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MEMORABLE WOMEN  
OF  
IRISH METHODISM.  
IN THE  
LAST CENTURY.



REV.

C. H. CROOKSHANK, M. A.



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BARBARA HECK.

210. p. 77.





# MEMORABLE WOMEN

OF

## IRISH METHODISM

IN THE

LAST CENTURY.

BY

C. H. CROOKSHANK, M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'A METHODIST PIONEER.'

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We gather up, with pious care,  
What happy saints have left behind;  
Their writings in our memory bear,  
Their sayings on our faithful mind;  
Their works, which traced them to the skies  
As patterns to ourselves we take;  
And dearly love and highly prize  
The mantle for the wearer's sake.—C. WESLEY

# MEMORABLE WOMEN

OF

## Irish Methodism in the Last Century.

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### INTRODUCTION.

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,  
And what they do or suffer, men record ;  
But the long sacrifice of woman's days  
Passes without a thought, without a word ;  
And many a lofty struggle for the sake  
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfill'd,  
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,  
And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd,  
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,  
And leaves no memory and no trace behind !  
Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells  
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,  
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,  
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.  
The soldier dies surrounded : could he live  
Alone to suffer, and alone to strive ?

CAROLINE E. NORTON.



HE inspired writers of the New Testament frequently refer to holy and faithful women who did an important work in connection with the planting of churches and the care of the flock.

These include Phœbe, a deaconess of Cenchrea, a succourer of many and of the Apostle also; the four daughters of Philip of Cæsarea, the Evangelist, 'which did prophesy;' Priscilla, 'a worker in Christ Jesus,' who, with her husband, taught the eloquent Apollos 'the way of the Lord more perfectly;' Junia, 'of note among the Apostles;' Dorcas, of Joppa, who 'was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did;' Tryphena, Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis, 'who laboured much in the Lord,' at Rome; and Euodias, Syntyche, and others at Philippi, who laboured with the Apostle in the Gospel—all saintly and devoted women.

Similar instances might doubtless be traced in connection with every revival of religion since that period. The history of Methodism abounds with allusions to women of remarkable piety and zeal, who came forth 'to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty,' and devoted their all to the glory of God. Almost every Society in the Connexion can boast of one or more of these mothers in Israel. In the full consecration of themselves to the service of their Redeemer, they entered upon a course directly opposed to all their surroundings, and involving, in most instances, the sacrifice of their dearest earthly treasures, and the endurance of numerous and bitter trials. Such daring, self-denial, and voluntary suffering are heroic, and claim the highest honour.

One design of the following narratives is to rescue

as far as possible the names and the work of some of these noble women from oblivion. With the exception of two, whose names are more or less familiar, and an account of whose lives is necessary to the completeness of the work, no connected record has been published of most of those referred to. For some of the sketches here presented we are chiefly indebted to incidental allusions by contemporary writers; and our narratives are therefore necessarily imperfect and fragmentary. In other instances, where accounts have appeared, they have long been out of print, and are now so scarce as to be out of the reach of all, except a very few. But all are names that should never be forgotten, especially by Irish Methodists.

It is hoped that these examples of entire devotion may lead some of our sisters in the present day to renewed and complete consecration to the service of Christ. It is a cheering sign of the times, that not only is increasing attention given to the subject of Woman's place in the Church, but also that she herself is awaking to a sense of her responsibility, and enlarging her sphere of Christian usefulness. In no age had she such numerous and varied facilities for doing good. The home, the school, the hospital, the class-room, the tract district, the mothers' meeting, the penitentiary, and the gaol—all present fields for holy work which she is specially qualified to perform, and into which she has successfully entered. Already has she



proved herself to be the true friend of the navvy, the soldier, the sailor, the drunkard, and the out-cast ; and doubtless, through the Divine blessing on her labours, greater triumphs are yet reserved for her. Surely it is not asking too much to bespeak like service for the Saviour and for His cause. 'To seek by the power of kindness and sympathy to draw others to Christ is not an unattainable ideal, and ought not to be an unwelcome duty. The charm that sweetens life, that soothes suffering and lightens care, the jewel that money cannot buy, the "love" that "is a present for a mighty king," is not too choice and rare to be brought to the Saviour's feet, not too precious an offering to be laid upon "the altar that sanctifieth the gift."' "



MRS. MARY PENINGTON,

ATHLONE.\*

Through all her words, the soul within,  
The honest, artless soul, was seen,  
    Ingenuous, pure, and free ;  
Candour and love were sweetly joined  
With easy nobleness of mind  
And true simplicity.

**A**MONGST the heroines of Irish Methodism in the last century, an important place should be given to those noble women of position and mental culture, who, brought up in circumstances of ease and comfort, were ready, at the call of Providence, to leave their homes, and enter upon a mode of life that could afford few attractions, except as a field of work for Christ. With only a miserable pittance allowed them for their support; often having no spot they could call their home; in many instances, having the opportunity of meeting their husbands only once

\* *Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Burgess*, by W. P. Burgess.

in six or eight weeks; the position of Preachers' wives was, in many respects, far from enviable. To this class MRS. PENINGTON belonged.

MARY TEARE was born near Athlone, about the year 1726. Her mother, who kept a boarding-school, was a member of the Established Church, and a woman of high principle. Miss Teare, being of a genial and lively disposition, was much given to the frivolities of life, especially dancing, in which she was proficient. Yet, even in the midst of such amusements, the thought of death would sometimes arise and pierce like a dagger to her heart. She often visited an uncle in Dublin, whose daughters were educated by her mother. One Sabbath, at the close of 1747, she and her cousins, having had a pleasure excursion, were returning home in the evening, when the coach was stopped in Marlborough Street by a dense crowd of people. Seeing a great smoke, the young ladies were apprehensive that a house was on fire; but, on inquiry, they were informed that 'it was only a mob pulling down the "swaddling-house,"' as they then called the Methodist preaching-room, 'and burning the pulpit and benches in the street.' 'Ah!' said Miss Teare, 'I am glad of that. I hope these false prophets will now be driven out of the kingdom. If they would only try to do some good to the poor ignorant Papists, they might be borne with; but to think of their assurance in pretending to instruct good Protestants, when we have everything

we can wish for in our own Church—it is intolerable!’

Very soon, however, Miss Teare’s opinions were greatly altered. During her sojourn in Dublin, the Methodist Preachers visited Athlone; and a small Society was formed, an old malt-house was fitted up for worship, and there was much talk about the Methodists and their proceedings. Shortly after Miss Teare’s return home, her mother, being highly esteemed as a well-informed and religious woman, was asked what she thought of the Preachers, and answered: ‘I heard one of them; and, indeed, I could not object to what the man said. But one thing I could not understand: he affirmed that people may know that their sins are pardoned, and that they are in the favour of God; and that if they are called into eternity in that state of mind, they are sure of going to heaven. This, you know, we have always thought unattainable.’ This reply made a deep impression on Miss Teare’s mind; for she had all her life been subject to bondage, through a sense of guilt and the fear of death; and she resolved to go and hear for herself, being willing to do or to suffer anything, that she might obtain the knowledge of salvation.

She therefore went to the Methodist preaching-place, and what she heard proved to her to be truly ‘good tidings of great joy.’ She no longer doubted the possibility of enjoying a sense of sins forgiven, and began to seek it. She was also encouraged by

learning that her only sister had become the subject of a similar work of grace, and had joined the Society. She immediately took the same step, and procured a hymn-book, in the perusal of which she found great spiritual help. The way of faith was opened to her anxious mind through reading the couplet :

‘ Who on Jesus relies, Without money or price,  
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.’

She became increasingly in earnest ; and having heard of a young woman who resolved not to sleep till she had found peace with God, she determined to adopt the same plan. She retired to rest as usual, and, as a school companion occupied the same room with her, intended to wait till her friend was asleep, and then bow before the throne of grace. But, while engaged in silent prayer, the Lord vouchsafed such a glorious manifestation of His pardoning love as dispelled all doubts from her mind, and filled her soul with peace and joy in believing. Instead of spending the night in penitential prayer, she passed it in grateful adoration—

‘ Lost in wonder, love, and praise.’

At this time Miss Teare had not read any account of Christian experience, nor conversed with any one who enjoyed the blessing of salvation ; but she was led by the Spirit of God to avoid even the appearance of evil. Soon after her conversion, her

dancing-master, being about to have a subscription ball, and being wishful to display the proficiency of his late pupil, requested her acceptance of a guinea ticket; but she declined, and he went away much displeased, and cursing the Methodists. She had a collection of romances and plays, of which she had been very fond; but now she gathered them all together, and quietly committed them to the flames. Her apparel, also, underwent a great change; and the fashionable superfluities of the day were resolutely laid aside.

Mrs. Teare now began to be alarmed lest her daughter would go too far, and lest her connection with the poor and despised Methodists should prove injurious to her character, and to the reputation of the school. Mr. Teare, however, would not interfere with his daughter's conscientious scruples. He heard and examined for himself; and in a short time both he and his wife were convinced of the truth, and became firmly attached to Methodism.

Subsequently, Miss Teare had a providential deliverance from imminent danger. There was a high chimney on their house, which was blown down by a violent gust of wind; so that not only the chimney, but also the roof and two lofts fell in. She was underneath, in one of the lower rooms, when a heap of rubbish fell upon her; but the ceiling over her head continued to stand, although there was a heavy chest of drawers above it. In this perilous situation she remained some time,

almost suffocated, yet happy in God. When it was ascertained where she was, a ladder was brought to the window, and some men entered, and, having with great difficulty got to the spot, removed part of the rubbish, and drew her up from her perilous position. She proved to have sustained no material injury. Just after she had been thus extricated, a great crash was heard; and it was found that the ceiling and drawers under which she had been standing had fallen in. Thus was she mercifully preserved by Him

‘Who watches every numbered hair,  
And all our steps attends.’

Not long after this Miss Teare was deprived by death of her excellent father, and that under noteworthy circumstances. Her mother had one brother in Dublin, and another who had settled some years in Virginia, where he had acquired considerable property. The latter dying intestate, the brother in Dublin became heir to the whole estate; but, being much engaged in business, he proposed to divide the property equally with his sister, if Mr. Teare would go over to Virginia and dispose of it for him. To this Mr. Teare consented, and soon proceeded on the voyage. In due time a letter was received from him, announcing his safe arrival in America, after having encountered a dreadful storm, during which—wrote Mr. Teare—‘Blessed be God, never did I feel the power of

Divine faith as I did then.' He informed his family that the estate was let till Christmas, when he was to take possession ; that he had made arrangements for a prompt disposal of the whole property ; that he had engaged a passage in a vessel that was to sail soon after Christmas ; and he requested his wife to meet him in Dublin. She accordingly went ; and was waiting at her brother's house to welcome her husband back, when the vessel arrived with a letter from the person who had the care of the property, containing the sad intelligence that Mr. Teare had died on Christmas Eve, after a few hours' illness. This was the only information the family could ever obtain : they wrote repeatedly, but received no answer, nor even any account of the money and effects which Mr. Teare had with him. Strong suspicions were entertained that his sudden removal was owing rather to the machinations of men than to the visitation of God ; but his surviving widow and children had this consolation, that there was every reason to believe he was blessedly prepared for his final change.

It was a singular circumstance, that just before Mrs. Teare left Áthlone, in expectation of meeting her husband, the Rev. George Whitefield visited the town, and breakfasted at her house. Not seeing any man there, he supposed Mrs. Teare to be a widow ; and in prayer he was very pathetic in imploring the Divine blessing on her and her



children; expressing his desire that she might always have a heart and a house to receive the Lord's prophets; that it might be with her as with the widow of Zarephath, whose barrel of meal wasted not, and whose cruse of oil did not fail; that she might never want a sufficiency for her own household, nor a portion to spare for the cause of God. After Mr. Whitefield had concluded, he was informed that he had been under a mistake. He said that he was glad to hear that it was so; yet he rather wondered that his mind had been so peculiarly drawn out in praying for her as a widow. A little time, however, threw more light on the subject, and made it appear that Mr. Teare was actually dead when the prayer was uttered. And as that prayer was undoubtedly suggested by the Spirit Which 'maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God,' so it was remarkably answered in the subsequent life of Mrs. Teare.

As Miss Teare continued to be an active and consistent member of the Society, it was no wonder that she was thought likely to be a suitable help-mate for a Minister of the Gospel. Accordingly, after a few years, she received proposals of marriage from Mr. William Penington. She said in reply that she could not take one step in the business without her mother's consent. Mrs. Teare, when applied to, hesitated for a time. She knew that the life of a Methodist Preacher was a very *unsettled* one, and feared that his means of sup-

porting a family would be inadequate and precarious. Yet she could not help observing the exemplary conduct of Mr. Penington; and, having reason to believe that a mutual attachment existed, she was not prepared to give an absolute refusal. She therefore wrote to a pious and judicious friend, not a Methodist, with whom she had been acquainted some years, and on whose judgment she could rely. He replied in the following terms: 'As Mr. Penington is a good man, and your daughter and he are united in affection, it would be painful to keep them asunder. And although you cannot expect any fortune with a Methodist Preacher, you must remember it is "the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich; and He addeth no sorrow with it."'

This answer silenced all Mrs. Teare's objections, and she consented to the union. Mr. Penington and Miss Teare were accordingly married in Dublin, and soon after set off for London; to which station he had been appointed by the Conference of 1765. They lived at the Foundry, where each Preacher had a room to himself, but all took their meals together; whilst a housekeeper presided, and managed for the whole family. That situation was then filled by an excellent woman, named M'Donald, to whom Mrs. Penington was much united in spirit and affection. She was also intimate with Miss March and Mrs. Cayley, who were well known among the London Methodists

of that day ; as also with Miss Bosanquet, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher, and her friend Mrs. Ryan. Mr. and Mrs. Penington had, indeed, a general invitation to go as often and to stay as long as they conveniently could at Leytonstone, where they were treated with much affection by that interesting family, as well as by the evangelical prophetess who was at its head.

In 1766, Mr. Penington was stationed in what was called the Sussex Circuit, his principal residence being at Sevenoaks. During this year he and Mrs. Penington became acquainted with the family of the venerable Vicar of Shoreham. Mrs. Penington highly esteemed the friendship of his daughter, Miss Perronet, and his grand-daughters, the Misses Briggs, afterwards Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Dickenson. His youngest son, Mr. John Perronet, was an amiable young man, but had not experienced a change of heart. Under Mr. Penington's ministry he was convinced of his need of such a change, and sought and obtained the blessing through faith in the Lord Jesus ; and from that time he was much attached to Mr. Penington, regarding him as his spiritual father.

Mrs. Penington felt a strong desire to see her mother once more ; and, in order to meet her wishes, Mr. Wesley, in 1767, appointed her husband to Castlebar, the Preachers of which Circuit were directed to change in the course of the year with those at Athlone. The day on which they left

Shoreham, Miss Perronet called Mrs. Penington aside, and, with much feeling and solemnity, intimated her belief that Mr. Penington's life would soon come to an end. This impressive warning deeply affected Mrs. Penington ; yet little did she apprehend that in about three months it would be sadly verified.

Mr. and Mrs. Penington, with their infant daughter, proceeded on their journey to Ireland, and in due time reached Athlone, where they were very cordially welcomed by Mrs. Teare. The Circuit was very extensive, and it took at least six weeks to go through it. The preaching-places were so far asunder that, in one case, after riding a whole day, the Preachers were obliged to stay at a small public-house, and continue their journey the next morning, reaching their destination towards evening. A married man could seldom be with his family more than three days in six weeks. There were no Preachers' houses, and no regular allowance for wives or children. Such were the inconveniences and privations which the Preachers of that day had to endure. Mrs. Penington, however, lived with her mother, and her husband spent as much time with her as the duties of the Circuit would allow. In November he had a long journey to Sligo, and travelled all day in heavy rain. When he arrived at that town, finding the congregation waiting, he stood up, in his wet clothes, and preached ; the consequence of which was a severe

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cold. He, however, continued in his work for some days, till he became so ill that he was obliged to return to Athlone. Being now in a high fever, he was confined to bed ; but nothing could avail to check the violence of the disorder, which proved fatal on the eighth day after his return. Though he was frequently delirious, his mind was fully occupied with sacred things ; and he manifested an ardent desire to promote the welfare of his fellow-creatures.

The final scene, however, was fast approaching. Seeing his beloved wife at the bed-side, he exerted all his remaining strength to commend her and her infant to the care of their Heavenly Father, and to repeat a number of appropriate promises of Scripture, which he bequeathed to them as his dying legacy. With this effort he was quite exhausted, and sank into a state of insensibility, which soon terminated in death. Mrs. Penington was graciously supported in this time of trial, and was enabled humbly to acquiesce in the will of God. At each anniversary of her husband's death it was her practice to shut herself up in her room, making it a day of solemn fasting and prayer ; and she was cheered with the confident expectation of being reunited to him in the heavenly world.

At this time Mr. Wesley usually visited Athlone once in two or three years, and spent three nights there. Mrs. Penington was anxious to accommodate him, and obtained her mother's consent

to prepare a room for his reception ; and thenceforward he invariably stopped with them. She had also several kind and encouraging letters from Mr. Wesley, in which he made particular inquiries about herself and her daughter, and offered any help that might be needed for either. After some time he urged her to take charge of a Class ; to which, though deeply conscious of her insufficiency, she at length consented. For many years she sustained the office of Leader with diligence and fidelity, having most of the respectable females in the Society under her care, till she left the town.

After a few years she was called upon to administer consolation to her excellent mother during her last illness. Mrs. Teare had been a valuable support to the cause of Methodism, keeping open house, not only for Mr. Wesley, but for any Preacher that might visit the town, besides showing the greatest kindness and hospitality to the Preachers of the Circuit. Thus remarkably was Mr. Whitefield's prayer answered. In 1773, she closed her exemplary and useful life in calm reliance on her Saviour ; having often expressed her great thankfulness that she was blessed with a daughter so well qualified to advise and comfort her.

In 1786, Mrs. Penington's room was accidentally set on fire, and several articles were destroyed. What grieved her most was the loss of an excellent library, which she valued more than clothes or furniture. Yet, when she saw the whole

reduced to ashes, she was enabled meekly to say, 'It is the Lord : let Him do what seemeth good in His sight.'

During the previous year her daughter was married to Mr. Burgess, an officer in the army, who subsequently entered the Itinerancy. Mrs. Penington occasionally visited them, while they remained in Ireland ; but when Mr. Burgess was appointed to an English Circuit, she could not bear the thought of being so far separated from them. She therefore accompanied them to Liverpool, and continued to itinerate with them till her death.

About Christmas, 1801, Mrs. Penington had an attack of apoplexy ; and though she survived for some months, her faculties were greatly impaired. Though in a great measure dead to the affairs of time and sense, when she was spoken to about eternal realities, she was animated as with new life, and would bear an affecting testimony to the goodness of God, expressing her thankfulness for His manifold mercies, and the comfortable assurance that she should soon be with her Saviour.

When unable to read, sitting in her chair, she used to repeat portions of Scripture, and then, unmindful of the presence of others, she would pour out the desires of her heart in prayer. She was constantly happy in God, and her prospects of eternal bliss were unclouded. As her bodily infirmities increased, so did her desire to depart

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and be with Christ. Yet she would say, in the spirit of resignation, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.' On June 9th, 1802, having risen as usual, and been placed in her arm-chair by the fireside, she had a short sleep, then breathed a few sighs, and, without a struggle or a groan, exchanged mortality for life.

•





MRS. ELIZA BENNIS,

LIMERICK.

And here I bring within my trembling hand  
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,  
And only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand  
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all !  
Hidden therein, Thy searching eye can see  
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,  
All that I love, or am, or fain would be,—  
Deep loves, fond hopes, or longings infinite.  
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,  
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it hath none ;  
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,  
The prayer ascendeth, ' May Thy will be done ! '  
Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,  
And merge it so in Thine own will that e'en  
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,  
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been  
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,  
So one with Thee, so filled with peace Divine,  
I may not know or feel it as mine own,  
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.



Of that noble band of pious women who, during the last century, exerted a powerful influence for good, and did much to extend Methodism in Ireland, one of the first and most influential appears to have been MRS. ELIZA BENNIS, to whom Mr. Wesley addressed twenty-seven of his published letters. Few details of her

history are available ; but her religious experience, with its protracted struggle, numerous temptations, and glorious triumphs, is fully recorded.

She was born at Limerick, in 1725, her parents being members of the Presbyterian Church. In childhood she was the subject of the Spirit's strivings, which led her in some measure to realize her sinfulness, and to tremble under a sense of the wrath of God. When about thirteen or fourteen years of age, the reading of Alleine's ' Alarm to the Unconverted ' aroused her conscience ; but, not being attentive to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and having no one to direct her, she continued for years ignorant of the plan of salvation, although with clear views of the character of God and the nature of godliness ; at times exceedingly anxious about her soul, again very happy, and then comparatively careless. She had only attained her eighteenth year when her father died ; and two years later her marriage took place.

On the 17th of March, 1749, Limerick was first visited by a Methodist Preacher, in the person of Mr. Robert Swindells, then *en route* from Athlone to Cork. During the morning he passed the residence of Mrs. Bennis, on his way to preach in the street, followed by a mob that hissed and hooted and in many ways insulted him. Mrs. Bennis, having heard subsequently a good account of the sermon, and that the Preacher was to conduct a service again in the evening, resolved to go. He

preached on the Parade, from, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Mrs. Bennis was deeply affected both during the service, and in subsequent social intercourse with the Preacher. About a month afterwards Mr. Swindells returned to the city, and, finding many willing to receive the word, formed a Society, of which the subject of this sketch was the first member.

Such a step and at such a time required no ordinary resolution; but the Lord gave Mrs. Bennis strength sufficient for the day. She then felt that she was a sinner, but did not see clearly the remedy, until on one occasion the Preacher explained these words: 'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.' Still she continued an earnest seeker until the 21st of June, when, at the early morning meeting, while the servant of God offered Christ freely to all, she was enabled with some degree of confidence to rest on Him as her Saviour, although lacking the clear evidence which she afterwards enjoyed. Two days later, when in conversation with the Preacher, light shone into her mind, all doubts were removed, and she received the direct assurance of her adoption into the Divine family. Being the only member of her home circle who then made a profession of religion, she suffered much; but the Lord enabled her to realize the all-sufficiency of His grace.

Three months after her conversion the remains of the carnal mind began to appear, so that her heart seemed to Mrs. Bennis 'full of pride, anger, and love of the world;' and the repeated risings of these antagonistic elements often so clouded her evidence that she was much distressed, and did not make the apparent spiritual progress which she desired. She soon began to see more clearly the necessity of that holiness 'without which no man shall see the Lord,' but knew not how this blessing could be enjoyed; and so continued for years, sometimes mourning and sometimes rejoicing.

It was not until the year 1757 that Mrs. Bennis saw that God is as able and willing to sanctify the unholy as to justify the ungodly; and so was led to seek earnestly the promised blessing. At this period several persons, both in England and Ireland, professed to enjoy purity of heart, and many were fervently pressing after it. Mr. Thomas Olivers, who was then stationed at Limerick, gave special prominence to the subject in his preaching; but there were few who received his testimony. Mrs. Bennis met with two members of the Society frequently for conversation and prayer in reference to the experience of this blessing; but the influence of religious friends who did not believe in the possibility of this inward cleansing, the reasonings of the enemy, and the unbelief of her heart, led her in time to give up the struggle, and then to backslide so far as almost to lose her sense of the

Divine favour, and so become most miserable. She had at this period the charge of both a Class and a Band; the responsibility of which she felt so deeply under the circumstances that she wished to resign, but the Preachers strenuously refused to allow her to do so.

She continued thus unhappy until Mr. Wesley's visit in 1762, when he revived the consideration of the doctrine of Christian holiness. But at first it seemed to her, however desirable, far out of reach. Subsequently she was encouraged to seek it with all her heart, and in a few weeks God gave her power to believe on Him, and a steadfast assurance of her acceptance through Christ. Yet she did not rest here, but fervently sought a complete deliverance from evil, in which she was encouraged by the testimony of others that the blood of Christ had cleansed them from all sin.

On one occasion, when at prayer, earnestly wrestling for holiness of heart, she was enabled by faith to lay hold on the blessing, and to rejoice in her deliverance. But immediately after she was assailed with doubts; and, not knowing whether to yield or keep her hold, she took the Bible, besought the Lord to give her a text on which she might seize in this emergency, and opened on the words: 'Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' This brought strength to her soul, so that she gained the victory

for a time ; but, soon after, the former temptation returned, and she again cast herself before the Lord in prayer, and received a strong assurance of 'the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.' The enemy still continuing to assail her with fears that she was deceiving herself, as she had not those rapturous emotions which others realized, she again took her Bible, prayed for guidance, and opened it on this passage : 'And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God Which worketh all in all.' Still the old doubts continued to assail her. At length she became, to an extent not realized before, willing to receive God in His own way, and on His own terms ; willing to be or to do anything, even to die, if only by death she might be delivered ; being determined not to rest without the clear evidence of entire sanctification.

