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MEMOIRS

OF

ELIZA PAUL GURNEY

AND OTHERS.

TAKEN FROM THE "ANNUAL MONITOR," 1883.

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PREFACE.

IN issuing a new volume of the *Annual Monitor* it may be well that I should explain to its readers, that though it is a record respecting members of the Society of Friends, yet it is not issued with any sanction or after any official supervision of the Society. The list of names in the obituary is derived from official records, but the memoirs are usually prepared by relatives or friends of the deceased, and in general are submitted to the supervision of the editor only.

It is perhaps not very surprising if word pictures, painted by the love of kindred and close friendship, which often has never fathomed its own depths until its object has passed away forever, should sometimes seem a little too brightly colored, and should indicate that the painter had thought more of the lights than of the shadows. It has been so sometimes in the past, and will probably still be so, for the Editor is often but little, if at all, acquainted with the lives and characters of those whose memoirs are

offered for the volume, so that his supervision is necessarily imperfect. Still I venture to hope that in this, as in many former volumes, there may be found records of Christian life and experience which will prove animating and encouraging to such as are striving to press forward steadfastly in the way that leads heavenward.

I desire to acknowledge my great obligation to my friend, J. B. Braithwaite, who, in the midst of many pressing claims upon his time and thought, has very kindly prepared the notice of the life and beautiful Christian character of Eliza P. Gurney. Though she was a native of and during most of her life a resident in America, yet, as the widow of Joseph John Gurney, her name and some record respecting her seem rightly to find a place in these pages.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.

*West Bank, Scarborough,
Twelfth month, 1882.*

ELIZA PAUL GURNEY.

Our late beloved friend was the daughter of Joseph and Mary Paul Kirkbride, and was born in Philadelphia in the first year of the present century. She was one of a large family, and received a guarded education, both under the parental roof and afterward at the Friends' School at West Town, near Philadelphia, where she remained four years. Here she became a general favorite, and formed many valuable and lasting friendships.

She is described as an engaging child; "remarkably lovable," very conscientious, and tenderly susceptible to religious impressions. Her mother's decease occurred when she was still very young, in the year 1808. Her father died nine years later, in the Ninth month, 1817; soon after which the family home was broken up, and she became for some time an inmate in the house of her sister, Frances Shoemaker, in Philadelphia, and afterward in the houses of others of her married sisters, by all of whom

she was greatly beloved. "She would in later life," writes one of her nieces, "often recur to her happy childhood in her father's lovely home at Bridesburg, on the Delaware; and speak of her youthful delight in his noble character and in her tenderly loved brother and sisters. Many a time have I heard her describe their beautiful cedar walk, and the view of the river, with the boats gliding by so constantly; and her own childish disappointment at finding that the sails which she had so much admired were not of silk, as she had fancied."

One of her sisters (the late beloved Julia K. Clarke) thus describes the family a little before their father's decease:—"A circle so united in love and harmony is rarely seen. It was indeed a Christian family; in which there was a beautiful combination of condescension and love, mingled with perfect respect and deference from each to all. Our beloved father was the thorough gentleman, amiable and courteous, with a high spirit, well controlled." Speaking of his last illness, the same sister writes:—"Never shall I forget the sweetly touching strains of his naturally fine voice, now softened

to an exquisite melody, in which his prayers were offered up at the throne of grace, that the beloved Saviour would be pleased to take care of his tenderly beloved lambs. All this reminded me of my still earlier childhood, when, in the Third month, 1808, our dearest mother in her last illness would, for hours together, give vocal utterance to one continued strain of prayer and praise. Oh! how dear was the Saviour to both these precious parents."

Such was the home in which E. P. Kirkbride received her earliest impressions. A little volume of "Heart Utterances," printed many years later, contains several illustrations of her youthful literary efforts. We may still read with pleasure her "first attempt at rhyme" when she was scarcely ten years old:—

"Kindness soothes the bitter anguish,
Kindness wipes the falling tear;
Kindness cheers us when we languish,
Kindness makes a friend more dear.

"Kindness turns a pain to pleasure,
Kindness softens every woe,
Kindness is the greatest treasure
That frail man enjoys below.

“How can I, so frail a being,
 Hope thy kindness to repay,
 My great weakness plainly seeing—
 Seeing plainer every day?”

The following lines evince her deepening religious feeling as she advanced toward womanhood. They were penned in her nineteenth year, after the perusal of Gibbon's Rome:—

“Sure man ne'er *died* an infidel.
 Stretched on the agonizing couch of pain,
 All human aid inefficacious, vain;
 Where shall his tortured spirit rest? Ah, where?
 The past all gloom! the future all despair!
 'Tis then, O Lord! the skeptic turns to Thee!
 Then the proud scoffer humbly bends the knee;
 His very soul weeps tears of agony.
 Dying he owns there *is* a God above,
 A God of Justice, though a Prince of Love.”

About the year 1827 she became engaged to be married. Her chosen friend is described as a person of great charm both of mind and manners. He died after a lingering illness in 1828. They were tenderly attached to one another; and the blow seemed, for a time, overwhelming. In the agony of her spirit she wrote:—

——“Life's every charm has fled,
 The world is all a wilderness to me,
 For thou art numbered with the silent dead.”

But, in submitting to the hand of the Great Refiner, she was taught how precious are the lessons of His chastening love. The gold was cast into the furnace, not to be destroyed, but that it might be brought forth to receive its designed consecration.

The following extracts describe her experience at this critical period :—

“ My thoughts are resting on a changeless world of bliss ;
There is no voice of gladness now can lure them back to
this.

I look to Thee, Redeemer ! Be every sin forgiven,
And take the weary captive to Thy Paradise in Heaven ;
Or teach my heart resignedly to say, ‘ Thy will be done,’
And calmly wait Thy summons home, thou just and holy
One !

Thou may’st have spoiled my cherished schemes to let my
spirit see

That happiness is only found, Great God, in serving
Thee !’

Again, a little later :—

“ Thou bindest up the broken heart,
And bid’st the sinner live ;
Why should we fear the storms of time ?
Thy word their force can stay ;
Enough, ‘ Be still,’ Thy high behest.
Which winds and waves obey.

‘Thy will be done’ can calm the soul
By fearful tempests driven,
The holiest anthem sung on earth,
The highest heard in Heaven?”

The work of Divine Grace had been thus for several years going forward in the mind and heart of Eliza P. Kirkbride when she first met our late dear friend, Hannah C. Backhouse, then on a religious visit to the United States, in the year 1831. H. C. Backhouse describes her as having been “a gay, animated young person, who, through a succession of afflictions, had become quite serious.” Each was drawn to the other by the powerful attraction of mutual sympathy. This sympathy quickly ripened into a warm and lasting friendship, in which, without losing her independence, E. P. Kirkbride rejoiced in the high privilege of intimate association with one in whom the fascination of a commanding intellect was marvelously blended with reverential love and lowly self-surrender to her Lord and Redeemer.

The heartiness with which E. P. Kirkbride threw herself into the work proved very helpful to H. C. Backhouse, and, on the return of

Jonathan Backhouse to Europe a few months later, she obtained a minute from her Monthly Meeting (that of Twelfth Street, Philadelphia), encouraging her to continue her service as companion to her English friend in the further prosecution of her labors on the American continent. It seemed an arduous undertaking for one then comparatively young and in no official position.

“There was,” writes H. C. Backhouse, in recording the decision of the Monthly Meeting, “a very general expression of unity, and many shed tears that such a thing could be. It was indeed a confirmation of my faith.

“I very fully expressed my feelings with regard to my young friend, and how jealous I had been of myself in them; yet boldly confessing that I believed it was a merciful provision of the Great Head of the Church, who knew us altogether as we were, and all the circumstances of our lives, to choose for me one so remarkably adapted to minister to my necessities, and whom I loved as an adopted child.” This was in the Fifth month, 1832, from which time until H. C. Backhouse sailed for England,

more than three years later, in the Tenth month, 1835, E. P. Kirkbride, continued, with but little interruption, her faithful companion. It is not the purpose of this notice to follow her through the deep and varied interests of these years. Whilst not without their spiritual conflicts and occasional hardships, they were to E. P. Kirkbride years of inestimable privilege and blessing.*

It was in 1836 that she paid her first visit to England, during which she accompanied H. C. Backhouse in a journey in Scotland and some parts of the North of England, and was for the first time introduced by H. C. Backhouse to the large circle of her near relatives, among whom Elizabeth Fry and her brothers, Samuel Gurney, and Joseph John Gurney, were at that time conspicuous.† Returning to America, in 1837, she did not again visit England until the autumn of 1840, when she settled for a while at Darlington as an inmate with

* Many interesting details will be found in the Memoirs of H. C. Backhouse, published by her beloved daughter, Jane Gurney Fox.

† Their father was the elder brother of the father of H. C. Backhouse.

her friends, Jonathan and H. C. Backhouse. She thus became a member of Darlington Monthly Meeting, by which, after accompanying H. C. Backhouse in some further religious service in Scotland, she was recorded as a minister of the Gospel on the 20th of the Seventh month, 1841.

