

The news of the expected arrival soon spread, and partly as a consequence of the late agitation Clackington was on the tiptoe of expectation.

One morning, not many days after the above conversation, Mr. Slowton was seen walking along the street with a very clerical looking personage, and immediately the word was given among the newsmongers that the new clergyman had arrived, which intelligence proved more than usually correct. He had come by the late train on the previous evening, and in accordance with Mr. Slowton's invitation had passed the night at his house. Mr. Evenley was by appearance nothing very remarkable—neither very tall nor very short, very plain nor very handsome—he nevertheless made an agreeable impression by manners perfectly well bred and by an expression of sincerity that was very taking. His face when at rest assumed a look of firmness almost amounting to sternness, but when speaking it lighted up with a smile, and such real and unaffected kindness as almost always ways to prepossession in his favour those with whom he came in contact. He was not particularly youthful, although a bachelor, and his general bearing was grave, quiet and deliberate.

Some of the sayings and doings which resulted from his arrival must be reserved for the following chapters.

EXTRACTS FROM WESLEY.

1746.—“I dare not renounce communion with the Church of England. As a Minister I teach her doctrines, I use her offices; I conform to her Rubrics; I suffer reproach for my attachment to her. As a private member, I hold her doctrines; I join in her offices, in prayer, in hearing, in communicating.”

1747.—“We continually exhort all who attend on our preaching, to attend the offices of the Church. And they do pay a more regular attendance there than they ever did before.”

1755.—“We began reading together ‘A Gentleman's Reasons for his Dissent from the Church of England.’ It is an elaborate and lively tract, and contains the strength of the cause; but it did not yield us *one proof* that it is lawful for us (much less our duty) to separate from it.”

1758.—“In this year Mr. Wesley wrote his ‘Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England;’ and in writing to Miss Bishop in 1778 he says: ‘These reasons were never answered; and I believe they never will.’”

The Rev. Charles Wesley says of this Tract: “I think myself bound in duty to add my testi-

mony to my brother's. His twelve reasons against *our ever* separating from the Church of England are mine also. I subscribe to them with all my heart. My affection for the Church is as strong as ever; and I clearly see my calling; which is to live and die in her communion. This, therefore, I am determined to do, the Lord being my Helper.”

1759.—“I received much comfort at the old Church in the morning, and at St. Thomas in the afternoon. It was as if both the sermons were made for me. I *pity* those who can find no good at Church! But how should they, if *prejudice* come between? An effectual bar to the grace of God.”

Psalm.

The Memory of the Dead.

O it is sweet to think

Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
To silence tender-hearted;
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again

In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days

Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them:
Another sweetness shines

Around their well-known features;
God with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

Ah! they are more our own,

Since now they are God's only;
And each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.

He mourns not seasons fled,

Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home,

Through them begins to woo us.
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth

Attract us now to heaven:
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.

They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut

Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead! to heaven

With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him—be doubts forgiven!

Who took you there to save you:—
May we have grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly;
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.