On Sunday, May 22nd, 1763, while Mrs. Bennis knelt at the Lord's table, and pleaded in earnest prayer, the question was spoken to her heart, 'Believest thou that I am able to do this ?' Her soul eagerly answered, 'Lord, I do believe Thou art able ;' and the word came again, 'Be it unto thee according to thy faith.' In receiving the memorials of her dying Lord, she was enabled to lay hold of Christ for complete salvation from all sin. But the adversary still pressed her, and would fain have deprived her of this blessing. The spiritual conflict continued until the 2nd of June, when, in private prayer, she besought the Lord for

deliverance, and obtained victory through the blood of the Lamb. Her heart was so filled with love to God that she was constrained to cry out, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art the only object of my soul; Thou hast taken possession of my heart, and there is no room for any beside Thyself. Thou art my portion, my only treasure, and, as such, my soul with all her strength lays hold on Thee, my God, my Jesus, my all.'

She was now, it seemed to her, brought into a new world; every power and faculty of her mind was, as it were, newly moulded; the Word of God became increasingly precious to her, and fresh light shone on its sacred pages, so that she could see more clearly the meaning of its teaching, and grasp more firmly the fulfilment of its promises. She found an entire deliverance from those evil tempers and desires which before had been so grievous to her. Her will was brought into complete subjection to the Divine will, and her love to God was more pure, entire, and disinterested than heretofore. Although thus unspeakably happy, she was not beyond the reach of spiritual adversaries; but they had not the same power as formerly: for

'She had a shield could quell their rage,  
And drive the alien armies back.'

Subsequently, during a long life, Mrs. Bennis had sorrows as well as joys, days of darkness as well as of sunshine; but, in all the vicissitudes of her experience, she had no doubt as to her accep-

tance, and realized a growing desire after God, and delight in doing His will.

A Christian of the deep devotion and love of Mrs. Bennis could not remain idle. She felt too deeply the evil and danger of sin to live without warning sinners; and herself realized too intensely the blessedness of religion to exist without earnestly and faithfully labouring that others might also enjoy it. With remarkable tact, fidelity, and fervour, both personally and by letter, she called people to repentance, and urged on them immediate decision for God. Anxious ones were invited to Classes, two of which she met herself, and those who lived near to God were introduced into the Select Bands. Mrs. Bennis not only laboured faithfully herself, but also exercised a marvellous power in stimulating the zeal of others. One of the most devoted Leaders in Limerick referred to her as 'a golden spur' urging him on, thrusting him out to visit the malefactors in the gaols, the soldiers in the barracks, and the sick and destitute in their houses.

Young and inexperienced Preachers were regarded by her with peculiar interest and sympathy; and, with loving fidelity, she encouraged and helped them to mental culture, spiritual progress, and increased zeal. She kept up a most extensive correspondence, especially with those Ministers who had laboured in Limerick and Waterford; including such devoted and honoured names as Thomas Walsh, Thomas Olivers, William Penington, Thomas



Taylor, Richard Bourke, and John Dillon ; as well as the venerated Wesley, to whom she narrated her religious experience, and from whom she sought light on any questions that perplexed her mind. In this correspondence is seen her frequent and almost morbid tendency to sit in judgment on herself, leading her to detect and condemn what others would be unconscious of ; and her deep sense of responsibility in regard to the unsaved, prompting such exclamations as, ‘ O, how can I feed these sheep committed to my care ? The charge lies heavy on me.’

The marriage of her daughter Eleanor, in 1768, to Mr. Jonas Bull, of Waterford ; the subsequent marriage of a second daughter to Mr. Finney ; and the placing her eldest son in business in the same city, opened a new field of usefulness to Mrs. Bennis. She frequently visited Waterford, felt a growing interest in the people, organized and met the female Bands, as well as two Classes, and wrote to Mr. Wesley, advocating the claims of the Society there. During one of her visits she was instrumental in the conversion of a young man named John Stretton, who soon after emigrated to Newfoundland, and engaged at once in Christian work, building the first Methodist chapel in Eastern British America at his own expense, and dedicating it to God’s service. Mrs. Bennis carried on a continuous correspondence with him for years ; and her letters, replete with spiritual power, had, no doubt, much

to do with Stretton's piety and success in the land of his adoption.

During the last twenty years of her life, Mrs. Bennis was called upon to pass through severe and unexpected trials, the precise nature of which is not directly stated. Mr. Bennis was evidently in comfortable circumstances. In 1773, she writes, that the Lord had blessed her husband's industry far above their expectations, and had given them both the necessities and the conveniences of life; and Mr. Wesley, in reply, states that he heard that Brother Bennis had got very rich. Yet it seems that they sustained, some years after this, large pecuniary losses, referred to by one of her correspondents as 'disappointments and complicated troubles,' which led to their removal to Waterford. In 1788, Mr. Bennis died. He had been one of the kindest and most affectionate of husbands, and had been led to the Saviour in answer to the prayers of his wife. Thus a sad bereavement was added to adversity; but the cup of sorrow of this suffering saint was not even then full. In Waterford 'her way for years was strewn with thorns;' but she maintained her confidence unshaken, and could write, in the midst of all, 'I find access to God by faith, and every trial is sweetened by a sense of His favour.' And again: 'Upon the strictest scrutiny into myself I do not find my heart cleave to anything here below, or desirous to indulge any sin. I feel my will wholly given up to my

God, and desirous that His will may be done in me.' These afflictions not only were sanctified to herself, but were greatly blessed to her family, and she had the unspeakable comfort of seeing her children and grandchildren following in her steps. During the course of a few years she, with her family, emigrated to America ; and, notwithstanding the continuance of trial, her trust in God remained firm, and her natural cheerfulness unabated, until in 1802, at Philadelphia, she entered peacefully, yet in the full triumph of faith, into her everlasting rest.



MRS. JANE CUMBERLAND,

LISBURN.

Talk not of talents ; what hast thou to do ?  
Thy duty, be thy portion five or two.  
Talk not of talents ; is thy duty done ?  
Thou hadst sufficient, were they ten or one.  
Lord, what my talents are I cannot tell,  
Till Thou shalt give me grace to use them well :  
That grace impart ; the bliss will then be mine,  
But all the power, and all the glory, Thine.

J. MONTGOMERY.



O Lisburn probably belongs the honour of being the first town in Ulster into which Methodism was introduced. As early as the year 1751, the Rev. George Whitefield preached not only in the town itself, but also in the neighbourhood, at the Maze and Lambeg, where so many attended, and the prospect of doing good was so promising, that the eloquent evangelist was grieved that he had not come to the north of Ireland sooner. At the first Irish Conference, held in Limerick in the following year, it was arranged that quarterly

meetings should be regularly held in Lisburn, as well as in other places outside the province.

Amongst the earliest who went to hear the Methodist Preachers when they visited the town, were Mr. and Mrs. HANS CUMBERLAND, a decent, worthy couple, who kept a bakery. The word preached arrested their attention and awakened their consciences. For some time Mrs. Cumberland was in great doubt whether or not to believe the glad tidings she had heard, at times hoping they were true, and again fearing they were not. In this state of uncertainty she prayed earnestly to the Lord for guidance, and determined to continue to do so until she received the needed direction. One day, when she was in her garden, engaged in prayer, the words were impressed powerfully on her mind, 'And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations;' and, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Being deeply convinced that this was a message from God in confirmation of the teaching of the Itinerants, she became fully satisfied that the doctrines of the Methodists were of Divine origin, and never more entertained a doubt on the subject.

Having thus embraced the truth, she and her husband opened their house for the preaching of the Gospel and the reception of the servants of God, to whom she ever after gave a kind and hospitable welcome. She did not, however, at this period fully realize the saving and sanctifying

power of the truth as it is in Jesus, not having the clear sense of her acceptance with God, which was her privilege, and the lack of which she often and deeply deplored. Nevertheless, she rested on Jesus as her Saviour, was strictly conscientious in her daily life, and was visited with many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

For years the Society in the town was very small and much despised, and the members were exceedingly poor; yet she was never ashamed of her connection with it, but faithfully and consistently stood forth before all who knew her as an avowed and decided Methodist. It is true that she and her little band of godly associates had not the same persecution to endure to which many others of the early Methodists were exposed. This, no doubt, arose partly from the respect in which she herself was held in Lisburn, and partly from the candid and straightforward course adopted by the local Clergy. When Mr. Wesley first visited the town in July, 1756, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland, he preached in the market house, and says in his Journal, with regard to the service: 'One man only gainsayed; but the bystanders used him so roughly that he was glad to hold his peace.' The next day the Rector and his Curate called on the Father of Methodism, proposed their objections, and spent about two hours in friendly conversation. 'How much evil,' Mr. Wesley observes, 'might be

prevented or removed, would other Clergymen follow their example !’

A similar instance of popular sympathy with Methodism took place in the town about the same time. A man who had cruelly persecuted the apostolic Walsh in Newtownards, and followed him to Lisburn for the same wicked purpose, endeavoured from the window of an inn to stir up the people to violence ; but was quickly stopped by an honest butcher, named James Dickey, who drew his knife, and raised a party in defence of the faithful Preacher, so that the persecutor had to make a rather ignominious exit from the town.

It is worthy of notice that Mr. Cumberland was the Circuit Steward, from 1764 to 1767, of what was then called ‘ the Newry Round ; ’ and his book of accounts is still extant, showing that the Circuit included a vast field, which extended from Newry to Carrickfergus, or nearly the entire country now embraced in the Belfast and Portadown Districts.

Mrs. Cumberland lived to see the Society of which she was a member, though so small and humble in its origin, extend and rise until it became large and flourishing, including persons of social position and wealth, whose names have been as ointment poured forth, in all that district of country. She watched its growth with maternal solicitude, and by her faithful testimony, earnest efforts, kind hospitality, and consistent conduct, did what she could to promote its welfare.

In 1766, there were only fourteen members in the town, and these chiefly women ; but during this year they received a valuable accession in the person of a young man, named William Black, a stocking-weaver, who had been converted in Belfast. His presence and help must have greatly cheered the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland, more especially as, just about this time, their son Frank, who was the Leader of the Class, was dismissed from the office of clerk of Derryaghy church, for the crime of being a Methodist, and removed to England. Mr. Black not only met the little band of God's servants, but also opened his house to receive the Preachers, and for public services, alternately with the Cumberlands, whose daughter he married.

In 1767, Mr. Wesley again visited Lisburn, where he spent two or three days. He makes no reference to having administered the Lord's Supper during this visit ; but there is a record of this, probably the first Methodist sacramental service in the north of Ireland. Mr. Black says : ' Mr. Wesley preached in the area of the Linen Hall from, "To-day is salvation come to this house." He afterwards administered the sacrament to about forty or fifty persons, nearly all the Methodists then in the counties of Down and Antrim. Whilst I received the sacrament from his hands, I felt Christ precious to my soul to such a degree as I had never before experienced.'

Soon after, Frank Cumberland returned from



England, where he had resided for two years, and came home full of fire and zeal. He informed Mr. Black of the surprising manner in which the good work had been carried on, where he had been, by means of prayer-meetings, and asked him to unite with him in similar Christian efforts. Meetings then were held in different parts of the town; the Lord was powerfully present, souls were converted, and one or two new Classes formed. The services at five o'clock in the morning were also much blessed.

In 1771, the Society were still further encouraged by Mr. John Johnson coming to the town. He had been in the itinerancy for several years, and stood high in the esteem of Mr. Wesley; but, owing to the state of his health, he entered into business, and continued to work for his Redeemer as a Local Preacher. Many were convinced of sin through his instrumentality, and converted to God. So greatly did the cause prosper that a chapel was built in 1773-4, chiefly through his efforts, and with the assistance of Mrs. Gayer, Derryaghy; and during that year no less than seventy were added to the Society.

In 1777, the Rev. Jeremiah Brettell writes: 'In Lisburn we had a lovely Society, some of whom were persons of deep piety.'

In 1784, Mr. Johnson married Mrs. Dorothea King, of Dublin, and her labours in the town were abundantly owned of God. When Mr. Wesley

visited Lisburn in the following year, he says that he was with the most lively Society that he had seen for many days, 'owing chiefly to the good providence of God in bringing sister Johnson here.'

While thus the good work was gloriously prospering, and large numbers were brought into living union with Christ, Mrs. Cumberland was called into the more immediate presence of her Redeemer. She might well have said with aged Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' During the last two years of her life she endured much physical suffering, together with considerable anxiety as to her religious experience. Sometimes she would say, with a flood of tears, 'How it will end with me, God only knows: yet He often visits my soul with His sweet influences.' A few weeks before her death, her bodily strength was greatly reduced; but her confidence in God so increased that all the clouds of unbelief, which had so long encompassed her soul, were completely dispelled. To some who were with her, she said: 'I have not the shadow of a doubt, but firmly believe all will be well with me. I am quite delivered from all things, and only wait for the welcome messenger of death.' At another time, to an inquiry whether she found any doubts, she answered, 'A doubt? O no, not even the shadow of one.' When asked if there was any particular thing which she desired, she said: 'Nothing, but

that you will pray that God may soon come and take me to Himself.'

'And when she came nearer to finish her race,  
Like a fine setting sun, she looked richer in grace,  
And gave a sure hope at the end of her days  
Of rising in brighter array.'

She lay for three or four days calmly and confidently waiting her end, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. On March 7th, 1787, she breathed out her soul into the hands of Jesus. Thus this good woman, with many doubts and fears, maintained her integrity to the last, and then God lifted up the light of His countenance upon her, and gave her a clear and blessed assurance of eternal and glorious felicity.



MRS. BARBARA HECK,

BALLINGARRANE.\*

See how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace !  
Jesu's love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

When He first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was His day ;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way:

More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail ;  
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

C. WESLEY.



HE progress of Methodism in the United States has now indisputably placed the humble name of BARBARA HECK first on the list of women in the ecclesiastical history of the New World. So few, however, are the traditions of her personal history, that it is

\* *The Women of Methodism*, by ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

impossible to construct from them any adequate or satisfactory sketch of her life and character.

The story of the 'Irish Palatines,' and their connection with American Methodism, has often been told, but it will still bear to be repeated. It can never grow old; but will only gain new significance and deepening interest with the lapse of time, and will become more and more a household tradition, as the Methodist Church extends among the nations, until the last sheaf is gathered into the heavenly garner. Its brief recital here is necessary for the due induction of Barbara Heck into her honoured position in the history of Methodism.

Early in the eighteenth century, a large number of the Palatines, or people of the Palatinate, on the Rhine, owing to the cruel and unjust treatment they had received from Louis XIV., settled in Ireland; a few in the county of Kerry, and other parts of the country, but the main body in the county of Limerick. Being for nearly half a century without Pastors who could speak their language, they became thoroughly demoralized, noted for drunkenness, profanity, and utter neglect of religion. At length, in 1749, the Methodist Itinerants visited their hamlets, and so signally did the Divine blessing rest on their labours, that in a few years there was no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking or drunkenness amongst them. Thus a marvellous moral change was soon apparent in these poor strangers.

In this singular community was born, in 1734, BARBARA RUCKLE, at a place called, after her family, Ruckle Hill, in Ballingarrane. When eighteen years of age, she became a member of the Methodist Society, and experienced the converting power of Divine grace, little supposing, in the humble obscurity of herself and her people, that her fidelity was to be rewarded by pre-eminent usefulness and distinction in the religious history of the distant New World. From the beginning of her Christian life her piety was of the purest and profoundest character. The enjoyment of the witness of the Spirit has ever been the inward personal test of piety amongst the Methodists : it was the daily criterion of the spiritual life of this devoted woman ; and when, in extreme age, she was about to close her life-pilgrimage, in the remote wilds of Canada, after having assisted in the foundation of her Church in that province, as well as in the States, she could declare to the growing circles of Methodists around her, that from the day of her conversion she had never lost the evidence of her acceptance with God for twenty-four hours together.

She was of a thoughtful and serious habit of mind, calm, self-collected, quietly resolute. She had, through her entire Christian life, intervals of sadness and of severe mental conflict ; and there are traditions among her descendants which show that these trials were not unlike those of the great

Reformer, when enduring the 'hour and power of darkness' in the castle of Wartburg. Her German Bible, her familiar companion to the end of her days, was her consolation in these ordeals, and prayer her habitual resource; a devout exercise in which it was her practice always to persevere till she prevailed.

Thus marked by strong individuality of character and pre-eminent piety, she was recognized among her Palatine associates as a religious guide and counsellor of her sex, 'a mother in Israel,' before she attained middle age. In 1760, when about twenty-six years old, she was married to PAUL HECK, a devout member of the Teutonic community; and in the same year they departed, with a company of their neighbours, for the New World. God was leading her on an unknown but momentous mission.

The scene of the embarkation must have been one of deep and touching interest. During a morning in spring the group of emigrants might be seen at the Custom House quay, Limerick, preparing to sail for America. They are accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom have come sixteen miles to say 'farewell.' One of those about to leave, Philip Embury, a young man of thoughtful look and resolute bearing, is evidently the leader of the party. He had been brought to Christ, was the Leader of the infant Church, and had often ministered to it

the word of life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and instruction. Setting foot on the vessel, he from its side once more breaks the bread of life. And now the last prayer is offered; the vessel begins to move; and, as it recedes, uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest the depth of feeling both of the emigrants and of their friends.

Who, among the crowd that saw this little band leave, could have thought that two of their number were destined, in the Providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should be handed down as a grateful memorial to succeeding generations? Yet so it was. That vessel contained the germ from which has sprung the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America; a Church which has now, more or less under its influence, about fourteen millions of people. 'There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.'

Philip Embury justly ranks as founder of American Methodism, but Barbara Heck may even take precedence of him as its foundress. Embury, though a Local Preacher, as well as a Class-leader, in Ireland, seems to have lost his zeal, or to have become discouraged in the new country. A diffident man, he shrank from responsibility, and needed a prompter. On his arrival on shore, some



of his companions were dispersed, and others fell from their steadfastness in the temptations of their novel condition. Not only months, but years passed without an earnest effort to save them, or to reorganize them in the disciplinary forms of their old Irish home. During all this interval, Barbara Heck maintained her religious life, her constant evidence of acceptance with God, and persevered in faithful study of her old German Bible. It can hardly be doubted that she often remonstrated with Embury and the other Palatine exiles about their religious negligence and indifference; but they were few, obscure, without a place of worship, and without means to provide one, and she was a modest though earnest woman. Some more urgent provocation was necessary to justify her more energetic interference. This at last occurred, in the year 1766.

Late in the previous year a vessel had arrived at New York, bringing over another band of Irish Palatines, some of them relatives of Embury, and others his former friends and neighbours. A few of these were Methodists. Mrs. Heck visited them frequently; one of the company, Paul Ruckle, being her brother. On one of these visits, she found some of the party engaged in a game of cards. There is no proof, either direct or indirect, that any of the individuals so occupied were Methodists, or connected with Embury. Her spirit, however, was roused, and, doubtless emboldened by her long and

intimate acquaintance with them, she seized the cards, threw them into the fire, and most solemnly warned them of their danger and duty. Leaving them, she went immediately to the dwelling of Embury, in Barrack Street, now Park Place, and told him what she had seen and what she had done; adding, with great earnestness, 'Philip, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands.' Embury replied, 'How can I preach, as I have neither house nor congregation?' 'Preach,' said the noble woman, 'in your own house, and to your own company.' Having at length obtained the desired consent, she went out, and returned with three other persons, who, with herself, constituted the audience. After singing and prayer, Embury preached the first Methodist sermon in New York, and afterwards formed those present into a Class, which he continued to meet weekly.

The names of this first congregation of American Methodists have been ascertained, and may well be recorded; for the little group prefigured the subsequent mission of Methodism in its wide-spread assemblies throughout the New World. Small as it was, it included black and white, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministration of religion, which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world; and of that agency of woman which Wesley organized, and to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and

power of the Church is to be attributed. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list, with her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his 'hired man;' and by the side of Mrs. Heck, an African servant called 'Betty.' Such was the germ and type of the congregations of Methodism, which now stud the vast continent of North America.

The subsequent growth and extension of this little Society, until it became a great Church extending over the entire continent, has been the subject of too interesting a story not to have become familiar to the religious world. History records how the small company soon grew too large for Embury's house; how they hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded; how, in a few months, there were two Classes meeting regularly, one of men, the other of women, and each comprising six or seven members; that no little interest began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings, calling out Embury to preach elsewhere, for the lower classes of the people received the word gladly; that, in 1767, the humble assembly was startled, if not alarmed, by the appearance among them of a military officer in regimentals, who turned out to be the good and brave Captain Webb, one of Wesley's Local Preachers, who afterward took his stand at Embury's preaching-desk or table, with his sword laid by the side of the open Bible, and preached three times a week in a manner that soon roused the

whole city, and who thenceforward, for nearly ten years, earnestly laboured on that continent, preaching in New York, on Long Island, through New Jersey, in Philadelphia, through Delaware and Maryland, and in Baltimore.

The famous 'Rigging Loft,' in William Street, was hired in 1767, to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of hearers; but soon it could not contain half the people who desired to hear the Word of the Lord. Webb saw the necessity of a chapel; but he was anticipated in the design by Barbara Heck, who had watched devoutly the whole progress of the infant Society. From the time of her successful appeal to Embury to preach, she seems to have anticipated, with the spirit of a prophetess, the great possible results of Methodism in the New World. Seeing the growth of the cause, and the importance of a permanent temple, 'she had made,' she said, 'the enterprise a matter of prayer; and, looking to the Lord for direction, had received with inexpressible sweetness and power the answer, "I the Lord will do it."' In the fervour of her wishes and prayers an economical plan for the edifice was designed in her mind. She considered it a suggestion from God. It was approved by the Society; and the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere was a monumental image of the apparently inspired thought of this devoted woman.

Webb entered heartily into the undertaking,

which probably would not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds towards it—the largest sum, by one third, given by any one person. He was one of its original trustees, Embury being first on the list—first trustee, first treasurer, first Class-leader, and first Preacher. They leased the site in John Street in 1768, and purchased it in 1770. They appealed successfully to the citizens of New York for assistance; and nearly two hundred and fifty names are still preserved on the subscription list, including all classes, from the Mayor down to African female servants known only by their Christian names.

The chapel was built of stone, faced with blue plaster; and was sixty feet in length, and forty-two in breadth. Dissenters were not then allowed to erect regular churches in the city; the new building was therefore provided with ‘a fireplace and chimney’ to avoid ‘the difficulty of the law.’ Though long unfinished in its interior, it was ‘very neat and clean, and the floor was sprinkled over with sand as white as snow.’ Embury, being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon the structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls. The former constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, dedicated the humble temple by a sermon on Hosea x. 12: ‘Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for

it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you.'

The house was soon thronged. Within two years from its consecration there are reports of at least a thousand hearers crowding it and the area in its front. It was named 'Wesley Chapel,' and is said to have been the first that bore that title. Seven months after its dedication, a letter to Wesley, concerning Embury and Webb, said, 'The Lord carries on a very great work by these two men.' The city at this time contained about twenty thousand inhabitants; the colonies, about three millions. Methodism was thenceforward to grow alike with the growth of the city, and with that of the continent.

Embury continued to minister faithfully in this chapel twice or thrice a week. 'There were at first no stairs or breast-work to the galleries,' to which the ascent was by a rude ladder. 'Even the seats on the lower floor had no backs.' The 'singing was congregational; some one set the tune, the rest joined in, and they made melody to the Lord.' There was no vestry nor class-room. 'The Classes met in private houses.' A parsonage, adjacent to the chapel, was erected in 1770—a small house, furnished chiefly with articles given or lent by the people. It proved in time to be the occasional home of Boardman and Pilmoor, of Shadford and Rankin, of Asbury and Coke, and their fellow

itinerants, who, being mostly unmarried men, found it sufficiently convenient.

The success of Methodism in New York, and its rapid southward spread, excited no little interest in England ; and Wesley sent over his first American Missionaries, to take charge of the new Societies, in the autumn of 1769. They were hailed with delight by the Methodists of the city ; Embury gladly surrendered to them his pulpit, and the next year removed to the town of Salem. Thither he was accompanied by Paul and Barbara Heck, and others. Their new home was remote, in the wilderness ; but they forgot not their providential mission ; they began again their good work of founding Methodism. Embury, sustained by his faithful friends, laboured as a Local Preacher, and formed a Society, chiefly of his old associates, at Ashgrove—the first Methodist Class within the bounds of the Troy Conference, which some years ago reported more than twenty-five thousand communicants, and more than two hundred travelling Preachers. He was held in high esteem by his neighbours, and officiated among them, not only as a Preacher, but as a Magistrate. While mowing in his field, in 1775, he injured himself so severely as to die suddenly, aged but forty-five years, ‘greatly beloved and much lamented.’ He was buried on the neighbouring farm of his Palatine friend, Peter Switzer. After having reposed fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn cere-

monies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where their resting-place is marked by a monument, recording that he 'was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation, and increased the joys of heaven.'

John Lawrence, a devoted Methodist, who accompanied Embury from Ireland, married his widow, and, with the Hecks, and others of the Society at Ashgrove, left the United States, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, for Lower Canada, where they remained—mostly in Montreal—about eleven years. In 1785, they again journeyed into the wilderness, and settled on a plot of ground, which is now part of the town of Augusta, in Upper Canada. Here their peculiar work, their 'providential mission,' as it has been called, was resumed. They were still pioneers and founders of Methodism; and in the house of John and Catherine Lawrence was organized the first Class of Augusta; and Samuel Embury, the son of Philip, was its first Leader; Paul and Barbara Heck were among its first members, and their three sons were also recorded on its roll. They thus anticipated, and prepared the way for, the Methodist Itinerancy in Canada, as they had at New York city, and in northern New York.

