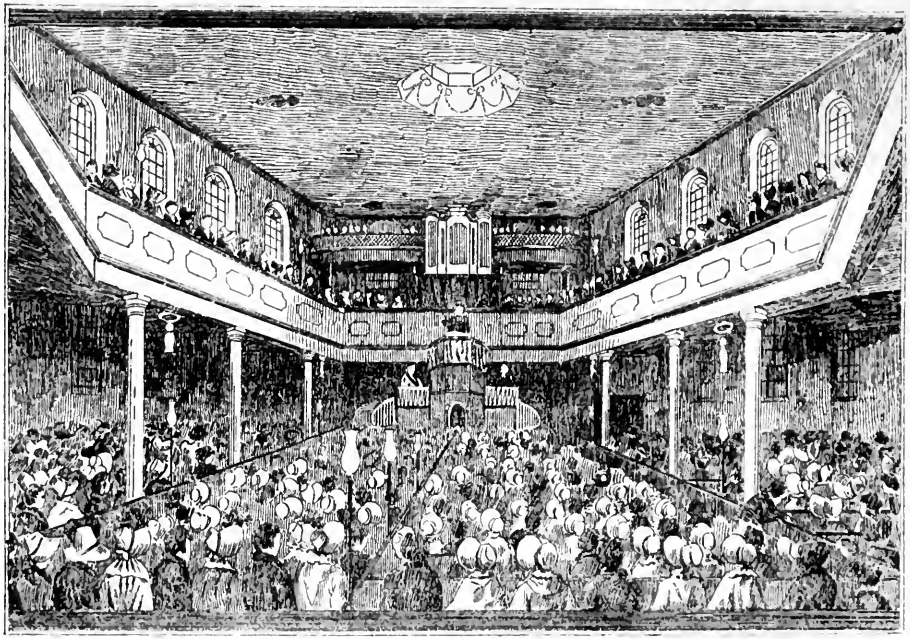
1879 to 1885. He was ordained at Westfield, Massachusetts, by Bishop Harris of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is now minister at Swindon.

Ministers were various during the next two years, with the exception of three months, during which W. H. Smith Aubrey regularly officiated. This gentleman was minister successively at Watton, in Norfolk, Sheerness, Anerley, and Thornton Heath. From 1872 to 1877 he was Secretary of the Surrey Congregational Union.

In June, 1887, the present minister was ordained to the ministry of the Church at Orange Street, in the presence of Dr. Samuel Newth, John Nunn, Henry Simon, and A. F. Muir.

Meantime, the Chapel itself had undergone various alterations. The "Temple" which the French erected in Leicester Fields looked eastward, and had its main entrance in Long's Court. After a time a house was erected at the back of the chapel in a line with S. Martin's Street.

When Coetlogan declined to become minister, the Chapel was purchased by Thos. Hawkes, Army Accoutrement Contractor, of Piccadilly. This gentleman died in 1809, and the property was vested in trustees. During Townsend's ministry, the house in S. Martin's Street was pulled down, and the Chapel was enlarged by the depth of it. At the same time the entrance in Long's Court was closed, and a larger entrance made in the new portion in S. Martin's Street; the pulpit, desks, and organ were removed from the west end to the east, and a



ORANGE STREET CHAPEL, 1836.

gallery for the children was erected on either side of the organ. The "desks" were really small pulpits, one for prayer and one for reading, on either side of the central or preaching pulpit. They stood close together, and during Divine Service all three were often occupied. It was probably at this time that the skylight was made in the roof. At night the Chapel was lighted by small lamps fixed on iron uprights to the cross-sections of the pews and elsewhere.

In 1847, when Luke came to Orange Street, the Chapel was again thoroughly repaired at a cost of £800. It was stated that, although the congregation had lately become depressed, "the cause was greatly improved under the devoted labours of its present pastor." The Church was, therefore, encouraged to undertake a new lease, and was anxious to acknowledge courteous treatment received from the owners of the Chapel, who were members of the Established Church, and from the General Life and Fire Assurance Company, who, though not liable, had contributed £10 towards the repair of the Organ,* which had been partly destroyed by the fire on Messrs. Walker's premises. On Thursday, Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, that "pedantic, bombastic declaimer," as jealous critics used to call him, preached to a full church morning and evening. As many as

* The old organ had black naturals and white sharps and flats. The following ladies and gentlemen have officiated as organists:—Messrs. Bowley, Stevenson, Robinson, Eayres, Forington, and the Misses Wilson, Starling, and Phillips.

forty ministers sat down to dinner in the interval, among whom were Morrison, Jenkyn, and Samuel Martin.

In 1853, it was resolved to purchase the freehold of the Chapel and the three adjoining houses, covering a plot of land measuring ninety feet by seventy, for £3,200, and two friends of the Church advanced the necessary sum and secured the property to Congregationalists for ever.

From that time to the present the building has undergone many renovations, the most noteworthy being that of the Autumn of 1876. The arrangement of the interior, however, remains substantially what it was in Luke's time, the only structural alteration of importance that has taken place being the partitioning of the space under the organ gallery. There is another alteration, however, not indeed structural, but of quite infinite importance, which must not be overlooked, and that is the alteration in numbers. The Chapel that used to be thronged is now almost empty. Thousands of the wealthier families have left the neighbourhood; but thousands of poor families still remain, as in 1850, in "extreme distress, affliction, and spiritual ignorance." Never were loving hearts and willing hands so sadly wanted; never were they so sadly wanting. Must one yet write over the portal of Orange Street Chapel—

ICHABOD: THE GLORY IS DEPARTED?

CHAPTER IX.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
—*Tennyson.*

The wisest may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day.—*Colton.*

IT is said that when the Phœnix, that *rara avis* of the olden time, had filled the measure of his days, he entered the temple of the City of the Sun and burned his body to ashes upon its altar. From which ashes, strange to tell, straightway there sprang an infant copy of the aged bird, full of new life, and with filial sense so quick as to constrain him to commit his sire's dust to a worthy resting-place. Life out of death, thus quaintly shadowed forth, is the law and the end of Being. Progress is not annihilation, but only the death of the old for the birth of the new. Beneath the rubbish of the wrecks of nations, there is always some solid masonry. Upon such a foundation God builds, and, as for men, they, too,

"—may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Great epochs, like great men, are the outcome, not the accidents of time. He who rightly reads the past can clearly tell the future, and he who is the true historian is also the true prophet.

Before closing this brief sketch of a remarkable history, let us ask ourselves what lessons may be learnt from the two great revolutions to which reference has been made, namely, the religious revolution in England at the end of the seventeenth century, and the social revolution in France at the end of the eighteenth. Perhaps few lessons have been so wilfully neglected or so wofully misinterpreted. We have been told that safety lies either in blind obedience or open defiance; that choice is given to obey all laws, both good and bad, or no laws at all, good or bad. The Tory points to James the Second and Louis the Sixteenth and says, "See what comes of allowing the mob a voice in State and Church. Let the reins be more tightly drawn, and religious and social peace will follow." The Radical, with the same examples before him, cries, "If you want peace, let the people's voice teach you, and the people's hand guide you." The mistake of the Tory is to attribute all blessings to the Throne; that of the Radical to attribute all blessings to the People. Truth lies, as usual, somewhere between the two extremes, and is no more the exclusive property of the one party than it is that of the other. Any one who limits himself to the columns of a morning newspaper or the creed of a religious sect necessarily sacrifices the prerogative of his manhood, which is to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. It is right for everyone to hold certain political and religious beliefs as working principles,

but when a man binds himself to these irretrievably, denying the possibility of a larger horizon than he sees or a bigger world than he lives in, they become retarding rather than working principles, and clog and paralyse the life they were intended to aid and vitalise. How true this is, the Radical is always ready to show in the case of those who differ from him in religious and political faith, but it seems never to occur to him that the weapons he uses so dexterously and effectively might be used with equal ease and even greater effect when turned against himself.

For the Democratic idea, though very beautiful and romantic, is too often based upon the assumption that human freedom is a gift to be dispensed at the hand of a Government organised in a special way. To break the bonds of wickedness, and undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, as did those noble men whose names fill the preceding pages, is right and admirable if, at the same time, it is clearly understood that the most degraded slavery has little or nothing to do with outward bonds and burdens, and much, if not all, to do with the fetters that bind the souls of men. Epictetus is free though he wear an iron collar, while Herod is a slave in spite of a golden crown.

Such talk is trite enough, of course, but it has the advantage of being true also; and the need of its constant repetition is shown in the fact that Carlyle and Ruskin have been telling us for many years what true freedom is, receiving for their pains scant

attention or aggressive scepticism. The frantic efforts of Liberation Societies,* and the determined opposition to the Throne of Democratic Federations only go to prove, if proof were needed, how general is the belief that a State Church and a Hereditary Monarchy are the causes of all the ills that flesh is heir to.