Her marriage with Joseph John Gurney took place at Darlington on the 21st of the Tenth month of the same year. It was, says J. J. Gurney, "a solemn, happy, favored marriage day." "A beautiful crown," adds H. C. Backhouse, "bestowed by the Father of mercies, after many years of faithful service."

Her cup of blessing might now be said to be filled to overflowing; and "the garment of praise" to be indeed given in exchange for "the spirit of heaviness." Yet no one felt more thoroughly than she did the responsibilities involved in the step which she had taken. It was to her, at least for a time, the giving up not only of home and home associations, but of her country. As the wife of Joseph John Gurney and the mistress of his house, she was called to act with the holy consistency befitting

a Christian minister, under circumstances to which her previous experience afforded little, if any, parallel. The position was doubtless one of great privilege, but it was also one of peculiar delicacy, requiring constant watchfulness and the habitual exercise of Christian wisdom and discrimination. Strangers, who had never felt the charm of her true Christian refinement, might, perhaps, doubtfully ask, "Has she indeed counted the cost of the experiment and the peril of failure? Is it possible for her, with her American training and strong American predilections, to adapt herself to the manifold requirements of her new home in England, so unique in its special surroundings of Christian life and culture?" To questions such as these she could return but one answer. It was the answer of quiet confidence and child-like faith; of humble trust, resting in His love who hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And assuredly the result proved that she had not been mistaken. "No woman, as I believe," says her husband, writing at Earllham soon after their marriage, under date Eleventh month 1st, 1841, "ever slipped into an impor-

tant new position in life with more of grace, ease, and dignity, as well as good sense and principle." Her demeanor, simple yet dignified, and void of all affectation; her genuine kindness of manner, her forgetfulness of self, her habitual "truthiness," and the warmth of her affections, quickly won the loving admiration and respect of the various members of the large family circle into which she had entered, who to the last delighted to recognize in her the beloved wife and widow of one whom no time or change of circumstances could suffer to be forgotten by those who had once known and loved him.

The varied incidents of her married life, its quiet joys, its tender solitudes, its abundant labors, and its hallowed close, may be read in the second volume of her husband's memoirs. She was his devoted companion in his extensive travels in Great Britain, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and the Channel Islands. She was with him in his interviews with the late King Louis Philippe and his queen, and other eminent personages. And when he was called to weep at the graves of his brother-in-law, Sir

Thomas Fowell Buxton, and his beloved sister, Elizabeth Fry, and of other endeared relatives and friends, she was ever near with the unfailing support of her sympathy and love.

But it was not on these occasions only that her influence became felt. She knew the value of example, and how good is the word spoken in season. And when her husband's convictions were verging in the direction of total abstinence, it was she who, in the family circle, was generally believed to have "clinched the nail." It is to her zeal, coupled with that gentle stimulus which few besides a wife know how to give, that we owe the completion, notwithstanding his gradually enfeebled health, of two, and these not the least important, of his works, "The Papal and Hierarchical System compared with the Religion of the New Testament," first published anonymously in 1843, and his invaluable "Thoughts on Habit and Discipline," first published in 1844.

Little more than five years had passed away, years of blessed communion and of countless mercies, when E. P. Gurney suddenly, though not altogether without premonitory warning,

found herself a *widow*. Her beloved husband was taken from her, after a very brief and almost painless illness, on the 4th of the First month, 1847. Words cannot describe the desolation of the change. It was a widowhood indeed. None but He who had given her such a husband could supply the void occasioned by his death.

She was for a time as one stunned. Her experience was that of the Psalmist, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because *Thou* didst it." How often are the deepest depths of sorrow changed, for the believer, into springs of consolation. To his stricken heart how precious is the truth that the Lord's family is not divided in death, but is still one in Him who is its ever-living Head, both on earth and in heaven. Great as may be the contrast between the service of the upper and the lower sanctuary, He who is its one glorious Object is everlastingly the same. It is love to Him, in subjection to His will, that gives the seal of holiness and joy to the ministry of the redeemed, whether on earth or before the throne. Thus was E. P. Gurney enabled to find relief and

consolation in maintaining the attitude of humble submission and faithfulness. Each day brought its appropriate duty, whilst the arrangement of her husband's papers became the sweet solace of her intervals of leisure. Meanwhile death was thinning the ranks of her friends. It was a mysterious dispensation which in 1848, scarcely a year after her husband's decease, summoned to an early tomb, upon a foreign shore, his beloved and only daughter, the wife of John Church Backhouse. The event, with its attendant circumstances, sent a thrill of sympathy throughout the widespread circle.* Two years later her long-loved friend, H. C. Backhouse, finished her course at Darlington, in the Fifth month, 1850, soon to

* Anna Backhouse had gone abroad under medical advice, but her health gradually declined, and she peacefully breathed her last on the deck of a steamer in the Bay of Palermo, whither she had retired with her husband from an insurrection that had broken out in that city, in connection with "the war of Liberation" (For another account, with some further particulars, see page 68.) Almost her last words were, addressing her husband, "I am going to Jesus. Farewell, my dearest, farewell! This is hard for thee, but look to Jesus, love Him, live to Him; and our darling Johnny" (their only surviving child), "do bring him up in the *right* way. Give him a good education, and let him be brought up as a 'Friend.'"

be followed by J. J. Gurney's faithful sister, Catharine Gurney.

It was as a bereaved widow that E. P. Gurney returned to America, where she took up her residence at West Hill, near Burlington, New Jersey. It was a beautiful home, amongst long-loved and congenial friends. Stephen Grellet, John Cox, Richard Mott, and others of that generation were still living at Burlington; whilst at Philadelphia, at an easy distance, she could enjoy association with a still larger circle of the Friends of her childhood.

Here she remained for several years, using hospitality "without grudging," and desiring to be faithful to the call of her Divine Master in the exercise of her ministry. She was thus enabled, in the summer of 1853, to welcome to her American home her long-tried friends, Josiah and William Forster, during their last visit to the United States as members of the Anti-Slavery deputation from London Yearly Meeting; and feelingly to sympathize with the surviving members of the deputation on their return to England after the lamented decease

of William Forster, in East Tennessee, in the early part of 1854.

Under the impression that her Lord and Master had yet work for her to do in Europe, E. P. Gurney once more crossed the Atlantic toward the close of 1855, making the house then recently occupied by William Forster and his widow, at Earlham Road, near Norwich, her temporary home for the next two or three years. It was during this, her last visit to England, that her beloved brother-in-law, Samuel Gurney, died at Paris, on his way home from the South of France, early in the Sixth month, 1856. E. P. Gurney was present at his funeral in the Burial-ground at Barking, where lay the remains of his tenderly cherished wife, and their beloved sister, Elizabeth Fry. Her address on the occasion, with its touching allusion to the faithfulness of Joshua, and of "the elders who over-lived" him,* and how easy it is for the successors of the Lord's children, like the successors of those elders in ancient Israel, to neglect their greatest privileges, will not easily be forgotten by those who

* See Josh. xxiv, 31.

heard it. The decease of her brother-in-law was followed in 1857 by that of another noble-minded relative, Anna Gurney, of Northrepps Cottage, and, still later, by the removal of her husband's nephew, Sir Edward North Buxton. E. P. Gurney keenly felt these bereavements, but, through all, sought steadily to pursue her own path of apprehended duty. An extended religious visit to the Vaudois Valleys, and to other places in the North of Italy, and to those professing with Friends in the South of France, occupied the autumn of 1856, whilst the autumn of the following year was spent in a similar visit in Switzerland and Germany.

In all these engagements her friends, Robert and Christine M. Alsop, were her kind and helpful companions. Near Genoa they had a deeply interesting opportunity of sympathy with that "lovely Princess," the widow of the late Duke of Orleans, whose popular husband, the eldest son of the late King Louis Philippe, had died, as will be recollected, from the effects of an accident, in 1842. They afterward had a similar interview with the Dowager Empress of Russia (the widow of the Emperor Nicholas)

at Nice ; and, still later, with the late King of Prussia, brother to the present Emperor of Germany, in Berlin, in 1857.*

Her service for her Lord in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe being now, as she believed, accomplished, E. P. Gurney finally, on the 28th of the Eighth month, 1858, sailed for America, where she spent the remainder of her life. West Hill, near Burlington, N. J., once more became her principal home, but during the heat of the summer she was accustomed to retire to "Earlham Lodge," a seaside retreat, admirably suited to her needs, at Atlantic City, on the New Jersey Coast.

The last twenty-two years of her life thus spent in America were not years of indolence or inactivity. Her easy outward circumstances were, in her view, no warrant for self-indulgence. She had been divinely taught that she was not her own, and it continued to be her earnest desire still to place herself at her Lord's disposal, under the realizing sense of her re-

* Further particulars of these journeys may be found in the "Memorials of Christine M. Alsop" (pp. 13^o-15^o), and in the printed minutes of the Yearly Meeting of London for the year 1858 (pp. 57-61).

sponsibility as a steward for Him to whom she owed all.