Paul Heck died at Augusta, in the peace of the



Gospel, in 1792, aged sixty-two years. 'He was an upright, honest man, whose word was as good as his bond.' Barbara Heck survived him about twelve years, and died at the residence of her son Samuel, in 'front of Augusta,' in 1804, aged seventy years. Her death was befitting her life. Her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, and her inseparable companion in all her wanderings, was her comfort and guide to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. Thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name will last, with ever-increasing brightness, 'as long as the sun and moon endure.'



MRS. DOROTHEA JOHNSON,

LISBURN.

Not one  
Of these, my Saviour, can commune with Thee.  
They cannot love, as doth this heart of mine ;  
They cannot praise Thee, with the deep, full joy  
Of perfect consecration, as I can.  
They serve Thee but unconsciously, nor know  
The bliss of choosing Thy sweet yoke, nor taste  
The heaven of gratitude, that strives in vain  
To thank Thee for Thy love on Calvary.

E. TATHAM.



DOROTHEA GARRET was born on the 4th of December (O.S.), 1732. Her father, a native of Holland, settled in Dublin, and, not having succeeded in business, became largely indebted to a man named King, who threatened to cast him into prison and ruin him if he did not give him in marriage his only daughter, then a beautiful girl, a little over sixteen years of age.

Shocking as this proposal was, the brave and devoted child resolved to accept it rather than that her father should suffer. As might have been anticipated, the consequent union proved a most unhappy one. Indeed, so gross and cruel was the treatment which the young wife received from her husband, that at length she was compelled to return to her father's house.

The bitter sorrow which Mr. Garret felt on account of his daughter being thus sacrificed, and the severe sufferings which she endured, were evidently sanctified to both parent and child, in leading them to seek the consolations and blessings of true religion.

During the visit of the Rev. George Whitefield to Dublin, in the summer of 1757, Mrs. King was awakened to a deep sense of her sinfulness, and on the 15th of December following was enabled to rest on the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. Within two years she had the great joy of seeing her father rejoice in a sense of sins forgiven; for, although Mr. Wesley speaks of him at their first meeting, in 1756, as 'one of the most lovely old men he ever saw,' it was not until some time subsequently that he fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before him in the Gospel.

A short time after her conversion Mrs. King became deeply conscious of the remains of sin in her heart, and the consequent necessity of a further work of grace in order to enter that rest which

remains to the people of God. Her soul thirsted for this great salvation; she wrestled earnestly in prayer for the promised deliverance, and it was not in vain. During the first six months of the year 1762 there was a very gracious revival in the city, through the blessing of God on the labours of John Manners, one of Mr. Wesley's itinerants. Special services were held by this devoted evangelist each morning and evening, during which the congregations greatly increased, many were converted to God, and a goodly number obtained the blessing of perfect love. Amongst the latter was Mrs. King, who, on Sunday, May 9th, during the Society meeting, received a baptism of the Holy Spirit in sanctifying power. The blessing then realized she appears never to have lost, nor even to have doubted the possession of. More than fifty-three years subsequently she wrote: 'In 1762, the Lord, working faith in my soul, destroyed all propensity to sin, and took full possession of my longing heart; since which time I have never dared to say I found that inward propensity returning; but have been graciously preserved in a constant sense of my absolute weakness, and clinging to Christ as my all in all.'

As to her personal appearance, Mrs. King was very beautiful, a little above the average height, having a fair complexion, with a sweet placid smile, expressive of the deep peace and joy within her breast. Even in old age she retained in a remark-

able degree the bloom and loveliness of youth. Her manner was easy, graceful, and retiring.

In youth she had very few educational advantages, and therefore her mental attainments were altogether the result of her own application. She appears not to have learned even to write, until, feeling the loss which she thus sustained, she taught herself the art; and her subsequent correspondence was made a great blessing to many. She carefully cultivated her mind by the diligent study of useful books, and especially the Word of God. Her chief characteristic, however, was her personal holiness. Many women occupied a more prominent position in the Society, and displayed talents of a higher order; but none lived closer to God. In any age she would have been considered one of the brightest ornaments of the Church. She seemed constantly to realize her own weakness and unworthiness, the presence and peace of God, and her entire dependence on Him.

Thus she enjoyed uninterrupted fellowship with God, rejoiced in the unclouded sunshine of His countenance, and aimed in every act of daily life at the Divine glory. She literally took her Redeemer at His word; all she conceived she had to do respecting the truth of God was, not to reason about it, but to believe and obey it; and for this she cast herself solely upon Him, Who worked in her 'to will and to do of His good pleasure.' As she knew nothing was too great for God to

accomplish, so she saw nothing too minute for the direction of His providence. Thus 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' kept her heart and mind continually. Even in dreams of the night the Lord frequently revealed Himself to her heart; and when she awoke, her soul at once fled to His embrace, and there rested securely. The service she rendered to God was perfect freedom. Jesus reigned alone in her heart, and her whole soul rejoiced in doing and suffering His will, that her Lord might be glorified.

Her humility was deep, every act of her life being free from ostentation. Her charity was such that she was never heard to speak a severe word of any one. Her biographer says of her: 'On the whole, perhaps there did not live in her day a person who more clearly exemplified the influence of Divine grace on the whole tenour of life than she did.' Her continual study was to do good to all descriptions of people, as far as her ability extended. So pure and holy was her life, that others could detect no spot to mar its loveliness; but she herself not only acknowledges errors of judgment and physical frailty, to which all are subject, but also deplores the lack of a grateful appreciation of mercies received, unprofitableness in company, and fearfulness of giving offence by speaking for her Lord. These shortcomings, however, did not bring her into darkness; they led her afresh to the blood of Christ in its all-cleansing

power, and to increased watchfulness and prayerfulness. Thus 'clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,' she proved

'The plenitude of Gospel grace,  
The joy of perfect love.'

Although the life of Mrs. King was protracted, it was not eventful. Its history is a record of daily holy living, and quiet, unostentatious, successful service; meeting Classes, visiting the sick, relieving the poor, and, as she had opportunity, spreading the knowledge of Divine truth.

Mr. King, for whose salvation his wife had long prayed, died in January, 1774; but before his death he sent for her; and when she arrived and found him in great anguish of mind under a sense of his sinfulness, he begged her to forgive his cruelty towards her, and to beseech God to pardon him. She wrestled in believing prayer on his behalf; and the Lord, Who is rich in mercy, spoke peace to his guilty soul, and thus he was snatched as a brand from the fire.

Two years later Mrs. King was deprived of her dear father. For sixteen years he had been an eminently holy and useful man, and his end was glorious. The Lord poured into his soul such a full tide of blessing as enabled him to rejoice in the prospect of the paradise of God, and made even his face to shine. When his voice was almost lost in death, he exclaimed, 'Glory, glory be to

God! the Lord, the Saviour! O, He has conquered for me! He has conquered in me sin, death, and hell. I come, I come. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

In 1784, Mrs. King was married to Mr. John JOHNSON, one of the Preachers, a very godly and useful man, who, on account of his health, had become a Supernumerary, and settled in Lisburn. The high esteem which the venerated Wesley formed for this excellent woman is evident from his correspondence with her at this period. He refers to the devoted Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers as coming to Dublin just in time to take her place, 'both able and willing to tread in her steps;' and anticipates a gracious revival in Lisburn as the result of her labours, adding, 'Tell sister Gayer, I send her such a sister as she never had before.' These anticipations were fully realized. In the following year Mr. Wesley describes the Society as 'the most lively' he had seen 'for many days.' In 1787 he 'preached in Lisburn to the largest congregation he had seen since he left England. Such was the prosperity of the Society and congregation that a new and larger chapel was rendered necessary, which was built in 1788, and is described by Mr. Wesley as 'the largest and best finished in the north of Ireland.'

To this success, no doubt, the holy life and devoted labours of Mrs. Johnson greatly contributed. She entered heartily into her work in her new



sphere, gathering around her large numbers, especially of young women, many of whom she was the means of leading to the Saviour. Both in Dublin and Lisburn she had charge of several Classes and Bands. In 1811 no less than sixty members of the Society were under her care, fifty of whom were converted. Even in old age she found great refreshment and blessing in meeting these lambs of the flock. The last service she attended—about five days before her death—was her Class, when, though unable to speak individually to those present, she prayed with much unction both at the opening and at the close.

As her life drew to an end, there was an evident ripening for eternity; her faith grew stronger, her love warmer, and her hope brighter. On the triumphant death of her husband, in 1803, it seemed as if the last earthly tie was broken, and henceforth her entire being was yielded up to God, to be employed for His glory.

Such a holy, earnest, faithful life could not fail to be made a blessing to others. She lived to see both her only daughter and her two grandchildren live and die happy in the love of God. Amongst her papers was a list of nearly one hundred persons whom she had visited on their sick and dying beds, and proved instrumental in bringing to a knowledge of salvation by faith in Christ, so as to leave a well-grounded testimony that they died in the Lord.

Her journal is a rich treasury of blessed religious

experience and successful Christian work. The last entry is strikingly characteristic :

*'January 19th, 1817.*—I would render unfeigned thanks and praise to my ever gracious God, Who hath blessed me with mercies without number. On the 15th of last month I was eighty-four years on my pilgrimage. I am blessed with the full enjoyment of all my faculties. I am always blessed with the peaceful presence of Jesus, my all in all. My victory over Satan is daily more and more complete. The Lord keeps me in my sleep from that grand adversary, who pursued me with mortal hatred. He has shut the door of my heart against his fiery darts. He gives me peace in my family, protection from the wicked, a great measure of health, and a competency of this world's treasure ; and, best of all, a constant witness of His indwelling Spirit, that I am His child. I feel no inward corruption, and I have strong confidence that He will, through the blood and righteousness of my Redeemer, bring me where He is, His hand graciously holding me up in death. To Him be all the glory. Amen.'

On the 17th of July following, not being well, she informed a pious friend that she apprehended she was about to be removed ; and, on closely examining the state of her mind, she found all was ready. Becoming worse on the following day, she was advised to retire to rest ; but, before lying on that bed from which she never rose, she

knelt down, and prayed fervently for all her Classes, for her faithful servant, and for herself, that God would strengthen her for what she had to go through. On the 21st, the doctor pronounced her disease typhus fever, and said he had little hope of her recovery. On the day following, having settled her temporal affairs, she clasped her hands, and said with great fervency, 'I am Thine, and Thou art mine for ever.' These were the last clear and conscious words she uttered. In the course of the night she attempted several times to say, 'Glory,' but was unable; and on the next morning, July 23rd, she fell asleep in her gracious Lord, Whose faithful witness she had been, showing forth the glory of His power to save from all sin, for fifty-five years.



## MARGARET DAVIDSON,

### COUNTY DOWN.

I am weak, yet strong.  
I murmur not that I no longer see :  
Poor, blind, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme ! to Thee.

On my bended knee  
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown :  
My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear :  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here  
Can come no evil thing.

MILTON.

**I**T has been observed by those who dig for precious metals, that the surface of the earth is often most barren, where the richest treasures are hidden underneath. So, frequently, in the midst of mean surroundings, and in the breast of one clad in poor apparel, there beats a heart affluent in all the graces of the Holy Spirit.

To one of those thus poor, blind, and helpless, 'having nothing, yet possessing all things,' our attention is called in the following brief narrative.

MARGARET DAVIDSON was born at Ballybredagh, in the parish of Killinchy, of parents in very humble circumstances. When about two years old, she had an attack of small-pox, which deprived her of her sight, and disfigured her so much that even her father and mother regarded her with aversion, and often wished she had died rather than have lived helpless and marked as she was. In childhood, having a special thirst for religious instruction, and being surrounded by those utterly unfitted to satisfy her yearning desire, she was much more than ordinarily dependent on others for any information she could obtain. It was with difficulty she succeeded, even occasionally, in getting one of her parents to take her to the Presbyterian meeting-house; and she was delighted when any one would read to her the Bible or some other good book.

Such was the only education Margaret received; yet even this, with the Divine blessing, proved the means of leading her to a terrible sense of her lost condition and to earnest prayer. She says, 'I had a discovery given me of the kingdom of Satan. There were presented, as it were, to my eyes, the miserable spirits in torment; and I heard the very groans and shrieks of the damned; and I saw myself on the very precipice ready to fall into that abyss of misery.'

She continued for some time deeply convinced of her sinful and perilous state, and most anxiously inquiring, 'What must I do to be saved?' At length she heard an extract read from the experience of some good man, in which he testified to a conscious sense of the love of Christ in his heart. Then, for the first time, the possibility of her receiving the assurance of sins forgiven dawned upon her mind, cheering her heart, adding faith and fervour to her prayers, and leading her to resolve never to give up until she obtained the blessing. The Lord, Who is never slow to hear prayer, interposed in mercy on her behalf. When almost about to give up in despair, she says, 'Jesus came to my rescue; I was enabled to stretch forth the withered hand, and spiritually to touch the hem of His garment. The disorder of my soul was instantly cured; I found the virtue of Christ's blood cancelling my iniquity, and His love as a mighty stream rushing into my soul.' Her joy was rapturous, and continued for days and nights, taking away all desire for either rest or nourishment.

Trials soon began. All the relatives of the young convert rose in arms against her. They thought she had gone mad, and sent for their Minister, who counselled them to read to her diverting books, and to send for a doctor. When she sang hymns or psalms, they threatened to turn her out of the house, if she did not cease; and

when she bowed her knees in prayer, they seized her, and endeavoured to drag her away.

While thus this poor but godly young woman was surrounded by those who had no sympathy with her religious feelings, and endeavoured in every way to crush them, she heard rumours of the labours of the Methodist Preachers, the opinions they had, and the effects said to have been produced under their ministry. These were so fully in accord with her own experience, that she longed to hear them ; but as they did not, at this period, visit any place nearer than Comber, seven miles distant, she was unable to gratify her desire. She therefore had recourse to prayer, and not in vain. Soon afterwards, to her delight, she heard one neighbour inquiring of another, if he would go to hear the Methodists on the following Sunday morning. The place announced was only two miles distant, and thus the difficulty of travelling was lessened, though not removed. Her parents would not permit her to go on any account. 'She is mad enough already,' they said, 'and these deceivers will make her far worse, if possible.' But she was determined to be present, and she succeeded, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable obstacles in her way. The preacher was Mr. James Oddie, and the first words the poor, sightless, and weary girl heard were :

'Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.'

And she did see Jesus, and her heart danced for gladness; for the word preached was greatly blessed to her soul. She and many others of the congregation subsequently went to meeting, and heard the Minister denounce in unmeasured terms the new sect, having, with wondrous sagacity, selected as his text that terse and telling description of Paul and Silas: 'These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.'

Margaret returned home with an increasing desire to become identified with the Methodists, and was more bitterly persecuted than ever by her relatives. Her happiest moments were at night, when, unseen and unheard, in some retired place she could lift up her heart and voice in prayer and praise. At length she resolved to make her way to Comber, the nearest town where a Society then existed. Twice she attempted the journey, and failed each time. Then, her parents having given their reluctant consent, the day of deliverance arrived. At Comber she was kindly received by both the Preacher, Mr. Hudson, and the people; and she much enjoyed the services, which proved to be 'wells of salvation' to her soul.

Her attention was now directed to the subject of entire sanctification, more especially by some who had experienced the blessing; and being fully satisfied that it was attainable, she was stirred up to 'press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' One Sabbath



morning, when agonizing in prayer, God answered her by fire, and she found 'such a deliverance from every chain of sin as she had never before known, and set out with redoubled strength and activity to run the Christian race;' realizing a fulfilment of the assurance, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.'

In May, 1765, Margaret was taken for the first time to Newtownards, then called Newtown, to hear Mr. Wesley preach. She says: 'He preached in the Bowling Green, from these words, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." While he was speaking, my heart was inflamed with love to God and man; and as I was placed near him, I could just observe the waving of his hand between me and the light. After preaching he took me gently by the hand and said, "Faint not, go on, and you shall see in glory." These words left a lasting impression on my mind. I was also present when he met the Society; and at parting he commended us "to God and to the word of His grace." I was melted into tears, and could only say, "The will of the Lord be done."'

About this period the good cause at Comber sustained some sad reverses. Two Leaders of the Society having died in rapid succession, there was no one qualified to fill the vacant place. The only person who had the gifts was wanting in the required grace, and he at length was expelled from

the Society, and deprived of the presence of the Preachers in his house, the only house then open in the town for their entertainment. Indeed, so low did the cause ebb that the Preachers advised Margaret to escape from the place at the peril of her salvation, because the judgments of God would certainly fall on the inhabitants for rejecting the Gospel of Christ. This led her, in 1767, to remove to Lisburn, where she continued about seven years.

Being almost at the mercy of others—often of designing and wicked persons—the perils to which this poor woman was exposed, and the privations she suffered, were very numerous; but the Lord delivered and sustained her through them all. In moving about she was sometimes guided astray, and not unfrequently her life was in imminent danger. At one time she fell into a river; at another, into a deep pond; and, again, she wandered to the edge of a precipice, where a step in advance would have sent her into the abyss below. Compelled to accept any lodging she could get, she gladly availed herself of the shelter of some barn or hay-loft for the night, and more than once found herself in places where the grossest wickedness prevailed. Unwilling to be dependent on others for her support, and unable to use such means to supply her wants as others possessed, she toiled hard at her spinning-wheel, and thus was barely able to obtain the necessaries of life.

God often interposed on her behalf in answer to prayer in a most remarkable and unexpected manner, leading even ungodly persons to help her.

Margaret did not forget her relatives, for whose salvation she yearned, notwithstanding the cruel manner in which they had treated her; and she went frequently to visit them. At first they received her very coldly; but gradually they became impressed with the reality of the change wrought in her, until eventually some of them were made partakers of the blessings of salvation.

During one of these visits she appears to have commenced those labours which subsequently were so signally owned of the Lord. It being deeply impressed on her mind that she should pray with her parents, she did so; thus taking up what was to her at the time a heavy cross. She was then invited by the neighbours to their houses, and responded, labouring for hours together to convince them of the necessity of true repentance, and a lively faith in Jesus Christ. The Lord gave His blessing; many being awakened to a sense of their state, and some being converted to God.

Having thus received unmistakable tokens of the Divine approval, she was encouraged to increased effort, and thus her sphere of Christian usefulness was much enlarged. She visited amongst the people, pleaded with them, and prayed with them, as well as assisted at the public services. During the blessed revival which took place at Ballinderry

in the winter of 1769-70, she entered most heartily into the work, and rendered valuable and much needed aid.

She was also closely identified with the still more glorious work at Ballyculter, in 1776. Having met with the Rev. Edward Smyth and his excellent partner at Derryaghy, she was invited by them to spend some time at their house. She had not been there very long, when Mr. Smyth took her with him to a meeting which he was about to hold at Dunsfort, and there insisted on her declaring to the people what the Lord had done for her soul. Such was the impression made by her address, that Mr. Smyth considered it advisable to leave her to work amongst the people. Meetings were arranged for each evening; large numbers flocked to hear the poor blind woman; some of these were brought into great distress about their souls, and persevered in prayer until they found rest in Jesus. The services were continued with signal success, until, within a month, she could number no less than one hundred who had been brought out of darkness into marvellous light.

For this work Margaret was specially qualified, notwithstanding the numerous serious disadvantages under which she laboured. Endowed by nature with a clear intellect and a retentive memory, having become not only acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, but also most familiar with the Word of God, she was able to speak with

great fluency and fervour. She had also been taught many valuable lessons in the school of adversity. Anointed with the unction of the Holy One, and endued with many spiritual gifts, it is not surprising that she became a guide to the blind, and a light to them that were in darkness. Her freedom and power in prayer were said to be 'truly astonishing.' Her petitions were so varied and so appropriate, and were offered up so earnestly, that though she continued for a considerable time pleading for a blessing, none felt it to be a weariness. She retained all the fervour of her zeal to the last, and, while able, visited from house to house, the good people being only too glad to have the opportunity of entertaining her. She sang, prayed, and spoke of the things of God, all the day long; and even spent whole nights at the throne of grace. Thus her closing days were free from all worldly care, and fully occupied in the service of her Redeemer.

She had an earnest desire, by a triumphant death, to leave behind her a bright testimony to the grace of God; but in this the Lord was pleased not to grant her request. During her last illness, for a while, she was even deprived of the light and comfort with which the Holy Spirit had hithert refreshed her soul. When asked how she did, she replied, 'It is the hour and the power of darkness.' Her bodily sufferings were very great; but, though thus severely tried and buffeted of Satan, she was

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not forsaken; the time of deliverance came. While one of the Leaders was engaged in prayer, she broke out into praise, clapped her hands with joy, and shouted in triumph: 'O death, where is thy sting?' That night, as strength and speech failed, she faintly uttered: 'The Lord is sweetly giving me the victory,' and spoke no more, until her eyes opened on the light and glory of eternity.



MRS. CATHERINE M'CONNELL,

COUNTY MONAGHAN.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,  
Though joys be withered all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my steadfast soul relies,  
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

J. WESLEY.



O one who has not been thus tried can conceive the terrible anguish of being reproached, opposed, and persecuted by those most dearly loved, and from whom, above all others, help and sympathy are desired. Instances of such sad trials are not wanting in the annals of Irish Methodism. The following narrative presents a striking picture of a noble woman thus, for about thirty years, contending with the relentless opposition of her husband; at times almost overwhelmed, again rising in triumph, and at length attaining to a calm and peaceful end.

CATHERINE STUART was born in the county of Monaghan, in 1753. Her parents, who were members of the Seceding Church of Scotland, took special pains with her religious education. One day, when she was about six years old, a poor-looking man came to her father's house. He got her to read to him the fourteenth chapter of John, and promised, if she would commit to memory it and the eighty-ninth Psalm, he would give her a present. On her engaging to do so, he drew from his breast a large pin, which, it appeared, was all he had to offer, and gave it to her. These two portions of Scripture proved to her a well of consolation in all the subsequent difficulties of her life. Four years later, a tract was put into her hands, entitled, *Janeway's Token for Children*, which deeply impressed her mind with the sanctity of the Lord's day.

During the year 1768-9, the neighbourhood in which she lived was first visited by a Methodist Preacher in the person of John Smith, of whom it was said that by his preaching he set the people mad. This report, with the novelty of his doctrines, and the warmth of his zeal, brought many out to hear him. Catherine requested her mother's consent to go also, and promised, if she gave permission, that she would tell her as much of the sermon as she could remember. The request was granted; so, with two other girls, she went. On their arrival she was greatly disappointed to find that



Mr. Smith had sent, as a substitute, a young man, named Price, who was about to make his first attempt at preaching. It happened that she and her companions were a little early, and found the Preacher talking to a few friends, with an open Bible in his hand, to which he frequently referred. Among other things he said, 'Before my conversion I used to dispute with John Smith; but never found myself at such a loss as when he produced these words against me: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."' When repeating these words, he looked round on those present with such tenderness and earnestness that even the look reached Catherine's heart; but she stifled the feeling of conviction which arose in her mind. His text was: 'And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.' As the sermon proceeded, her sense of sinfulness increased, until, unable to restrain herself, she cried aloud in bitter anguish, sank on the floor, and was carried out of the room insensible. On her return home, her mother, having heard what had taken place, was so annoyed that she corrected her severely, forbade her going to the Methodist meetings, and confined her to the house.

While placed in these trying circumstances, Catherine found an opportunity of letting a friend know her desire to go to a love-feast about to be held at Clones, in the following June—the first

meeting of the kind ever held there ; and they so arranged their plan that she, with her friend, left home on the night previous to the day of meeting, having more than seven miles to walk. They arrived in the town at the break of day, and awoke an acquaintance, in order to wait with her until the service commenced. Meantime, her mother, having found that she was gone, pursued her to Clones, where she arrived early enough to prevent her attending the meeting with her newly adopted religious friends. When Catherine saw her mother, she earnestly besought her not to interfere with her wishes, which she not only promised, but also, at the urgent request of her daughter, was induced to go to the preaching herself. After the service a person said to her : ' I hope you have this day heard something pleasing and profitable.' ' No,' replied the stern Calvinist, ' though your Preachers, or an angel from heaven, preach any other doctrine than I hear from my own Minister, let them be *Anathema Maran-atha*.' Notwithstanding this rough reply, the Preachers prevailed on her to stay and partake of the refreshments provided by the Society for those who had come from a distance. The opportunity was seized of speaking faithfully to Mrs. Stuart, who at length consented to allow her daughter liberty of conscience ; and the latter soon after, being justified by faith, obtained peace with God.

Various means, however, were used in trying to

turn aside the young convert from her course ; but they did not succeed. A student was brought to show her that she was under a delusion ; but he completely failed. The Minister of the congregation to which her parents belonged, then tried to convince her of error ; but proved equally unsuccessful, being put to silence by this girl of sixteen, who in consequence felt more deeply than ever convinced that the work was of God.

Eight years subsequently her father died, leaving her mother with a large family to be provided for. Soon after, a young man of excellent moral character sought her hand in marriage ; and she, in view of her mother's straitened circumstances, and believing that he would be a helpmeet for her, gave her consent. Her husband seemed serious, and was indulgently kind during the first two years of their married life. He permitted Class and Prayer-meetings to be held in their house, and occasionally entertained the Preachers. But though Mrs. M'Connell's outward lot appeared prosperous, yet she was not without trials ; for as her husband was strongly opposed to people making a profession of religion, she was forced into reticence on the subject, and thus was brought into darkness, and the evidence of her acceptance with God became clouded. However, one day, while at prayer, she felt such peace and joy in believing, that she became willing to be anything or nothing, just as God pleased.