The fact is, that Society, like the individual, is progressive, and the tendency of modern thought is to discover in things that be the spirit of good rather than the spirit of evil. There are times when it is not only right but necessary to make a bold stand for the truth, even at risk of life and liberty; but there is not a sadder sight on earth than that afforded by a modern enthusiast, burning to emulate the deeds of the noble dead, and forcing upon his wrists the manacles of a defunct persecution. The more we honour real heroes, the more we shall despise sham ones; and our contempt for that absurdest of anachronisms, an English nineteenth-century martyr, should be measured by our veneration for that noblest of historical personages, the man who, unconscious of heroism, and unsuspicious of martyrdom, gave all he had to give for the cause of truth and right. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the

* "The Society is based on the principle that national Establishments of Religion are (1) unjust, (2) politically mischievous, and (3) injurious to the Churches established; and (4) that they also hinder the progress of religion."—*Liberation Society Tract*, 1887.

heavens"; and a good thing or purpose, when out of its time and season, may be as mischievous as a bad one.

Again, there are times when it is certainly right to mark differences as strongly as possible, but there are other times when it is as certainly wrong. The command to come out and be separate is beneficent and constructive only if it be Divine: when it is human, springing from human prejudice, ignorance or conceit, it is maleficent and destructive in the highest degree. To persist in creating new political and religious sects, or in feeding the mutual hate of existing ones, is to invite ruin on State and Church. Never was there a time when the aphorism was truer than it is to-day, Union is Strength. It is said that our Lord once declared that His Kingdom would come when two were one, and that which is without as that which is within. He tells us that He and the Father are one, and He prays that his followers may be one as they are; but the middle wall of partition still remains between different Christian communities and no one has the courage or the ability to pull it down.

Of late years a notion seems to have sprung up among Dissenters as well as among Churchmen, that the merit of each party lies in its readiness to abuse the other. It was not so with those honoured ministers of Christ who led the Later Revival. It would probably be within the truth to say that the great majority of the Christian institutions which were founded at the beginning of the century and are

doing such noble work to-day, owe their existence to the united efforts of Churchmen and Dissenters. But we have changed all that, and it is possible that some, at least, of the Dissent of the present day springs from the satisfaction of having no spiritual dealings with the Samaritans of the State Church. Men whose opinions carry weight because of their reputation as honest or thoughtful Christians, perhaps unintentionally, but none the less really, foster this spirit of opposition, and help to widen the gulf that already separates the followers of Christ. Not long ago Canon Claughton, preaching a farewell sermon on his promotion, told his parishioners that the "organisation of the Church* was the channel by which alone they could obtain the promise and have strength to keep the Commandments." He was willing to work with Nonconformists in social and secular matters, but "could not for a moment consent to go further." I extract the following from the *West London Observer*, Sept. 22nd, 1888, and commend the last two sentences of the reverend gentleman's speech to the most serious consideration of my readers.

The Rev. A. Norris next addressed the meeting. Some of their churches in London suffered a great deal from want of loyalty to Free Church principles. There was a kind of hankering after the State Church. He wanted to know who aroused the Episcopal Church to her present energy? He wanted to know whether it was not due to the influence of the Free Church in the nation. He contended that the established Church had borrowed from them. He . . . said they had dea-

* Meaning the Established Church.

conesses visiting the houses of their people to try to carry them over to the established Church. . . . Some young people were too much attracted in that direction. He urged that they must be prepared to make social sacrifices for the sake of Free Church principles. In his neighbourhood there were some people who were constantly drifting (*sic*). They should throw their whole lot in with some particular Church in which they were in sympathy and do their very best. They did need a little more regard for authority. They thought too much about men in these days, and they wanted to think a little more about God.

I copy the following from an article in the *British Weekly*, Nov. 11th, 1887, by the Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford, leaving the students of our Colleges and the ministers of our Churches to judge for themselves whether other-worldliness is entirely the sign and seal of *their* ministry; and, further, whether the fact of making a living out of the cure of souls is or is not known among other Churches than that of the Establishment.

The point, then, which I wish to press home upon you to-day is this, that *religion can not safely be left in the hands of an established Church*, which must from the very nature of the case be a thing of iron and clay, half spiritual, half worldly, half a matter of winning souls, half a matter of getting the cure of them and making a "living" out of it; half a matter of politics, half a matter of religion, half an engine of the State, half an instrument of Christ; a thing which recognises as its earthly head a King Charles II or a King George IV of blessed memory, or any other person whom the freaks of birth in royal households set upon the throne, and yet tries to recognise Jesus Christ as the true Head at the same time; an institution which of all other institutions is most of the nature of a Compromise. The interests of religion cannot safely be left in the hands of a compromise. . . . . I want you to recognise that it is imperative to maintain in full vigour a representation of Christianity which

is not exposed to this snare, in which the ministry has no temptations to seek worldly advancement because there is none to seek. . . . . Meanwhile I must again deliver my soul; I AM PERSUADED THAT IN LEAVING YOUR UNPOPULAR CHURCH FOR THE POPULAR CHURCH, IN EXCHANGING YOUR SOLITUDE WITH CHRIST FOR THAT FRIENDSHIP WITH THE WORLD WHICH ONLY AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH CAN OFFER, YOU WILL BE LOWERING AND WEAKENING YOUR CHRISTIAN MANHOOD. YOU WILL BE CASTING A SLUR ON THE FAITH AND HEROISM OF YOUR FATHERS, you will be imperilling the health and prosperity of Christ's Kingdom—no, I will not say that—that would be flattering you too much—but YOU WILL BE REFUSING TO TAKE YOUR PART IN THAT KINGDOM, the part which Christ Himself appointed to you, and now calls upon you to take.

I will leave the reader to comment for himself on the words printed in small capitals.

Preaching at Surrey Chapel the other day, Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have said, "Now, we have plenty, nowadays, dear friends, who think that religious services should be conducted with a great degree of ostentation and display. Well, well, my dear friends, if you like the smell of incense, burn it; but '*we* preach Christ crucified.' If you want to turn your place of worship into a flower-show, go to Covent Garden and buy your flowers; but '*we* preach Christ crucified'—that is our business."

Does Mr. Spurgeon mean seriously to say that people who burn incense in their places of worship and hold flower services, do not and cannot preach Christ crucified? If this be true, the greater part of Christendom must be in a "parlous state."

In contrast to these instances of sectarianism in its severest forms, it is refreshing to find such words of grace and wisdom as the following, which I have

taken purposely from recent utterances of ministers of that "thing of iron and clay," the Established Church. The italics are mine.

No Church was more full of party combinations than their own, and since 1861 those combinations had grown far more numerous. Some of them were useful handmaids of the Church, but some which aimed at forcing into greater prominency a special doctrine, or even to influence a doctrine of the whole Church, could not be described as handmaids. It was true that the Church was still divided, was still torn by internal strife; but God had greatly blessed them, and it could not be through their disorder that blessings came, but in spite of that disorder. What, then, was their real strength? *It was that men abode in Christ and He in them, and those who were one with Him received from Him life and courage and love for souls.* Men ought to walk even as He walked. They had received Christ, and He was in them. In everything they were enriched by Him. *The Church was a body of men of this kind. It was not a book, it was not a creed, but a power which conformed men to the image of Christ, and set them free and made them brave to do His mighty will.**

The Bishop of Liverpool has written thus:—

Whenever you find a man that has grace and faith, hold out your right hand to him. Do not stop to ask him where he was baptised and what place of worship he attends. Has he been with Jesus? Is he born again? Then say to yourself, This is a brother. I am to be with him in heaven by-and-by for ever. Let me love him upon earth. If we are to be in the same home, let us love each other even now upon the road.

Upon these noble words, Canon McCormick, preaching lately at S. Paul's, Onslow Square, commented in this wise:

Oh! how precious is this love! It pushes on one side many

* From a Sermon by the Archbishop of York, preached at Manchester, and reported thus in the *English Churchman* for Oct. 4th, 1888, page 621.

a non-essential custom or tradition. It rides over many a barrier of merely human construction. It seeks, it must have, a response of affection. It yearns for and it finds holy fellowship and communion. Pure, disinterested love is a sure sign of membership in the Catholic Church, and in its manifestation cheers and encourages struggling and weary brothers and sisters on their pilgrimage to Zion.

Such views of Christian Church and life are equal, in their generous breadth, to the best that Toplady, Cecil or Townsend ever wrote; and all efforts to animate into quivering life effete ecclesiastical distinctions will meet from the large-hearted and the clear-sighted, all the world over, the contempt and failure they deserve.*

Sectarianism is doomed. The poorest classes of England care nothing for it, and know less than nothing of it. They have not minds sufficiently subtle to make fine distinctions between Christians who have Bishops and Christians who have none. They are bored and irritated by differences which they do not understand and would not care a straw for if they did. Sectarianism has had its day, and must go the way of all foolish and dangerous shams. Each of the three great systems of Church government has Scripture warrant. It is usually ignorance or fanaticism which exalts one method at

* Of course, I do not mean to say that it is possible or even desirable that all Christians should become one in an ecclesiastical sense, although I do mean to say they should be one in a spiritual. What I am advocating is, that we should agree to differ, sinking accidentals and grasping essentials. And I believe that nothing short of this will make the Church Catholic the power it ought to be.

the expense of another. To say it wrong for a man to be an Episcopalian rather than a Presbyterian, or a Presbyterian rather than a Congregationalist, is much like saying it is wrong for him to live in a twelve-roomed rather than an eight-roomed house, or to have twenty windows in the walls of it rather than fifteen. To say it is expedient for him to become the one or the other is quite a different matter. There is a great deal to be said in favour of all three systems. None is altogether good, none is altogether bad. The relation between Churches is very like the relation between individuals: we are never so good but we can learn something from our neighbours, who are never so bad but they can teach us something worth learning. The higher a man climbs the mountain of knowledge, the broader becomes his view of life; the fuller his culture, the larger his charity. The savage exaggerates differences; the Christian magnifies similarities. Let us not therefore judge one another any more. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. Let no one say, Lo, here is Christ! or, Lo, there! Christ is everywhere where good men are. In the battle of the Church with the hosts of sin, it little matters whether we are in a crack regiment or not. But what matters to us infinitely is that we don't turn our backs to the enemy, and creep into a ditch, muttering "Discretion is the better part of valour."