There being at that time no regular meeting of Friends at Atlantic City,* it was her practice for many years, when staying there, to open her rooms for the purpose of public worship according to the simple usages of our Religious Society. These meetings were largely attended both by Friends and other visitors. They are described by one of her nieces as often "crowded with a mixed company of gay, fashionable people, mingling there with simple Quakers, all appearing solemnized and impressed, both by the silent worship and the loving, powerful appeals to accept the truth as it is in Jesus. Many were the sorrowing, heavy-laden hearts that were comforted and cheered."

"I can hardly tell thee," writes E. P. Gurney to a beloved relative at Darlington, under date Eighth month 2d, 1866, "what these meetings are to me. Both our large parlors and the hall packed closely every First-day morning; and myself feeling as though it were

* A Friends' Meeting has been since established at Atlantic City.

impossible for one so poor and weak to be made an instrument in feeding the multitude. But I am bound in gratitude to say that the great Minister of ministers makes Himself known amongst us, blesses the bread and breaks it, and condescends to employ one of the most unworthy of His servants to hand it to the almost famished ones, of whom there are not a few in this vicinity, weary of forms and panting for the substance. With such as these we have sometimes been permitted to sit down as at the table of the Lord, enjoying true communion, and realizing that ‘the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.’”

“About two weeks since,” continues E. P. Gurney, “we had five Jews at meeting, wholly unknown to me. The occasion proved to be a strong confirmation of my faith, as I could only speak of the Messiah being come, the Jews’ rejection of Him, their relentless cry, ‘Away with Him! away with Him!’ ‘Crucify Him! crucify Him! we will not have this man to reign over us;’ and then the height and depth of the love of God in Christ Jesus—‘If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ

the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' How surprised was I afterward to find that some of Abraham's children had been present with us; and how was my faith strengthened in the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit."

Besides these home engagements, E. P. Gurney was at this period of her life (to use the words of a brief notice that appeared in the *Friends' Review** shortly after her decease) "frequently drawn to travel in the service of her Master, in the course of which engagements she visited most of the Yearly Meetings on the American continent. Her public services in the ministry were generally brief, but remarkably solemn and impressive. While she did not shrink from declaring the whole counsel of God, and extending the voice of needful caution and exhortation, her delight was to 'show forth the loving kindness of the Lord' and His mercy to the repentant sinner. Strangers were often singularly impressed with her ministry, and her abundant experience of

* For Eleventh month 19th, 1881, vol. xxxv, page 228.

trial and bereavement enabled her effectively to administer to the sad and suffering, both publicly and privately, the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God.

“Of great vivacity of temperament, and possessing a tenacious memory, her conversation was singularly attractive, and many will recall visits to her lovely home as occasions of rare social enjoyment. Naturally open-hearted and generous, her charities were dispensed most liberally though with conscientious discrimination, feeling that she was but the steward of the abundant means which had been intrusted to her keeping, and that for these, as well as all her powers of body and mind, she was deeply responsible.”

The awful struggle which finally led to the extinction of slavery in the United States was watched by E. P. Gurney with solemn interest. Allusion has already been made to some of the opportunities of which she had thought it right to avail herself, of pleading the cause of her Divine Master before those in authority in the Old World. And it is not surprising that, in this hour of her country's anguish, her heart

was drawn forth in a sympathy not easy to be described toward the distinguished man then at the head of the American Government. But she knew that for every right step there is the appointed time, and for that she was willing to wait. The war was already in the second year of its duration. Sanguinary battles had been fought with but little apparent result, when in the autumn of 1862 E. P. Gurney felt that the time had come for her to seek a personal interview with the President. She was accompanied by her friend James Carey, from Baltimore, and by one or two intimate friends of her own sex from Burlington.

It was a critical period. The armies of Lee and McClellan were confronting each other in the neighborhood of Washington, and the President, finding the capital in danger, had issued a call for several hundred thousand additional troops. Every available moment of his time was precious, and two days were spent by E. P. Gurney and the friends who accompanied her in fruitless efforts to see him. They had given up all hope, when, to use her own words, "the great iron door seemed to open of

itself, and a most interesting interview we had." It was on the morning of the First day of the week, "in a beating rain," that the little party repaired to the "White House," where they were at once introduced into the private apartment of President Lincoln. They quickly recognized his tall, commanding figure, as he rose to receive them, and the cordial grasp of his hand as they were separately named to him at once placed them at ease. Deep thoughtfulness and intense anxiety marked his countenance and created involuntary sympathy for him in this great national crisis. He at first supposed E. P. Gurney to be from England, but was soon undeceived. Drawing her chair near to his, she gave him to understand that it was no motive of idle curiosity which had induced her to seek such an interview, but that she had come in the love of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that blessed Gospel which breathes "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men." She then proceeded to assure him of the deep sympathy which, in common with the members of her own religious Society, and, indeed, with every true-

hearted citizen of the United States, she had felt for the President in his arduous duties. He listened with respectful attention whilst she calmly unfolded in an address, the delivery of which occupied about fifteen minutes, the "exercise of her spirit" on his behalf. She then bent the knee in fervent supplication for him and for her country. It was a touching scene. The little party stood in reverential awe, the President appearing bowed in heart under the weight of his deep responsibilities. The bright waters of the Potomac were in the distance, whilst upon its shores stood the two opposing armies arrayed against each other, awaiting the awful moment when they should once more meet in mortal conflict. As E. P. Gurney was leaving, the President took her hand, and holding it for a few moments in silence, said, in a very deliberate manner, "I am glad of this interview. In the very responsible situation in which I am placed, as a humble instrument in the hands of my Heavenly Father, I have desired that all my words and actions may be in accordance with His will; but if, after endeavoring to do my best with the light which

He affords me, I find my efforts fail, then I must believe that, for some purpose unknown to me, He wills it otherwise. If I had had my way this war would never have been, but nevertheless it came. If I had had my way this war would have ended before this, but nevertheless it still continues. We must conclude that He permits it for some wise purpose, though we may not be able to comprehend it; for we cannot but believe that He who made the world still governs it. I repeat that I am glad of this interview.”

Some time afterward E. P. Gurney addressed a letter to President Lincoln, to which, after a considerable interval, he replied as follows:

“Executive Mansion, Washington,

“September 4th, 1864.

“ELIZA P. GURNEY:—My esteemed Friend, I have not forgotten, probably never shall forget, the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my

reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of this country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.

“ We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this, but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great end He ordains.

“ Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay. Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. On the principle of faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn, and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done and

shall do the best I could and can in my own conscience under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and, believing it, I shall still receive for my country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

“Your sincere friend,
“A. LINCOLN.”

The course of public events is well known. It is unnecessary here to do more than allude to the fact that soon after the foregoing letter was penned its noble-minded writer was, for the second time, elected President of the United States. His inauguration took place in the Third month, 1865, and within a few weeks from that time he had the joy of seeing the war brought to a close. He lived but a few days after this great result had been achieved. A pang of astonished grief startled the people of America and of the whole civilized world on hearing the tidings of his assassination. E. P. Gurney had the mournful satisfaction of learning that her letter to the President, written nearly two years previously, had been carefully

treasured up by him, and was in his breast pocket when the fatal shot reached him.

E. P. Gurney was a warmly attached member of the Society of Friends, but she was none the less prepared to adopt to the full extent of its meaning the salutation of the Apostle, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." This catholicity of spirit involved no surrender of her own special convictions. It was rather her faithfulness to these convictions that led her into closer sympathy with those whom she believed to be alike faithful in other communions. She was already growing up to years of maturity when the distressing events occurred in her own and some of the adjacent Yearly Meetings which resulted in the withdrawal from the body of Friends with which she was connected of so many who had once been her fellow-members. It is not needful here to dwell upon the particulars of this painful separation.* It was a time of peculiar difficulty, especially for the young. The conflict involved in the separation

*See *Memoirs of J. J. Gurney*, vol. ii, ch. 27, and the Declaration issued by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1828.

had been felt even within her own beloved family, And she was at the time herself in the depth of her first great sorrow, to which allusion has already been made. Her faith was thus proved in various ways. The trial seemed at the time hard and not easy to understand. But there was a blessed purpose secretly working through all. She could in later years look back upon these varied exercises, and discern in them an essential part of that hallowed discipline through which, under the guidance of the Spirit of truth, her heart was established in a firm and unwavering faith in Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And all that she was subsequently permitted to taste and to partake of in her own experience in the course of her lengthened life still served to confirm her in this precious faith.

Intimately connected with this experience of the preciousness of Christ, and of the reality and blessedness of the guidance of His Spirit, was her steadfast conviction of the essential union which must ever subsist between a living faith and the obedience of child-like love. She would again and again insist upon the indis-

pensable blending of the two in the new creation, and how necessary it is that they should both be found working together in order to the bringing forth of fruit unto holiness. Nothing, she was persuaded, can ever be a substitute for the denial of self, and the taking up of the daily cross in unreserved dedication to Him who has loved us.

