

himself. He spoke not of the fault of an absent person, but when necessary; and then with the utmost caution. He made no account of his own labours, and perhaps carried to an extreme his dislike of hearing them mentioned.

Patience is the daughter of Humility. In him it discovered itself in a manner which I wish I could either describe or imitate. It produced in him a ready mind to embrace every cross with alacrity and pleasure. And for the good of his neighbour (the poor in particular,) nothing seemed wearisome. When I have been grieved to call him out of his study, from his closet-work, two or three times in an hour, he would answer, "O my dear never think of that: it matters not what we do, so we are always ready to meet the will of God: it is only conformity to this which makes any employment excellent."

He had a singular love for the lambs of his flock, the children, and applied himself with the greatest diligence to their instruction, for which he had a peculiar gift; and this populous parish found him full exercise for it. The poorest met with the same attention from him as the rich. For their sakes he almost grudged himself necessaries, and often expressed pain in using them, while any of his parish wanted them.

But while I mention his meekness and love, let me not forget the peculiar favour of his Master in giving him the most firm and resolute *courage*. In reproving sin and open sinners, he was a *Son of Thunder*, and regarded neither fear nor favour, when he had a message from God to deliver.

With respect to his communion with God, it is much to be lamented that we have no account of it from his own pen. But thus far I can say, it was his constant care to keep an uninterrupted sense of the divine presence. In order to this he was slow of speech, and had the exactest government of his words. To this he was so inwardly attentive, as sometimes to appear stupid to those who knew him not: though few conversed in a more lively manner, when he judged it would be for the glory of God. It was his continued endeavour to draw up his own and every other spirit to an immediate intercourse with God. And all his intercourse with me was so mingled with prayer and praise, that every employment and every meal was, as it were, perfumed therewith. He often said, "It is a little thing, so to hang upon God by faith, as to feel no departure from him. But I want to be filled with the fullness of his Spirit." "I feel," said he, "sometimes, such gleams of light, as it were wafts of heavenly air, as seem ready to take my soul with them to glory." A little before his last illness, when the fever began to rage among us, he preached a sermon on the duty of visiting the sick, wherein he said, "What do you fear? Are you afraid of catching the distemper, and dying? O, fear it no more! What an honour to die in your Master's work! If permitted to me, I should account it a singular favour." In his former illness he wrote thus, "I calmly wait in unshaken resignation, for the full salvation of God; ready to venture on his faithful love, and on

the sure mercies of David. His time is best, and is my time: Death has lost its sting. And I bless God I know not what hurry of spirits is, or unbelieving fears."

For some months past, he scarcely ever lay down or rose up without these words in his mouth,

I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.

In one of his letters which he wrote some time since to his dear people at Madeley, some of his words are, "I leave this blessed Island for awhile; but, I trust, I shall never leave the kingdom of God,—the shadow of Christ's cross, the clefts of the Rock, smitten and pierced for us. There I meet you in spirit: thence, I trust, I shall joyfully leap into the ocean of eternity, to go and join those ministering spirits, who wait on the heirs of salvation. And if I am no more allowed to minister to you on earth, I rejoice at the thought that I shall perhaps be allowed to accompany the angels, who, if you abide in the faith, will be commissioned to carry you into Abraham's bosom."

The thought enlivens my faith! Lord, give me to walk in his steps! Then I shall see him again, and my heart shall rejoice, and we shall eternally behold the Lamb together. Faith brings near the welcome moment! And now he beckons me away, and Jesus bids me come!

For some time before his last illness, he was particularly penetrated with the nearness of eternity. There was scarcely an hour in which he was not calling upon us to drop every thought and every care, that we might attend to nothing but drinking deeper into God. We spent much time in wrestling with God, and were led in a peculiar manner to abandon our whole selves into the hand of God, to do or suffer whatever was pleasing to him.

On Thursday, August 4, he was employed in the work of God, from three in the afternoon till nine at night. When he came home, he said, "I have taken cold." On Friday and Saturday he was not well, but seemed uncommonly drawn out in prayer. On Saturday night his fever appeared very strong. I begged of him not to go to church in the morning; but he told me, "It was the will of the Lord!" in which case I never dared to persuade. In reading prayers, he almost fainted away. I got through the crowd, and entreated him to come out of the desk. But he let me and others know, in his sweet manner, that we were not to interrupt the order of God. I then retired to my pew, where all around me were in tears. When he was a little refreshed by the windows being opened, he went on with a strength and recollection that surprised us all.

After sermon he went to the Communion Table with these words, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the Cherubim, before the Mercy-seat." The service held till near two. Sometimes he could scarcely stand, and was often obliged to stop. The people were deeply affected: weeping was on every side. Gracious Lord! How was it that my soul