The time for childish squabbling is gone by. Christianity is attaining its majority. What an

inheritance it has! If all Christians were to join hands and swear brotherhood—the brotherhood of unity, peace and concord; unity not of creed but of faith; peace, not of indolence but of hope; concord, not of dogma but of love: were they to lay their hands upon their hearts and say that no longer would they quarrel with each other, but only with sin; no more strike at each other, but only at Satan: were they to lift their hands to Heaven, and cry to the great Father, "We will deal our bread to the hungry, we will bring the cast out poor to our homes;" not many years would pass before they could change the prayer to a song of victory,—"Thy Kingdom has come. Thy will is done in Earth even as it is in Heaven."

The Catholic Church is the Universal Church. Its faith is Christ; its home is Christendom. It has no bounds of caste or colour, of wealth or poverty, of strength or weakness. It is a mighty sea that ever grows to the traveller: it has no horizon but Heaven. No geographer has marked out the length or the breadth of it; none can set bars or doors to it, and say, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. It is not a parish or a township or a principality; it is a kingdom. It counts among its subjects, master and servant, bond and free, white and black. It obtains devotion and loyalty from Russian and Greek, from Frenchman and German, from Dane and Norwegian, from Italian and Spaniard, from Englishman and American. It has a dwelling-place

in convent and monastery, in the "Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic Church" of Greece, and the "Holy Catholic Church" of Rome, in the Established Church of England and the Lutheran Churches of Germany; among Calvinist and Arminian, Free Church and State Church, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregationalist. It is a kingdom and an everlasting kingdom, and of this kingdom there shall be no end. For the King we all serve, with more or less loyalty and with more or less light, is the Beginning and the End, the Alpha and the Omega of the alphabet of our life. To Him, day by day, millions of faithful hearts, all the wide world over, bow down, pouring out to Him their brightest jewels and lifting up the voice of praise. And to us, over many a weary league of land and sea, come the flash of those jewels and the sound of that sacred strain; and we know that though we differ from them in the shibboleth of our native tongue, we are one with them in the language of the heart. So we stretch eager hands to them across the dark continents and the rolling seas, and call them brothers. For they and we are members of the Holy Catholic Church; we are subjects of one great kingdom; we serve one great King, that other King called Jesus.

The highest state of the individual or the nation is one of agreement, not one of dissension. Society grows, slowly yet surely, towards a unity that transcends, though it may not immediately destroy, all differences. And this is so, because Society,

like everything else, is subject to laws of development, and cannot stay its onward, upward march until the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. For the word that rules the early years of man, or mankind, is—MUST; that which rules the later years, is—OUGHT. We begin by obedience to Law, and we end by it. But the Law in the former case is outward; in the latter it is inward, and is called Duty. And between these two ruling powers of life there is another—Freedom. The child says "I must;" the man says "I ought;" but the nondescript, half-man, half-boy, asks, "Why?" and with that question breaks from the force of Law without yet submitting to the impulse of Duty.

These are the three stages of human life. In the first, the child does because he is told. He asks no questions. It is enough for him that command has been given. He, whether in smiles or tears, obeys. There need be no love in such obedience rendered, or command given. What is essential is that the mandate "Thou shalt" should go forth, and instantly be obeyed. Such perfect service, however, cannot last long. Indeed, when most perfect, it is in greatest danger of dissolution. Just as every wooden brick added to a toy tower endangers the stability of it, so every unconscious virtue added to the national fabric, hastens on its corruption. When the nation appears to be greatest, it is really least; when it seems strongest, it is really weakest; and the joy-bell of its victory is the death-knell of its doom.

In the second stage, men begin to ask *new* questions. Instead of asking, as heretofore, "Where is the King, that we may serve Him?" they now ask, "Who is king? and why should I serve him rather than another? why should I serve at all?" Instead of asking, "What must I do to be saved?" they ask, "Is there such a thing as salvation? or are that and its opposite the coinage of foolish men's brains?" Such questions arise not in the lowest but in the highest condition of national life; when faith is clearest and loyalty deepest, and Priest and King blessed realities to the devout and chivalrous. Your peach never decays when it is tasteless and colourless. When the sun has touched its soft skin with tints pleasing to the wistful eye, when the dew fills its breasts with liquor, tempting to the thirsty lip, then is the moment of extreme danger, then is its incorruption about to put on corruption. So the most dangerous time in the State is the most peaceful and prosperous. As long as there are enemies civil and social to war against, and sword and spade are busy, there is no danger. It is when the sword has brought peace and the spade plenty that peril begins; for then both soldier and labourer stay their hands to think on their work of destruction or creation—to ask questions about it that few can answer, and establish theories concerning it that none can put into practice. Content hitherto to serve, obey, work and pray, man now begins to ask why *he* should not be served and obeyed; why he should work, if there is nothing to work for; why

pray, if there is no God to pray to. The chains of slavery gall him, and, in his impatience to be free, he tears away not only his chains, but his clothing, and leaves himself naked to his enemies. In other words, he destroys with the useless and the cruel, much that is useful and beneficent; and the second state of the man is worse than the first.

And the climax is hastened by his trying to put form in the place of reality and making believe that it *is* real. So, for a real king, able and knowing, he attempts, in his despair, to render allegiance to one who has neither strength to force nor intelligence to persuade, covering over, as well as may be, the shreds and patches of fallen and dishonoured Majesty. And so for a real priest, vicar on earth of hidden Godhood, in his infidelity he makes a sham one, and tries to atone for his faithlessness by excluding from his paradise all who cannot accept every jot and tittle of his creed. Faith lost, in Man and God as hitherto represented in King and Priest, he turns to the new Gospel of Freedom and the new worship of Humanity. The last brick is laid upon the trembling pile, and down it clatters into uttermost confusion. Revolution comes in fire and blood; old things begin to pass away, all things become new.

But the story of Humanity is not yet ended. Much is swept away in the tempest, but not all. Man cannot live without Faith and Reverence, and although the objects of these may be destroyed, they will last for ever. It is a good thing to serve in

unconscious faithfulness; it is better to strike, like a man, for freedom; but it is best of all to learn that the truest freedom is to serve, faithfully and consciously, those who are worthy of such noble serving. And this third stage is the stage of Duty, uniting in itself the best that is in both law and liberty, and while crushing tyranny and restraining licence, giving to every soul that breathes, the holy freedom of loyal service to man and to God.

Let us never think that God does not brood over and rule the storms of human passion—that His Spirit was absent in these storms of Revolution. He is here, if we care to seek Him, as He is everywhere, Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, seeing the end from the beginning, and by His mighty power and mightier love, welding all things together for the good of His creatures. Hence we are taught:—

1. That Sham—religious and civil—results from the attempt to fetter growth. A nation cannot be kept in the swaddling clothes of regal tyranny or priestly superstition. Growth is natural both to man and to mankind, and if not allowed free scope, will break a way for itself by violence. Sham arises when Form outlives substance, when a name stands for—nothing. To galvanise dead creed into living Faith, to clothe with flesh of imposture the dry skeleton of Belief, is the project which tottering thrones, both kingly and priestly, ever place before them for realisation.

2. That Revolution is the result of such attempts

to prop up into semblance of life, forms that have long ceased to have any meaning. For Sham cannot live for ever. There must come a time, sooner or later, when the mask is torn away, to the disclosure of the eyeless sockets and grinning jaws beneath.

3. Such expression of will, however, being a means, not an end. The instinct which urges a man to cast off the fetters that bind him, when those fetters are such as he cannot and ought not to endure, is a right and noble one; but the changing of Freedom into Licence, and of Liberty into Lawlessness, is a jump back into captivity closer and crueller than locks or irons can give. True freedom is cheerful submission. It is not a matter of Kingdoms or Republics; it is inward, not outward. Constitutional changes may aid, but can never accomplish the work of Liberty. The door that admits into the City of Freedom is very low: you must stoop before you can enter. Let us not therefore suppose that by dethroning or beheading kings and burning priests we have become free. Freedom is not so easily accomplished. One way—and a rough and ready one—of escaping the stifling air of the chamber of pestilence is to pull down your house, and have nothing but heaven's dome for your roof; but you run the risk of burying yourself in the ruins, and, after all, do not get much more air than by opening the windows. "Down with everything!" was the cry of the French Revolutionists, and has since been the cry of others be-

sides, but all have found, when, alas! too late, that true Revolution must construct as well as destroy; and that the destruction Reformers effect is sometimes more zealous than sensible. Of liberty we have surely had enough and to spare in the number of noble heads shorn off by *La Sainte Guillotine*, canonised for her sharp service in the cause of the Republic; but of the freedom of loyal devotion to superior power, which is the liberty of the sons of God, maybe we have hitherto known little and practised less. Let us, however, remember that the instinct which drives men to strike is a right one, if at the same time we do not forget that mere Liberty is not the goal, although it may be the aim, of our efforts, but only a stage in the long journey which shall end at last in perfect service and perfect freedom. We must bend to rule and stoop to conquer. It is wiser to be the servant of One than the master of many. The better part is to wear the yoke and bear the burden, because by the grace of Christ, the yoke is easy and the burden light.