The many-sidedness and the unity of "the Truth as it is in Jesus" was another theme on which E. P. Gurney loved to dwell. With all its manifold comprehensiveness, as she would again and again remind her friends, no portion of this Truth can be removed, misplaced, or exaggerated without danger to the rest. Its parts may at times appear separate, and even conflicting; but in its innermost essence it remains in its entirety one and undivided; and in that house, which is "the Church of the living God," the even balance, "the balance of the sanctuary," must be in constant use to maintain every part in its true place, and with its just weight and proportion. Even a half-truth, she would emphatically say, if exclusively insisted on, may become a lie in the implied suppression

of the rest. Hence, she would entreat her younger friends to be on their guard against exclusive views and one-sided assertions. She longed that theirs might be a knowledge reaching further than the surface. It was her prayer that their whole inner being might be so yielded up to the illuminating and transforming power of the Spirit of God, that in the exercise of a humble and heart-purifying faith they might receive the Lord Jesus Christ both as their justifying and their sanctifying Redeemer, in all the sufficiency of His pardoning grace and the reality of His spiritual reign. Earnestly as she disclaimed every pretense to spirituality where His sacrificial or mediatorial work is set aside or disbelieved in, her protest was no less decided against a preaching of Christ or a profession of the Gospel in which the work of the Holy Spirit is not steadfastly maintained in its fullness and immediateness as set forth in Holy Scripture.

Far, indeed, was E. P. Gurney from the presumption of attempting in any wise "to limit the Holy One" in the working of His grace. But every year strengthened her conviction that

the law by which He is pleased to regulate spiritual life is ordinarily that of *progressive growth*: "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." She was persuaded that the exceptions to this law, if any, are extremely rare; and that the cases which may at first sight be taken as exceptions are, on more careful examination, generally found to be such more in appearance than in reality. Hence her increasing dread of any course of religious teaching which seemed to her to foster that which is merely impulsive or sensational, and her deepening sense of the blessedness of patient subjection to the Lord's gracious discipline and counsel from the earliest to the latest stages of the Christian's walk.

The approach of the evening of life brought with it many inevitable changes. Two widowed sisters, to whom she was tenderly attached, had lived either under her own roof or very near her, to their mutual inexpressible comfort. She had watched over them in their gradual decline and peaceful close. The threefold cord that had bound them to one another was very precious; and she felt much as she realized her

position as the last of that once numerous and loving family band.

Other alterations took place in the circle by which she was surrounded at Burlington. Stephen Grellet, John Cox, Richard Mott, and dear, aged Mary Allinson passed away, to be succeeded by others, younger indeed, but not less beloved. Among these the late Dr. Joseph W. Taylor and his like-minded sister, Hannah Taylor (who still survives), with his brothers and their families, must not be forgotten. With Dr. Taylor and his sister especially E. P. Gurney formed a warm and lasting Christian friendship. The grounds of their simple residence—the Woodlands—adjoined those of E. P. Gurney, and when at home and in health they were frequent visitors at West Hill.

Dr. Taylor had travelled extensively. He had been in India and at the Cape; in South America and the West Indies. He had visited many of the countries of Europe; besides being familiar with almost every leading State of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He had been the loving companion of Joseph John Gurney and William Forster; and on hearing

of the illness of the latter had, at his particular request, at once hastened to join him, travelling day and night more than 1,300 miles, from New Jersey to Tennessee, only to hear the announcement of his death.* He was the efficient escort of our late beloved friend, John Hodgkin, on his way back to England; and from time to time, to the close of his life, freely gave himself up to leave his peaceful home and surroundings, regardless of his own personal comfort, whenever he thought he could assist those whom he looked upon as the Lord's messengers. Humble, devoted, self-sacrificing, diffident almost to a fault, he rests with that Redeemer whom it was his joy to serve upon earth, having left to the sorrowing Church, which has found it hard to give him up, an enduring monument of his wise and large-hearted beneficence in the college for young women at Bryn Mawr, near Haverford, Pennsylvania, with its noble endowment of upward of 800,000 dollars; in which, under the gracious fostering care of Him to whom alone he desired to dedicate it, we may thankfully believe that many, calling them-

* See "Memoirs of William Forster," vol. ii, p. 395.

selves his spiritual children, in generations yet to come will receive a wise and efficient training, at once large-hearted and Christian, in harmony with the great principles of the New Testament as held by our religious Society, for which they will rise up and call him blessed.

At Philadelphia also there was a large circle with whom E. P. Gurney continued to maintain delightful Christian intercourse. The writer trusts that he may be excused if he ventures for a few moments to indulge his feelings of grateful love, which he finds it difficult wholly to suppress, as he recalls the names of some of these honored and never-to-be-forgotten friends. There was Israel W. Morris, the aged veteran of Greenhill Farm, near Philadelphia, whose recollections reached back to the times of Washington, if not also to those of the Revolutionary War; who in younger and middle life was, like Dr. Taylor, a devoted companion and helper to the Lord's messengers, and remained to the last an upright pillar in the Church, whose memory is precious to those who knew him. With him may be associated three others, all remarkable men, presenting in their somewhat differing

characteristics varied aspects of the same precious Truth which they equally loved—Thomas Evans, a member of a well-known and influential family, the compiler of the “Exposition of the Faith of the Society of Friends,” and one of the Editors of the “Friends’ Library,” whose mind, disciplined in the School of Christ, and enriched by varied reading and culture, was a treasury of Christian wisdom and experience; Samuel Bettle (whose father had been the able Clerk to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting during the trials of the Separation), in whom the calm dignity of the Christian minister was beautifully combined with the clothing of humility and a sympathy inexpressibly tender; and Charles Yarnall, a wise and faithful Elder, distinguished for sound and enlightened judgment and a mind of varied culture, seasoned with grace. Nor must his beloved sister, Amy Y. Tatum, also an Elder, or John M. and Mary Whitall be forgotten in this little sketch (brief and imperfect as it must necessarily be), all overflowing with love, impressed with the King’s image, and ready to be spent in His service.

Such, among many others that might be

named, were the Friends among whom E. P. Gurney felt it a privilege to pass the evening of her day, and whom it was her lot to survive. Though keenly feeling their removal, she durst not repine. At every stage of life's pilgrimage she had still to testify of abounding mercy. As her older friends were withdrawn one by one, "she continued to be surrounded by a circle of loved and loving younger relatives, who repaid her early nurture with affectionate care as her strength declined. Her last illness was of about three weeks' duration, and amid the pressure of disease she gave ample evidence that her work had been done while it was yet day. She died at West Hill on the 8th of the Eleventh month, 1881, in her eighty-first year. A large and sorrowing company gathered at her funeral in the Meeting-house, at Burlington."* By a happy undesigned coincidence, Richard Hanbury Joseph Gurney, her husband's youngest grandson, with his youthful bride, a granddaughter of the first Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and William Fowler, M. P., one of the nephews of his second wife, all from England,

* From the notice in *Friends' Review*, already quoted.

were present and added to the interest of the occasion. Various affectionate testimonies were borne to the graces of her Christian life and the blessedness of her hope full of immortality.

Let us rejoice in her joy that, through the mercy of that Saviour in whom alone she trusted, the words of her own beautiful hymn, written in 1875, are now become to her a glorious and everlasting reality :—

“The other side ! how fair it is !

Its loveliness untold,

Its ‘ every several gate a pearl,’

Its streets all paved with gold.

“How sweet to join the ransomed ones

The other side the flood,

And sing a song of praise to Him

Who washed us in His blood.

“Ten thousand times ten thousand

Are hymning the new song !

O Father ! join Thy weary child

To that triumphant throng !

“But oh ! I would be patient,

‘ My times are in Thy hand,’

And glory, glory dwelleth

In Immanuel’s land.”

SAMUEL GURNEY.

In recording the name of Samuel Gurney among those of departed Friends, we feel that he has been justly spoken of as one "greatly beloved," and that the words are true concerning him, that, "having served his generation by the will of God, he fell asleep, and was gathered to his fathers." Very blessed and peaceful were the closing hours of a life which had been spent in deeds of humble Christian love and benevolence, like the soft yet brilliant sunset of a summer day. For him death had no sting, and the grave no victory, for he was a true and humble follower of the blessed Redeemer, who enables His people to follow His example, "who went about doing good," and who gives to them peace in life, and victory in death. On behalf of our departed friend, therefore, there is cause for grateful and reverent praise and thanksgiving. But "Jesus wept" at the grave of Lazarus, and for some who survive Samuel Gurney his decease has left a

vacant place which no one else can fill. His genial spirit, his bright countenance, his kindly smile and greeting, were among the gleams of loving light that cheered the hearts of many weary and solitary pilgrims. We are permitted closely to feel the removal of such men from among us; but we sorrow not as those without hope; and if we have one tie less to earth, we have one more added to Heaven. Let us try to gather lessons from his Christian course, and to follow him as he followed Christ.