At this period her mountain stood so strong,

that she was ready to say, 'I shall never be moved;' but her happy change gave such offence to the great adversary, that enemies not a few were raised against her. Amongst the number was her husband, who would not believe in any such attainments, and therefore set his face against the whole system of Methodism. The meetings were no longer permitted in the house, and he resolved to deprive his wife of her liberty. One day, soon after, as she was preparing to attend Class-meeting, he ordered her not to go, and, on her persisting, even proceeded to violence. This was only the beginning of sorrows. However, sometimes, notwithstanding stern reluctance, she obtained liberty, and again was shamefully abused. On one occasion she was so ill treated that her mental vigour yielded to Satan; for three days she could not pray, and was in such a state of distraction as to alarm her mother and friends. On the return of strength of mind, she poured out her complaints into the compassionate ear of her heavenly Father, and He graciously heard her cry; her chains fell off, and she glorified God. After this she went on rejoicing in the Lord, and meeting with His people, for more than two years.

But this tranquillity was not permitted to continue longer. She went on one occasion to a prayer-meeting, feeling grateful to God for the peace she had so long enjoyed; but her husband, yielding to Satan, determined again to resort to violence.

He followed her, and, as she came out of the house, seized her, dragged her to a river at some distance, and, with imprecations too terrible to record, declared he would drown her if she did not swear never more to meet with the Methodists. Nor was she released until she promised that she would no more attend the meetings at that house. But she was still resolved to follow the Lord—a resolve which exposed her to fresh trials, too numerous to note in detail. Suffice it to say that on one occasion she was turned out of doors, and obliged to seek a lodging from a neighbour; and at another time the roof was taken off the house by persons employed for that purpose, so that she was obliged to seek shelter from a friend during a painful and perilous illness.

In these severe trials God was a present help to His servant. She was at this time forty years of age, had been a member of the Society twenty-four years, and had retained her hold of Christ through clouds and storms. Another method was now adopted by her husband to accomplish his evil purpose. He took a house near Monaghan, thus removing her from her religious friends, and hoping to draw her away from Methodism; and with apparent success. For two years she was deprived of the means of grace; and though a Preacher visited Monaghan once a fortnight, she dared not go to the service, nor even speak of being a Methodist. She says of this period: 'I seemed

now to be quite shorn of my strength ; I lived in a barren wilderness and a land of drought, and I had no Christian communion to cheer my fainting soul.' She at length felt encouraged to make another attempt to regain that fellowship, of which she had so long and intensely felt the want. One day she asked her son, a lad sixteen years of age, to take a walk with her, which he cheerfully did. Her design was to bring him to Monaghan, where she had heard preaching was to be that evening. As she went, she invited to the service all she met with ; but, to her astonishment and dismay, on looking back, she saw her husband fast pursuing them. He overtook them at the preaching-house door, and not only prevented them from entering, but also compelled them to return with him. It may be conceived how great was her vexation, while going home, to meet many whom she had invited, on their way to the meeting, while she herself was deprived of the privilege of accompanying them.

Thus the man who should have been the guardian and guide of this devoted woman, became her gaoler ; and to such a state of slavish fear did he reduce her, that she expected that he would one day be her murderer. From this mental bondage she was at length graciously delivered. One morning, after a fresh instance of the cruelty of her husband, she went to the throne of grace, poured out her heart to God, and her prayer was answered.

The words came with power: 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob: for I have redeemed thee.' Upon this assurance she felt quite happy, and her soul was delivered from that fear which hath torment; a feeling which never again got the victory over her.

About twenty years previous to this period, Mrs. M'Connell had earnestly sought entire sanctification, and not only pleaded the promise with God, but also expected its fulfilment. She was, nevertheless, tempted to think that if she was favoured with it, she could not retain it long; fearing that the trials she had to endure would deprive her of the blessing. She had many times made a solemn offering of herself to God; and, as she thought, surrendered herself wholly to Him. Yet, not realizing in herself the witness of entire sanctification, she believed it was not imparted. Referring to her subsequent experience, she says: 'My cry for many years had been, that God would cleanse me from secret faults; and my complaint was: "It is worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone;" for, though I knew I loved God in a degree, yet I was convinced He had not the supremacy in my affections. In this way I continued until the 1st of March, 1800, when that text was impressed on my mind: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." The following day was the Sabbath; it was the day appointed for the celebration of the Lord's Supper

in an adjoining Presbyterian congregation, whither all the family who were capable went. This gave me an opportunity of holding sweet converse with my God. I continued in secret before Him for four hours, and the long expected blessing was granted. My joy overflowed; I envied not the great; I had the desire of my heart; Jesus dwelt in me, and I in Him.'

Soon after receiving this blessing she was deeply impressed with the low state of religion in Monaghan, and this led her to unite the few Methodists that were there in prayer to God, that He would revive His work in the town. The Lord answered the prayer which His Spirit inspired. Shortly after, a great revival took place, and the number of believers was largely increased.

Mrs. M'Connell had an impression that her mother, then aged and infirm, would not survive long, and set some time apart each day to pray for her. She went to visit her; and, by a strange providence, within only twelve hours after her arrival, her mother passed away, in the enjoyment of a good hope of immortal life.

The Society at Monaghan was favoured with a visit from Dr. Coke, which was made a great blessing. Old Classes were enlarged, and others formed; numbers of persons were convinced of sin, and many were converted—sometimes six in one day. Thus the word of the Lord was glorified.

Her poor husband, who had been such an obstacle



to her progress heavenward, now began to lose his health. He returned to the neighbourhood of Drum, and there, after fourteen weeks' illness, he died.

One evening, as Mrs. M'Connell sat knitting in the open air, a young gentleman accosted her, and a religious conversation followed, which resulted in the appointment of another time and place of meeting for resuming the subject, and eventually led to his conversion, so that he became a thorough Christian, and a willing and successful worker. He did not confer with flesh and blood, but offered his willing shoulder to bear the cross. And a heavy one he had to bear, his brother being a Minister of the Seceding Church, and all his relations opposed to Methodism. He became so active in his Master's cause, that the Lord added many through his labours to the Society.

Early in 1821, Mrs. M'Connell obtained a suitable situation as housekeeper with a pious family in Cootehill, where, as she says, she realized 'as much happiness as could be enjoyed in this vale of tears.' A few years later, her children having gone to America, and being most wishful to have her with them, she resolved to follow them ; and soon after, having carried this purpose into effect, died there in great peace. The last words in her account of herself are : 'I am still encircled in God's hand ; the whole world is my Father's house. I feel therefore confidence in Him ; I will trust in Him ; and,

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ether I die on sea or land, I possess a sure and  
tain hope of heaven ; and that my body shall  
o be found at the resurrection of the just at the  
t day.'




MRS. REBECCA RUTLEDGE,

VIEWMOUNT.

When, passing through the watery deep,  
I ask in faith His promised aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head ;  
Fearless, their violence I dare ;  
They cannot harm, for God is there !  
To Him mine eye of faith I turn,  
And through the fire pursue my way ;  
The fire forgets its power to burn,  
The lambent flames around me play ;  
I own His power, accept the sign,  
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

WESLEY.

HE subject of the following sketch was born in 1751, at Ballymahon, in the county of Longford. Her parents were members of the Established Church, but strangers to the power of religion. Yet often in childhood she was the subject of the gracious influences of the *Holy Spirit*. When very young, she was adopted

by an aunt, who had much of this world's goods, but was destitute of the heavenly riches. Some time after REBECCA'S removal, she was led to attend the ministry of the Methodist Preachers, when she had the joy of hearing them proclaim the glad tidings of salvation.

To be connected with Methodism at that time was considered by many a reproach. Her aunt, therefore, not being free from the general prejudice, used entreaties, and every other means in her power, to induce her niece to give up her connection with Methodism; but in vain. Rebecca had a growing persuasion of the truthfulness of the doctrines taught, together with a deep conviction of her own sinfulness. In this state she continued until she attained her eighteenth year, when, while she was listening to the preaching of the Word, the Lord suddenly came to His temple, and made her the happy partaker of His pardoning love. She was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and from this happy period she adorned 'the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

In her twenty-second year she was married to Mr. ANDREW RUTLEDGE, of Viewmount, county of Mayo. Though, during the greater part of his life, Mr. Rutledge did not enjoy religion, he proved a most attentive and affectionate husband, and was often heard to acknowledge the goodness of God in providing for him so excellent and suitable a partner. Her earnest efforts for his salvation at

length, through the Divine blessing, proved successful. He received convincing and converting grace, and, to the end of life, walked worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called.

Mrs. Rutledge lived for many years in great peace and prosperity, until the memorable Rebellion of 1798, when that dreadful scourge spread devastation and slaughter throughout the country. She was at the sea-side with two of her children, when the startling intelligence reached her that the French had landed at Killala. Hastening home, she found her husband in a state of the greatest anxiety about her safety and that of his children, as numbers of the country people had already joined the enemy, and every loyal and peaceable inhabitant was threatened with the destruction of life and property. For several days Mr. Rutledge and his family lived in the greatest suspense; and were obliged each night to seek protection in the house of Colonel Fitzgerald, who resided in the neighbourhood. During this trying crisis Mrs. Rutledge calmly rested on the Divine assurance: 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

The danger, in the course of a short time, became so urgent that Mr. Rutledge entertained the thought of collecting a few loyal men to defend his house and family. Eventually, however, he resolved, with his eldest son,—a lad in his fifteenth year,—to join *the royal army*. Mrs. Rutledge, with a spirit of

dauntless heroism, having consented, they mounted their horses, and reached the camp in safety. After they had left home, this brave woman fell on her knees and implored Divine protection for herself and her children, and realized in a strong degree that faith which animated the saints of ancient times, so that they 'stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, and out of weakness were made strong.'

When evening set in, she found it necessary, with her children, to leave her home, and for that night they found an asylum in a neighbouring house; but on the following day they were compelled to seek shelter elsewhere, as the owner informed them that the house was marked on their account. Mrs. Rutledge entreated to be allowed to leave her daughter, lest she might fall into the hands of the brutal ruffians that swarmed around; but this request was refused, and they departed under the cover of darkness, with no provision but a morsel of oaten bread. Thus slenderly provided, they proceeded to a wood on their own farm, having first to wade through a river and a bog, under the guidance of her little son, who knew the country well. Taking shelter under a bush, the children, wet and weary, soon fell asleep, while the afflicted mother spent the night in prayer to Him, Whose watchful Providence is ever guarding, and Whose eyelids never slumber. When day returned, she saw that the rebels had taken possession of her house,

and had destroyed everything in it. She removed, therefore, to a thicker part of the wood, and, having ventured into the meadow, procured a quantity of hay, which supplied a bed.

In this retreat Mrs. Rutledge and her two children spent several days and nights, during which they felt the pangs of both hunger and thirst, and had many hair-breadth escapes. At one time she was glad to seize by stealth a few potatoes out of her own fields; and again, to carry a little water from the river in her son's hat, to allay the thirst of her children. Encouraged by her success, she ventured the same night to the herd's house, hoping to procure a little bread. On reaching it, she looked through a crevice, and, seeing a basket, which she hoped contained potatoes, she opened the door softly, but was much alarmed to find the room filled with rebels. As, however, they were in a profound sleep, she ventured in, and brought out the basket, which unfortunately contained nothing but peelings. Her heart, however, was filled with gratitude for her merciful deliverance; and, on her return, the Lord directed her steps through a field of wheat, of which she plucked a quantity, and brought it to her children, and so, for the time being, satisfied the cravings of hunger.

At one time, her little boy, who was very ill, ventured to walk beyond the precincts of their hiding place, and was perceived by some of the insurgents; but he providentially escaped to his retreat,

though his pursuers were heard uttering oaths and menaces, while they sought for him in the surrounding wood. At another time, her servant boy, a Papist, who had joined the rebels, passed close to the spot where they were concealed, accompanied by her own dog. The animal entered their retreat, but—as if Providence had restrained its ordinary sagacity—appeared to have forgotten them, and passed on another way, leading the servant, who was searching for them, altogether away from the spot.

While passing through such severe trials, Mrs. Rutledge manifested extraordinary peace and fortitude, arising from unshaken confidence in her Almighty Friend, Whose forgiving love and protecting care she had enjoyed for so many years. Thus she was enabled to support and cheer the sinking spirits of her children.

After a time, she succeeded in getting a small supply of food from a neighbour, at whose door she ventured to call at midnight. Then at length the long-looked-for deliverance arrived. The rebels, with their foreign allies, being completely defeated, Mr. Rutledge returned once more to his family; and though they found their goods destroyed, and their house nearly in ruins, gratitude filled their hearts, as they united in acknowledging the continued care of a loving Providence.

Other trials, however, soon fell to the lot of this excellent woman. A few years after her providen-



tial deliverance, her husband was carried off by a fever. This bereavement was quickly followed by the death of her eldest son, who held a lieutenant's commission in the army. He had returned in ill health from Egypt, and died at home rejoicing in God his Saviour. Her youngest son, who had been her companion in the wood, after he attained manhood, received a commission from the Duke of York, and was killed during the Peninsular war. Her second son, Captain William Rutledge, died at Viewmount, before he had reached his fortieth year. She had, however, to drink yet more deeply of the cup of sorrow, as both her daughters died in the prime of life.

Although her trials thus followed each other in rapid succession, yet she continued to realize the all-sufficiency of Divine grace to sustain in every time of need; the Word of God especially proving an unfailing source of comfort and blessing. She also greatly appreciated the visits of the Methodist Preachers. For more than half-a-century her house was their home, whenever they, at regular intervals, visited the locality. She gave generously to the different funds of the Society, as well as to supply the wants of the poor. Thus, having been called upon to pass through afflictions of no ordinary character, she was brought out of the furnace purified as gold and silver; that in her succeeding years she might 'offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.'

In the winter preceding her death, Mrs. Rutledge's strength gradually declined; and continued to do so during the following spring. When able to sit up, she was almost constantly employed in reading. At the same time, she evinced the greatest interest in the welfare of her family; and if she had any wish for the continuance of life, it seemed to be that she might see her grandson and nieces, who lived with her, provided for; but her frequent language was, 'I am in the hand of the Lord.'

In May, 1831, she was altogether confined to her bed, and was signally supported by that Divine goodness and mercy which had followed her all her days. She received frequent visits from the pious and excellent lady of Colonel Fitzgerald, who appeared to take great delight in hearing this dying saint speak of the loving-kindness of the Lord. She frequently exhorted the servants to attend seriously to the concerns of their immortal souls, and even on her death-bed continued to pray with her family. Thus she awaited the last summons, till Sunday, the 19th of June, when she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus terminated a life marked by rarely paralleled trials, and by exemplary patience, strong faith, and, to the last, devout ascription of glory to God.



MRS. ANNE BROWN,

FERMANAGH.

We have no time to sport away the hours ;  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.  
Not many lives, but only one have we :  
How sacred should that one life ever be !

H. BONAR.



LOUGH ERNE consists of two of the most picturesque lakes in the kingdom, presenting a scene of surpassing loveliness. It is studded with three hundred and sixty-five islands, that seem to float upon its crystal surface in exquisite beauty. It was in the midst of these surroundings, where nature wears its most winsome garb, that ANNE DEVLIN was born, in 1750.

Although her parents were Roman Catholics, she, at a very early period, was the subject of the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, leading her, when only six years old, to inquire how she could get to heaven. Two years later, an aged and infirm

woman, who was a Protestant, took lodgings in her father's house, and was visited by the Rev. Philip Skelton, at that time Rector of Pettigo. Anne, being a bright intelligent girl, and anxious to learn the truth, became much interested in these visits, and had numerous conversations with the old woman in regard to her state as a sinner, and the means of salvation. Soon her mind became so deeply impressed, that she resolved not to rest until she knew that her sins were forgiven. In about six months the old woman died, having expressed her confidence that she would soon be with her Saviour. This dying testimony increased Anne's desire for the pardon of sin, and her distress became very great; but she had no one to whom she could open her mind, or who would afford her the needed sympathy and help. At length, one day, while in a wood, wrestling in prayer, the Lord manifested Himself in mercy to her soul, filling her heart with peace and love and joy. Then, although only nine years of age, and nominally a member of the Church of Rome, she received the assurance of salvation. Her fidelity was soon tested, and brought her into trouble. Seeing her father break the Sabbath, she reproved him, on which his anger was roused, and he retaliated with such severity as to fracture one of her limbs.

Notwithstanding much persecution, Anne for six years retained her sense of sins forgiven. At length her mother insisted on her going to mass, to which

she had the greatest aversion, as being opposed both to her feelings and to her conscience. She bowed before the altar, and at once lost her confidence, believing that she had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and that she saw hell moved from beneath to meet her. Hastening home, and throwing away her beads, she avowed that she would never use them again. Her mother replied that she was mad, and would never go to heaven unless she got absolution from the Priest, and went through the fire of purgatory.

The state of this young woman now became terrible. She fell into utter despair, and more than once was on the verge of putting an end to her miserable life. Her friends took her to the Priest, and afterwards to the Bishop, to whom they told her distress. The former said, that when these melancholy notions were out of her head, all would be well; and advised her to take pleasure in the world, to keep jovial company, and to be sure to dance a great deal; adding, 'A shilling to the Priest, and a few days in purgatory, will do away with all.' The Bishop spoke much to the same effect, anointed her with oil, and then threw the tow that he had used into the fire, saying, 'The witchcraft is all over!' But the bitter anguish was still there; and the poor girl, having done wrong, instead of going back to the Source of peace, wandered further from God, plunged deeper into sin, and thus bound herself more firmly to Satan.

In this state Anne remained until she was twenty-one years of age, when she heard a sermon preached by Mr. James Perfect, who was then stationed on the Enniskillen Circuit. Under the preaching of the Word a gleam of hope once more entered her mind; she began again to pray, and her spiritual distress returned. On reaching home, her friends, seeing her state, offered again to send for the Priest; but she told them it was of no use, unless it was to tell him of her lost state. She continued thus in deep distress for about twelve months, when the Lord once more revealed Himself in tender compassion, set her soul at liberty, and gave her the assurance that He had healed all her backslidings.

Two years later (1774) she resolved publicly to renounce her connection with Popery; having heard which, the Priest sent her word that he would 'tear her out of the Church, and make hawk's meat of her.' But she answered that God was above him, and that through Divine grace she feared neither him nor the Pope. Mr. Skelton having removed from the parish, she applied to his successor to receive her into the Church; and he, having examined her, and heard her say that she knew her sins were pardoned, exclaimed, 'Alas! alas! the poor widow's daughter is gone mad. Go home, my girl, to your mother.' She then went to another clergyman,—probably Mr. Skelton,—who received her kindly, approved of her resolution,

and, having given her proper directions, and promised his protection, in case of persecution, wrote to the Minister of her own parish to comply with her request.

Numerous methods were employed to try to turn the young convert aside from the right way. The old Priest was brought, to see and reason with her. He said that none could be saved out of their Church, and that all heretics were on their way to hell; but she expressed her determination never to return to Popery.

On another occasion, Anne's mother and some of her friends arranged to get her married by force, without acquainting her of their intention, and they had even fixed the time; but on the morning of the day decided on, a younger sister told Anne of the plot, and she fled for her life. The mental anxiety through which she then passed, together with the fatigue and exhaustion of the journey, brought on an attack of fever, which when the people in whose house she had sought refuge discovered, they would not permit her to remain. So, she was obliged to return home. On coming back, her mother refused to receive her, unless she would comply with her wishes. This, however, she declined to do, choosing rather the rude shelter of a poor cabin, where, with scarcely any attention or sustenance, through the Divine blessing she recovered.

Friendless and homeless, Anne then wandered about from place to place, supporting herself by

knitting and other kinds of work, until her health began to decline, in consequence of the privations and persecutions which she had to endure. The Lord then raised up many friends for her amongst His people: more especially Mrs. Johnston, of Lisleen,\* one of the brightest ornaments of the Methodist Society in the last century; who, having heard of her circumstances, invited her to her house, received her as a sister, and thus afforded her a holy and happy home.

By the death of Mrs. Johnston in 1780, Miss Devlin was again thrown on the world. In the midst of adverse circumstances, she was much cheered by a dream, in which she saw an angel of God with a drawn sword in his hand, standing as a sentinel by her side. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' Called to pass through honour and dishonour, plenty and poverty, health and sickness, she could say, 'In all I have found a faithful, loving, patient, powerful, and compassionate Friend, Who is always with me.' During this period she resided chiefly at Sligo, where, at the close of 1782, she was married to the Rev. GEORGE BROWN. She and her excellent husband, in entering on life, had none of this world's wealth;

\* It is much to be regretted that materials are not available for a detailed account of the life and religious experience of this devoted lady.



but they possessed what they prized infinitely more, the favour and blessing of God.

It is unnecessary to follow Mrs. Brown through her itinerancy, which continued for upwards of twenty-five years. Suffice it to narrate one or two noteworthy incidents.

The following was a remarkable answer to prayer. She had suffered from a cancer, which had been cut out, but after a number of years reappeared, and caused great suffering. Mr. Brown mentioned this to the Rev. Walter Griffith, and they united in special prayer for her relief, which proved to be not in vain. One night, a few weeks subsequently, while both these Ministers were in Dublin at the Conference, Mrs. Brown retired to rest as usual; but when she awoke in the morning she found her pain gone, and it did not return; thus realizing a fulfilment of the assurance: 'That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father Which is in heaven.'

When her husband was stationed in Lisburn, one night Mrs. Brown, who, with her infant, was sleeping at the house of Mr. Gayer, Derryaghy, was suddenly awoken by a noise outside her door, as if several men were loudly scolding and tearing each other. Looking up, she saw a flash of light, and soon after heard a noise as if some one was walking in her room. When she arose it seemed as if the invisible visitor was walking by her side.

Having sought help in prayer, she took her child, went into the next room, and found that Miss Gayer had heard the same noise, and had also seen the flash of light. Who can tell but some messenger from the spirit-world was thus permitted to interpose for the protection of this child of God?

'Tis your office, spirits bright,  
Still to guard us night and day;  
And before your heavenly might  
Powers of darkness flee away.

Ever doth our unseen host  
Camp around us, and avert  
All that seek to do us hurt,  
Curbing Satan's malice most.'

Mrs. Brown was evidently a woman of great fortitude, vivacity, and cheerfulness, with a high degree of susceptibility, and very strong emotions, entering into whatever she engaged in with wholeheartedness, and thus manifesting intense zeal for the cause of Christ. With a spirit chastened by numerous trials, and sanctified by Divine grace, she exercised a powerful influence for good in the various circuits in which her husband was stationed. Not only did she delight in helping the poor, succouring the tempted, strengthening the weak, and confirming the wavering; but also the Lord made her the instrument of the conversion of many souls. She assisted her husband in special revival

services, which were greatly owned of God. Sometimes she took charge of the females of the congregation; and not a few references are to be found to those who were led to the Saviour at these meetings.

After years of earnest seeking, Mrs. Brown obtained the blessing of perfect love. When stationed on the Wicklow Circuit, in 1795, under a sermon preached by Mr. Rennick, one Sabbath morning, in Wexford, she was filled with the fulness of God to such a degree that she thought a little more would have separated soul and body. As she approached the end of life's journey, she realized a growing meetness for 'the inheritance of the saints in light.'

When Mrs. Brown came to Monaghan, in 1807, she was in a declining state of health, but 'strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.' During the whole of this her last illness, she rejoiced in deep and uninterrupted communion with God, and testified to her clear and happy experience. On one occasion she said: 'I have not one dark moment;' and at another time, although her sufferings were great: 'I have not one murmuring thought.' On the Sunday night week previous to her death, she broke out into prayer, with the fervency of one about to join in the praises of heaven. Satisfied with the presence and power of the Lord, she exclaimed: 'I cannot enjoy more of heaven and live.' In this frame of holy joy she continued,

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1 Friday, the 8th of July, 1808, when she  
ed hence, to be 'for ever with the Lord.'

'Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below :  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go !

Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;  
Shows the purchase of His merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through thy latest passion  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To His uttermost salvation,  
To His everlasting rest.'



MRS. MARY SMYTH,

DUBLIN.

For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

J. MONTGOMERY.



It is impossible to estimate the results which may follow from an event comparatively trivial in its nature. A shepherd boy receives a coat of many colours, and a famished world is fed. Maternal love places an infant in an ark of great bulrushes, and God's people obtain their leader and legislator. A pedlar gives a tract, and the author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* is converted. A lady resolves to hear a celebrated actor ; she is thus led to see Jesus, and multitudes are brought under the sound of the glorious Gospel.

MRS. MARY SMYTH, born in 1742, was the daughter of Mr. Samuel GRATTAN, a wealthy goldsmith of the city of Dublin, who died in 1768. Her husband, Mr. William Smyth, was highly connected, being related to a number of distinguished dignitaries of the Established Church. His father, the Rev. John Smyth, was Chancellor of Conner; his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, was Bishop of Limerick (1695-1725); and Dr. F. A. Smyth, one of his uncles, was Archbishop of Dublin (1766-71). A short time before the death of Mr. Grattan, he received Mr. Smyth into partnership; and the latter became his son-in-law, and inherited his property.