We, as a nation, are entering at this very time upon this third stage of our national life. We have a glorious future before us, but we must be watchful and resolute that we do not miss our noble aims by indolence or impotence. We still demand freedom as earnestly, if not as loudly as ever, but the freedom we now demand is not to do that which is right in our own eyes, but to do that which is right in the sight of God; as holy a freedom as the other is

unholy. And this holy freedom, this liberty of the sons of God, we call Duty; and we gain the charter of this blessed liberty, not by lofty look or proud bearing, loving self more than ought else, but by humility and lowliness, stooping even as Christ stooped, in love for our neighbour more than for self. We obey, not because of force of arm, but because of force of love; and we yield not in craven submission, but in intelligent devotion.

Nor need we fear the burning light of scepticism or criticism that is to-day brought to bear upon Throne or Church. If these are rightly founded, we need not fear they will crumble; if wrongly, the sooner they return to dust the better. We need not tremble at the calm analysis of the Scientist, nor at the excited ridicule of the Scoffer. If we have the Truth, the Truth will endure; if not, would we believe a lie? Faithful Catholics trembled exceedingly at what they deemed the blasphemies of Luther, Calvin and Knox; but is the world better or worse for their exposure of priestly arrogance and popular superstition? Faithful Christians of all kinds trembled exceedingly at the atheistic talk of Voltaire and Rousseau; but is society better or worse for the healthy resistance raised by the severity of attack? Men of all shades of opinion trembled exceedingly when they beheld one king an exile, and another at the block; but is the world better or worse for the English and French Revolutions? They made many mistakes, these advocates for Reformed Church, Thought and Government. They

exaggerated and went to extremes, as earnest men will; but Calvin, Voltaire and Robespierre were one in this, that they struck with honest force at iniquity, whether ecclesiastical, logical or social. All praise to them for their courage! May it be ours to possess their boldness of spirit without their recklessness of method!

The world grows every day. Let us be always ready to open our eyes to the truth, come it whence it may. But let us be sure that our eyes are not half but whole open; and that the things we look at are Divine facts, not human fancies. With clear sight, and with strong faith that all things work together for good, we shall be calm in the midst of danger, fearing not the terror by night, nor the arrow that flieth by day, nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday; not because we know that these ills will not come nigh us, but because, though they do, we believe that our times are in God's hand, and that He doeth all things well.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

* * * * *

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

—*Tennyson.*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.—NOTES.

1. *English Paraphrase of a portion of the Edict of Nantes.*—But now that it has pleased God to let us enjoy more leisure we think it cannot be better employed than in attending to those matters which concern the glory of His holy name and service, and in giving to all our subjects powers of supplication and praise. For although it may not be His pleasure any longer to allow to our religions the same form, yet we trust that they will have the same purpose, and be so regulated that there will be no more noise or strife between them; and that we and this kingdom may ever deserve and preserve the glorious title of Most Christian, a title won by many virtues a long time ago; and by the same means remove the cause of the evil and strife that chance to religion, ever the smoothest yet keenest of all things.—See *Haag*, vol. x, p. 227.

2. *L'état, c'est moi, i.e.*, "The State—I am the State!" I remember hearing Professor Edward Caird say that the King spoke truer than he intended, for that in the deepest sense he was—and every man is—the State writ small.

3. *O Seigneur Eternal.*—O Eternal Lord, Thou hast ever been for Thy people a retreat from age to age. Henceforth this house is Thine alone; and to Thee, the only wise, the only merciful, shall be our praise for ever and ever.

4. Registers of Baptisms and Marriages of the Church of Leicester Fields.

5. Every month ministers are to go to Leicester Fields Church, and after having served the month, to continue the following month at Soho.

6. Sunday afternoon, Sep. 28th, were published for the third time in this church, the banns of Mr. James Courtonne of the town of Lancon, and of Susannah Agasse of the town of Rouen.

7. Sunday, Sep. 21st, 1718, after the evening sermon, the marriage of Mr. John Le Brun with Miss Susannah Couselle was blessed by Mr. Joseph De La Motte, minister of this church, in virtue of the banns which have been published on three consecutive Sundays, without any opposition, in this church.

8. Sunday morning, Dec. 5th, 1703, David Mirasseau presented himself . . . . to make his confession of the sin he committed in France in participating in the errors of the Roman Church, and having testified his sorrow to our assembly was received to the peace of the Church by Mr. D'Argenteuil, minister of this Church.

9. *Voila! etc.* "There it is! there it is! Good England!"

10. Thursday, May 24th, 1699, David Canchen of the town of Châtellerault, Poitou, made public confession of the fault he committed in succumbing to the persecution in France, and was received to the peace of the Church by Mr. Pegorier, minister of this Church.

11. Thursday, Jan. 28th, $172\frac{4}{5}$, after the sermon, Louis Montet and Jeanne Montet his wife presented themselves, Protestants by birth, having had the misfortune* to assist at the Mass and bend the knee before the idol during the course of many years, without having given glory to God by the public Profession of the truth.

12. Sunday, Feb. 13, $172\frac{5}{6}$ Barthelemy Gellé of Paris, aged 22 years, presented himself in order to abjure the errors of the Roman Church and embrace our holy religion, and was received by Mr. Blanc, minister of this Church.

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* What a strange habit of mind it is to regard deliberate sin as a misfortune! Not long ago a man sent me a letter asking for money on the ground that he had had the *misfortune* to forge a cheque.

Sunday, Jan. 16, 171⅘ Jeanne Courady of Boldue in Brabant, reared in the Roman religion, presented herself to abjure its errors; and after having done so, she was received member of this Church by Mr. De la Motte.

Feb. 23rd, 174¾, Mr. Louis De la Balle of Guch (?) near Calais, made confession in presence of the Church, that being born a Protestant, he had the misfortune to participate in the Idolatry of the Roman Church; and returning thanks to God that he has arrived in this country, here to profess the Protestant Reformed Religion in which he has promised to live and die.

In token of which have signed, etc.

Sieur John Thomas Schmidt, born and reared in the Reformed Christian Religion, having presented himself to me to be admitted to the Holy Supper—After a severe examination of his belief and the necessary information concerning his character, I have found this person very capable and very worthy of being received a member of the Church of Christ.

Charles Peret, native of Paris, having addressed himself to Mr. Brilly, Pastor of this Church, to inform him of the determination he has made to renounce the errors of the Communion of Rome, in which he was born and reared, in order to embrace and profess the Protestant Religion as the most reasonable and the most conformed to the word of God, which should be the fixed and invariable rule of our joy, I wished to assure myself of the sincerity of his application. The wise replies that he made to the different questions that I proposed to him, have fully persuaded me that the reasons of his change were founded on an impartial and deliberate examination, having for guides love and truth. Therefore I have willingly admitted him to the Communion of the true faithful of Jesus Christ to take part in the precious advantages of his alliance of grace, praying all the Protestant brethren to count him in the union of the Faith, and to render to him all good offices, as to a member of the true Church.

I certify that the Misses Barthelemie and Marie Lichigaray, sisters, having presented themselves to bear witness to the decision they have made to leave their country in order to profess in these places the Protestant Religion, without ever having adhered to the Roman Church, they have found themselves in a condition, after the required questions, to participate in a salutary manner in the Holy Supper, which obliges me to grant them permission with joy, etc.

On the last of January, 1695, the marriage of Jean Collet of Montagnai in Languedoc and Marie Taubin was blessed by M. Pégorier, minister of this Church.

It is not easy to translate the next passage; but I imagine the meaning to be something like this :—

Sir,—My child has had the misfortune to be run over by a horse, and is, on this account, very ill, and in great danger. Sir, I beg and pray you to have the goodness and the charity to consider the four others, for we are in great necessity.

And the Lord reward you.

[*& tombe de sus* is probably meant for *est tombé dessous ; dont for malle*, for *dont fort mal.*]

Poor Pégorier was a victim to the malicious libels of one Malard, who wrote against the French Churches. He declared that the "Reverend old Minister," Pégorier, "hath a Church which brings Sixty Pounds a Year, and receives besides a stated Pension of Forty Pound a Year ; hath been presented with Twenty five Pound of the Money of the Poor." To which Pégorier made affidavit as follows :—

Je declare que tout ce que le Sieur MALARD a dit sur mon sujet dans son Libelle, intule *L'Hercule de les Proselytes*, est très faux. 1. Il est faux que le Comité m'ait jamais donne £25 pour l'Impression d'aucun de

mes Livres. 2. Il est faux que j'aye une Eglise que me donne £60 par An. 3. Il est faux que jusqu'ici j'aye eu aucune Pension de £40. Fait à Londres le 5 Avril, 1718.