Samuel Gurney was the second son of the late Samuel and Elizabeth Gurney, of Ham House, Upton, Essex, and was born there on the 3d of the Second month, 1816. He was the nephew of Elizabeth Fry, whose life and example were so influential in developing good habits of Christian service and benevolence, both in and beyond her own family circle. Ham House had also been the home of the parents of his mother, the sweet and gentle Elizabeth Gurney, whose lowly estimate of herself, charity to others, and faithfulness to duty, spread around her a fragrance and beauty that must have told on the early lives of her

children. Ham House had also once been the residence of the good Dr. Fothergill, and in the youthful days of Samuel Gurney and his brother and sisters this home was a bright centre of genial hospitality, culture, and religious life. Some who still survive treasure among life's precious memories the recollection of that family circle, where warm Christian kindness and love and bright examples of useful and wisely directed efforts for the good of others were so conspicuous.

In 1837 Samuel Gurney married Ellen, the daughter of William Foster Reynolds, of Carshalton. She always shared with sympathy, and helped by her calm judicious counsel, the Christian and benevolent labors of her husband. For many years they resided at "The Culvers," Carshalton, a beautiful and tastefully decorated home and grounds, where Samuel Gurney's interest in birds and other animals had full play and exercise. He was a many-sided man, who took delight not in one set of objects only, but who enjoyed the beauties and gifts of Providence in the world of Nature as well as in the Gospel of His grace, and who delighted in min-

istering to both the spiritual and temporal needs of his fellow-men, and was a friend and protector of the animal creation.

Samuel Gurney took his share in public life also. He represented Falmouth and Penryn in Parliament from 1857 to 1868. He had some years previously refused to stand for East Surrey, and, in the first instance, he declined to come forward for Falmouth. But after he left Cornwall he was followed to Devonport by a requisition so urgent from his relative, Robert Were Fox, and other leading members of the constituency, that he decided to yield to their solicitation to become a candidate with T. G. Baring. His first desire was to know the will of God in the matter, and next, that everything should be conducted during the election in such a manner as to avoid temptation to intemperance or other evils. In this desire the candidates were so united and so ably supported, that it proved to be a model election; and his parliamentary course was marked by one simple desire to promote all that was good, whether it met with public sympathy or not, and self was put aside in all these efforts.

He greatly appreciated the kindness of his relatives of the Fox family in this important step in his life; and of this he writes:—"Nothing can exceed the kindness I received on all sides at this time, and I can never repay my dear relatives, the Foxes, with whom we stayed."

In reference to this event he writes in his journal:—"I much feel the responsible position in which I am placed; I trust it is the right one, and I doubt not it is rightly ordered. I have earnestly sought Divine assistance in this undertaking, and trust that through that power, and *that alone*, I may be enabled to fulfill the duties which it involves."

He continued to take a warm interest in the welfare of his constituency, and was highly esteemed and valued by its inhabitants.

Very various were the Christian and philanthropic labors in which he was engaged. For thirty years he was an active member of the British and Foreign School Society. In the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society he took a deep interest very early in life, and was its President for eighteen years, succeeding in that office the venerable Thomas Clarkson.

For forty years he was a member of the House Committee of the London Hospital, and became its Vice-President, having part in the direction of the institution. Of the Peace Society he was for some time Treasurer, and recently its Vice-President. He was one of the Founders of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents, and was its President and kind and staunch supporter. He joined the Committee of the Farm School of the Philanthropic Society thirty-three years ago; and he became Vice-President of this Society and founder of "Gurney House." Of the Aborigines' Protection Society he was President for more than twenty years. He joined the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade at its commencement, and was a highly esteemed member of its Executive Committee. He was also a warm and early supporter of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is a means of blessing to so many young men, both socially and religiously. His father and he founded the Hospital for Cutaneous Diseases, and he was Treasurer for twenty-two years of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

He was the founder and chairman of the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain Association, and labored in this good work for twenty-two years. He held, also, the office of High Sheriff for the county of Surrey from 1857 to 1868. He visited Spain in the interests of religious freedom, and at Madrid was one of those who pleaded with the Spanish Government for the release of Matamoros and other persecuted Protestants. He took an active part in the distribution of the War Victims' Fund at Metz, after the siege of Paris, and also in the Mission of the Society of Friends to the North of France, to supply seed and other assistance to farmers, where the land had been devastated during the Franco-German war. In 1878 he was one of a deputation of Friends to the Congress in Berlin, to plead for religious liberty, and was there accompanied by James Clarke, Edmund Sturge, and Joseph G. Alexander.

Thus was he, for a long course of years, actively engaged in Christian and benevolent labors, living not to himself, but spending and being spent in the service of his Redeemer and in efforts to maintain in various ways that

blessed Gospel which breathes, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good-will to men." But perhaps one of the most beautiful lessons of his life was in the cheerful submission with which he bowed under the chastening hand of his Heavenly Father, when the wealth which he had so bountifully used in efforts to benefit others was taken away, and he was no longer a rich man. When he possessed wealth he felt his responsibility, and used his house at Princes' Gate under this feeling. The record of the meetings held there for religious and philanthropic objects would form an interesting volume. The influence for good resulting from them is worldwide. On one occasion when a friend expressed sympathy with him in the change in his circumstances, he meekly answered, "God has more than made up the loss; I am much happier now than when I was very rich." By these words of testimony to the goodness and all-sufficiency of our God for *all* our heart's wants, "he being dead yet speaketh!" It is not given to all to have either the responsibility of the wealth which he at one time possessed, or the trial of a great reverse of

circumstances. But all need to seek for grace to learn the great lesson, "in whatsoever state we are to be therewith content."

One who had loved him from youthful days remembers how much he accomplished without particularly great natural powers, and how truly he never was shut up in self; always on the look-out for opportunities to do good, he often found them. When he travelled his observation and thoughts were directed toward people and things in the hope of promoting some good cause, or doing good to others, especially to those who were of "the household of faith." Once, in passing through Paris, he wrote to a Christian friend to say how glad he should be to see him and any others engaged in good works in that city. In the evening thirty Christians came to visit him, and a most interesting time they had together, which proved very helpful to some of those who were present who had never met before. Surprise was once expressed to him by a fellow-traveller at the way in which he seemed always to find out the Bible Depots and the Christian people wherever he went. "Oh!" he said, "I always look out, and look about,

and somehow or other I find some clue, or the place itself."

Thus did he endeavor faithfully, simply, and gladly to use the talents and opportunities committed to his trust, attracting many to his Saviour by the example of his quiet, steady, and Christian life. And yet none more truly felt himself to be an unprofitable servant, having done only what was his duty to do. He relied not on works of righteousness which he had done, but on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, and His blessed atonement and mediation, as the ground of his hope of acceptance with his Heavenly Father.

Whilst it was a marked characteristic of Samuel Gurney's Christian course that he had wide and large-hearted sympathy with all the true disciples of Christ, of every name, yet was he very decidedly a *Friend* in principle, as the following extracts from his journal plainly declare. May they be as a word in season at the present time, to encourage and strengthen those who are concerned to maintain the essential and distinguishing testimonies and principles of the Society of Friends. In the Fifth month, 1862,

he thus writes:—"I have attended Monthly Meeting more frequently lately; I feel satisfied in doing so. If any sacrifice is made it is but a small one. It is perhaps only giving up a morning at home to do so; and though I highly enjoy that, I cannot doubt it is right to take a part, though a humble one, in the proceedings of the religious community to which I belong."

In the Fifth month of the same year he writes:—"At four o'clock, I took my seat in the Yearly Meeting as representative from the London Quarterly Meeting. I feel the importance of such a position. It seems as if I was to take a stand as a Quaker, and I believe I shall have great satisfaction in it, as I am one in heart."

Like all other true Christians, he valued the rest and privileges of the First-day of the week. Twelfth month 5th, 1852, he writes:—"A peaceful Sabbath! What a precious day it is! How scandalous to abuse so glorious an institution! How careful we should be not to make it a day of slothfulness, but endeavor to keep our minds employed and our spirits exercised in the right direction."

The following extract shows how truly he

cherished a grateful spirit for the mercies granted to him:—

“Twelfth month 31st, 1852.—What can I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me and mine during the year which will so soon close? The blessings we have partaken of are beyond measure, and more than the hairs of the head. Thanks be unto God for all His unspeakable gifts—of earthly good, more than I can desire, and of spiritual blessings a full measure. I feel the responsibility of my stewardship. Oh! that we may not retrograde in our spiritual progress! But may the love of God increase within us; and may we become more devoted servants to Him!”