The circumstances connected with the conversion of Mrs. Smyth are replete with interest: the blessings which resulted from it, not only to her husband, but also to hundreds besides, eternity alone will reveal. Shortly after her marriage, it was announced in the public papers that Garrick was about to take a final leave of the stage—an event frequently intimated, but one which did not actually take place until 1776, some years later. Mrs. Smyth, who was a passionate admirer of theatricals, expressed her determination to witness the last acting of this celebrated man. Her husband endeavoured to dissuade her, but in vain; and as it was inconvenient for him to leave Ireland at that time, he requested his brother, Colonel Smyth, to accompany his wife to London. On their arrival

they made immediate application for places, but none could be obtained. Colonel Smyth then, taking advantage of a former acquaintance with the Duchess of Leeds, sought her assistance ; which was willingly given, and Mrs. Smyth accompanied her grace to the theatre. Not only was her wish thus gratified, but Mrs. Smyth became the guest of the Duchess during the remainder of her sojourn in London.

The Rev. William Romaine was at this period in the zenith of his popularity, and had charge of the parish of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, where his services were accompanied with marvellous spiritual power. Hearing of the immense crowds that attended his ministry, and the astonishing effects produced, Mrs. Smyth expressed a strong desire to hear him, though her new friends were unanimous in their reprobation of the man, and of the doctrines he preached. In vain it was urged that he was a Methodist—an enthusiast—one whom it was improper for her to hear ; and that to procure admittance to a place so crowded was utterly impracticable. The more Romaine was reprobated, and the greater the difficulty seemed of obtaining admission to the church, the more urgent was Mrs. Smyth in her wish to hear him ; nothing could deter her, for go she would, in defiance of every remonstrance. Romaine preached from the words : ‘ Who knoweth the power of Thine anger ? Even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath.’ The

word preached was applied by the Holy Spirit with power to her heart, leading her in humble penitence to the foot of the cross, and enabling her to lay hold on Christ as her Saviour.

Mr. Smyth's state of mind, when he heard of his wife's conversion, was little short of derangement; and with the utmost anxiety he hastened to London. There he learned from herself more fully what the Lord had done for her, and the great change that had taken place in her heart and life. He was overwhelmed with surprise and mortification, yet reluctantly consented to accompany her to hear Romaine, and judge for himself. In answer, no doubt, to the earnest believing prayer of Mrs. Smyth, the Gospel message reached the heart of her husband, and he also was led to realize 'the overwhelming power of saving grace.' Mrs. Smyth's cup of blessing was then full, the Lord having granted what was doubtless the great desire of her heart; both she and her husband being united in love to Christ, and in the full determination henceforth to live for the glory of God.

Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, on their return home, not finding in the Established Church that sympathy and help which they desired, became members of the Methodist Society. Occupying a high social position, they took a leading part in all that concerned the advancement of Divine truth, and their residence became the resort of earnest and devoted Christians. Being the centre of a large and in-



fluent circle of friends, they diffused through it a powerful influence for good. Some instances of this may even now be traced. A brother of Mr. Smyth, the Rev. Edward Smyth, with his wife, being in the metropolis, they received religious impressions which proved the first step towards a course of great usefulness. Mrs. Ingram, sister of Mr. Smyth, and her husband, the Rev. Jacques Ingram, Chancellor of Limerick, became favourable to Methodism; entertained Mr. Wesley, so that he 'wanted nothing that the kingdom could afford;' and treated the Preachers with great attention. One of their daughters became a member of the Society, and a correspondent of Mr. Wesley.\* Mrs. Lee, who was another sister of Mr. Smyth,—her husband being Benjamin Lee, Esq., of Merriam,—was also brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. She had three daughters, all of whom became ladies of decided religious principles. Jane, the second, was married to the Rev. Thomas Roberts, M.A.; Anne and Rebecca, the eldest and youngest, were married to two brothers, Arthur and Benjamin Guinness, Esqs., men of large fortune, and eminently devoted to all that is excellent and of good report. The former was father of the late Rev. W. Smyth Guinness, an evangelical Clergyman, and the late

\* She was married to John Morton, Esq., and their eldest daughter became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, Missionary in China. For an account of this lady see *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, 1855, p. 769.

Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., who with such princely munificence restored St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin.

The removal of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smyth to Ballyculter, in 1774, led to a most interesting correspondence between the latter and her sister-in-law, the subject of this sketch. The letters of Mrs. Agnes Smyth were published, and from them are to be obtained the only glimpses we have of the life and religious experience of her correspondent at this period. These letters indicate unmistakably the thorough sympathy of kindred spirits in supreme love for Christ, in strong desire for conformity to His image, and in self-denying zeal for His cause. Mrs. Mary Smyth appears at first as the kind and faithful guide, through whose influence her sister was arrested in 'her worldly career ; but gradually retires from leading to being led, receiving help from one who had made greater progress in holiness. There are numerous allusions which show the dangers to which she was exposed, as well as the trials she endured. Thus, in May, 1775, her sister writes : ' I think it a pity that Mr. Wesley's conversation should be thrown away on the guests which are now at your house.' Five months later, the writer expresses sympathy with her sister in being obliged to interest company who are of this world, and gently intimates her duty on the subject. In the following December, she solemnly warns her of her danger, and urges her to escape for her life.

Amongst those who assembled under the hospitable roof of Mr. Smyth, were many whose opinions were Calvinistic; and, through their influence, the mind of Mrs. Smyth was in some degree unsettled, especially on the subject of personal holiness. This, however, was the strong point in the views and experience of her sister, who evidently succeeded in setting her right on this subject. When, therefore, doctrinal disputes arose in Dublin, in 1776-77, and a number of members left the Society, Mrs. Smyth stood firmly by Mr. Wesley and the Preachers, and 'received her ticket.'

Some three years later, she fell into delicate health, and suffered much in body; but was enabled by Divine grace in meekness to possess her soul. Whether in sickness or in health, she continued the same meek and humble, yet decided, follower of the Lamb.

For some time Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, and the leading Methodists in Dublin, were most wishful that the Rev. John W. and Mrs. Fletcher should visit the city, and sent repeated requests earnestly urging them to do so. They, however, declined to make the journey, until at length they judged it improper any longer to withhold consent, lest, in disregarding the solicitations of a willing people, they should disobey the summons of God. So they accepted the invitation, and in August, 1783, arrived in Dublin, where they continued for about six weeks.

The expectations in regard to this period, though high, were more than realized; for a more blessed and fruitful visit has scarcely ever been made by a Christian Minister to a Christian Church, since the days of the Apostles. Mr. Fletcher's public and private ministrations were attended with marvellous power, numbers of careless persons were awakened to Christian concern, and the desire for the blessing of holiness was excited and intensified amongst professing Christians.

While in Dublin, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, and under their hospitable roof had the opportunity of meeting with many truly pious persons of different religious denominations. These social gatherings—or 'drawing-room meetings,' as they are now designated—proved means of rich spiritual blessing, and initiated a series of reunions probably unsurpassed, in their power for good, in the history of Methodism.

During the latter part of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, the devoted Lady Mary Fitzgerald was also the guest of Mrs. Smyth, with whom she cultivated the closest intimacy and friendship, until severed by death. Her ladyship's stay in Ireland was not of long continuance, and she returned to England with Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Smyth. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, writing afterwards to Mr. Smyth, said: 'You have united for us the Irish hospitality, the English cordiality, and the

French politeness.' Mrs. Fletcher expressed her deep conviction—'a faith riveted in her heart'—that before long there would be a great revival of the work of God in Dublin. These expectations were fully realized, and a large addition to the Society took place. It had consisted of about five hundred persons, but now increased to upwards of one thousand.

Owing to the Divine blessing on the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, as well as on the labours of Mr. Fletcher and others, many influential persons in the metropolis were the subject of serious impressions, for whom it was considered desirable that some church should be erected in which the Gospel would be preached. Accordingly, in July, 1784, the foundation-stone of the Bethesda Chapel was laid. It was built at the sole expense of Mr. Smyth, who, on the day previous to its dedication, accompanied by a few friends, went into it, and, kneeling in the centre, besought God to bless the preaching of His Word in that place. The voice of prayer was heard and answered ; and in the last great day very many, no doubt, will be found to have been born there. The chapel was opened according to the forms of the Episcopal Church, on June 25th, 1786 ; the Rev. Edward Smyth, and the Rev. William Mann, being the first chaplains. Mr. Smyth added a Female Orphan School and also a Penitentiary. In this chapel Mr. Wesley frequently preached to large and brilliant congregations,

amongst whom were many persons of distinction ; and the power of the Lord was graciously present. Here also the ministrations of the Rev. B. W. Mathias were greatly owned of God for many years. The building was destroyed by fire in 1839, and in its place was erected the Bethesda Church now in use.

In 1788, in the midst of the spiritual prosperity with which Dublin was favoured, a serious division too place in the Methodist Society, in which the Smyths were evidently deeply involved. Many of the people were in the habit of attending Dissenting chapels on the Sabbath ; and in order to obviate this, it was arranged, that on three Sundays out of four there should be service in Whitefriar Street Chapel in church hours, at which the Liturgy should be read; and on the fourth Sunday the people should be recommended to attend St. Patrick's Cathedral, and receive the sacrament there. This gave great offence to the Rev. Edward Smyth, and, doubtless, through him, to his brother and some of the wealthy members of the Society, who objected to it, as tending to a separation from the Church.\* Most likely, however, the real reason was, the fear of injury being done to the congregations at the Bethesda. During Mr. Wesley's visit of 1789, he endeavoured to heal the breach, but did not succeed, although he was received with the utmost respect by

\* Ten years previously the Rev. E. Smyth had strongly advocated complete severance from the Establishment.

the dissentients, and even preached twice in the Bethesda, at the pressing invitation of Mr. Smyth. Eighteen months later, in a letter addressed by Mr. Wesley to Adam Clarke, then Superintendent of the Circuit, he says: 'You do well to offer all possible courtesy to Mr. William Smyth and his family:' which suggests the idea that they had at least a degree of returning sympathy with the Society.

A few years subsequently to this, Mr. and Mrs. Smyth removed to Bath. How far they were identified with Methodism in this city is not clear. In October, 1795, in the journal of the Rev. Joseph Benson there is a notice of his dining with them there. He says: 'We had Lady Mary Fitzgerald, and several pious ladies, whose conversation was as edifying as their manners were polite.' Three years later, however, the Rev. William Jay refers to Mr. Smyth as a member of his congregation in Argyle Chapel.\* It is, therefore, most likely that at this period they were favourable to and assisted Methodism, although not fully connected with it.

In 1807, Mrs. Smyth was called upon to sustain a severe trial in the death of her beloved partner, with whom she had happily lived for about forty years. Two years previously the marriage of the Rev. Thomas Roberts, then stationed in Bath, to Mr. Smyth's niece, had taken place: and no doubt this union did much to bring Mrs. Smyth into

\* *Autobiography*, p. 133.

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closer connection with the Society. As Mr. Roberts' health was not good, he was compelled several times to seek rest, which he did at Bath ; and eventually, in 1812, he settled in the city as a Supernumerary. He and Mrs. Roberts seem to have resided with Mrs. Smyth until her death in 1824. Thus this excellent woman, from whose conversion such streams of blessed influence had flowed, found in the evening of life comfort and blessing in that Society which had been so helpful to her in earlier years. And then the night came, when she entered into the everlasting 'rest' that 'remaineth to the people of God.'





MRS. HENRIETTA GAYER,

DERRYAGHY.\*

What is her lot? To smile in weary hours,  
To brighten hearth and home with guileless mirth;  
To shed a fragrance, as of dewy flowers,  
O'er the one sanctuary of boundless earth;  
To counsel, raise, invigorate, and bless,  
And win the troubled, tempest-toss'd, to peace.

WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.



THE name of HENRIETTA GAYER is historical and saintly in the annals of Irish Methodism. Although contemporary records give but occasional glimpses of her, she is seen as a ministering angel, visiting the poor, tending the sick, and relieving the wants of the needy. Any diary she may have written has perished, and no consecutive account of her life has appeared in print; yet her memory is blessed, and her name is still fragrant in the land of her nativity.

\* The present writer gratefully acknowledges having been supplied by the Rev. J. Donald, D.D., with some interesting facts in the following sketch, hitherto unpublished.

Henrietta was the daughter of VALENTINE JONES, Esq., of Lisburn, and was married, in 1758, to Edward Gayer, Esq., clerk of the House of Lords in the Irish Parliament, who resided in a beautiful mansion delightfully situated at Derryaghy, described by Mr. Wesley as 'one of the pleasantest spots in the kingdom.' She was remarkably attractive in her appearance and manner, a charming singer, and highly accomplished. Passionately fond of dancing and other worldly amusements, the life and soul of a highly respectable and fashionable circle of friends, she entered into the gaieties and frivolities of the times with all the enthusiasm of an ardent temperament.

But, some time after her marriage, she became very deeply concerned about the salvation of her soul. In her anxiety she consulted a Clergyman concerning her state, and what she should do to obtain relief of conscience. He told her that her spirits had become depressed, and that she should travel, go more into society, and engage more frequently in fashionable amusements. She followed his advice, and, not finding rest of soul, she then endeavoured at once to raise her spirits and satisfy her conscience by a strange compromise—entering heartily into the world, yet faithfully attending to her religious duties. This she carried so far that on one occasion, when she went to a ball at Dublin Castle, she took her prayer-book with her, and after each dance retired and read a portion of it. But, being still

unhappy, she went about to establish her own righteousness as the ground of her acceptance with God, being ignorant of 'the righteousness which is of God by faith.' She attended every service of the church, engaged in works of mercy, fasted and prayed; but all failed to bring the longed for blessing. Instead of realizing holiness, the Spirit gave her a deeper insight into the depravity of her heart, and the imperfections of her life; and her sense of condemnation so increased that she was in danger of giving up, in utter despair, all hope of salvation, when the Lord in mercy interposed on her behalf.

Mr. Crumlin, who was surgeon to a regiment of dragoons then stationed in the neighbourhood, and was a hearty Methodist, having occasion to visit Mr. Gayer on business, embraced the opportunity of introducing religious conversation. Mrs. Gayer was surprised to hear a gentleman, and especially an officer in the army, speak on such subjects; and, being favourably impressed with his spirit and views, she told him of her 'restless wandering after rest.' He then showed her the 'new and living way,' whereby we have access unto God, even by Christ Jesus; and urged on her a present acceptance of the Saviour. As he thus told her 'the old, old story of Jesus and His love,' Mrs. Gayer believed, and heaven sprang up in her heart; the Spirit itself witnessed with her spirit that she was a child of God, and the love of God was shed abroad in her

heart by the Holy Ghost given unto her. Mr. Crumlin strongly recommended her to become a member of the Society; but this she hesitated to do, being unwilling to act contrary to the prejudices of her husband against Methodists and Methodism.

Not long after having thus been brought into living union with Christ, Mrs. Gayer having occasion to call on Mrs. Cumberland, at Lisburn, that good woman inquired whether she had ever heard the Preachers, told her how different their sermons were from those they were in the habit of hearing, and related the wonderful results which had followed their labours. Mrs. Gayer inquired when a service would be held. Mrs. Cumberland replied that a meeting would take place in her house on the following day, and invited Mrs. Gayer to be present; an invitation which she accepted, and took with her her only daughter, a girl of thirteen. The word which Mary Gayer then heard came with power to her heart, and, having thus been deeply convinced of sin, her prayer was soon after answered, and she was enabled to rest on Jesus as her Saviour, to the unspeakable joy of both herself and her mother. The blessing she then received she retained until she passed triumphant home, sixty years subsequently. In connection with the above meeting, both Mrs. and Miss Gayer were led to become members of the Society.

In the following year, on the 19th of June, 1773, Mrs. Gayer, for the first time after her conversion,

had an opportunity of hearing Mr. Wesley preach, which she greatly enjoyed. At the close of the service she was introduced to him, and he, having obtained her address, said that he would call and see her. Knowing the strong feeling Mr. Gayer had against Methodism, and fearing the reception Mr. Wesley would receive from him, she, with her daughter, made it a subject of special prayer during most of that night, that the Lord would dispose the heart of her husband to receive the servant of God graciously. On the following day Mr. Wesley walked out to Derryaghy from Lisburn, and met Mr. Gayer in the avenue leading to his residence. Mr. Wesley inquired if Mrs. Gayer lived in that house. He replied, 'Yes, she is my wife,' and entered into conversation with Mr. Wesley, not knowing who he was. Mr. Gayer was much impressed with the culture and gentlemanly deportment of the stranger, felt drawn towards him at once, and invited him to dinner. Thus his prejudices were completely removed, and arrangements were made for regular preaching at Derryaghy; which, being commenced by Mr. Wesley on that very day before a large congregation, was subsequently continued in a place fitted up for the purpose by Mr. Gayer at his own expense. Not only was a room set apart in the house for the Preachers, called 'the Prophet's Chamber,' but they were also kindly and hospitably entertained, at regular intervals, for many years.

Mrs. Gayer engaged heartily in work for her Redeemer. One of her first cares was to secure the erection of a chapel in Lisburn, where there was none, the services being conducted in private houses. This was accomplished in the course of twelve months, chiefly through her assistance ; and during that year no less than seventy persons were added to the Society in the town and neighbourhood.

During this period, Mrs. Agnes Smyth, wife of the Rev. E. Smyth, and niece of Mrs. Gayer, was led through her instrumentality to that complete consecration to Christ, which rendered her brief life such a means of abundant blessing.

In the summer of 1775, Mr. Wesley, having again visited the neighbourhood, was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gayer, and, being seized with a violent fever, received from the family the kindest attention. Serious apprehensions were entertained throughout the kingdom, and fervent prayer was offered for his recovery. One day, a Preacher, in conjunction with a few friends at Derryaghy, earnestly prayed that God would graciously prolong the valuable life of His servant, and, as in the case of Hezekiah, add to his days fifteen years. Mrs. Gayer suddenly rose from her knees, and exclaimed : 'The prayer is granted !' Soon after, Mr. Wesley was restored to health ; and, it is worthy of notice, survived from June, 1775, till March, 1791, a period of fifteen years and eight months

The subsequent history of Mrs. Gayer is that of a faithful, humble, self-denying servant of Christ, deeply devoted to His service, and the interests of His cause. Her zeal was remarkable, and doubtless was thought by some excessive; but it was simply the result of the constraining love of Christ, and was crowned with the Divine blessing; for she was instrumental in leading many to the Saviour, and in stimulating others to love and good works. So completely had Divine grace triumphed over her ruling passion, that the Rev. Henry Moore could write in regard to her: 'I never was acquainted with a person more dead to the world.' Though her religious attainments were great, she was as humble as a child. 'In conversation her words seemed as if coming through her from the Fountain of Wisdom.'

She had strong practical sympathy with the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, especially such as she had reason to believe were 'of the household of faith;' visiting them frequently, sharing their sorrows, and ministering to their wants. She had also a deep feeling of responsibility in regard to her income, and curtailed her personal expenses in every possible way, sometimes depriving herself of even the necessities of life, that she might have more to give to those in greater need. She often said that, as she received all her mercies from God, it would be very ungrateful if she did not give back a part to Him in His poor; and as she had once loved money, she

required to be the more watchful as to its influence over her. Thus, out of a large property left by her husband at his death, in 1799, of which she was the sole executrix, she died without having one shilling to leave to any person or for any purpose whatever.

This wealth was not rashly and thoughtlessly scattered, but was dispensed after due consideration and earnest prayer, in which she sought Divine guidance, that so she might be a wise as well as a faithful steward. In some instances there were remarkable indications of the hand of God. Thus, on one occasion, it was impressed on her mind that a member of the Society in Dublin, who occupied a respectable position, was in want. She therefore wrote to one on whom she could rely, and, finding her impression correct, she at once sent a considerable sum to him, and thus the good man was most unexpectedly relieved from distress which threatened to overwhelm him and his family. Often, by a judicious use of smaller sums of money, she stimulated the liberality of others, and so accomplished none the less important a work. For instance, being visited by Mrs. Mary Smith, of Donaghadee, she inquired how the work of God prospered in that town; and, being informed that the Society was poor, and their place of worship a little barn, Mrs. Gayer gave her five guineas, saying, 'Take this, and commence to build a house for the worship of God.' Other friends, thus en-



couraged, added their contributions, and on her return home Mrs. Smith had thirty guineas. The Rev. S. Steele, the Superintendent of the Circuit, undertook to collect the remainder of the needed funds; and thus the first Methodist chapel was erected in Donaghadee.

About the beginning of March, 1814, Mrs. Gayer began to decline rapidly in health, although she had no pain; so mercifully did God deal with His handmaid. She expressed neither doubt nor fear from the beginning of her illness, but enjoyed an increasing confidence in her blessed Saviour, that where He was, there she would be also, to behold His glory. Her intense interest in the Lord's work, desire for the salvation of souls, and sympathy with the poor, continued to the end. Almost her last words were: 'I am content to live a little longer, if I may in any degree be serviceable to the Church of God.'

The last Sunday but one before her death, she called the members of her Class around her, and earnestly exhorted them, when she was gone, to continue to love Christ, and His cause, and one another. In giving directions concerning her funeral, she desired that no unnecessary expense should be incurred, so that all that could be spared might be given to the poor. A short time before she died, she fervently urged on some young friends who were in her room the necessity of immediate decision for God, adding: 'What should I do now,

if I had the work of my salvation to begin?' She then desired to be raised, and sang, with a clear and distinct voice :

'I have fought my way through :  
I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do.'

These were her last intelligible words. For several hours she lay without moving, and then her ransomed spirit entered into endless felicity and glory : for, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.'



MRS. AGNES SMYTH,

COUNTY DOWN.

A being, breathing thoughtful breath ;  
A traveller 'twixt life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, to command ;  
And yet an angel too, and bright  
With something of a spirit's light.

WORDSWORTH.

**M**RS. AGNES SMYTH was the daughter of  
WILLIAM HIGGINSON, Esq., of Lisburn;  
and thus was one of a family which,  
for more than a century and a half,  
has occupied a leading position in that  
town and neighbourhood. Brought up  
in circumstances of affluence, and sur-  
rounded by those whose lives were strictly  
moral, she was from her earliest years the subject  
of the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit.  
Even when a little child, she felt that God loved

her, and she loved Him, and was wont with unquestioning confidence to look to Him in prayer for relief in every trouble, and not in vain. She became most careful to do what she believed was her duty ; read at least two chapters of the Bible every day ; and attended the services of the parish church with the utmost regularity. As, however, she grew older, and entered into the fashionable amusements of the world, these good impressions passed away, and she became gay, vain, and thoughtless.

In 1770, Miss Higginson, being then but a girl of fifteen, was married to the Rev. Edward Smyth, a clergyman who had many wealthy and influential relatives, through whose assistance the young couple expected to succeed in life, but were sadly disappointed. One of those from whom they had expected much, Dr. F. A. Smyth, Archbishop of Dublin, died in December, 1771, without having either given his nephew a benefice, or left him a bequest. This disappointment led Mr. Smyth to look out for a curacy, in quest of which he, with his wife, went to Dublin, where, in the house of his brother, William Smyth, Esq., Mrs. Smyth first met some members of the Methodist Society. The religious views and practices of these people were utterly opposed to all her previous ideas. The profession of a conscious sense of sins forgiven seemed to her 'proud and presumptuous ;' and preaching without episcopal ordination, 'strange

and unlawful.' However, she was led to search the Scriptures, to see 'whether these things were so.' Through conversation with these servants of God her mind was awakened to a sense of her fallen state by nature, and the consequent necessity of a change of heart; but she did not venture to attend any of the services of the sect then almost 'everywhere spoken against.' Meantime, her husband did not succeed in getting a suitable position as soon as was anticipated; and her mother, to whom she was very fondly attached, died. Thus, one trouble followed another; but these disappointments and trials were greatly sanctified and blessed to her.

At length, in December, 1773, Mr. Smyth obtained the curacy of Ballyculter, in the county of Down, and removed thither in the following year. Their house not being ready for their reception, they were kindly invited by Lord Bangor to Castle Ward; but the fashionable and frivolous amusements of their temporary home were so utterly distasteful, that neither Mrs. Smyth nor her husband could be prevailed upon to join in them.

The following incident strikingly illustrates Mrs. Smyth's frame of mind, after she and her husband had settled in their own house. Their noble patron having invited them to a great ball to be given in honour of his eldest daughter, Mr. Smyth feared to give offence by declining to be present on such an occasion; but Mrs. Smyth was most unwilling to

go. However, he overcame her scruples with the assurance that they would only remain for a short time. When Mrs. Smyth had completed her toilet, the question arose in her mind: 'How different shall I look a few months hence, when perhaps my features will be distorted in the agonies of death!' The thought of the great change appalled her, she burst into tears, and again expressed her earnest desire to stay at home; but her husband prevailed on her to accompany him, which she reluctantly did; then remained a few weary hours, and hurried away, bidding a final adieu to all such worldly pleasures.

Mrs. Smyth now sought with increasing fervour to find out the way of salvation. In this, the reading of Hervey's *Theron and Aspasio* proved most helpful. She then saw clearly that none could be saved, but those who depended on the atonement of Christ; and her conviction of sin became deeper and stronger.