13. Sunday afternoon, January 16th, 170$\frac{3}{4}$, was baptised by Mr. Saurin, Minister, the child of Henry Barbottin, master tailor, living in St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish of St. Martin, at the sign of The White Peruke, and Catherine Chos, his father and mother. Presented by Daniel Vallantin and Anne Barbottin. The child was born the 15th of the current month, and has been named Henry.

14. *Bruslé au-dessous*, &c. Burnt below the great hall, with the joy and applause of all our good and dear Christian brothers of the Roman apostolic faith.

15. *Il rejetta*—He rejected this proposal with much courage.

16. Saturday, March 18th, 1804, was celebrated the marriage of Pierre Rival, Minister of this Church, and of Jeanne Casenave [of] Castres, in virtue of a licence, by Mr. de la Motte, according to the forms prescribed by the Anglican Church.

> Leicester Fields! Offer to Heaven a rich Sacrifice,
> To-day doth she hear thy prayer,
> And, delivering thee from thy fiery horse,
> Giveth, instead, a holy dove.

The reader may be interested in the following further paticulars regarding the tract referred to on page 33.

The title page runs: "APOLOGIE de Pierre Rival, MINISTRE de la *Chapelle Francoise* au Palais de *St. James*. A LONDRES, Chez *Mons Chastel* Libraire en Greek-street, à l'Enseigne de la Bible, dans Soho, 1716."

Here is the Preface:

MES TRES CHERS FRERES,

Une des Principales vuës que je me propose en publiant cette Apologie, c'est d'avoir part à l'estime de *tous mes Freres selon la Chair*, Refugiés comme moy pour la cause du pur Evangile de Christ. Mais parce que

vous avés été pendant quinze années les prémices de mon Ministére, vous êtes de droit par votre anteriorité, à la tête de tous ceux que je dois souhaiter, qui soient instruits de mon Innocence, afin qu'ils n'ayent pour moy que de bons sentimens.

C'est ce qui fait que je vous dédie ma Justification. Faites moy la Grace de la recevoir favorablement, & comme une marque du tendre attachement que j'aurai toute ma vie, pour tout ce qui vous regarde. Oui *Dieu m'est temoige que je vous aime tous d'une cordiale affection en Jesus Christ.* Je n'aurai jamais de plus grand plaisir que quand je pourray vous faire voir par mes actions, quelles font pour vous les bonnes dispositions de mon cœur. Cependant je ne cesserai jamais, de demander au Ciel par des vœux tres ardens, votre prosperité spirituelle & temporelle.

Daignés de votre Côté m'acorder les prieres, que je vous conjure d'adresser en ma faveur au *Dieu de toute Grace.* Je vous suplie aussy de me continuer toûjours la bienveillance, dont je me flatte que vous m'avés favorisé, depuis que je n'ai plus été votre Pasteur, de meme que quand j'avois l'honeur de l'être. Pour moy je suis à votre egard, tout ce que j'étois lors que vous êtiés mon Troupeau, & tant que je vivray je feray avec beaucoup de reconnoissance de zéle, & respect,

Mes tres Chers Freres,
Votre trés humble, & trés-obeïssant,
Serviteur & Frere, *en notre Seigneur,*
P. RIVAL.

The Apologie commences, "La mauvaise idée qu'on a vouler donner de moy, dans de certains vers imprimés,* est trop atroce, & m'attaque par des endroits trop importans, pour ne pas faire tout ce qui dépend de moy, afin de la dissiper," and drags itself through 114 pages.

It may be as well to insert here a few more extracts from the registers. The reader will discover for himself the peculiar interest that attaches to each.

* *See* pages 33 and 165.

Le dimanche 30 Juillet, 1699, a Este Beny par M. Du Casse ministre Le Mariage de Pierre Gilbert de La paroisse de S$^{t.}$ Dunstan Stepney et de Marie Freemon de S$^{t.}$ Martin deschans apres avoir Le Sertificat que Ses anonse ont Este publie par trois fois en laditte paroisse de S$^{t.}$ Martin. Segnée par Tho Yates Curate, et ausy Laquit des droit du Roy ont payes. Selon Ordre Le Marié adit ne sauoir Signé.

Ce 4^{e} Mars $17\frac{30}{31}$ le Mariage de Gedeon Ardin Beaufort avec Jeanne Gallois a été célébré dans cette Eglise par Jean Blanc Ministre; en vertu d'une licence de Milord Archeveque de Cantorbery portant date du 3^{e} du présent Mois de Mars.

Jean Blanc Ministre.

Ce 29^{e} Juin dans l'an 1728 le Mariage de Anthoine Jean Schmidt avec Suzanne Perinot a été célébré dans cette Eglise par Jean Blanc Ministre, en vertu des Annonces publiées par trois Dimanches consécutifs dans l'Eglise Paroissiale de S$^{t.}$ Martin des Champs sans aucune oposition.

Le quatriéme Fevrier $17\frac{44}{45}$ a été Beny dans cette Eglise le Mariage de Monsieur Jacob Bourdillon, Pasteur de cette Eglise et de Demoiselle Henriette Fouquet de Bournisseau en vertu d'une Licence de Mylord Archeveque de Canterbury en datte du 2^{e} du présent Mois le dit Mariage à été Beny par Monsieur Jean Pierre Stehelin Ministre.

Le 26 Septembre 1749 Il est né par la Grace de Dieu un fils a jean Pegus et a jeanne son Epouse et a Eté presentés a S$^{t.}$ Batême par Jean Pegus Son pere parrain et Judith Burruy marraine et a Ete nomé Jean Batizè par Mr. Bourdillon ministre Le 8 Novembre 1749

Bourdillon Pasteur.

17. Extract from J. Bourdillon's Jubilee Sermon.

On a encore le chagrin de voir le décadence de ces memes Eglises, tant par le peu de zèle et de fermeté que des Chefs de famille temoiguent, pour encourager leurs

enfans à les soutenir . . . . que par une aversion tres mal etendue des Enfans pour le langage de leurs Pères, dont ils semblent avoir honte d'etre descendus.

Que de pasteurs enlevés à leurs Troupeaux! Plus de Cinquante deux ont terminé leur course parmi les Réfugiés, dont six avoient été mes Collègues. . . . . De vingt Eglises, toutes florissantes, qui subsistoient à mon arrivée, neuf ont eté fermées; et des onze qui restent, quelques-unes tirent à leur fin; d'autres ne subsistent qu'à peine, et par les secours étrangers. Peu se maintiennent par elles-mêmes. Puissent elles le faire encore longtems!

[*Translation.*—One is still saddened to see the decline of these same churches, caused as much by the lack of zeal and firmness shown by heads of families to encourage their children to sustain them [*i.e.*, the churches]. . . as by an aversion, very difficult to understand, of children to the language of their fathers, from whom they seem to be ashamed of having descended.

What pastors have been taken from their flocks! More than fifty-two have finished their course among the Refugees, six of whom were my colleagues.*. . . Of twenty churches, all flourishing, which existed on my arrival [in England] nine have been closed; and of the eleven which remain, some draw near their end and others live with difficulty and by outside help. A few maintain themselves. May they do so for a long time yet!]

18. *Il y a quinze ans.*—If I had known you fifteen years ago, I should have run the greatest danger in the world.

19. *Si je la perds.*—If I lose her I shall deem myself the unhappiest of men.

20. Ne vous disent-ils pas de la façon la plus expresse, qu'il n'y a point de Communication de la Justice avec l'Iniquité, de la lumiere avec les Tenebres, de Christ avec Belial?

Renonçons à nos illusions. Recevons la Religion telle que J. C. nous l'a donnée, quelque violence qu'elle

* Blanc, Barbauld, Stéhélin, Miey, Barnouin were five out of the six.

fasse à nos passions. Faisons par reconnoisance pour J. C. ce que J. C. a fait pour nous par charité, par compassion, par misericorde. Qu'a-t'il fait pour nous J. C.? Pouvez-vous l'ignorer? Si vous l'ignorez encore, venez l'aprendre Mardi prochain. Il a offert son Corps en Sacrifice; il a dit en entrant au Monde, "Tu ne prens point de plaisir . . . . alors j'ai dit, me voici . . . . ta volonté."* Le sang des Taureaux, et la cendre de la genisse, ne peuve purifier la conscience des humains. Les hecatombes ne sauroient suffire à satisfaire à la justice armée contre leurs crimes; et toutes ces victimes, que les pauvres mortels égorgent sur tes autels, sont incapables de les arracher aux flammes éternelles, dans lesquelles leur peché les a precipitez: il n'y a que mon sang qui puisse les sauver; me voici prêt à le repandre. Grand Dieu, il n'y a que ma Croix, qui puisse les reconcilier avec toi; me voici prêt à la subir. O! Abîmes de Charite! "O longuer . . . . connoissance."† Nous aussi, Chrétiens, dans les accès de notre reconnoissance, disons á Dieu: O Dieu, ce Culte exterieur, qui t'est rendu dans ces Assemblées, ces Temples bâtis a ta gloire, ces cantiques entonnez à ton honneur; ce retour des Fêtes solennelles; tout cela est peu digne de ta Majesté; tu "es esprit. . . . en verite;" ‡ "Me voici pour faire, ô Dieu, ta volonté. J'ai des passions qui me dominent; je les immole, grand Dieu. J'ai des habitudes criminelles qui m'asservissent, je vai les deraciner, pour te plaire. J'ai un temperament dereglée, & une humeur capricieuse, je vai les fléchir à tes Loix. J'ai l'ame combatue par les maxims de ton Evangile, & par celle du monde; je vais faire ceder les Maximes du Monde à celle de l'Evangile. Voilà ma Religion, voilà mon Culte interieur, & mes Sacrifices, un Esprit desormais tout occupé à te connoitre; un Couer brulant de ton Amour: une Bouche destinée à celebrer tes louanges; voilà mes offrandes, & mes victimes. Dieu nous inspire à tous ces sentimens! A lui sont honneur & glore à jamais! Amen!