Samuel Gurney spent some weeks at Brighton in the beginning of 1882, enjoying Christian society and working diligently in his Redeemer's cause. The state of his health, however, led him to visit Tunbridge Wells, in the hope of being refreshed and invigorated. But the time was come for him to leave the scene of service and discipline and to enter on a higher sphere. He had the tender ministrations of his beloved wife and eldest sister and niece

in his last illness. Those who witnessed his deep and abiding thankfulness, his placid behavior, and firm faith and holy confidence, in his dying hours, will never forget the example thus set before them, and will ever remember the holy expression that passed over his countenance when he clasped his hands and said, with great reverence, "*All sin forgiven!*" Only these three words were distinctly heard, but it is believed other words were also uttered by him expressing thankfulness and true joy. And in response to the words, slowly repeated to him, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" with solemn emphasis he said, "*Peace! Peace!*"

Thus did his life close and his sun set in the brightness of Christian faith and love, and with a hope full of immortality; for "the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

His *life* was like a gentle stream,
Whose fertilizing flow,
Watered the vale thro' which it pass'd
Reflecting Heaven's bright glow.

His *death* was peaceful, calm, and bright,
Like summer's setting sun,
When roseate tints illumine the scene :
'Twas thus his race was run.

KATHARINE BACKHOUSE.

The readers of the *Annual Monitor* will be comparatively few who remember the subject of the following memorial in the vigor of her days. Yet there is a value peculiar to itself in the testimony of a long life, from early childhood to extreme old age, to the faithfulness of our God and Saviour.

K. Backhouse was the fourth daughter of Jasper and Ann Capper, of Stoke Newington, and was born in the year 1792.

Being one of a large family of children, nine of whom lived to grow up, her education was a very practical one, and her active powers were early called into requisition in the home circle. As she grew older, visiting and nursing the sick poor was one of her special duties. This being at the period when vaccination for the small-pox had been recently introduced, she entered into it with so much interest that she undertook it on a large scale for the poor children of Stoke Newington, and received a medi-

cal diploma for vaccinating upward of a thousand children.

The energy of K. Capper was great, and her lively, active mind delighted in opportunities of helping or doing kindnesses to others. In Joseph Gurney Bevan the family of young people had a most kind and improving friend, and at the age of seventeen K. C. studied Greek that she might be able to read to him in the Greek Testament, he having become blind in his declining years; and in after-life she frequently referred to the benefit she had derived from his company and conversation. By their parents they were carefully watched over and instructed in religious truth, and at the age of nineteen K. C. first spoke in the ministry in Gracechurch Street Meeting, of which she was then a member, and by which she was afterward acknowledged as a minister.

In 1823 she was married to John Backhouse, of Darlington. In reference to this event she writes in her journal:—"J. B. left me last evening, after being in town about ten days. During his visit my heart has been turned to the Lord for direction in this most im-

portant matter. Sometimes I have asked that if this is indeed the husband designed for me, I might feel him to be standing on Christ, the immovable Rock ; and I may, with humble gratitude, record that we have been mercifully condescended unto by being permitted unitedly to feel the presence of the Most High to be with us as we have waited upon Him together. He knows the integrity of our hearts in this business, and how earnestly we both desire not to take one step in it without His holy sanction. To Him do I commit myself and my cause, in a lowly confidence that He will preserve me from error. This evening, while retired in my room, with a sincere desire to see the Divine will in this concern, I was unexpectedly impressed with the belief that we should be given to each other as the Lord's precious gifts, and that He would bless us together ; also that He would give me wisdom to go in and out before the dear children as I look to Him for it ; and under the humbling prevalence of this feeling I have at this time desired afresh to dedicate my whole heart to Him who so graciously condescends to my unworthy

soul. May I ever serve, honor, and obey Him.”

Beautifully did she fill the place of step-mother to J. B.'s motherless children, whose warm affection she gained by her loving and judicious care. In the circle to which she belonged she was greatly valued; her clear and sound judgment often decided a point which might otherwise have been perplexing. Her ready sympathy and wise counsel were frequently sought by her friends. Especially in seasons of sickness and affliction were her visits most cordially welcomed, and will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of her acquaintance. Watchfulness over herself and desire to be found doing her Master's work were conspicuous in her character, and to her, in no common degree, might be applied the words—she “visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and kept herself unspotted from the world.”

During the years 1831 to 1840 K. B. travelled much as a minister of the Gospel, and, accompanied by her husband or some other congenial companion, she visited the meetings in Scot-

land and those in many parts of England. Service in her own Quarterly Meeting was not unfrequently called for, and her humility and devotedness of spirit and power of sympathy gained her ready access to those to whom her mind was drawn. Her ministry was concise and clear, and was much valued by her friends, yet we find in her journal the following entry, which may serve for the encouragement of those who, feeling that it is laid upon them to speak for their Master, may be discouraged by a sense of their inability to express what is in their hearts:—"When I compare the services of some of my beloved friends with my own poor performances, dry and barren as they sometimes appear to me, I am almost ready to be overwhelmed with discouragement, and to think I had better never again attempt to speak in the name of the Lord; and yet when the command seems to be given, how can I refrain? It may be that it is for my own humiliation, and from this I do not desire to shrink; but if it is because of anything wrong in me that so little life and power attend my speaking, oh! be pleased, gracious Lord, to do it away for Thy

name's sake and Thy honor's sake." Again : "I have been much humbled of late, or at least I trust so, under the sense of my great unprofitableness. Now nearly entering my sixtieth year, I can look back and deeply deplore my profitless life, the little I have done or said for my good Master—for Him who has done, and is doing, *all* for me. I long to live to His praise, and, if I might be so permitted, to win souls to Him ; yet I feel laid down, laid aside as it were, and dare not set myself to work in any way of my own desiring. I fear I am sometimes criminally backward in promoting His cause, and yet I do desire not to be so. Surely I do love my Saviour ; at least, I earnestly wish to do so, and even this wish cannot originate in me. Lord, wilt Thou show me how, when, and where to serve Thee ? and oh ! strengthen me to maintain the watch, that I may know Thy will. Oh ! give me power to obey, even in the smallest requiring and however humiliating."

In 1847 K. B. was deprived of her beloved husband, who died at Shull, a favorite moorland retreat of his. For six years previously

he had been much of an invalid from an attack of partial paralysis, which came on suddenly, and was at first attended with severe suffering. This was greatly soothed by the unwearied attentions of his devoted wife; and in this deep trial they knew what it was to partake largely of the consolations of Christ, as shown by the following extracts from memoranda made at this time:—

“He (J. B.) expressed his thankfulness that he had never had even one regret at the sudden loss of his powers, but that he had been enabled to say, ‘Thy will be done;’ that he believed we had both been enabled to take refuge under the shadow of the Almighty in this hour of great calamity. He was sweetly affectionate, and said if I was spared to him he should want for nothing as to nursing, and remarked that our love was founded on that which was not shaken by these storms—even on Christ.” Again: “We had a sweet morning together, pouring out our souls in prayer that He who knows our need will be pleased to enable us so to sustain the infirmities of flesh and spirit as to promote His glory, and that for His dear

Son's sake He will, in the end, grant us an inheritance among the blessed."

After so many years of the endearing dependence of suffering, K. B. most keenly felt the separation. She writes:—"How shall I recount my feelings on re-entering this dear abode (Beechwood), doubly dear to me as the spot he so much liked, and where we have passed so many hours together? No language could set forth all that my heart has endured, yet I am bound to add that mercy and love have upheld my drooping spirit, and that my solitary hours have been sweetened by a sense of heavenly goodness and of the perfect happiness of my most precious one; indeed, his purified spirit seems to be about me. And now may the God of my life, who attracted my childish heart to Himself, and who accepted graciously the mid-day surrender, seeing He gave me a precious husband who was like a part of my own soul, and has been pleased to redeem and sanctify him and take him from all his earthly shackles—may He, my Lord and my God, also mercifully accept the sacrifice of my widowed heart and make it His dwelling-place."

The death of her husband was followed after no long interval by another bereavement, which she keenly felt, in the death of her daughter-in-law, Anna Backhouse. She writes, Second month 2d, 1848 : “ To-day came the following deeply affecting letter from my precious son, which has plunged us into sorrow indeed :—

“ *On board the “Bulldog” War Steamer, off
Palermo, First month 1st, 1848.*

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER AND ELIZA :—I scarcely know how to find words to convey to you the dispensation with which it has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me. My precious Anna is no more ! On account of the state of things here (an insurrection) we have never been able to inform you of our arrival here on the 12th ult., immediately after which disturbances commenced, and on Seventh-day evening we were obliged to come on board this ship. . . . We were, in fact, driven to come here, as she was evidently losing ground at Naples. . . . She found the air of this place suit her, and said she felt much more comfortable. Yesterday she was quite nicely and was on deck,

which she much enjoyed; and this morning, after a good night, she again came on about eleven o'clock. Soon after this the courier, who with Mary Ann (her maid) was in another ship, came on board, and told us M. A. was not comfortable there. I went to the captain, and got leave for her to come on board; and my dearest followed me, unknown to me, to speak to him also. On going back to her chair she complained of shortness of breath. . . . She soon became alarmingly ill. We laid her down on deck, and two medical men on board gave her every attention. She at once became aware of her situation, and said she was "going to Jesus, and to her dearest papa,* and that she felt very comfortable." Remedies revived her for a time. She begged to see Johnny, kissed him, and told Sarah to take good care of him; and frequently said how very comfortable she felt, but that it was a strange place to die in, surrounded as she was by the strangers on board, who were very feeling and kind. At last she gradually became quiet, and sank most easily away. It was an awful time, and I can

* Joseph John Gurney.

yet scarcely believe it is not a dream. . . . I feel there is only one source to which I can look for comfort, and may I obtain it in my deep affliction.