In the spring of 1775, she went on a visit to her father at Lisburn. Here she attended the parish church three Sundays in succession, longing to hear something of the death and merits of the Saviour; but in the three discourses she only heard His name mentioned once. Grieved at heart, she thought it was wrong for her to let fear keep her from the Methodist services, where she might hope for the needed instruction. The obstacles were great; her pride resented association with a despised people; her husband did not wish it; and

her father forbade it, at the peril of forfeiting his favour. But a deep sense of duty impelled her onward. She determined to go; and she went, blushing with shame as she proceeded, hiding herself when there, and then hurrying away at the close, lest she might be recognized. Having informed Mr. Smyth of what she had done, and found to her joy, in answer to prayer, that he not only withdrew his objection, but even gave his consent, she went again with more courage. Now, she joined heartily in the service, which shame had prevented her from doing before; and heard Mr. Payne preach, from Jeremiah xxiii. 29, a sermon, every sentence of which seemed to go home with convincing power to her heart.

After this she had a strong impression, which she believed to be from the Lord, that she should cast in her lot with this people; which led her to attend the services frequently. On one occasion she met in the street her aunt, Mrs. Gayer, who invited her to accompany her to Mrs. Cumberland's. 'No,' thought Mrs. Smyth, 'or I shall be for ever called "a swaddler,"' and declined. But Mrs. Gayer would not be put off, and did not let her go until she consented. Here she met a few devoted servants of God, in Christian fellowship, which was greatly blessed to her, and led her then to become a member of the Society.

Soon after this Mrs. Smyth obtained the clear evidence of her acceptance with God. One Lord's

day, early in the morning, she was made unspeakably happy. The Lord by His Holy Spirit revealed to her so clearly the condition of salvation by faith in a crucified Saviour, that she was lost in wonder at the boundless love of God. So marked was the change that, on going downstairs, her friends at once observed it. 'Why, Nessy,' said her sister, 'I have not seen you look so well this great while;' and no wonder, for her soul was filled with joy. 'All I knew,' she says, 'was, that I loved my Saviour above all things, and that He loved me; which conviction I thought I would not forego for all the world, as it seemed dearer to me than life itself.' This heavenly joy continued, and Divine light shone into her soul, the Scriptures being wonderfully opened to her understanding and applied to her heart.

Mrs. Smyth for some time earnestly desired to meet with Mr. Wesley, and she much wished for opportunity soon arrived. Writing to her sister-in-law in June, she says: 'Mr. Smyth and I dined in company with Mr. Wesley at my uncle Gayer's yesterday. We spent a most happy day. The sweet old man seemed in good spirits. What a blessing is the communion of saints!'

From this period the records in the diary of this devoted woman display such a deep self-abasement of spirit, such tenderness of conscience, and especially such ardent longings for complete deliverance from sin, and entire sanctification to God, as have



been rarely paralleled. The following may be taken as an example :

‘October 3rd.—Blessed Saviour, Who hast redeemed me with Thy precious blood, sanctify me by Thy Spirit, that I “may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height” of Thy love, “which passeth knowledge.” O, let the day dawn, and the day-star arise in my heart, and shine more and more unto the perfect day. O, what is our life here, but as a vapour that soon passeth away? Grant therefore, blessed Lord, that while I remain in this tabernacle of clay, it may be my meat and drink to do Thy will. Thou Consolation of Israel, Thou hast arisen with healing in Thy wings on my benighted soul. O, do not visit as a transient Guest, but tarry, and abide with me for ever.’

Mr. Smyth, having likewise been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, began to evince a fervent zeal for God, not confining his labours to the Church, but holding services in private houses, both in his own parish and in the neighbouring one of Dunsfort. These meetings were greatly owned of the Lord in the salvation of many, most of whom were at once enrolled in Classes as members of the Methodist Society. Mrs. Smyth wrote, in January, 1776 : ‘I believe there has seldom been a greater revival of religion than in Dunsfort parish. The Lord hath confirmed it by signs and wonders. He seems truly to be pouring out His Spirit upon all

flesh. Persons come five miles, and return home in the midst of the snow, to hear the word preached. Many young strong men have roared out through the anguish of their spirit. Some people were seized with fainting, trembling, contraction of their limbs, and violent crying. Mr. Smyth exhorted in a barn in that parish on Tuesday last, and it was thought he had six hundred hearers. Wonders are to be seen almost every time of our meeting.'

Under a sense of duty Mr. Smyth wrote a letter of admonition to the great man of the parish, who was living in open sin. This, instead of leading him to repentance, excited his hostility, so that he deprived the writer of his house, and ordered his tenants not to receive him. Thus, the faithful Minister and his family were compelled to seek shelter in a little thatched cabin, with only two rooms and no attendance. But this reverse of fortune did not give Mrs. Smyth an uneasy thought. She could write, 'Glory be to God for such a shelter! It is more than the King of Kings was always assured of.' Animated by this spirit, she entered heartily into the duties of her new position, rising early and late, taking little rest, and denying herself all but the mere necessities of life. Some months previous, she had laid aside all unnecessary ornaments, and had begun to dress with scrupulous plainness. Now she sold the best of her furniture and apparel, that she might the more abundantly minister to the necessities of others. In her intense

desire to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, she certainly went beyond what was required either by God or man, and thus brought herself subsequently into much condemnation.

Mrs. Smyth, having visited a family, a member of which had died, found a large number of persons assembled in the house. Her first impulse was to remain silent; but, when she thought of the many souls there were before her, perhaps perishing for lack of knowledge, she felt constrained to speak to them. The Lord helped her, and the greater part of those present were deeply affected. It then occurred to her that she should pray with them, a duty from which she shrank, but again arose the thought, 'If I omit it, the conviction of remissness in my duty will be insupportable.' So she took courage, notwithstanding natural diffidence, gave out a hymn, and prayed. She then went into an adjoining house, and, being followed by the greater part of those to whom she had been speaking, she again exhorted them to seek the kingdom of God.

In the meantime, through the influence of Lord Bangor, who still seemed determined to persecute Mr. Smyth, a petition was sent to the Bishop of the diocese, making certain charges against him. He was therefore summoned to trial, and, although he completely refuted every accusation, was deprived of his cure through an illegal stretch of power.

This circumstance, though most trying, was overruled for good, as Mr. Smyth resolved to accept no

preferment in the Church, and to give himself wholly to the work of God in connection with Methodism. Although living on a very small annuity, he never lacked either food or raiment; his sphere of usefulness was greatly enlarged, and many souls were converted through his instrumentality.

At this period we find the following entry in Mrs. Smyth's diary:

'December 18th.—I am filled with comfort; my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour. My joy is unspeakable, and I have a peace this world cannot give. It may be truly said, I am coming out of the wilderness, leaning on my Beloved. Poor and needy, long did I seek for water, and my tongue failed for thirst; I went on in darkness, and saw little, very little, light; yet my God conducted me through the obscurity, and brought me to His holy hill of Sion, with shouts of triumph and songs of praise. The help that is done upon the earth, the Lord doeth it alone.'

Meanwhile, the good work prospered in Dunsfort and Ballyculter. Mrs. Smyth writes: 'I can give you but a small notion how the Word of the Lord runs and is glorified. All around, young and old flock to the standard of Jesus, as the doves to their windows. I think the Class in this town (Strangford) consists of thirty-six, almost all alive to God; and particularly some girls, who seem resolved to take the kingdom of heaven by violence.'

Having no further inducement to remain in the parish, Mr. Smyth removed to Downpatrick, where he erected and opened in 1777 the preaching-house which is still used in the town. Further troubles, however, awaited him and his excellent partner here. Their second son was taken ill of small-pox, and died. Then their eldest boy was seized with the same terrible disorder. He had scarcely recovered when their youngest child fell a victim to a loathsome and painful disease, from which, after two weeks' severe suffering, he was mercifully relieved by death.

When the preaching-house was completed, Mr. Smyth and his family took up their abode in a small room adjoining, built for the accommodation of the preachers. Yet even in this obscure home, deprived of all the luxuries of life, and many of its comforts, this delicately-reared young wife, although very weak in body, realized a deep and lasting happiness which raised her above every discomfort.

At this period the mind of Mrs. Smyth became much exercised on the subject of the Society completely separating from the Church. But subsequently she saw that, as matters then stood, a separation would have been not only inexpedient but hurtful.

In 1779, Mrs. Smyth had a severe attack of illness, which laid the foundation of those numerous disorders from which she afterwards suffered so severely, and which eventually cut short her holy

and useful life. With these ailments came much spiritual depression, seasons of darkness and confusion, of fearfulness and trembling. At times it seemed 'the valley of the shadow of death.' Yet no complaint fell from her lips, no murmuring thought arose in her mind; for she could 'glory in tribulation,' her whole and intense desire being that the wise and loving purpose of God should be accomplished in her entire conformity to His image. Although much cast down, the Lord did not suffer His servant to sink into despair; but cheered her heart with tokens of His presence and love, until at length all darkness was dispelled, heaven's clear light shone around her soul, and her spirit, purified and sanctified, rejoiced in God her Saviour.

In the autumn of this year Mrs. Smyth removed to Bath, where she continued for about eighteen months. In this city, at the earnest request of Dr. Coke, she, with considerable reluctance, undertook the charge of a Class. In the spring of 1781 she went to Dublin, where she remained for the next year and a half; and then, in October, 1782, settled in London. Here, owing partly to her residence being at a distance from City Road Chapel, and partly to her own feeble state of health, she saw but little society. Thus, in writing to her friend Mrs. Blatchford, she says: 'The voice of friendship is cheering, especially when we have been for some time unaccustomed to it; yet I am sensible with you that the consolation it affords

often proves hurtful to the soul. This, I suppose, is one reason why my God has removed me here, which has all the advantages of retirement, though a great city. Indeed, I never lived so privately; which I am sure will be much for my profit, if I am enabled to make a right use of it.'

There was, however, one friendship formed, as holy as it was loving. This was with the pious Lady Mary Fitzgerald, whom she had met two years before. At first Mrs. Smyth, while greatly admiring the character of this excellent lady, and gratefully appreciating her personal kindness, felt naturally a certain restraint in intercourse with one who occupied a social position so much higher than her own. But soon, in the warm sympathy of kindred spirits, this passed away, and their hearts were knit together in love.

The health of Mrs. Smyth continued to decline; and as the poor body became weaker and weaker, the soul grew stronger and stronger. Gradually she became disengaged from all earthly things, until, literally loving God with all her heart, she was crucified unto the world, and the world was crucified unto her. Days and nights, with but little intermission, were spent in prayer and exhortation and praise. She rejoiced in the unclouded sunshine of God's countenance, realized uninterrupted 'fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ,' and seemed to live continually within sight of heaven itself. Lady Mary Fitzgerald, who spent

some hours with her almost every day during her illness, often said, that she came to see her as to a sacred ordinance, to receive instruction, comfort, and blessing.

The last words of the dying saint were faithfully treasured up, day after day, by her husband ; and they present a record of transport and triumph rarely paralleled. Her victory over sin and death was complete, and her joy was unspeakable and full of glory. When the final hour came, she lifted up her hands for some time in prayer, and then, gently lowering them, expressed her confidence in God, her sense of His presence, and her foretaste of heaven ; ending with the assurance, ' I go to joys above.' Thus, on May 22nd, 1783, in holy and glorious triumph, her pure and ransomed spirit entered into the presence of God, where there 'is fulness of joy,' and rose to His right hand, where 'there are pleasures for evermore.'





MRS. THEODOSIA BLATCHFORD,

DUBLIN.

Where'er she went, a winning charm she cast ;  
And Erin's daughters crossed them as she passed.  
All she could spare, and more, was freely given ;  
Yet ne'er relaxed the just demands of Heaven.

CITY ROAD MAGAZINE.



S, in the time of St. Paul, 'not many mighty, not many noble,' were 'called;' yet there were some 'honourable women:' so also, in the early days of Methodism in Ireland, the majority of the members were persons of humble origin and position ; but there were a few of nobler blood and higher rank. Of these there was none who could trace a more illustrious ancestry than Mrs. THEODOSIA BLATCHFORD. The daughter of William TIGHE, Esq., M.P., and Lady Mary Tighe, and granddaughter of John, first Earl of Darnley, she was a lineal descendant of the celebrated Earls of Clarendon, who took such a leading

part in the stirring events of the nation in the seventeenth century.

Mrs. Blatchford's claims to notice, however, do not rest on either her parentage or her social position, but on her saintly character, and her life of exalted piety and Christian benevolence. She was indeed a lady of rare excellence. Early in life, she was the subject of religious impressions, which subsequently were deepened and strengthened, so that, while her social position brought her much into worldly society, she retained her spiritual life unimpaired. She greatly admired the character of 'Miranda,' as delineated in Law's *Serious Call*; and those who knew her best believed that her useful life was a striking exemplification of the same self-sacrificing spirit.

Miss Tighe was married, in 1770, to the Rev. William Blatchford, a Clergyman of extensive property, who, on account of his learning, was appointed to the charge of St. Patrick's Library, Dublin; in which position he rendered important and valuable service. A malignant fever carried off this excellent man in the prime of life, leaving his widow, with two children, a son and a daughter, to deplore his loss. He died with a hope full of immortality and eternal life.

During the minority of her children, Mrs. Blatchford managed their patrimony so judiciously that, after she had given them each a liberal education, her son on coming of age entered upon his estate,

not only unencumbered, but also with considerable financial resources. Having made provision for her children, she expended the remainder of a large income chiefly in charity; satisfying herself with few of even the comforts of life, in order to administer to the necessities of others. She spent several hours of each day in attending to the education of a number of poor girls, who were not only instructed, but also guided and assisted by her in their subsequent progress through life. She was the foundress of an excellent institution called 'The House of Refuge,' for unprotected female servants. She also wrote several little tracts, and translated from the French the Memoir of the Baroness de Chantel.

At what period, or under what circumstances, Mrs. Blatchford became identified with Methodism, is not recorded. Probably it was about 1775, through the influence of Mrs. Agnes Smyth, with whom she soon after entered into lengthy and interesting correspondence. Some years later, certain disputes having arisen in the Society, which caused several leading members to leave Methodism, in June, 1788, the Rev. John Wesley wrote to the Rev. Henry Moore, expressing his high esteem for Mrs. Blatchford, and his satisfaction that she had not left the Society. His words are: 'I am glad you have not lost Mrs. Blatchford; she is one of our jewels; I love her much.'

Mr. Blatchford had two sisters; the elder of

whom was married to Dr. Radcliffe, one of the Judges of the Prerogative Court. The other, remaining single, resided with her sister and brother-in-law. She was much afflicted in body, but of an amiable spirit, and very sincere in her religious observances. Mrs. Blatchford was much attached to her, and frequently conversed with her on the subject of experimental religion. She listened, but was slow of heart to believe the privileges of the Gospel, especially the witness of the Spirit. Her affliction confined her to bed for a great length of time; and then Dr. Radcliffe used to read the service for the Visitation of the Sick out of the Book of Common Prayer every morning previous to going to court. Though the doctor was a very upright man, he did not like what was then designated Methodism, which Mrs. Blatchford insisted her sister-in-law would enjoy before her death. One morning, as the doctor was as usual reading prayers for Miss Blatchford, when he was about to repeat the Lord's Prayer, she said: 'Stop, doctor; before you read that prayer, I wish to say a few words.' The doctor, being naturally a nervous man, was much disturbed by this interruption; but Miss Blatchford continued, whilst all the family, including Mrs. Blatchford, knelt around the bed: 'Last night, as I was for hours unable to sleep, I lay contemplating my religious state. I prayed to God over it, and, whilst thus engaged, I felt the power of God so present to my mind, enabling me, in a

manner I had never felt before, to claim Him as my "Father Who is in heaven;" and I rejoice still in the holy assurance. Now, doctor, read for me that prayer.' With much feeling he finished the service, and then immediately left the room. Mrs. Blatchford followed him, and said: 'I told you, doctor, she would die a Methodist;—that is Methodism.' He made no observation, but passed on to his professional duties. Miss Blatchford did not long survive, and died in the full assurance of faith.

Mrs. Blatchford's only daughter, Mary, who was married to her cousin, Henry Tighe, Esq., M.P., was remarkable for the loveliness of her person, the fascination of her manners, and her high mental culture. She composed numerous beautiful poems, and amongst them a most exquisite and celebrated allegory, entitled, *Psyche*, which had a rapid and extensive sale. It is a painful task to trace the life of this highly gifted young lady, who for no less than nine years continued to pass from one degree of suffering to another, until March, 1810, when the hour of her deliverance came. She had a great mental conflict to pass through; for her philosophy and her reading, though they did not pervert her mind, had induced a speculative tendency of reasoning, which inclined towards scepticism. At length, doubtless in answer to her mother's prayers, she was enabled by faith to lift her eyes to Him from Whom her help came. Two days before her life on

earth ended, she said : ' I have long struggled with the fear of death, but I can now feel that God is the strength of my heart, and He will be my portion for ever.' The following beautiful elegy to her memory was composed by the poet Moore :

' I saw thy form in youthful prime,  
Nor thought that pale decay  
Would steal before the steps of time,  
And waste its bloom away, Mary !  
Yet still thy features wore that light  
Which fleets not with the breath ;  
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines  
With modest murmur glide,  
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Within their gentle tide, Mary !  
So, veil'd beneath the simple guise,  
Thy radiant genius shone,  
And that which charm'd all other eyes  
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,  
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;  
Or could we keep the souls we love,  
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !  
Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
Though fairest forms we see,  
To live with them is far less sweet  
Than to remember thee, Mary !'

During her protracted illness, Mrs. Tighe was nursed by her mother with unremitting care and loving tenderness. In her anxious maternal solici-

tude Mrs. Blatchford was often cheered by witnessing the fruit of her philanthropic labours. 'From many an anxious thought,' she writes, 'the House of Refuge has been a refuge to me; and it is prospering beyond all my hopes and expectations.' When she had gone from home in order that her invalid might have change of air and the best medical advice, she rejoiced in securing lodgings within a 'pleasant walk from Mr. Wesley's chapel.' And when her thoughts were 'sadly connected with the grave,' as she 'looked upon her child as one who was gradually sinking into it,' she longed for Christian fellowship, for 'some pious people to converse with,' that thereby her soul might be cheered and blessed.

Mrs. Blatchford felt most keenly the loss of her daughter; and being thus deprived of the dearest object to her on earth, life could hold out no charms to her, except as a scene of sacred service. Writing to the Rev. H. Moore—her intimate friend and regular correspondent for about thirty years—after having referred to her bitter sorrow, she says: 'Yet, though I write in this strain, I bless God I am not discontented, nor melancholy; but I feel averse to general society, and to any engagement but that of my providential calling, an attention to the interests of the House of Refuge. A little exertion is now all I can bear; a sadness seems to have settled upon everything connected with me, and certainly accompanied by a decline of outward

strength ; but, I bless God, I do not weary in trusting in Him as my Saviour, and I have a good hope that we shall all meet where tears shall be forever wiped from our eyes. In infinite mercy is this tranquillity of spirit given me in this last stage of human life ; and though I am not without anxieties, He enables me in a great measure to dismiss them from my heart, leaning on the arm of Omnipotence.'

Twelve months later Mrs. Blatchford, in a letter to the same esteemed correspondent, refers to the benefit she had herself derived from her work, as well as the success which attended it : ' I feel very grateful for your kind expressions, with regard to the "heiresses of toil." I consider them as my household, and find them to be what my brother Richard called them at their first gathering, "both interesting and amusing" to me. Indeed, it is a providential blessing to myself, by compelling me to some mental and physical exertion, which has kept me for the last ten years from dwelling solely on anxieties few can imagine, and still saves me from stupid indolence. I know it will give you pleasure to hear there is a meeting called this very day to propose the establishment of a second House of Refuge. God has succeeded the efforts of this one far beyond my most sanguine expectations.'

Meanwhile time and toil and trials were doing their work ; the heart and the flesh were failing ; but God graciously supported and strengthened His



servant. At the close of 1813, she writes : ‘ The shadows of the evening of life are closing fast around me, and my sight is severely affected lately, so that it is with difficulty I can either read or write ; which is distressing to me, as reading has been my principal amusement for these threescore years. I bless God, I am not melancholy on account of this deprivation, as by far the greater part of the Holy Scriptures I have so much by heart, as to be able to go on with any child who can little more than spell, without looking over her. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Rutherford ; \* I rejoice that she is with you ; many of my melancholy hours have been cheered by her amiable society, and that of her kind and good husband, in past years of sorrow. Well, we shall all live again to part no more.’

It was a source of no ordinary satisfaction to Mrs. Blatchford to observe one act of homage after another paid to the talents of her beloved daughter. These she lingered over with maternal affection. ‘ Such things,’ she says, ‘ give me a sad, sad pleasure ; for they are tributes to her genius, and memorialize her, though she hears them not in the cold tomb.’ Not the least was the gratification of knowing that Sir James Mackintosh, a man of undisputed taste and judgment, ranked *Psyche* as ‘ the first female production in our language.’

The Rev. H. Moore was in Dublin in the summer

\* Wife of the Rev. T. Rutherford.

of 1817, and called at once to see his old friend, then in her seventy-fourth year, and found her cheerful and lively, although bowed down with the weight of numerous years. On the following day, her only son, who had been indisposed for a few days, became seriously ill, and his mother was at once sent for. Mrs. Blatchford arrived in time just to see him unclove his eyes and fix them on her, and to hear him exclaim, 'My mother!' when his sight finally closed on all this world's objects. On the following morning he expired, and thus the last bitter drop was added to the cup of this excellent lady; but she fully submitted to the will of the Lord, and adored Him in all things.

Mrs. Blatchford did not long survive her son. Her husband and children were laid in the grave, and her own days were numbered, but she was passive in the hands of God. In her last letter to her friend, the closing scene of life is contemplated with calm serenity. She writes :

'I feel my life to be sinking apace, and see death in full view; but I hope the blessed word of promise will carry me safely over the last wave of life, as it has borne me through many of the dark billows of this troublesome world. I have spent but few hours out of my bed since I saw you : pray for me, that I may have Christian patience to bear the wearisome nights appointed to me. You will hear when I am gone; till then, suppose me to be in the

land of the living, and pray for an increase of the  
faith and patience of

Your sincere Friend,

THEODOSIA BLATCHFORD.'

Thus, in a spirit of meek resignation and joyful  
hope, this devoted servant of God waited for her  
appointed time ; and when it came, her end was  
peace.

' She set, as sets the morning star ;  
Which goes not down behind the darkened west,  
Nor hides obscured 'mid tempests of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven.'



THE HONOURABLE MISS SOPHIA WARD,  
CASTLE-WARD.

We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,  
And one that wears a coronet and prays ;  
Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show,  
Here and there one upon the topmost bough.

COWPER.

**A**LL who have carefully examined the operations of Irish Methodism are familiar with the name of the Hon. Miss SOPHIA WARD, as that of a Christian lady, whose noble bequests have for many years rendered most valuable service in relieving pressing financial difficulties. But of the personal history of the generous donor little is generally known, and nothing has ever been published. Yet a prominent place is due to her in the records of the last century, not only on account of her large benefactions, but also as one of high birth, who, through the instrumentality of Methodism in Ireland, was yet more nobly born, by being

renewed in the spirit of her mind. Therefore, as a grateful memorial of her conversion to God, and her deep, life-long, practical interest in the Lord's work in Ireland, the following records of her life and Christian experience have been rescued from oblivion.\*

The Hon. Sophia Ward, born at Castle Ward, Co. Down, in 1758, was the second daughter of Bernard, first Viscount Bangor, and Anne, second daughter of John, first Earl of Darnley. Concerning the early years of this child of rank and fortune there are no facts available. Doubtless she was brought up in the midst of those scenes of gaiety, dissipation, and worldly folly, so common at that period amongst the upper classes, with little thought concerning her soul or her eternal welfare. But at length an event occurred which proved to be the means of directing her thoughts into another channel, and leading her to enter upon a new life.

At the close of 1773, the curacy of Ballyculter, the parish in which she resided, became vacant. The appointment was given to the Rev. Edward Smyth, of Dublin; and he and his wife were invited to spend some time at Castle Ward, until their house was ready for their reception. Although at this period neither Mr. nor Mrs. Smyth was converted to God, yet both, through the influence of

\* We gratefully acknowledge the valuable assistance rendered by Lord Bangor, Castle Ward; the Rev. John Fletcher, *Dawley*; and the Rev. Wallace McMullen, Dublin.

Methodism, had been so deeply impressed on the subject of vital godliness as to have no relish for the worldly amusements of their temporary home.

Soon after their arrival in their new parish, Mrs. Smyth wrote to her sister-in-law: 'Lord Bangor appears a very agreeable man, and his daughters equally so. They behave with great civility to me; yet I really long to get into our own habitation, which is now repairing, as I have it not in my power to spend my time according to my wishes. While the company below are engaged at cards, I have stolen upstairs.' In her next letter she says: 'I have been greatly worried and teased of late for not conforming to the ways of a wicked world.' Evidently it was at this time that the first religious impressions were made on the mind of the subject of this sketch, then a girl of sixteen. The plain, ascetic, and, to her fancy, sanctimonious life of her father's guest could not fail to arrest her attention, and direct her thoughts to the matter of religion.