* Heb. x, 5—7. † Eph. iii, 18—19. ‡ John iv, 24.

21. Epitaph on Saurin:

> Saurin n'est plus! par lui l'éloquence chrêtienne
> Brisait, attendrissait, désarmait tous les cœurs,
> Il prêchait comme Paul, il mourut comme Etienne,
> Sans fiel, en pardonnent à ses persécuteurs.

[I am sorry I cannot put this beautiful stanza into English.]

22. In a Catalogue of Graduates in the University of Dublin, I find the following entry: "Toplady (Augustus Montague), B.A., Vern, 1760."

23. *Sine caritate*,—Without charity the outward work is nothing worth; but whatever is done of charity, however small and despised it be, becometh wholly fruitful. For, verily, how much love a man worketh weigheth more with God than how much he doeth. Much he doeth who much loveth. Much he doeth who doeth a thing well. Well he doeth who serveth the community rather than his own will.

24. *Pour le jardin*.—As for the garden, it was all spoiled by frightful ravines. Most of the fruit trees were torn up by the roots. There were no longer in the neighbourhood grass or bowers, or birds. At sight of this desolation, Virginie said to Paul, "You brought birds here; the storm has killed them. You planted this garden; it is destroyed. Everything perishes on the earth; Heaven alone changes not.

25. The philanthropist John Thornton enabled Newton to do this. "Keep open house," said he, "for such are deserving; I will allow you statedly £200 a year." Scott, who preached Thornton's funeral sermon, spoke of him as a prodigy to be wondered at rather than an example to be followed. Sir James Stephen says that relieving distress was with him a master-passion. It was Thornton that presented Newton with the living of S. Mary Woolnoth and offered the diffident Foster the Rectory of Clapham. His son Samuel gave Cecil the livings of Chobham and Bisley. One of Thornton's sisters, the

lady who encouraged Cecil to go to S. John's (*see* page 68) had married her cousin german W. Wilberforce, relative of the friend of Africa. Another had married Dr. Conyers. In the early years of this century, W. Astell of Huntingdonshire was the representative of this branch of the Thornton family. Of John Thornton, Cowper wrote,

> Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make
> This record of thee for the Gospel's sake,
> That the incredulous themselves may see
> Its use and power exemplified in thee.

26. The Huguenots are constantly appearing in this history when least expected. Dr. Henry Peckwell, whose funeral sermon Townsend preached in Orange Street Chapel the first year of his ministry, married a Huguenot lady. Romaine, who used to preach in S. Dunstan's-in-the-West with a lighted candle in his hand because the churchwardens would not light the church, and was incumbent of SS. Andrew and Anne, where Foster was lecturer, was a Huguenot's son. The victory of the Prince of Orange over James the Second at the battle of the Boyne was probably wholly due to the valour and ability of Schomberg, a Huguenot. The great English actor was the descendant of a Huguenot named Garric, whose wife escaped to England "hid in a hole" on board ship. General d'Arblay was a French emigrant, though not a Huguenot, and it was in company with Madame De Staël and Talleyrand that Frances Burney first met him. De Moivre was a Refugee. When he was an old man, and known to the world as an eminent mathematician, somebody, thinking to flatter him, suggested that such a great man was naturally freed from Biblical traditions and superstitions. Said De Moivre, "I show you that I am a follower of Christ by pardoning your impertinence."

II.—CALENDAR.

O.S. stands for Orange Street Chapel. Leicester Fields Chapel is the French name for O.S.

JANUARY.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5. Lombard naturalised, 1688.
6.
7.
8. Dr. Collyer died, 1854.
9.
10. Penny Post established, 1840. Conventicles proclaimed against, 1661.
11. D. Chamier born, 1661.
12. Illingworth died, 1801.
13. Bourdillon's Jubilee, 1782.
14.
15. Edward VI's Reformed Liturgy, 1549.
16.
17.
18. Foster matriculated Queen's College, Oxford, 1764.
19.
20.
21. Louis XVI guillotined, 1793.
22. Theodore D'Argenteuil baptised at O.S., 1699. Duke of Kent died, 1820.
23. Townsend's last writing, 1826.
24.
25. Princess Royal married, 1858.
26. Dr. Daniel Williams died, 1716.
27. Peter the Great died, 1725.
28.
29. Auto-da-Fé at Paris, 1535. Matthew Wilks died, 1829.
30.
31.

FEBRUARY.

1.
2.
3. Spanish Inquisition abolished, 1813
4. Rogers burnt, Smithfield, 1555. Jacob Bourdillon married at O.S., 1744.
5.
6. Charles II died, 1685.
7. Townsend died, 1826.
8.
9.
10. Queen Victoria married, 1840.
11.
12. Bourdillon born, 1704. Declaration of Rights, 1689.
13.
14.
15. Leifchild born, 1780.
16. Townsend buried, 1826. Scott born, 1747.
17.
18. Luther died, 1546. R. Raikes' First Sunday School, 1781.
19.
20.
21.
22. Barnouin's Family massacred, 1704.
23. Cecil ordained Priest, 1777. French Revolution, 1848.
24. T. Binney died, 1874.
25. Townsend's first Sermon at O.S., 1787.
26.
27. Sacheverell indicted for denouncing English Revolution, 1710
28.
29. Jean Blanc the Younger baptised at O.S., 1743.
Thomas Lewis died, 1852.

MARCH.

1. Bogue born, 1750.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7. British and Foreign Bible Society, 1804.
8. William of Orange died, 1702.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15. W. Clayton died, 1838.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20. Sir Isaac Newton died, 1727.
21. Cranmer burnt, 1556.
22.
23.
24. Townsend born, 1757.
25. Townsend Pastor of O.S., 1787. Celebration of Jubilee of O.S. as Dissenting Chapel, 1837.
26. D. Chamier from Neuchatel, 1691.
27.
28.
29.
30.
31.

APRIL.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5. R. Raikes died, 1811.
6.
7.
8.
9. Glasshouse Street Chapel closed, 1693.
10.
11. Rowland Hill died, 1833. Toplady begins ministry at O.S., 1776. William and Mary, accession, 1689.
12.
13. Edict of Nantes, 1598
14.
15. Leicester Fields Chapel consecrated, 1693.
16. Conventicle Act passed, 1664. Young Pretender defeated at Culloden Moor, 1746.
17. Luther at Diet of Worms, 1521.
18. Foundation of Congregational School, 1811.
19. Melancthon died, 1560.
20.
21. Duke of Sussex died, 1843.
22.
23. Shakespere died, 1616. James II ascended throne, 1685.
24.
25. Cowper, the Poet, died, 1800.
26.
27. Second Declaration of Indulgence, 1688.
28.
29.
30.

MAY.

1. Slave Trade abolished, 1807.
2.
3. Recognition of Dobson to O.S., 1831. Farewell to Jukes from O.S., 1858.
4.
5.
6. Religious Tract Society, 1799.
7.
8.
9. Cecil to Oxford, 1773.
10. Test Act repealed, 1820.
11.
12.
13. Two Hundredth Anniversary of O.S., 1888. First Registration of Refugees Glasshouse St., 1688.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19. Act of Uniformity, 1662. Cecil matriculated, Queen's College, Oxford, 1773. Dobson, Sen., ordained, 1796.
20. Coverdale died, 1567.
21. Foster ordained Priest, 1769.
22.
23. Savonorola burnt, 1498.
24. Queen Victoria born, 1819. Act of Toleration, 1689.
25. French Reformed Church established, 1559.
26. De Moivre born, 1667. Chamier to London, 1691. Foster died, 1814.
27. Calvin died, 1564. A. F. Muir ordained, 1870.
28.
29.
30.
31.

JUNE.