“ ‘ Your most affectionate,

“ ‘ JOHN C. BACKHOUSE.

“ ‘ P. S.—I was unable to send this yesterday, so add that I have this morning followed her precious remains to the cemetery. . . . The captain and some of his officers accompanied me, and as we stood round the grave in our own simple manner, I could not but long that the feeling of her inexpressible happiness might enable me to bear with resignation this agonizing stroke.’ ”

Humility and submission to the will of God were conspicuous features of Katharine Backhouse's character; bereavement therefore did not induce her to yield herself to any weak indulgence in grief, but rather to inquire what was the work left for her to do. Her executive activity enabled her in days of vigor, while acting upon her favorite motto, always to do the *must-be's* before the *may-be's*, to get through

an amount of work which to one of slower habits would seem impossible.

Surrounded by a large circle of relations, who looked up to her with loving affection and often sought advice, her correspondence was necessarily extensive; and even to those with whom she was but little acquainted, if she felt she could give a warning word she did it, often at much cost to herself; and her faithfulness was at times rewarded by very sincere thanks. She loved to open her house to the messengers of the Lord, who found in her a true and sympathizing friend. Her bright and cheerful spirit always made her home especially attractive to the young.

For several years K. B. acted as Clerk to the Women's Yearly Meeting, a position from which she exceedingly shrank, but in which her character shone never more brightly, when her deep spiritual experience, her good judgment, and calm dignity, had a marked influence upon the meeting, and often gave a wise direction to the various deliberations that occupied it.

She writes (Fourth month 6th, 1850):—"I do intensely feel having to open the Yearly

Meeting, with all which it involves this year; and, oh! how earnestly do I ask for wisdom and discretion according to my need. My soul would sink within me were it not for the promise from Him who has *all* power unto those who have *none*, which I truly feel to be my case." And again (Fifth month 12th, 1851): "I have had such a baptism as regards the approaching Yearly Meeting as I have seldom known. My soul has indeed been cast down within me, but I have remembered Him in whom alone is my trust, and have desired to commit all to Him. Lord! do Thou keep me, not only from wilful disobedience, but from any mistakes whereby dishonor might be brought upon Thy precious truth. Oh! may *this* be exalted over all, and Thy great name glorified through Jesus Christ. I want, Thou knowest, to have no will but Thine, and that the little remainder of my day may be devoted unto Thee alone, who hast the right to rule and reign within and over me."

Entire loneliness, as to outward companionship, was often her position; but, as we see by her memoranda, it was indeed cheered by the

love of her Saviour, and almost to the last days of her life to be left alone with Him, to commune with Him, was her delight.

She writes (Eleventh month 6th, 1850):—
“Much have I dwelt on the sweet memory of my precious husband, and have been afresh comforted in the belief that he would not have been dear to me but for his love to Christ; for the more I saw His image reflected in him, the more tenderly I loved him. Oh! then, do I not love my blessed Saviour, and, unworthy as I am, may I not believe that it is because He first loved me, and gave Himself for me; and now I am cast upon Him, have no one to lean on but Him. Well, then, to Him I will joyfully go, for He will never turn me away. The poor lone widow He will shelter and befriend. Oh! how does this sweet confidence support me.”

“Many religious persons appear perplexed about the nature of the joys of eternity; and at times distressed because they do not feel that assurance of partaking in them which would be fully satisfactory. It seems to me that we have little to do with either. We ought to have no desire so earnest, no joy so great, as the accom-

plishment of our Heavenly Father's will, and if, as we journey on through time, this is our true experience, we may safely commit ourselves to Him both for time and for eternity. Possibly the joy of the latter may consist in the unobstructed fulfilment of the Lord's will and in His holy presence. Is it not a state attainable even here, wherein this is so continually aspired after that it becomes the atmosphere in which the soul delights to live, patiently enduring suffering for the sake of that gracious Redeemer who gave Himself for us? Secure in the wisdom and mercy of His appointments, and willing to rest therein with loving confidence, this is all the assurance which *I* dare ask, all that is needful for a Christian."

"*Twelfth month 27th, 1855.*—My friends have been very kind in visiting me, and I am grateful to them; but, unavoidably, much solitude is my lot, and I do not wish it otherwise. When shut in alone with Jesus I sometimes feel a nearness to Him and dependence on Him that is more to me than the dearest, closest earthly tie."

"*Second month 21st, 1856.*—It was said by

an aged saint in New York, ‘I have been forty years living on the will of the Lord, and I find it *love* ;’ and similar may be my testimony to His mercy and His love. Oh ! it is good to live upon His will, and I desire to have no life in anything contrary to it.”

After a time of much conflict of spirit, she writes :—“I have mourned in secret while passing through this ordeal ; but oh ! the loving kindness of my God to me this morning is not to be described, for I cannot fully set it forth. He has sweetly convinced me that I may leave the things that are behind, believe that *all* is washed away in the blood of Christ, and hide myself in Him. O mercy infinite, indescribable ! Now I have only to lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset me, and run with patience the race which is set before me, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith. O blessed assurance ! blessed Saviour ! To Thee may I henceforth look without perplexing myself about the past ; daily applying to the blood of sprinkling, patiently endeavoring each day to do Thy will—willing to be nothing, to appear so in the sight

of others, even to be despised, so that Thou art exalted, and Thy name glorified.”

“*Third month 22d*, 1859.—How sweet is it, and how wholly undeserved, to be permitted to refer my every need, temporal and spiritual, to my Heavenly Father, through Jesus, my adorable Redeemer; I cannot fully describe the *rest*, the *joy*, which I have lately experienced in thus continually committing myself and my all to Him, and it is wonderful to discover His tender mindfulness of even my outward necessities and comforts, so that external affairs and many minor things have been ordered marvellously for me. Oh! it is sweet to trust Him.”

“*Fifth month 8th*, 1864.—I do long that Christ may so draw me to Himself, and keep me so near, that I may perfectly reflect His image, that all may see and know that I have been with Him, and learnt of Him, that He may be glorified by my being filled with love, gentleness, meekness, humility, and every Christian grace. To Jesus do I desire to consecrate body, soul, and spirit.”

“*Eleventh month 14th*, 1870.—Relieved in spirit by being enabled, before the Scripture

reading this morning, to express my desire for us all, that this might never sink into a mere form, but that our hearts might be lifted up in prayer for a blessing on the reading, that we might know the entrance of the words of Jesus to give life to our souls; and that such times might prove times of refreshing from Him."

"*Fourth month 10th, 1871.*—I wish here to remark, as regards myself, that in looking back upon my long life, I see that whenever I have trusted in myself, my good resolutions, my natural powers, etc., I have signally failed; but when my trust has been only in Jesus, even respecting small outward concerns, all has prospered; if not in the expected way, still in the best possible way."

"*Ninth month 26th, 1871.*—In my nature I believe there is much of what the French term *empressement* seems best to describe; an earnestness in the pursuit of what it appears right should be accomplished, which, I believe, may have had its use in youth and middle age, when I had often much to engage my attention; but it does not seem to comport with old age, and I very much desire to know deliverance from all

that intercepts my dwelling in 'the quiet habitation,' waiting to be taught my daily lessons in the Saviour's school. Especially it is my prayer that things may have their proper places, and that none of the daily affairs of life may be pursued too earnestly, but that all may be attended to in quietness and meekness, the heart being continually lifted up in perfect confidence to Him who does mercifully undertake for us even in secular things so as to bring about His own designs."

Toward the end of 1876 K. B.'s health received a severe shake from a sudden but short attack of loss of consciousness. From this she never fully recovered, and only twice during the five remaining years of her life was she able to unite with her friends in public worship. She much enjoyed her garden, and with cheerful submission she reconciled herself to limited powers, always feeling that whatever was permitted by her Heavenly Father was sure to be the right discipline for her. Thankfulness for all His gifts was the clothing of her spirit, and words of praise from the psalms or hymns were often on her lips. Under date 20th Sixth

month, 1877, K. B. says :—“ Now after about eight months up-stairs, much of the time in bed, I may write that I fell down insensible at my bedroom door on the 22d of Tenth month, 1876, and have since experienced much of the goodness of my gracious God and Saviour. He has repeatedly laid me low, and again given me evidence of His loving kindness. This day is the third on which I have come down to dinner, and I have been once at a week-day meeting.” *First-day.*—“ *Alone*, and thankful to be so; although from some unknown cause there is little ability to cry availingly for help from Him who only knows the depth of my unworthiness and the feebleness of my powers, both of body and mind. But oh! how thankfully I remember that He graciously compassionates those who desire, however faintly, to love Him above all. Lord! do with me as Thou wilt!”

