

Review.

From the Christian Guardian.

MEMOIRS AND SELECT REMAINS OF THE
REV. RICHARD TREFFRY, JUN.

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This is the Life of a young Wesleyan Minister of distinguished talent, piety, and usefulness; and these Remains afford obvious evidence of it. We have not been able to read either without melancholy emotions; for, in inseparable conjunction with the development of these excellencies, is the existence and extensive ravages of a disease which is fatal to its subject. He discovered it seated in his system with an alarmed mind, and watched its workings with a vigilance which bespoke the anxiety of his spirit to be saved from its threatening tendency. When every means was ineffectual, and it became his conviction that "days and nights of affliction were appointed to him," he bowed under the hand which, he believed, was laid upon him in love. How inexplicable to worldly wisdom is the conduct of God! Not unfrequently is there irremediable evil where there is great mental vigour, or an exuberance of spiritual felicity. Jacob must "halt on his thigh," if he see the face of God. St. Paul must have his trial as painful as the puncture of a "thorn in the flesh." The late Mr. Watson, we believe, was constantly afflicted: but affliction made him great. Robert Hall was always in bad health, and often in bodily anguish; but his internal powers defied the power of disease. Such a man was Mr. Treffry; and in reading his Life, no lesson presents itself with clearer vividness to our judgment than this,—*mind will not succumb to mortality.* How ethereal must be its substance—how vigorous its powers—how undying its energies—and how mighty its Author!

Mr. Treffry was the son of Wesleyan parents, who received him at his birth as from God, and watched his opening powers with a pious and patient attention, that their unfoldings, even in boyhood, might be an answer to their prayers, and both conduce to the glory of God. His father has long been known in the Wesleyan Church as an able, judicious, and faithful minister; and how well founded his claims are to such a character, let this Memoir of his son say. It was by the apostolic Dr. Coke that Richard was baptized, whose blessing, doubtless, followed him. While a child he discovered no remarkable perspicuity of genius like his brother Thomas. When eight years of age he was sent to the Wesleyan Seminary at Kingswood, where he remained five years, and where, among other things in which he was instructed, was the Latin, Greek, and French languages. Here he was in a state of ill health; but it was while at this place that he joined the Methodist Society. The satisfaction of his spiritually minded parents at this event cannot be expressed; which, however, was not of long continuance, for very shortly after his return from school, he was bound apprentice in London to a Printer, where the evils and fascinations of the Metropolis proved fatally deleterious to his piety. This is the more to be wondered at, as the instructions he received when his indentures were ratified, commenced with these words: "You shall constantly and devoutly on your knees, every morning and evening, pray to God that you may obtain the pardon of your sins, and the grace of his Holy Spirit, to enable you to act according to his commandments." These wholesome words were lost upon him; and after an absence from home of fourteen months, he returned to the house of his father, who was then stationed at Truro. It was a little before this time that his brother Thomas sent

him a kind admonitory letter, which made no impression on him; and it was not until the death of that brother, that his impenitency yielded: and the death of the one was the life of the other. Still his health was precarious; but he loved God. About the age of eighteen he began to preach, much to the gratification and profit of those who heard him. The judicious Mr. Edmondson was his friend and adviser: and O, to have a friend at such a period! After a local trial of his talents and piety, the Conference of 1824 received him as a probationer, and appointed him to Sevenoaks. The attached father and biographer says, this "was to me a source of unspeakable pleasure;" and we believe him. His son Richard shared an honour second to none on earth. From this time till his departure in 1838, he evinced how fully he appreciated the trust reposed in him. He nurtured the Christianity of his own house—longed for and promoted that of the Connexion—and deemed the expenditure of his time, strength and powers, his highest duty and choicest privilege, for the honour of his Redeemer, and the well-being of the human family. In 1831 he went to reside at Penzance, in Cornwall, where he spent in weakness the last seven years of his life. There he often and involuntarily thought of his healthy and indefatigable brethren with a deeply affected heart. How did he envy them the privilege of active labour, and attempt to do as they did! All was vain. He was a luminary waning to wax no more: he was a brilliant luminary. His solitude throws forth a literary and biblical and holy splendour which shall give perpetuity to his memory. Very shortly before his death his enjoyment of redeeming grace, always deep and flowing, was remarkably abundant, which was seen in his countenance, breathed in his words, and manifested in his behaviour. When the last enemy approached, the panoply which encased his spirit was impervious, and he left the world, though regretted by all, to verify the truth of a saying he had not long uttered—"In a few days I shall see Jesus!"

There is many a lineament in this portraiture of Mr. Treffry drawn by his father in a beautifully graphic manner, deserving our notice. There is his filial affection: He venerated his father, to whom he frequently wrote at stated periods. Of his mother he wrote a most interesting "Memoir;" of whom, when he knew she was dead, he uttered the well known words which came from Cowper's soul when he beheld his mother's picture. There is his conjugal regard: A youthful and afflicted sojourner with Mrs. Treffry, he walked, as Montgomery says, "hand in hand and heart in heart;" and the children born to him in his years of langour, he loved as his own soul. There is his spirit of friendship: His letters to Osborn and others touchingly proclaim it. There is his noble gratefulness: An affliction so protracted and disheartening as his, would, as might be supposed, tend to impoverish his resources. Mrs. Farmer, and the late Wm. Carne, Esq., and others, remembered him: and he remembered them. There is his respect for Methodism: The Conference, to him, was an assemblage of men of God—the Methodist Society was his home. There is his evangelical revival spirit: Let every thing he said and wrote—let his "Life of Smith," be taken as proof. As a Preacher, he was doctrinal, experimental, eloquent and impressive;—dignified, pathetic, and successful as an ambassador of Heaven. He loved the pulpit; but affliction—prolonged affliction, would not let him go and publish the love of Jesus there. How affecting, on this subject, are his words to his "Dear Grose!" To him he says in a letter, "With you it is yet day; fair, cloudless day. Happy man! to be thus employed, without interruption, in the most illustrious work which can ennoble man; eye, or angel either." His talents as an Author were of a very superior order. Excluding everything but his