Soon Mr. and Mrs. Smyth realized the saving power of the Truth, and became its faithful witnesses. The fearless testimony and earnest preaching of the former, accompanied by the saintly life of his devoted wife, must still further have impressed Miss Ward, revealing to her mind the empty and unsatisfactory nature of worldly pleasure, and impressing her heart with the necessity of a life devoted to God in order to happiness in

this state, as well as preparation for a better. A very different effect was produced on the mind of her father, leading him to use all his influence for the removal of Mr. Smyth from the parish. The sympathies of Miss Ward were with the faithful Minister, and not with the faithless parent. It is most likely that it was during the glorious revival which took place in the neighbourhood at the time of Mr. Smyth's dismissal, that she was enabled 'to lay hold upon the hope set before' her in the Gospel. The gracious impressions then made were no doubt greatly fostered and strengthened by the godly influence of her cousin, Mrs. Blatchford; so that when it became necessary for her, probably owing to the death of her father in 1781, to determine her subsequent course in life, faithful to the light imparted, she

'Bade this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snares, adieu.'

During the next fourteen years there is no indication of where Miss Ward lived; but at the end of that time we find her settled in Bath, and looking out for a young lady, as a companion, who held congenial views with herself on the subject of personal salvation. She succeeded in obtaining a Miss Ripley, who had previously been deeply convinced of sin, and to whom she became much attached. At Bath Miss Ward enjoyed the ministry of the Rev. William Jay, as well as that of the Methodist Preachers; and here Miss Ripley, having

obtained 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' became a member of the Methodist Society; a circumstance, no doubt, which tended much to confirm and increase the attachment of Miss Ward to Methodism.

About the year 1808, Miss Ripley was married to Mr. Baldwinson; and Miss Ward, having greatly missed her old companion, arranged with her and her husband that they should take a house at Sunninghill, Berks, with sufficient accommodation to enable her to reside with them. Accordingly, Queen's Beech Cottage was secured. It was very agreeably situated, with a large garden and numerous pleasant drives, which so gratified Miss Ward that she purchased it and an adjoining estate; and here she spent the most of the remainder of her days.

The life of Miss Ward at Sunninghill was exceedingly retired, seeing no visitors except her own immediate relatives and the Methodist Ministers stationed on the Windsor Circuit. She sought no publicity, but, confining herself to the unobtrusive course of domestic life and works of charity, endeavoured to cultivate and exemplify the virtues of scriptural piety in her daily walk. Her time was spent chiefly in reading, writing extracts, painting, in which she excelled, and in working for the poor. She contributed generously to various religious and benevolent institutions, some local, some general, and others Irish, as her native land had always a



large share in her sympathies. She built and endowed an Alms House for widows at Ballyculter, and would also have built a Wesleyan chapel at Sunninghill, had she received encouragement to do so.

The following letter, addressed to Miss Ward, indicates some of the objects she supported, as well as the high estimate entertained of her by its distinguished writer :

‘ HAYDON HALL, *June 17th*, 1831.

‘ DEAR MADAM,

‘ I acknowledge your letter with gratitude to God, and to you ; for, though your work of charity will increase my labour and care, yet, as this comes in the way of my duty to God and man, I am more than thankful to be thus employed. In reference to the method in which it will be best to dispose of your noble gift of £400 for Shetland, I would just observe, that if we had not got places of worship built for the poor Shetlanders, we could have made no moral progress among them ; and when I am gone, to have something in store to meet the necessary repairs, alterations, etc., will be a great mercy to those already in existence ; to say nothing of any others. If, therefore, as you propose, you transmit the cash, I can, I know, get it securely invested for this purpose.

‘ Now, as to the proposed help for the Irish Schools, on which you are pleased to consult me :

I would just say, having first most gratefully thanked you for your noble donation of £100 towards them, that in and from the beginning we proposed to establish schools where there were none ; and where none of the charitable societies—Hibernian, Baptist, Kildare Place, or Methodist Missions—had made any attempt, or, as far as we could learn, were intending to make any, in the places I have already selected ; and which I have known for threescore years ; and in which I ministered at an early period of my life. In six of such desolate places, we have, with God's especial blessing, established schools, containing about seven hundred children ; and we have Christian teachers well qualified to instruct the children, and teach their parents the way of salvation. These, then, are additions to what has been done by others ; for these additions I have spoken with great caution and delicacy, so much so as not to have made any general application for funds ; and in every case refused to take anything which was accustomed to have been given to other charities. I knew the Methodists were doing all they could : but still many places must have been passed by for want of funds and other help ; and I was determined not to take one penny for our schools which would have been given to them ; and I would, my dear Madam, say, with all gratitude, that if you had destined any of that money which you have now kindly given to our desolate ones, why, then, in God's name, let it

go to its first destination ; for you know, it is an essential principle in our schools, that they shall be supplementary to all others ; that both they, and the sources of their support, shall be all supplementary. Very careful have I been in this respect, lest there should be any cause of jealousy in this good work ; and I have been glad when any subscription has been given me, that I might carry it especially to the Methodist Mission Schools ; and would you believe it, dear Madam, that in all the work I have been doing, and in all I am planning, I have but three persons who give me anything towards this work ; and one of them is the Hon. Miss Sophia Ward !

‘ God, in His mercy, has given me influence: this is everywhere felt, and strangely opens my way in every place. It causes many, who would, in ordinary cases, not be friendly to the work, to give me their countenance, and afterwards their hands, to assist in building school-houses. In Ireland this influence is further necessary ; and if God restore my health in any tolerable measure, I must return there for a short season.

‘ My own eyes tell me that I am probably distressing yours. I cannot help it; you are one of my three benefactors and counsellors in this work. Under God, I am your agent.

‘ I am, dear Madam,

Your obliged, humble, and affectionate Servant,

ADAM CLARKE.’

Miss Ward was a thorough Protestant. When her nephew, Lord Bangor, gave a site on his estate for the erection of a Roman Catholic chapel, it displeased her greatly. Yet she was not bigoted, as may be seen from her distribution of bequests. Nearly the whole of her valuable property was bequeathed to religious and charitable purposes; one half being left to Methodism, including the Missionary Society, Irish Home Missions, the Worn-out Ministers and Ministers' Widows, and the Chapel Fund; and the other half to the Stranger's Friend, Hibernian Bible, Mendicity, Kildare Place, and Sunday School Societies, the House of Refuge, and the poor of Ballyculter.

The religious views of Miss Ward, however, were not altogether Wesleyan, but were moulded very much by the influence of her cousin, Richard W. Tighe, Esq., M.P., who was a disciple of William Law, and published a selection from his works, entitled, *Divine Benevolence*. Numerous copies of this little volume were gratuitously distributed by Miss Ward.

It was a happy providential circumstance which led the subject of our sketch to secure the presence and assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwinson, who not only possessed the kind spirit, gentle manners, and personal accomplishments calculated to contribute much to the happiness of domestic life, but also were truly devoted to God, and warmly attached to Methodism, and with unremitting care and

fidelity ministered to both the physical and spiritual wants of their friend to the end.

Accompanied by them, Miss Ward came to London, where she was seized with what proved to be her last illness. For some time her mind was in considerable doubt and perplexity. She had not that clear evidence of her acceptance with God, which it was her privilege to enjoy ; but, in answer to earnest, believing prayer, every doubt was dispelled, and she requested her friends on bended knees to thank God for what He had done for her. Thus, in London, on the 15th of December, 1835, resting only on the merits of Christ, she quietly fell asleep. Her remains were buried, without ostentation or display, in Twickenham churchyard, there to await the sound of the archangel's trump and the voice of God.

‘Servant of God, well done ! They serve God well  
Who serve His creatures. When the funeral bell  
Tolls for the dead, there's nothing left of all  
That decks the 'scutcheon and the velvet pall,  
Save this. The coronet is empty show ;  
The strength and loveliness are hid below ;  
The shifting wealth to others hath accrued,  
And learning cheers not the grave's solitude.  
What's done is what remains. Ah ! blessed they  
Who leave completed tasks of love to stay  
And answer mutely for them, being dead,  
Life was not purposeless, though life be fled.’



MRS. MARY FRIZZELL,

DUNGORMAN.

Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,  
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd;  
That fire abated which impels rash youth,  
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,  
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,  
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,  
And claims a reverence in its shortening day,  
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.

COWPER.

**T**HE sweetest flowers are often found in the sequestered glen, or blooming in the deep dell, far removed from public view. The violet conceals itself in the bank, and breathes forth its fragrance from its lowly retirement. As in nature, so it is often found in grace. Some of Christ's most precious, devoted servants are His 'hidden ones.' Placed frequently in the humbler walks of life, they are 'alike unknown to fortune and to fame;' but the secret of the Lord is with them, and He shows them His covenant. They have joys with which a stranger cannot intermeddle; a peace

which the world can neither give nor take away. They have felt the truth, though they may never have heard the words, of the poet's sentiment :

‘The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree.’

Whilst removed from the observation of the world, so are they also from its ensnaring temptations. Steadily they grow in grace ; it may be, are spared long to ‘bring forth fruit in old age ;’ and then they are transplanted to the paradise of God.

Mrs. FRIZZELL, the subject of the following sketch, was unknown beyond a very narrow circle, by whom she was highly esteemed and loved. She was born at Rich Hill, in the county of Armagh, in 1751. Very little is recorded of her early life and parentage. She appears to have been educated a strict Presbyterian, but up to the twenty-third year of her age, as she herself with humiliation confessed, she continued in her natural state, ‘without Christ,’ an ‘alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and a stranger from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.’ About that period, however, having been united in marriage to Mr. George Frizzell, she went to reside at Dungormon, in the county of Tyrone ; and was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, in the following way.

In the year 1774, one of the earliest Methodists in Charlemont, Mr. James Dickson, a man whose

heart glowed with love to Christ, and yearned over sinners, in all the zeal and tenderness of his first love, went to Dungormon to the wake of some neighbour or friend, and there, amid many who, according to the then and still too prevalent practice, had met for worldly mirth, he stood up valiantly for God. The Holy Spirit accompanied the word faithfully spoken, and amongst those who 'were pricked in their hearts' was Mrs. Frizzell. From the deep seriousness apparent in many countenances, Mr. Dickson felt encouraged to follow up the good work. Accordingly, he and another man, named Verner, like-minded with himself, shortly after returned, to exhort and hold meetings for prayer. Many tokens for good followed, and they were led to attempt the formation of a Class. They appear to have set about the work in the right spirit and in the right way. They went to all whom they thought desirous 'to flee from the wrath to come;' spoke to them individually on the subject of their salvation, and, being very much in earnest, their words were attended with all the weight of felt truth.

Amongst others, they visited Mrs. Frizzell, and told her their own experience of the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, which then, though only a revived Gospel truth, appeared to her, and to others generally, quite a new Methodistic doctrine. Their visit was not without some effect, for she was induced to attend the meeting of the Class, though at



the risk of being scorned and mocked by the ungodly. The service was rather protracted that morning; for the good men, being in the spirit of winning souls to Christ, took no note of time. But Mrs. Frizzell was a punctual woman, and as the hour of her usual Sabbath service drew near, remembering that she had a long walk to the meeting-house, she left before the Class ended. After she had gone, it was painfully suggested to her mind that she had insulted the good men, and this temptation so haunted and harassed her the whole of the following week that she resolved not to return to Class the next Sabbath morning. The devoted evangelists, however, who watched over her soul, on missing her, immediately went to visit her, and spoke so of the love of Christ to her as a lost and wandering sheep, that, as she said, 'they quite won her by love.'

This proved the turning-point in her life. She returned to the neglected service, and there she soon experienced the peace and gladness of all that believe. Her soul was thus made exultingly happy in God her Saviour, and from that hour she never for one day, during an unusually protracted life, lost her first love: her Sun never set, or withdrew His light from her soul. She ran the race set before her, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of her faith; and new features of His Divine excellence daily appearing to her vision, awakened in her heart ever-deepening emotions of wonder, love, and praise.

Hers was that unsophisticated faith, which, instead of starving to leanness on refined distinctions and dry arguments, feasts on the 'fat things, full of marrow,' provided in the Gospel feast. The cross was the anchor of all her hopes, and the fountain of all her consolations ; she lived 'by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved her, and gave Himself for her.' In meekness and humility, like Mary, she sat at the feet of Jesus ; and, like John, in confiding love, she leaned on the bosom of her Lord, until she seemed to have imbibed His spirit through her whole soul, breathing it forth in her life and conversation.

In her own limited and humble sphere, Mrs. Frizzell engaged in work for her Master. She met a Class for many years, in the discharge of the duties of which she manifested that vigilance, tenderness, and zeal which nothing but close and constant communion with God can produce and sustain. Her wisdom and piety drew many around her for spiritual counsel, which was ever given with cordial promptitude and unaffected lowliness of spirit. She was especially endeared to the young, whom, as the lambs of the flock, she carried to God in earnest, believing prayer ; and many of them grew up to maturity, filled important positions in the Church, and gratefully embalmed her memory in their hearts.

In the year 1814, her affectionate and devoted partner was called home to his reward, and left

Mrs. Frizzell a widow to struggle with the world; but her confidence in God, during the thirty-three remaining years of her life, brought her triumphantly through every difficulty, both temporal and spiritual. The very removal of earthly supports seems to have developed her own energy and strength, as well as her faith. Like the ivy which 'having nothing to cling to beyond a certain point shoots off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity,' she, being thrown on her own resources, acted for herself with a resolution which appeared like a new faculty.

The Rev. John Graham, who, in 1847, was stationed on the Charlemont Circuit, in which she lived, writes: 'I often had the privilege of visiting her on her bed of weakness, and I never left her room without my own soul being refreshed and comforted. Her scripturally enlightened, yet simple and filial confidence in her Almighty Father, and her tender and often rapturous love to the Saviour, have many a time led me, and many besides me, more unhesitatingly and closely to the paternal bosom of God. The language of the Bible, and of our Hymn Book, with which she was exceedingly familiar, in conversation or prayer came warm from her own heart to the hearts of those who heard her. One verse, which I sometimes heard her recite with singular impressiveness and unction, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, I shall not soon forget:

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“His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music His voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.”

On the last two lines she would dwell with most affecting emphasis, as having been so often realized by herself during the long, and what, without the comfort of Jesu's presence and love, would have been the desolate and dreary, period of her widowhood. I could not help believing her one of the most, if not indeed the most, mature and best proportioned Christian characters I ever knew.'

Mrs. Frizzell's zeal for God in the salvation of souls continued intense and unremitting to the last. Even when unable publicly to work for Christ, it was evinced by earnest private efforts and unceasing prayers. When a blessed revival took place in the neighbourhood, in 1846, she rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Though confined to her bed, she wept over the penitents, and rejoiced over the young converts, as in spirit she was present in the scene of holy triumph, and could say with the aged Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'

The friends who knew this venerable servant of God best, and especially the members of the Class that long met in her room, regarded her with a veneration almost superhuman. One of the members, who lived as her companion for twenty-

three years, said that 'every week of that time Mrs. Frizzell appeared to be getting more like the Lord Jesus.' Such, indeed, were her well known benevolence and consistency of character, that she was highly esteemed and dearly loved, as a devoted sister in the Lord, by members of other Christian communions than the Methodist Society. Even Roman Catholics acknowledged, 'If there could be a saint among Protestants, Molly Frizzell must be one.' She warned the sinful and careless faithfully, and yet withal so lovingly as to win their respect. Her very face was a doxology, and seemed to shine with a celestial radiance that in itself told unmistakably of the peace and joy which she realized. A few hours in her society often drew from strangers the acknowledgment that she was the most happy Christian they had ever met.

Though her attainments in holiness were unusually high, her lowliness and docility of spirit were equally remarkable. While Mr. Graham was preaching one evening in James Thompson's house, where she resided during the last nine years of her life, she seemed deeply affected, the subject of the sermon being 'the necessity of forgiving others as freely as we expect to be forgiven by God.' When the service concluded, she was bathed in tears, and, taking the Preacher's hand in hers as he stood beside her, she said, 'God has made His word a blessing to me this night. There was but one person in the world to whom I felt any stand-off

disposition ; but if she were near me to-night, I could take her to my bosom, and embrace and bless her. For, O, how much has my dear Lord forgiven me ! May the Lord bless you, and may you go on and prosper !' At Class next morning she seemed as if she stood on Pisgah's top, and viewed 'the landscape o'er,' exulting in the glorious prospect. Soon after, she crossed the Jordan, and landed in the Canaan that she loved.

Two days before she died she was visited by Dr. O'Sullivan, to whom, ill as she was, she related her Christian experience, and concluded by saying, with her raised hands clasped together, 'Weak in body, but completely happy in God.' On the 27th of November, 1847, while James Thompson was engaged in prayer, her happy spirit passed away to its glorious and everlasting home. Thus died, after a life of ninety-six years, 'the mother of Methodism in Killyman ;' the last, in all that neighbourhood, of the noble band of early Methodists. Blessed woman !

'Thy work is done, and thy star-wreath twined ;  
We are still in the world thou hast left behind,  
To walk by the twilight of time's dim sky,  
To the burning dawn of eternity.'



## JANE NEWLAND,

DUBLIN.\*

Yet remains

One life more lofty still, more dear than all :  
To live a little child at Thy loved feet,  
My Saviour ! conscious of no life but Thee,  
Until with Thee made one ; to all else dead ;  
Having no breath but Thy sweet inspiration,  
No language but the echo of Thy voice,  
No wish but Thy dear will.—Such life be mine.

EMMA TATHAM.

**J**ANE NEWLAND was born in Dublin, October 25th, 1757. She had little or no concern about her soul until the year 1779, when she first attended a Methodist service. Then the word spoken reached her conscience, and she began to seek the Lord with her whole heart. Her prayers were heard, and God, by His Spirit, applied to her soul the words : ‘ Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon

\* *A Short Account of the Life and Death of Jane Newland, Dublin, 1790.*

thee.' She walked from this time in the unclouded sunshine of her heavenly Father's countenance. Soon the burden of souls was laid upon her. With a deep sense of her own insufficiency, she made it a subject of prayer, and the answer was given with great power, 'I will be with thee;' so that she then and there resolved to go wherever the Lord should send her.

She began by visiting her neighbours, and good resulted, which greatly encouraged her. She then got a few to meet together for prayer; and the numbers that attended increased, until she and those associated with her held three meetings each week. At these services many persons were brought under conviction of sin; some obtained the blessing of pardon, and others realized the all-cleansing efficacy of the Saviour's blood. She then commenced to visit the sick and the distressed from house to house, and felt it to be her meat and drink thus to do her heavenly Father's will. She continued to work for the Lord while health and strength permitted.

About six years after her conversion, she became deeply sensible that she did not enjoy 'the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.' She hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and the language of her heart was :

'Tis worse than death my God to love,  
And not my God alone.'

She pleaded the promise, and wrestled with the



Lord day and night, until He destroyed the carnal mind, and filled her soul with His fulness, when she obtained such an overwhelming sense of His power as for two hours to be scarcely sensible whether she was in the body or not.

One of her intimate friends says: 'The first acquaintance I had with her was at a prayer-meeting, when I was much impressed with her fervour; and subsequently I received many blessings, both by her prayers and by her example. She brought me with her to the hospitals and infirmaries. No entreaties, no weather, no weakness, detained her at home, if at all able. And however ill she was, when she came to the place, she was as full of zeal and power as if she had been in perfect health. She appeared always weighed down with a sense of the misery of those who knew not God; and nothing but zeal for the salvation of souls could have supported her through her continued labours. She had a variety of trials. Many of the Society blamed her conduct, as not being called to this work: but she believed it was her duty, and therefore steadily persevered therein. She was a person of one business, and seemed to live but for one end. Meantime, her strength, her body, her soul, were all devoted to that one point, going about doing good to her fellow creatures. She was always serious and solemn, and uninterruptedly enjoyed perfect love. I never heard her join in any conversation *that was not spiritual.*'

Between two and three months before her last illness, she wrote to a friend as follows :

‘ Last Sunday was a day of great peace to my soul. I sat in heavenly places with Jesus. My hope was full of immortality, and I longed to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than life. What lies nearest my heart is the prosperity of Zion. O my dear, let us endeavour to live by faith. This, I see, is the most excellent way. I am divinely led to come just as I am, a poor sinner, to the foot of the cross, ever feeling I have nothing to pay. I rejoice that I am a dependent creature ; that I can say,

“ Every moment, Lord, I need  
The merit of Thy death.”

I see much beauty in these words: “He was strong in faith, giving glory to God.” Let us be strong in faith, and we can do everything.

“ Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone ;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, It shall be done.”

O, pray for me ! I feel that I am less than the least of all. I have been very ill since I wrote last. One night I seemed to be so near death, that my friends were sent for to take their last farewell of me ; and while my mother and they sat round my bed weeping, I could do nothing but rejoice, and

sing "Hallelujah!" The thought of being soon with my Beloved ravished my soul. The thought of dying took away every care. Jesus came to me as a sweet Friend, and brought the promises to my mind. I fed upon them, and felt that they were all mine: particularly that, "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." But my friends would not let me go. They prayed for me, they wrestled, and, like Jacob, they prevailed. I then felt myself better, and still continue to gather strength. When the physician told me I must not meet my Classes or my Bands, it wounded me to the heart. But I soon saw the Lord could do without such a worm. I see, nothing brings me nearer to God than meditating on the humility, patience, and death of Christ, Who "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant,—and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." We do not think half enough of the death of Christ. O the death of Christ! The death of Christ! Let us gaze upon Him, until we fully take the stamp Divine.'

In August, 1789, this excellent woman was seized with a nervous fever, from which she but partially recovered; a weakness remained, attended with a violent cough, and pain in her side, which terminated in her death. At intervals during her illness she expressed herself thus: 'I am now going

into eternity. Zion has been all my care, my cry has ever been, "Lord, prosper Zion." I have often felt so much for its prosperity, that I have thought my heart would break. O how have I mourned over the careless! I feel a hope that God will bless the Methodists more powerfully. I love them, they are near my heart.'

'Come, let us languish for more of the love of Christ. Let us not be content till we bathe in that ocean,—till we are lost and swallowed up in God. O the delightful days I now spend! The language of my heart is, "Lord, let me hear, see, and feel nothing but Thee." My soul is ravished with the thought that I shall shortly be with my dear Lord. He has been pleased to show me great things of late. I have been so led to view the glories of the invisible world, that I have often desired neither to see nor hear any person or thing around me. One day in particular I was apparently in a swoon, and felt as if the curtain was raised, and I was permitted to view my Beloved on the throne, and the elders, cherubim and seraphim, and all the company falling down before Him, and crying, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah!" I was quite overcome, and could say nothing but, "O the glory! O the glory!"

'I feel still much of this Divine frame, rejoicing, and longing to be gone. I feel my spirit united to those of the invisible world, and see the angels rejoicing to meet me. They shout the praises of the Redeemer,

and I shall partake in the song which now overwhelms me. O glorious triumph! Who would not wish to die? Once I thought I could not leave my friends, they were so dear to me; but now I can with joy bid them all farewell. O Jesus, what hast Thou done for me! Glory, eternal glory to Thee, that ever I was born to taste such joys! O that all the world knew them!

"None is like Jeshurun's God,  
So great, so strong, so high."

'O "the unsearchable riches of Christ!" Help me to praise Him.

"O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!"

'I dreamed a few nights ago that I heard a voice say: "As soon as your death-warrant is sealed there will be a shout of joy through all heaven." I am now drawing very near to eternity, and the thought of dying delights my soul.'

At another time, she said: 'O God, how good Thou art! When shall I see Thy face in glory?' After a pause, she added: 'Let all the earth shout the Redeemer. Hallelujah!' Seeing her mother standing by her side, she looked steadfastly at her; and, having grasped her hand, said: 'I am going to leave you, but God will be your Friend. It is a

great comfort that I am not afraid to die. I feel no more at the thoughts of death, than at lying on this bed.' She then sang :

' Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'll break through every foe ;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Will bear me conqueror through ;'

and immediately added : ' I will shout " Victory, victory !" when I get on the other side of Jordan.' From this she seemed to gather new life, and cried out as in an ecstasy, ' O glorious eternity ! glorious eternity !' After a short sleep she repeated the lines :

' Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.'

And then she cried in a joyful tone : ' I shall soon be at rest. O, it is a pleasing thought that I am so near my home ! I will tell them on the heavenly shore you are all hastening home.' She paused, and then added : ' Shout the Name I love — Sweet Jesus ! Precious Jesus ! O my loving Saviour, I had no idea of the great things Thou hast done for my soul. I have not been tempted or tried since I had the fever ; I have felt the greatest calmness of soul ever since for I knew that my work was finished.'

When some one spoke to her of the rest she would shortly enjoy, she calmly said :

'I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore ;  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.'

She became so weak that her voice failed her for some time ; but, having recovered it, she said : ' Who would not live to God in their health ? ' And then, with evident solicitude : ' O, what delays His chariot-wheels ? ' Being asked whether she found Jesus precious, she replied, ' Lovely, altogether lovely ! Help me to praise Him. ' She then added : ' My tongue grows thick ; that is delightful ; everything which brings me nearer eternity increases my joy. ' She then cried with a strong voice, ' The Lord God omnipotent reigneth ! Sing to the Lord a joyful song. Let all the earth praise Him. " Glory, blessing, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. " '

The day before her death, she said : ' I rejoice in my greatest sufferings. I have a view this moment of angels waiting for me, and I feel an inexpressible union with them. '

On the morning of the day on which she died she said : ' Come, Lord Jesus, and let me behold Thy glory. What are all my sufferings now I am come to a death-bed ? My breath will not admit of time to talk of anything but Jesus. ' After having awoke from a short sleep, she said : ' Whenever I *fall into a slumber*, I dream of Divine things. Just

now I thought I was in a delightful pasture, conversing with one who said, "You will finish your course this day." I am exceedingly composed; I do not feel a pain. This indeed is victory. My life is hid with Christ. I shall soon be wafted far above on the wings of angels.'