1878.—“ And now what can I write but the praises of my gracious Heavenly Father, Jesus my Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit my Sanctifier! Oh! may the work be completed, and my unworthy soul prepared, *whenever* the sum-

mons may be sent, to enter His courts with joy and thanksgiving !”

“*Eleventh month 8th, 1880.*—A truly touching letter from dear Edwin Waterhouse tells me of the death, yesterday, of his precious mother, my darling niece, Mary Waterhouse. She was like my own child from her very early years. She passed sweetly away to the Heavenly Kingdom. Oh ! may I also, through infinite mercy, follow her there when the call is sent.”

Prostration of mind and body gradually increased as age advanced. But her faith never failed—thankfulness for all her mercies was her constant theme. One especial mercy, to which she often referred, was the blessing of having such a faithful attendant as her maid, Mary, who, in the 56th year of her service, ably cared to the last for her beloved mistress with devoted and unwearied tenderness.

In the Second month of 1882 K. B. took a slight cold, which yet did not prevent her coming down-stairs even on the last day of her life. Soon after retiring to rest on the evening of the 16th the call she had so longed for came. Her prayer the night before had been that, “with

the morning rays she might wake in Heaven.” And so, in her 90th year, this loved and honored one most gently passed away to be “forever with the Lord.”

THOMAS PHILLIPS BEVANS.

Although T. P. Bevans was probably but little known outside of his own family circle and the limits of the Quarterly Meeting of which he was a member, it is thought that a brief record of some of the more prominent incidents of his singularly eventful life may prove helpful to others who, like him, may find themselves much isolated from intercourse with Friends, and at times surrounded by conditions little favorable to a religious life.

He was the son of James and Sarah Bevans, and was born in London in the year 1813. In 1822 his father left England for South America, and settled with his family at Buenos Ayres, but T. P. B. and an elder brother remained at Ackworth School. The judicious care and instruction which he received there continued through life to be of the greatest value to him. The brothers left Ackworth in 1825, and under the care of the captain of the vessel they performed the long voyage from England to South

America, and joined their family at Buenos Ayres. Thomas was then about twelve years old. The remainder of his life, up to the year 1873, was, with the exception of occasional visits to England, spent abroad, and almost entirely cut off from all association with Friends. Notwithstanding this isolation and the adverse influences of his surroundings, he remained throughout his life firmly attached to the principles of our Society.

In later life T. P. B. was often heard to speak in the highest terms and with deep feeling of the beautiful Christian character of his father, who died in 1832, and concerning whom a Buenos Ayres newspaper says, in referring to his death—"He was an affectionate husband, a tender father, and a sincere friend—one that would not intentionally harm any living creature. His religious opinions partook of the greatest liberality; he belonged to the sect called the Society of Friends, and always wore the Quaker costume, although in a somewhat modified form." To the influence of this Christian parent, T. P. Bevans owed much of the development of his own religious character.

He deeply felt the loss of his membership among Friends when, in 1840, in consequence of his marriage, the Monthly Meeting to which he belonged felt it necessary to deprive him of it. But he did not allow himself to harbor any uncharitable feeling toward those whom he considered were only carrying out the discipline as it then existed, and he looked forward with hope for a time when the well-being of the Society would be regarded from a different standpoint. Living abroad and away from Friends' meetings, he did not think it right to absent himself from a place of worship, but could never be induced to become a member of any other religious body.

About the year 1838 he commenced business in Monte Video. But in 1849 it became necessary to leave that town. The unsettled state of public affairs had resulted in the frequent change from one Military Government to another, and for six years Monte Video had remained in a state of siege. Scenes of violence and bloodshed long continued to be of frequent occurrence, and occasionally shot from the assailants passed over the house in which he and

his wife resided, and it was unsafe to venture beyond the fortifications of the city. Finding it impossible to continue the quiet pursuit of his business, he determined to leave the country. But to carry out this determination was by no means easy. Eventually, however, he was able to make arrangements with the captain of a French vessel to take himself and wife, with their household furniture and everything belonging to his business establishment, to San Francisco. But his troubles were not ended, for they very narrowly escaped shipwreck during a fearful storm off the Falkland Islands. The captain of the vessel was obliged to resign his post from temporary blindness, and the crew refused to work. Among the passengers was a seafaring man who took the command, and, aided by his fellow-passengers, succeeded in navigating the ship, a merciful Providence permitting that his skill and their energy should be the means of saving the vessel and the lives of those on board.

Whilst residing at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video Thomas P. Bevans was engaged in business as a chemist. For some years he also

studied medicine, and having obtained his diploma he practised for several years in San Francisco as a physician, but eventually abandoned that profession and confined himself to the practice of pharmacy, until, in the year 1858, he felt able to retire from business.

While residing in San Francisco he received a visit from Robert and Sarah Lindsay. They stayed at his house, and his intercourse with them confirmed him in his long-cherished wish to be re-united in membership with Friends. It was partly with this object in view that he visited England in 1862 and remained there until 1864. During this period he resided near Coventry, and was received into membership by North Warwickshire Monthly Meeting. He returned to San Francisco in 1864, and was mainly instrumental in gathering together a few Friends, and those connected with them, and forming there a little meeting, which, however, had to be discontinued in a few years, in consequence of the removal of its members.

From time to time in the course of his eventful life our beloved friend had committed his

way unto the Lord; and in 1873 the desire of his heart was granted him in being permitted to come and pass the evening of his days in the quiet of an English home, where he enjoyed the privilege of meeting with Friends in their religious and other gatherings. He finally selected Exmouth as his resting place. Situated on the South coast of Devonshire, and within easy access of Exeter and its meeting, he found there the peaceful home he had sought. Very diligent was he in the attendance of our meetings for worship and discipline, and he occasionally felt constrained to offer a few words in the former—words of great simplicity and earnestness, evidently uttered in obedience to the Master's call. He was naturally of a retiring disposition, and this obedience cost him no little effort. But the line of apprehended duty once clearly ascertained he did not shrink from following it. Living up to the light that was granted, that light grew brighter as he advanced along the Christian's path, and in the year 1879 his friends felt that they could rightly acknowledge him as a minister of the Gospel.

While steadily pursuing his quiet Christian

walk, he cultivated a spirit of true charity toward the failings of others and to the opinions of those from whom he differed. The fear of man was no snare to him. He never hesitated when needful to condemn wrong or to say what he believed to be right. To the poor he was ever a courteous and liberal friend, and many of them deeply feel his loss. In his home his cheerful, genial presence was a continual sunshine. He found in the cultivation of his fruits and flowers healthful enjoyment and recreation, and as they grew under his fostering care his thoughts seemed constantly "to rise from nature up to nature's God," or to be bowed in wonder and admiration at the works of the great Creator. It was in these domestic occupations, varied by attention to the business of our meetings, and that of more than one of our philanthropic societies, that he spent the few remaining years of his life. Failing health made it essential that he should abstain from prominent attention to more public business.

It was known to himself and to his immediate relatives that a long-standing organic disease was making progress as time advanced,

and it compelled him to remain quiet and retired when his active temperament would have prompted him to more vigorous action. His race was nearly run, and in his desire to fill up the measure of each day's duty he seemed to realize the fulfilment of the ancient promise, "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." Thus peacefully our dear friend passed along the appointed way,

"Not heeding the world, nor the din
Of the strife for its praise or reward,
Redeemed from the burden and bondage of sin,
His joy was sweet joy in the Lord."

Ever filled with gratitude and thankfulness for all that he enjoyed, he patiently waited the Master's summons. He believed and trusted in Christ alone as his Saviour, and earnestly desired so to live as to be ready to die. Several months of acute suffering were permitted to try him before the end came. But his faith failed not; the sustaining arm was felt underneath, and patiently he awaited the day when it should be said, "It is enough." With unshaken confidence in the redeeming merits of his Saviour's blood he passed peacefully away; almost his

last words were, "The river seems wide, but I am in the everlasting arms. I rest in Him." Thus sustained by a Saviour's love, and clear in his hopes of eternal joy, our beloved friend passed away from earth. The vicissitudes of life were ended; the dust returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit returned unto God who gave it.

One who knew him well writes:—"During the latter years of T. P. Bevans' life his growth in grace and in dedication to the will of his Lord were manifest. In the exercise of his gift in the ministry, which was edifying in its character, in the gentleness as well as brightness of his spirit, and in his humble, watchful demeanor, there was evidence of deepening in the Christian life, and of the light reflected from the Saviour whom he loved, growing 'brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.' It is in this aspect that his memory will be specially cherished by the Friends among whom his lot was then cast, and who valued his attendance and help at their various meetings, while his cultured mind, his consideration for the feelings of others, and his patience and perseverance

under physical infirmity, endeared him to those who shared his society from time to time. He would, however, have been one of the last to assume any spiritual attainment, and would have ascribed, we are assured, any progress in the Divine life *solely* to the free mercy and grace of God in Christ Jesus, to the gift of the Holy Spirit as the Guide and Sanctifier of His believing people, and to the simple endeavor to follow his Lord in the obedience of faith."