1. Townsend ordained, 1781. Subscription opened for Deaf and Dumb Asylum, 1792.
2.
3. Chamier ordained, 1686. Calamy died, 1732. Foster buried, 1814.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8. Seven Bishops sent to Tower, 1688.
9. Carey died, 1834.
10. Free begins ministry at O.S., 1887.
11.
12.
13. Recognition of Jukes to O.S., 1854. Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay) born, 1752.
14. Toplady's last Sermon at O.S., 1778.
15.
16. Opening of O.S. Infant Day School, 1834.
17. Selina Lady Huntingdon died, 1791.
18. Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Foundation Stone of Mill Hill School laid, 1825.
19. Magna Charta, 1215.
20. King William IV died, 1837.
21.
22. Calamy ordained, 1692.
23.
24. Foundation Stone Surrey Chapel laid, 1782.
25.
26.
27.
28. Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.
29. Leifchild died, 1862. Seven Bishops acquitted, 1688. Crown offered to William of Orange, 1688.
30.

JULY.

1. Schomberg defeats James II at Battle of Boyne, 1690.
2.
3.
4. American Independence declared, 1776.
5.
6. Hamilton born, 1794.
7.
8.
9.
10. Calvin born, 1509.
11. Foundation Stone Townsend's Asylum laid, 1807.
12.
13. Newman Hall ordained, 1842.
14. George Clayton died, 1862. Bastille taken, 1789.
15. J. Forsaith ordained, 1818. Chamier died, 1698.
16.
17.
18.
19. F. Burney meets Robert Raikes, 1788.
20.
21. Spanish Armada defeated, 1588.
22. W. Clayton born, 1785.
23. Marie Alexandrine Contet baptised at O.S., 1693.
24.
25.
26. Toplady publishes Hymnal, 1776.
27.
28. Atlantic Cable laid, 1866.
29. New Toleration Act, 1812. Wilberforce died, 1833.
30.
31. F. Burney married, 1793.

AUGUST.

1. Margaret De la Motte baptised at O.S., 1706. Forsaith ordained, 1839
2.
3.
4.
5.
6. Boisbeleau de la Chapelle died, 1746.
7.
8.
9.
10. Jukes ordained, 1838.
11. Toplady died, 1778.
12.
13. Louis Jean Scoffier, baptised at O.S., 1710.
14.
15. Napoleon Buonaparte born, 1769. Cecil died, 1810.
16.
17. Toplady buried, 1778.
18.
19.
20. Marie Henriette Scoffier, baptised at O.S., 1711.
21.
22.
23.
24. Massacre of S. Bartholomew, 1572. Ejection of 2,000 Clergymen, 1662. Lady Huntingdon buried, 1707.
25.
26.
27.
28.
29. O.S. re-opened, Townsend minister.
30.
31. Bunyan died, 1688.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Fire of London, 1666.
2. Cromwell born, 1598 ; died, 1658.
3.
4.
5. Voyage of *Mayflower*, 1620.
6. Dobson to New Broad Street, 1826.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13. Antoine Coulon died, 1694.
14. Pepys on King Charles II, 1660. Wellington died, 1852.
15. First Railway opened, 1830.
16. De Coetlogan died, 1820.
17.
18.
19.
20. Scott ordained, 1772. Foster ordained Deacon, 1767. London Missionary Society, first Meeting, 1795.
21.
22. Cecil ordained Deacon, 1776.
23. Hamilton of Leeds preaches at O.S., 1847.
24.
25.
26. Luke begins ministry O.S., 1847.
27.
28.
29. Whitefield died, 1770.
30.

OCTOBER.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7. Anne Mary Pégorier baptised at O.S., 1693. Townsend preaches for Cheshunt College, 1822.
8.
9.
10. Jukes begins ministry, 1838.
11.
12.
13. Beza died, 1605.
14. Jeanne Madeleine Chamier born, 1694.
15.
16.
17.
18. Revocation Edict of Nantes, 1685. Luke born, 1809.
19.
20.
21. John Clayton, jun., ordained, 1801. Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.
22.
23.
24.
25. Luke preached last time, 1868. Jeanne Madeleine Chamier baptised at O.S., 1694.
26.
27.
28. De la Motte and Rival elected ministers at O.S., 1694.
29. Luke died, 1868.
30.
31. Five Mile Act, 1665. Forsaith begins ministry O.S., 1858.

NOVEMBER.

1.
2.
3. Meeting at Willis's Rooms, Luke in chair, 1853.
4. Toplady born, 1740.
5. William of Orange landed, 1688. Origin of London Missionary Society, 1794.
6.
7.
8. Cecil born, 1748.
9. Prince of Wales born, 1841.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21. Williams murdered, 1839.
22. Forsaith left O.S., 1868.
23.
24. Knox died, 1572. Cecil preached for Weavers, Christ Church, Spitalfields, 1793.
25.
26.
27. De Moivre died, 1754.
28. Foster preached for Weavers, S. Peter's, Cornhill, 1793.
29.
30.

DECEMBER.

1. Free ordained at O.S., 1887.
2.
3.
4. Evelyn's notes on Persecution, 1685.
5.
6.
7.
8. Coetlogan preached for Weavers, at Cripplegate, 1793.
9. Chamier married, 1689.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14. Prince Albert died, 1861.
15. Episcopacy restored, 1661.
16.
17. W. B. Collyer ordained, 1801. Formation by Townsend of Auxiliary to the Bible Society, 1812. Foundation Stone laid of Chapel for J. Clayton, junior, at Poultry Compter (*i.e.*, Prison), Cheapside, 1817.
18.
19.
20. Test and Corporation Act, 1661.
21. J. Newton died, 1807.
22.
23. James II escaped to France, 1688.
24. Hawkes' Funeral Sermon, by Townsend, 1809.
25.
26.
27.
28.
29.
30.
31. Wycliffe died, 1384.

III.—DATES AND EVENTS.

1509 Calvin born.
1521 Luther at Worms.
1535 Auto-da-Fé at Paris.
1559 French Reformed Ch. Estb.
1572 Massacre of Bartholomew.
1598 Edict of Nantes, April 13
1636 Leicester House built.
1661 Chamier born.
1662 Ejection of 2,000 Clergymen.
1664 Conventicle Act.
1665 Five Mile Act.
1666 Pégorier to Geneva University.
1667 De Moivre born, May 26.
1677 Saurin born.
1685 James II, King, April 23.
Revocation of Edict of Nantes, October 18.
1686 Chamier ordained.
1687 Declaration of Indulgence.
Newton writes *Principia*.
1688 De Moivre to England.
Church at Glasshouse Street formed.
Trial of the Seven Bishops.
2nd Decl. of Indulgence.
Wm. of Orange lands.
Chamier married.
1689 Wm. & Mary ascend throne.
Declaration of Rights.
1690 Battle of the Boyne.
1692 Public Ordination of Dissenters, June 22.
De Moivre introduced to Newton.
1693 Leicester Flds. Cha. opened.
1697 De Moivre made F.R.S.
1698 Chamier died.
1700 Saurin to London.
1704 Barnouin's Fmly.massacred.
1705 Saurin to the Hague.
1710 Newton to S. Martin's St.
Trial of Dr. Sacheverell.
1712 Hogarth apprenticed.
1720 D'Argenteuil born.
1728 Pégorier married.
1730 Saurin dies.
1733 Hogarth at the *Golden Head*.
1740 Toplady born, Nov. 4.
1745 Foster born.
1746 Battle of Culloden Moor.
Boisbeleau dies.
1747 Scott born, Feb. 16.
1748 Cecil born.
1750 Bogue born, March 1.
1752 F. Burney born, June 13.
1754 De Moivre dies, Nov. 27.
1757 Townsend born, Mar. 24.
1760 F. Burney to London.
Reynolds to Leicester Fields.
1764 Foster to Oxford, Jan. 18.
1767 Foster ordained Deacon.
1769 Foster ordained Priest.
Buonaparte born.
1770 F. Burney to S. Martin's St.
1772 Scott ordained, Sept. 20.
1773 Cecil to Oxford, May 9.
1776 Cecil ordained Deacon, Sept. 22.

1776 French leave Orange St.
Toplady to Orange Street.
American Independence declared.
1777 Cecil ordained Priest, Feb. 23.
1778 F. Burney publishes *Evelina*, Jan.
Toplady preaches last time at Orange St., June 14.
Toplady dies.
Cecil & Foster to Orange St
1780 Leifchild born, Feb. 15.
J. Newton to S. Mary Woolnoth.
1781 First Sunday School.
Townsend ordained.
1783 John Hunter to Leicester Fields.
Orange St. Chapel unites with La Patente.
1785 W. Clayton born, July 22.
Scott to Lock Chapel, Dec.
1787 Cecil to Christ Church, Spitalfields.
Townsend to Orange Street.
1788 F. Burney meets R. Raikes, July 19.
1789 F. Burney leaves S. Martin's Street.
Bastille taken.
1792 Subscription for Townsend's Asylum opened.
Flight of French Clergy.
1793 Cecil preaches for Spitalfields Weavers, Nov. 24.
Foster preaches for Spitalfields Weavers, Nov. 28.
Coetlogan preaches for Spitalfields Weavers, Dec. 8.
1793 Rowland Hill preaches for Spitalfields Weavers, Dec. 15
F. Burney appeals for French Clergy.
Louis XVI guillotined.
1794 Origin of Lond. Missn. Soc.
1795 Romaine dies.
1796 Dobson, Sen., ordained
1799 R. Cecil, Jun., to Rotheram College.
Religious Tract Society.
1801 Dobson born.
J. Clayton, Jun., ordained Oct. 21.
W. B. Collyer ordained Dec. 17.
1804 G. Clayton ordained.
British and Foreign Bib. Soc
1805 Battle of Trafalgar.
1806 Abolition of Slave Trade.
1807 Fndn. stone Boro' Asylum.
London lighted by gas.
Slavery abolished.
John Newton died.
1808 Leifchild ordained.
1809 Luke born, Oct. 18.
W. Clayton ordained.
1811 Congregatl. Schl. founded.
1812 New Toleration Act, July 29.
1813 Dobson to School.
Spanish Inquisition ended.
1814 Foster died, May 25.
Foster buried, June 3.
1818 John Forsaith ordained, July 15.
1820 Coetlogan died, Sep. 16.
Duke of Kent died.
Test Act repeated.
1821 Scott, Rector of Aston Sandford.