Looking at her mother, she said: 'Think of your soul. I am dying; and what should I do, if I had not Christ?'

She asked what o'clock it was; and, having been told it was ten, replied with a degree of surprise, 'What? ten, and not gone yet?' and then she added, in a soft voice, 'I am going to glory.'

Some one who came to see her, repeated these words: 'O the pain, the bliss of dying!' She answered: 'The bliss, the bliss! The pain is nothing,'—though at the time her sufferings were exquisite.

Between twelve and one o'clock, she desired to be turned in her bed; which having been done, she said: 'I am now easy.' Then, looking steadfastly at her mother, she pressed her hand, and added, 'I have fought the good fight.' These were her last words; after which she lay quiet for nearly twenty minutes, and then, without a struggle or groan, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on the 22nd of October, 1789.

Thus lived, and thus died, Jane Newland. May my last end be like hers!






MRS. ANGEL ANNA SLACKE,

ANNADALE.

Each spirit weaves the robe it wears  
From out life's busy loom,  
And common tasks and daily cares  
Make up the threads of doom.  
Wouldst thou the veiled future read?  
The harvest answereth to the seed.  
Shall Heaven e'er crown the victor's brow?  
Ask tidings of the battle now.

PUNSHON.

HE subject of the following sketch was a descendant of the Slackes, of Slacke Hall, Derby; some members of which family purchased property and settled Ireland at the close of the seventeenth century. She was the only daughter of William SLACKE, Esq., of Portarlinton, and was married to her cousin, William Slacke, Esq., of Kiltubbrid, Co. Leitrim. Her husband soon after their marriage seems to have built or purchased a residence nicely situated in the midst of a fruitful

vale, which he called in honour of his wife Anna-dale.

Mrs. Slacke was accustomed to visit Dublin, and enter with zest into the worldly amusements and festivities, which obtained in the metropolis at certain seasons. On one of these occasions, about the year 1780, she lodged in the house of Alderman Exham, a printer and bookseller, with whom Bennett Dugdale, Matthias Joyce, and Robert Napper lived as apprentices at the time. Dugdale and Joyce were truly devoted to God; and as they slept in the same room, it was their practice, before retiring to rest, to read and pray together; and Napper was generally one of the party. Their room was immediately above the apartment occupied by Mrs. Slacke; so she frequently heard sounds which for some time she could not understand. At length, prompted by curiosity, she went quietly upstairs and listened at their door. Impressed first with the novelty, and then with the propriety, of such religious exercises, she was led to repeat her visits, until her conscience became awakened. Although a lady of most accomplished manners, and one who had mixed in fashionable society, she now discovered there was in religion something to make the soul happy, to which she was a stranger. Upon inquiry she found that the young men were members of the then much despised Methodist Society, towards which she felt a strange attraction, that led her to venture to hear preaching in White-

friar Street Chapel. The word was greatly blessed to her; she became earnestly desirous of salvation, and was enabled to accept Christ as her Saviour.

On her return home, Mrs. Slacke was resolved to exert her influence to introduce Methodism into her family and the neighbourhood. But, fully aware of her husband's prejudices, she felt it needful to proceed with great caution. She first prevailed on Mr. Slacke to invite to their house the Rev. James Creighton, a pious Clergyman,\* who not only came and preached, but also promised to return. Mr. Creighton, being very friendly with Mr. Andrew Blair, the Preacher then stationed in Sligo, engaged him also to go to Annadale on his next visit. When the appointed time came, Mr. Creighton preached in the morning, and after the service asked Mr. Slacke, if he had any objection to a Methodist Preacher giving them a sermon in the evening. His heart had been touched by the sermon, and he consented, but inquired, 'Where is he?' When Mr. Blair, whose appearance was very youthful, was pointed out to him, he expressed his astonishment, saying, 'What, that boy a preacher!' Mr. Blair, who possessed more than ordinary ministerial talent, delivered a most impressive discourse, which was made a great blessing to Mr. Slacke and his family.

\* Mr. Creighton was then a Curate at Swanlinbar, but subsequently became an Assistant to Mr. Wesley at City Road Chapel, London.

From this period the Methodist Preachers regularly visited and were most kindly and hospitably entertained at Annadale. The venerable Wesley, in the midst of his earnest labours and wearisome journeys, more than once found rest in this happy home ; in association with the genial host and hostess of which, he 'forgot all the labours of the day.' The Rev. Dr. Coke, the Rev. Adam Averell, and many others of the leading Methodist Preachers of that period, in addition to those stationed on the Circuit, were also cordially welcomed by this 'lovely family.'

From the time of Mrs. Slacke's conversion, her life was one of unostentatious but active devotion and benevolence. She became an intelligent, humble, and devoted witness of the doctrine of entire sanctification, as taught in the Word of God, and preached by the Wesleys. The Rev. A. Averell writes of her: 'I never knew a more decided follower of the Saviour than was this truly lovely woman. With an elegant person, were united in her all that results from a liberal education, sound judgment, an enlarged knowledge of Divine truth, deep experience in the things of God, a cheerful and lively address, and a spirit sweetly tempered by love to God, and zeal for His glory.'\* Such was the gracious influence of her godly example on her home circle, that the same excellent Clergyman says of one of

\* *Memoir of the Rev. A. Averell*, p. 166.

his visits to Annadale, which continued for four days: 'During my stay here we were in almost uninterrupted waiting upon God, in which we had blessed fellowship with each other, and communion with the Triune Jehovah.'\* Cheerful, sympathizing and affectionate in her disposition, the life and joy of her home, warmly loved and highly esteemed by all who knew her, she might well be called 'the Queen of the Dale.'

Mrs. Slacke not only continued to the end of her life steady in her attachment to Methodism, but also laboured earnestly to extend its influence. She visited the poor, tended the sick, instructed the ignorant, warned the careless, and pointed the penitent to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' The power of her godly life, her earnest prayers, and her self-denying efforts, was soon felt throughout the neighbourhood, and was seen in the large services and earnest congregations that collected to hear the word preached, as well as in the many who were led to the Saviour.

The following extracts from her last letters give some insight to her character, and may prove interesting to the reader. Referring to her friends, Mrs. Fleming, of Abbeyville, and Mrs. Brownrigg, sister of Dr. Whitelaw, of Dublin, then (1796) on a visit to Annadale, she writes: 'We experience a happy intercourse with our God, and each other. Our love grows like trees, planted by rivers of

\* *Memoir of the Rev. A. Averell*, p. 97.

water, and spreads all around, to embrace all who are on the Lord's side, Christ being all and in all. To another, she thus expresses herself: 'I generally think you are in the room, when a few pilgrims gather together to besiege the mercy-seat. So very present does my heart draw you, such a union of soul do I feel with you, that it seems as if distance were nothing—absence nothing. May we ever possess the same heart, walk in the same path, pronounce the same language, and continue drawing water from salvation's springs, till, the time of our probation being filled up, according to the will of our Heavenly Father, we shall hear the Saviour say, "Well done!" May grace, like the falling dews from heaven, refresh your soul, and comfort you in Christ Jesus!'

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Archibald Murdoch, when preparing to depart to a foreign missionary station: 'The sacrifice which you offer unto the Lord is, I doubt not, acceptable to Him; for you did not confine the offering to yourself, but have caused many to resign what they held very near to their hearts. I speak of others as of myself. It is no small privation to part with a faithful steward of the riches of grace, whose example and advice have proved to many so great a blessing. A knowledge of my own vileness makes me almost wish that you were to stay and help me to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. But my heart reproves me for

this selfish desire, and tells me the necessity for the mightiest exertions to snatch poor heathens out of the thick darkness with which they are overspread. May you be the favoured instrument to turn them to the Sun of Righteousness, Whose bright beams will enliven their hearts, and direct them to the haven of present and eternal rest and glory ! May God direct you and your dear fellow-labourer ! May He lock up the storms, and smooth the ocean ! May He withhold the sun from burning you by day, and the chilling damps from affecting you by night ! May He temper the climate to your constitution, feed you with meat the world knows not of, give you to drink of the fountain of life, and enrol you in the list of the highest order of martyrs ! For you are about to live a dying life for His name's sake, and the good of souls. I almost seize a glimpse of the Spirit, Which conveys you over all the concerns of this mortal state, as He did Philip, to instruct the people who are now lying in darkness and the shadow of death. May you see of the travail of the Redeemer's soul, and be satisfied ! He Who is faithful and true hath promised that He will give to His Son the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. Go forward, then, in the name of the Lord ; and when you hold sweet intercourse with Him, in every time and place, then remember a poor, weak, worthless worm, but your most affectionate sister, friend, and servant, whilst life is lent.'

Mrs. Fleming having become seriously ill, Mrs. Slacke accompanied her home, and tended her lovingly and faithfully. She thus describes to a friend her feelings: 'You have stood by the bed of a dying companion, and can conceive my feelings, my employment. Pray for me. This dream of life will soon be over, reality will then commence. All things here are shadows but the love of God. Yesterday evening sister Fleming appeared like one who had so run as to be ready to receive her great reward. I cannot leave her long, as she gets some sleep when reclined on my bosom, and every other posture seems uneasy.'

To the same friend, Mrs. Slacke writes, describing Mrs. Fleming's death and character, and her own readiness to depart and be with Christ: 'I must take a painful review of the time since I last wrote from Abbeyville, once the abode of sweet sister Fleming, but which now, whenever I see it, must only bring the melancholy remembrance of past pleasures, pure as those of angels, and only differing from heaven in degree. Though for some time before she left Annadale she seemed worse in respect of her dreadful disease, and afterwards it gained on her strength every day, yet she possessed her soul in patience, and in the midst of suffering her faith and love shone more and more brilliantly, and her songs of holy triumph employed the sleepless nights. What were my feelings to hear, the



very day after the meeting, that she had died! \* The sound thrilled through me. Mrs. Fleming was deservedly dear to all who knew her worth, for she possessed genuine piety and meekness, sweet gentleness, sound sense, strong faith, and triumphant love—love which will burst from the grave to meet her Redeemer. How shall I thank you for reminding me of the sacred comforts which the promises of a merciful God hold forth, to support His weak children on their way over a rugged passage to eternity? His Word is a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path; it cheers this gloomy vale, and gilds the distant prospect of the Holy City. Through the glass of faith it shows the lofty turrets of the New Jerusalem, and causes us to rejoice in hope of the glory which shall be revealed. There we shall rest from our labours, the tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.’

The following is part of her last letter, written from Abbeyville, a few days before her translation to that glory which she describes, and for which she was graciously prepared: ‘I trust I shall believe all things works together for my good—the chief good, that of my soul; for my poor frame is crumbling into its native dust; my hand trembles while I endeavour to trail the pen over this paper. Yesterday I came here. On my driving to the

\* Mrs. Slacke had left her friend, seemingly better, to attend a quarterly meeting in Sligo.

door, ten thousand heart-rending thoughts rushed into my mind. I could not for some time leave the chaise. I longed to cry aloud; and if I thought God could not hear, I would have screamed; but the omnipresence of the Eternal Majesty awed me into silence. I bow, and with tears submit. Though I groan, I murmur not. I hope to bear all things as I ought for a few days more, and then through mercy be dismissed in peace, giving glory to my God. Adieu.'

Mrs. Slacke fell a martyr to her loving devotion to her friend. From her unremitting efforts during the illness of Mrs. Fleming, and the sudden shock of her death, she never revived. All who conversed with her were struck with her unearthly appearance, and peculiar earnestness of spirit. When any of her friends parted from her, she spoke as if they would 'see her face no more.'

On Friday, November 18th, 1796, the third day after her return home, in the evening she made tea for Mr. John Bredin, who had been long a resident at Annadale, and then retired to her room. Having prayed with the maid who accompanied her, she sent her downstairs. A short time afterwards, when her daughter entered the room, she found that the happy spirit of her mother had taken its flight to glory. It appeared that while this saintly woman was bowed in prayer she passed into the more immediate presence of God, to join in the purer worship of holy angels and redeemed

spirits. A blessed and glorious end to a holy useful life! Thus sudden death was sudden g

‘A soul prepared needs no delays ;  
The summons comes, the saint obeys :  
Swift was her flight, and short the road ;  
She closed her eyes, and woke with God.



MISS ALICE CAMBRIDGE,

BANDON.

I am not strong or valiant,  
I would not join the fight,  
Or jostle with men in the highways,  
Or stain my garments white ;  
But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim my right.

The right—ah ! best and sweetest—  
To stand all undismay'd,  
Wherever pain or sorrow or sin  
Calls for a woman's aid,  
With none to cavil or misconstrue, by never a look gainsaid.  
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

**F**EMALE preaching has never been very popular in Ireland, and those who have attempted it are few in number. Whilst England can boast of many Christian ladies in the last century who stood forth to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation—including such familiar and honoured names as Mary Fletcher, Sarah Ryan,

Sarah Crosby, Sarah Lawrence, Hester Anne Rogers, and Dinah Evans—Ireland apparently can point to but one; and her public labours did not begin until almost the close of the century.

ALICE CAMBRIDGE was born at Bandon on January 1st, 1762. Her father belonged to the Established Church, of which she ever considered herself a member; and her mother was a Presbyterian. Taken from school when very young, she had not the advantages of a liberal education; but subsequently endeavoured, as far as she could, by reading, to supply this serious lack. She acquired a taste for light literature, which could not tend to a healthy mental culture, until, in 1780, a severe trial, in the death of her mother, turned her attention to spiritual and eternal things.

Soon afterwards she began to attend the services in the Methodist preaching-house, and, under a sermon preached by the Rev. William Myles, was deeply convinced of sin. She then returned home to do what she had never done before—to pray; and continued for some time earnestly seeking the pardoning mercy of God, diligently using the means of grace, and greatly encouraged by the members of Society. At length, at a Band meeting, as one of those present related her religious experience, the Lord lifted on Miss Cambridge the light of His countenance, so that she was enabled through grace to magnify the Lord, and rejoice in the God of her salvation. From that hour, as she could affirm

many years after, not only did she never once doubt that God had then and there blotted out her sins and accepted her as His child, but also she never thought or did anything which He gave her to know was wrong.

Feeling an earnest desire to bring others into the way of peace, the young convert went to her former companions, told them what the Lord had done for her soul, and urged them to seek the same priceless blessing. Some laughed at what seemed to them novel and foolish fancies; others listened with apparent attention, but continued to pursue their old course; and a few were led to believe in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

Miss Cambridge gave unmistakable evidence of the reality of the glorious change which the Lord had wrought in her, and of her determination to be fully devoted to Him, by an act which must have cost her a bitter pang. Having consented to marry a young man to whom she was much attached, but who had not given his heart to Jesus, she, on her conversion, at once ended an engagement which she believed was contrary to the Word of God, and could not be accompanied with the Divine blessing.

Entering upon her religious course in this spirit of complete submission to the will of God, Miss Cambridge could not fail to make rapid progress in holiness, becoming increasingly dead to the world and alive to God. As in prayer her soul

was drawn out in earnest desire for more love and purity and power, she was often favoured with seasons of abundant spiritual blessing. Thus, on one occasion, having knelt by her bedside with a Bible before her, she prayed to be directed to some passage on which she might lay hold by faith. Then, having taken the book in her hand, it opened on the fifth chapter of the Song of Solomon, and the first verse, which was so powerfully applied to her heart that she was almost overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine favour, and for eighteen or twenty minutes could neither read nor pray; for prayer was lost in praise, and hope in full fruition.

As her love to God and desire for full conformity to His image increased, so did her zeal for the salvation of souls, but she knew not how to reach the unsaved around her. At first she thought, having been herself so blessed under the Word, if she only could get them to the preaching-house, to hear the Gospel message, they would surely be made willing to receive salvation. So she invited her friends and neighbours. Many did respond, for the Lord gave her favour in the sight of the people, and often, with wistful eye and praying heart, she would look round for tokens of spiritual anxiety, or religious concern, which she endeavoured to follow up with suitable words of counsel, of warning, or of encouragement. Thus some were led to the Saviour.

After Miss Cambridge had been for a few years

thus engaged in work for Christ, her sphere of usefulness was much enlarged, by commencing meetings in various parts of the town, at which she prayed and occasionally exhorted. These were so much owned of God, that she was invited to Kinsale, Youghal, Cappoquin, and other places, where similar meetings were held. In many instances the Divine blessing attended her efforts, and large numbers were led to renounce their evil ways, and flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel. Opposition, however, soon arose, not alone from an ungodly world, but also from Christian friends. Many of the Methodists, and some of the Preachers, pronounced her public addresses irregular, and such as ought not to be tolerated in the Christian Church. She wrote to Mr. Wesley for his advice, and received the following reply, written a little more than a month previous to his death :

‘LONDON, *January 31st*, 1791.

‘MY DEAR SISTER,

‘I received your letter an hour ago. I thank you for writing so largely and so freely ; do so always to me as your friend, as one that loves you well. Mr. Blair has the glory of God at heart, and so have his fellow-labourers. Give them all honour, and obey them in all things, as far as conscience permits. But it will not permit you to be silent when God commands you to speak ; yet I would have you give as little offence



as possible; and therefore I would advise you not to speak at any place where a preacher is speaking near you at the same time, lest you should draw away his hearers. Also avoid the first appearance of pride or magnifying yourself. If you want books, or anything, let me know; I have your happiness much at heart. During the little time I have to stay on earth, pray for

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.'

This letter greatly encouraged Miss Cambridge, and the prudent advice which it contained she carefully followed to the end of her life. But even it would have failed to sustain her in the position she took, had she not possessed the deep conviction of a Divine call, confirmed by numerous seals to her ministry, so that she could not dare to act otherwise.

In appearance Miss Cambridge was remarkably neat and plain, resembling in this respect members of the Society of Friends. In social intercourse, she assumed none of that superiority to which her talents and usefulness might have entitled her, but was ever willing to sit at the feet of any, through whom she might obtain an increase of knowledge or grace. Her conversation was marked by cheerful gravity, and a strict observance of the apostolic precept: 'Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought

to answer every man.' She abhorred that bane of social life, speaking evil of absent persons ; while it was to her a source of special satisfaction to be able to reconcile those who had taken offence and become estranged. Her favourite theme was the goodness of God, which she gratefully acknowledged, urging on others to 'taste and see that the Lord is gracious.' She took a deep interest in the prosperity of the work of God, and rejoiced greatly over its success amongst Christians of all denominations. She possessed some of the most essential requisites for public speaking. Her accent was pleasing, her enunciation clear and distinct, and her manner free from affectation and dogmatism.

'She was humble, kind, forgiving, meek,  
Easy to be entreated, gracious, mild ;  
And, with all patience and affection, taught,  
Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counsell'd, warn'd,  
In fervent style and manner. All  
Saw in her face contentment, in her life  
The path to glory and perpetual joy.'

Nor did she neglect carefully to water the good seed thus sown in the hearts of her hearers. When she had the opportunity of personal intercourse, she directed their steps, and watched over their progress in the Divine life ; and with many of them, when removed to a distance, she maintained a correspondence which proved most profitable.

Years rolled past, and Miss Cambridge continued

faithfully and zealously to work for the Master, endeavouring both by private and personal intercourse, and by public efforts, as suitable occasions were afforded, to lead sinners to the Saviour, 'the Lord confirming the word with signs following.' Thus, in the summer of 1798, she held a meeting at Charles Fort, when nearly all the soldiers of the regiment quartered there, with their wives and children, attended, and so powerfully did the Holy Spirit apply the Word that many of these veteran warriors were seen weeping like children, and some were led in penitence of spirit to the foot of the cross.

Notwithstanding the manifest success which attended the labours of this devoted woman, the hostility to female preaching continued to increase until it became so strong that, at the Conference of 1802, a resolution was passed, affirming 'that it is contrary both to Scripture and to prudence that women should preach or exhort in public,' and directing that tickets be withheld from any who persisted in doing so. By this act Miss Cambridge was at once excluded from the Methodist Society, and deprived of the use of the chapels and other premises; but she did not on that account give up the work to which she believed God had called her. Conscious of the purity of her motives, she resolved to pursue the course marked by Providence, leaving her cause in the hands of Him Who judgeth right; and she never had reason to regret her

determination. Her sphere of usefulness gradually extended to almost every part of the kingdom ; and while heartily sympathizing with other Churches, Methodism continued to hold the foremost place in her affections to the end of life.

Early in this century Miss Cambridge removed to Dublin, where she was engaged in business, yet, notwithstanding the claims on her time, found opportunity for abundant work for Christ. There were many open doors for proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to perishing sinners ; availing herself of which, she frequently preached in different parts of the city, and the power of the Lord was often present to heal. She did not, however, confine her labours to holding public meetings, but also visited the sick, relieved the wants of the poor to the utmost of her ability, faithfully and fearlessly reprov'd sin, and seized the opportunities afforded by social intercourse for impressing on all, and especially the young, the importance and necessity of true religion.

In 1809, Miss Cambridge left Dublin, and commenced business in Cork, where she not only held meetings at stated times in a house fitted up for the purpose, but also occasionally visited and laboured in Mallow, Fermoy, Limerick, and other places, until 1813, when she relinquished all secular business, and gave herself entirely to the Lord's work. It is unnecessary to follow in detail her indefatigable labours, which extended over a further

period of about fifteen years, and included in their sphere almost every county in Ireland. It is no small tribute to her piety and Christian prudence that in many instances she overcame the strong prejudice against her proceedings, which had existed in the minds of some of the leading Methodists. Her greatest success was in Ulster. Towards the close of 1815, she for the first time visited this province. Vast crowds flocked to hear her preach; Methodist chapels, Presbyterian meeting-houses, and even an Episcopal church, were thrown open to her, and filled with earnest listeners; until at length she had to take her stand in the open air, no buildings being sufficient to afford accommodation for the immense numbers who collected, sometimes amounting to eight or ten thousand persons. Two years later, she again visited the north of Ireland, with the same general acceptance, and was accompanied with similar success, traces of which are to be found to the present day.

In the unhappy division of 1817, Miss Cambridge took no active part, although her feelings and judgment were opposed to the action of the Conference. The dissensions and strife which then took place were to her a source of deep sorrow, leading to earnest prayer and renewed devotion to her work; and she resolved never to hold her peace until tranquillity was restored within the walls of Zion. For a time, considering it judicious

to give up her public labours, she found ample and congenial occupation in visiting the fatherless and widows, the sick and destitute; but soon her way was again opened to engage in those public efforts to extend the Redeemer's kingdom, which had been so abundantly blessed by God. These she renewed with all her heart, until interrupted by severe bodily affliction, and even then continued to work for Christ as far as her strength permitted. The return of a measure of health led her again to resume her labours until they proved too much for a frame already enfeebled by protracted illness, and brought her to what seemed to be the border land of the better country. Although her life was spared, it was a long time before she was able again to conduct public services, and then it was only at intervals; but though weak in body, her zeal continued unflagging, and her work for Christ never ceased.

As time rolled on, this devoted woman became increasingly infirm, and realized more and more clearly her slowly approaching end. At length, she resolved to settle at Nenagh; and as, *en route* there, she visited one after another of the scenes of her labours, she bade farewell to her friends with the feeling that she would see them no more until they met in heaven. Having arrived at her destination, she felt the same constant realization of her approaching end, together with an unswerving confidence in the God of all mercy. Thus she writes :

Mr. Smith had  
named Price,  
attempt at prayer  
her companion:  
Preacher talking  
Bible in his hands.  
Among other things  
I used to discover  
found myself at  
these words agree  
love the Father  
should be called  
ing these words.  
with such tenderness  
the look reached  
the feeling of comfort.  
His text was:  
wherein is expressed  
As the sermon  
increased, until  
cried aloud in his heart  
and was carried  
her return home  
had taken place.  
her severely, for  
meetings, and con-

While placed  
Catherine found  
know her desire  
held at Clones,

*'February 23rd, 1826.*—I feel I am hastening to the house appointed for all living. Well, God is good, very good indeed to me. He has dealt tenderly and mercifully with me all my days. He leaves me no room for complaint, but much for gratitude, humiliation, and praise.'

*'September 25th, 1826.*—Sometimes in this place my harp appears as if it was unstrung, and seems to hang mournfully on the willows; and I have hardly any one to sympathize with me, or to whom I can open my mind. Yet He who died for me is dear to my heart, and, all praise to His name, He enables me to say: "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

*'November 14th, 1826.*—I am now old and infirm, living among strangers, and, I may say, in one sense, alone; yet not without friends. But the best of all is, God is with me. Ah! life would now be a very painful journey to me without Him. Through grace, I hope soon to be with Him, and sing His praises for ever.'

The soul of this excellent woman was subsequently much weighed down by bodily infirmities, and she was for a long season in heaviness through manifold temptations; yet, through all this gloom, her eye was constantly fixed on the Saviour; she retained the fixed resolve, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;' and before her departure from this world, she was enabled in a great measure to realize the consolations of Divine grace. A few days



previous to her death, when asked how she felt, she replied, 'I am getting on to my Father's house, where I hope to arrive safe. He has been with me to this, and I trust He will be with me all through. Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly. It is better far to depart and be with Christ; but, Father, not my will, but Thine be done.'

She continued in this spirit of meek resignation, of strong faith, and of joyful hope, until the 1st of January, 1829, when, having just completed her sixty-seventh year, she breathed out her spirit into the arms of her Redeemer, and thus ended her saintly and useful life.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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