1822 Orange St. Cha. reopened.
Dobson ordained in Dorset.
1825 Bogue dies.
Fndn. stone Mill Hill Schl.
1826 Townsend dies, Feb. 7.
Townsend buried, Feb. 16.
Dobson to New Broad Street, Sep. 6.
1827 John Clayton at Orange St.
1829 Matthew Wilks died.
1830 Dobson preaches at Orange Street, Jan.
Luke to Highbury College.
1831 Dobson settles at Orange St.
1833 Rowland Hill dies, Apr. 11.
Wilberforce dies, July 29.
1834 Orange St. Infant Sunday School.
1835 Luke commences ministry.
1837 William IV dies, June 20.
Townsend's Jubilee, March 25.
1838 W. Clayton dies, March 15.
E. Jukes ordained, Aug. 10.
E. Jukes commences ministry, Oct. 10.
Queen Victoria crowned.
1839 R. E. Forsaith ordained, Aug. 1.
1840 Penny Post established.
1842 Newman Hall ordained, July 13.
1847 Luke to Orange Street.
Orange Street Chapel re-opened, Sept. 23.
1848 French Revolution.
1852 Wellington dies.
1853 Luke to Clifton.
1854 Jukes' recognition to Orange Street, June 13.
1858 J. N. Dobson to Pendleton.
Jukes leaves Orange Street.
Forsaith to Orange Street.
Dobson retires from active pastoral work.
1859 Jukes to Hull.
1862 Prince Albert dies.
Leifchild dies, June 29.
G. Clayton dies, July 14.
1864 Luke to new Church, Clifton.
1866 John Clayton dies.
Dobson to Chelmsford.
Atlantic Cable laid.
1868 Luke dies, Oct. 29.
Forsaith leaves Orange St.
1870 Muir to Orange Street.
1873 Muir leaves Orange Street.
1874 Tomkins to Orange Street.
1878 Tomkins leaves Orange St.
Gregory to Orange Street.
1885 Gregory leaves Orange St.
1887 Free to Orange Street.
1888 Bicentenary Services at Orange Street Chapel.

IV.—LIST OF MINISTERS.

The following abbreviations are used:—G.S. *for* Glasshouse Street Chapel; L.F. *for* Leicester Fields Chapel; O.S. *for* Orange Street Chapel; R *for* Refugee; D *for* Descendant; E *for* Episcopalian; C *for* Congregationalist; ord. *for* ordained. An asterisk (*) denotes that the minister died while at the chapel indicated.

For the dates in the French period I am indebted to M. le Baron F. de Schickler.

Charles Contet	R	G.S. and L.F.	1688–1694*	
Jean Lyons	R	G.S. and L.F.	1688–1710 (1711 ?)*	
César Pégorier	R	G.S. and L.F.	1689–1724	
Matric. Geneva Univ. 1666.				
André Lombard	R	G.S. and L.F.	1689–1694	
ord. 1673				
Jean Marc Verchère	R	G.S. and L.F.	1691–1696*	
(or Vettichere or Veschire)				
Daniel Chamier	R	G.S. and L.F.	1691–1698*	
Matric. Geneva 1676, ord. 1685. (*circ.*)				
Antoine Coulon	R	L.F.	1694–1694*	
Joseph de La Motte (or Mothe) ..	R	L.F.	1694–1724	
Pierre Rival	R	L.F.	1694–1709	
Charles d'Argenteuil	Proselyte	L.F.	1696–1708*	
Ezechiel Barbauld	R	L.F.	1699–1704	
Claude Scoffier	R	L.F.	1706–1724	
Jean Blanc..	R	L.F.	1707–1756	
Henri Oger de Ste. Colombe	R	L.F.	1709–1710	
Pierre Barbauld	R	L.F.	1711–1738*	
Boisbeleau de la Chapelle	R	L.F.	1711–1725	
Matric. Bordeaux; ord. 1694.				
Jerome Daniel Olivier ..	son of R	L.F.	1720–1721	
Samuel de la Douespe.. ..	son of R	L.F.	1725–1728	

Jacques Francis Barnouin .. son of R L.F. 1725–1767
Daniel Auguste de Beaufort .. .. R L.F. 1729–1731
Jacob Bourdillon.. .. .. .. R L.F. 1731–1769
Pierre Stéhélin, F.R.S. .. .. .. L.F. 1736–1753*
Louis Mariombes.. .. .. .. L.F. 1745–1763
Previously at Merien; afterwards at Geneva.
Jean Gaspard Miey .. .. .. L.F. 1754–1765*
Previously a schoolmaster at Bristol.
David Henri Durand .. .. D of R L.F. 1757–1760
Born 1731; died 1808.
Louis de la Chaumette .. .. D of R L.F. 1760–1761
Jacques Renaud Boullier .. D of R L.F. 1762–1767
Afterwards minister at the Savoy.
Jacques George de la Saussaye D of R L.F. 1766–1769
Afterwards minister at Threadneedle Street.
Charles de la Guiffardière .. D of R L.F. 1767–1769
Studied Theology at Utrecht. Afterwards minister of Les Grecs and of the Savoy.
Elie Brilly .. .. .. D of R L.F. 1769–1783
Afterwards minister of S. John's.
Philippe van Swinden, D.D. .. L.F. 1769–1773
Pierre de Lescure .. .. D of R L.F. 1775 (*circ.*) –1787
After which he ministered to L.F. congregation at Le Quarré until 1806.*
Augustus Montague Toplady .. .. E O.S. 1776–1778*
Trin. Coll., Dub., matric. 1757 (?); B.A., 1760; ord. priest 1763.
James Illingworth .. .. .. E O.S. *circ.* 1776–1778
Pemb. Coll., Cantab., B.A. 1781, D.D. 1811.
Richard Cecil .. .. E O.S. 1778–1787
Queen's Coll., Oxon, matric. 1773, B.A. 1777, ord. priest 1777.
Henry Foster .. .. E O.S. 1778–1787
Queen's Coll., Oxon, matric. 1764, B.A. 1767, ord. priest 1769.
John Eyre .. .. E O.S. *circ.* 1778–1787
Trevecca Coll.
Thomas Scott .. .. E O.S. *circ.* 1785–1787
Clare Hall, Cantab. 1773; ord. priest 1773.

John Townsend .. .. c O.S. 1787–1826*
Christ's Hospital; ord. 1781.

[Interval of five years, during which the pulpit was supplied by Leifchild, Lewis, and other ministers.]

Joseph Penuel Dobson .. .. .. c O.S. 1831–1847
Wymondly Coll., ord 1822.

Samuel Luke .. .. c O.S. 1847–1854
Highbury Coll., 1830, ord. 1835.

Edward Jukes .. .. c O.S. 1854–1858
Highbury Coll. 1834, ord. 1838.

Robert E. Forsaith .. .. .. c O.S. 1858–1868†
Highbury Coll. 1835, ord. 1839.

Alexander Fraser Muir .. .. .. c O.S. 1870–1873
Edin., matric. 1864; M.A. (Philosophical Honours) 1868; New College, London, 1868, ord. 1870.

Fred. A. Tomkins, M.A., D.C.L. .. c O.S. 1874–1878

Abner Rothwell Gregory .. .. c O.S. 1879–1885
Boston, U.S.A., 1876, B.Ph. 1878, ord. (by Bishop of Episcopal Methodist Ch.) 1878.

W. H. Smith Aubrey .. c O.S. 1886 (June)–1886 (Aug.)
New York, D.D.; Rutgers, U.S.A., LL.D.

Richard William Free .. .. .. c O.S. 1887–
Glas., matric. 1880; M.A. 1884; Hackney Coll., London, 1884; ord. 1887.

† Forsaith left O.S., November, 1868. Muir succeeded him, May, 1870. During 1869, the pulpit was chiefly occupied by Alexander King, who, however, declined the offer of the Pastorate.

INDEX.

N.B.—1. *Orange Street Chapel was called, during the French Period, Leicester Fields Chapel. In this Index, only the former term is used.*

2. *Names consisting of two or three words will be found under the first initials, and not under the second or third. Thus* De la Motte *appears under* **D** *and not under* **L** *or* **M.**

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