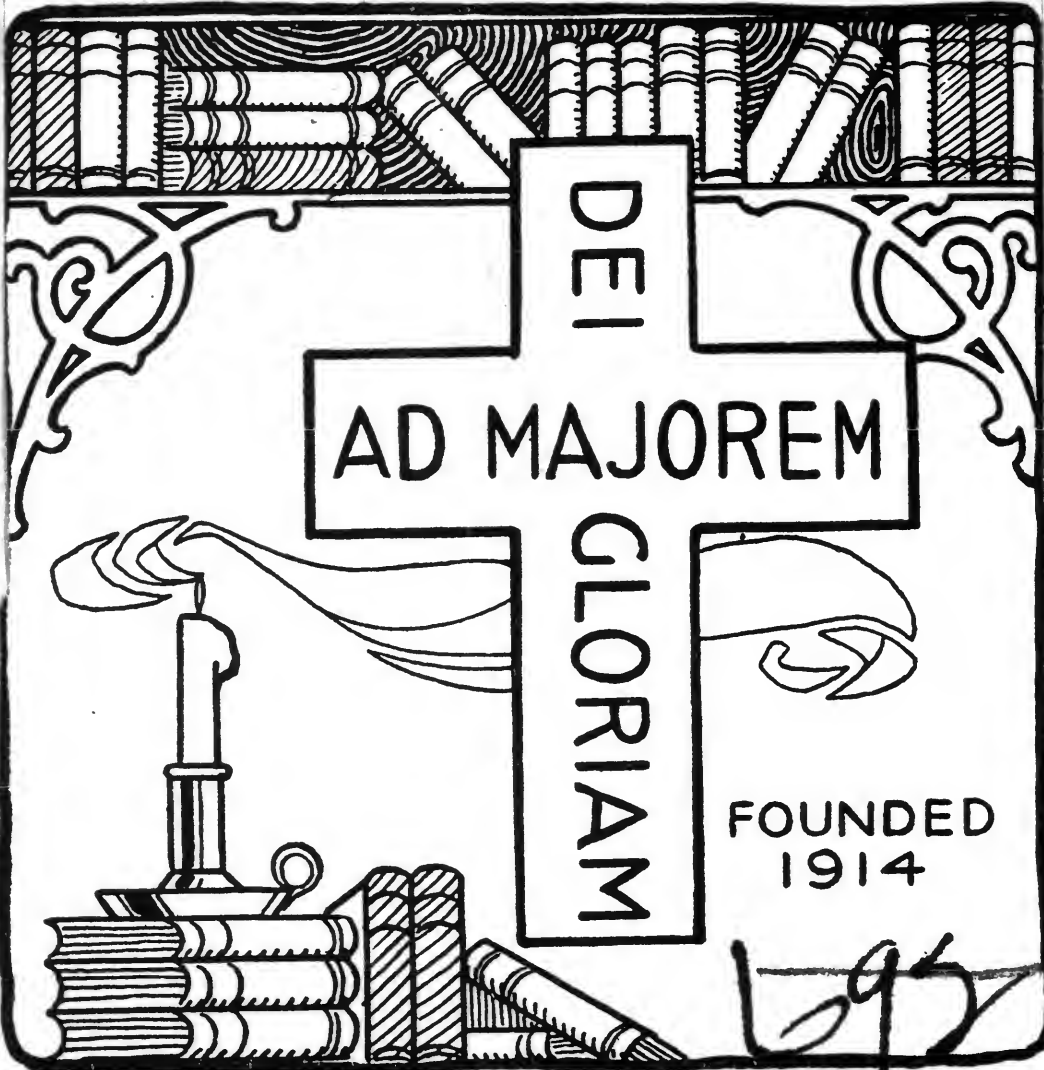


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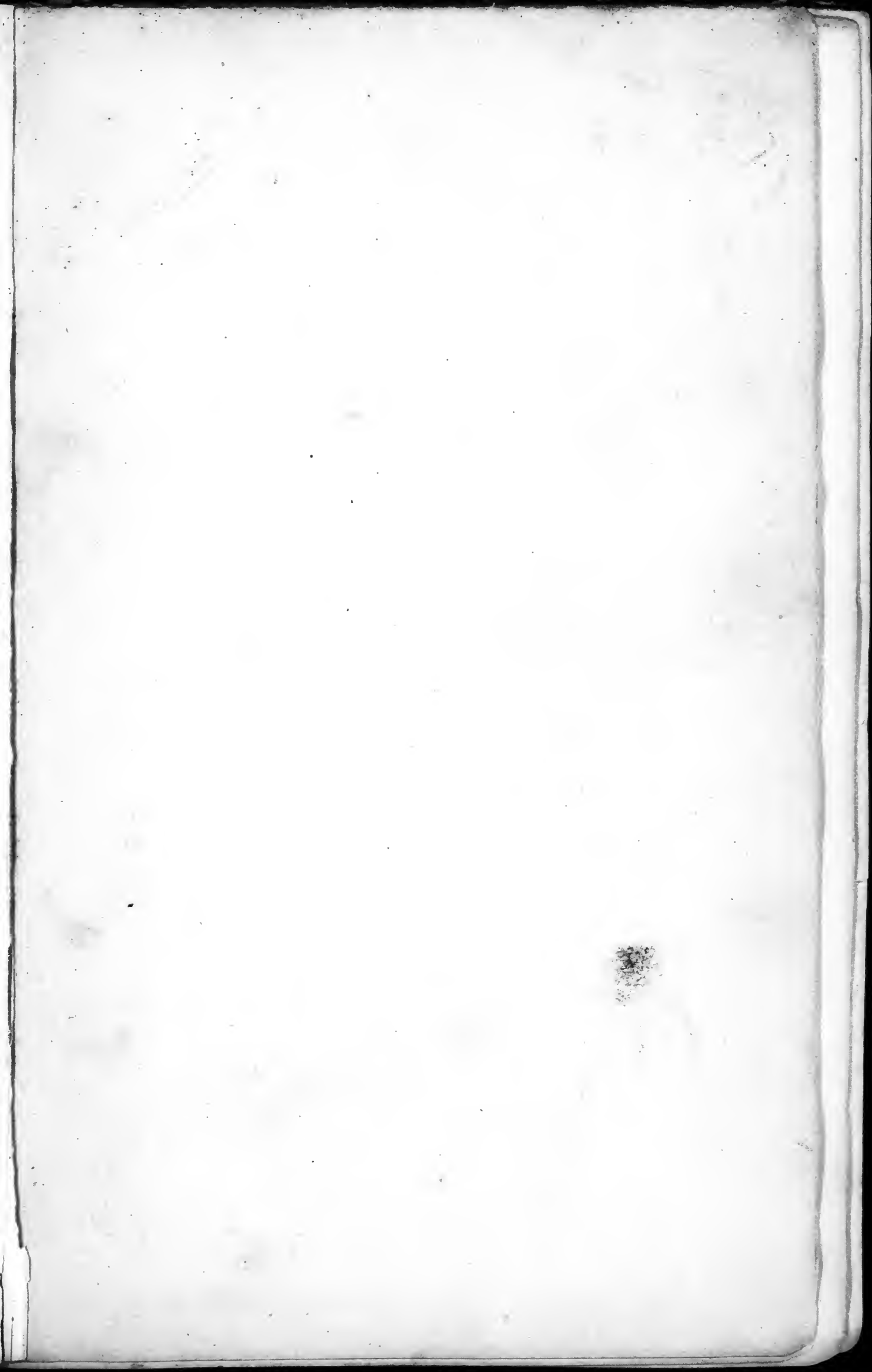
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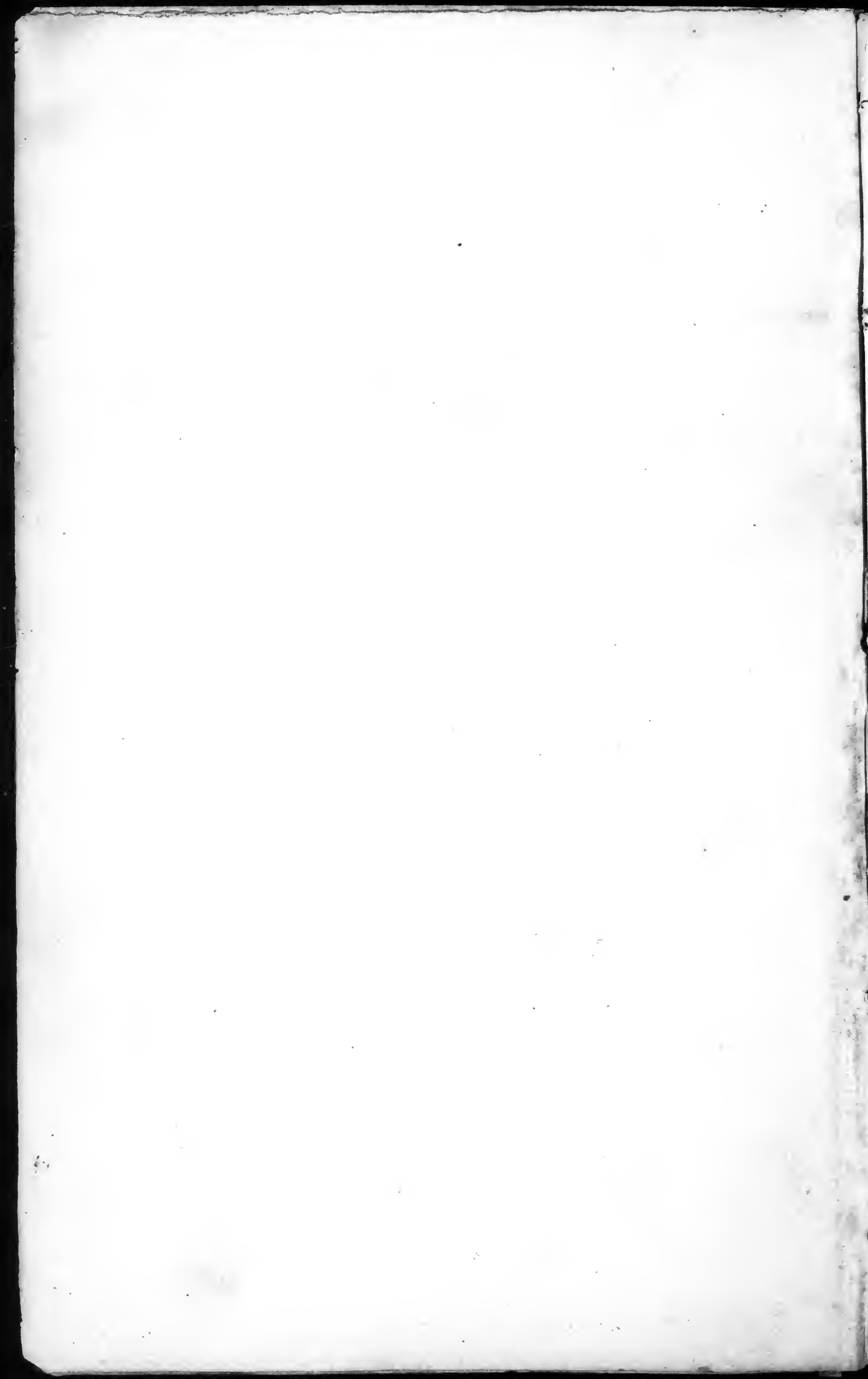
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THE
LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS
OF THE
REV. ROBERT NEWTON, D.D.,
BY A
WESLEYAN PREACHER.

"In labours more abundant."

2 CORINTHIANS XI. 23.

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P R E F A C E .

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, when the subject of our present memoir entered the field of Christian warfare, Methodism was in a transition state,—struggling from the poverty and persecution of its primeval exigency, into a more peaceful, extended, and extending sphere of operation and usefulness. It was in Methodism a “mediæval age.” The first geniuses that roused the slumbering energies of the Church,—then lamentably defective in morals and spirituality, had passed to the tomb, leaving behind them to conduct the system, men of thorough evangelical principles,—genuine piety,—active and energetic zeal, and highly capable of maintaining the position already assumed; but Methodism was not designed to rest in its mediæval state, but to assume the aggressive wherever the kingdom of Satan could be assailed.

To create a new element in Methodism required a new material to give a new phase to its existence; and suitable men for the accomplishment of special purposes are always raised up by Him who

is the head over all things and supreme ruler in the Church. Extraordinary men are the outbirths of their time; and they come, not by chance, but by the appointment of God. They are "raised up" to do a great work, and they are immortal till their work is completed. Every age has its remarkable men, and without them there would be no remarkable event to characterize that age. God makes use of his chosen instruments as a focus where influences are gathered, and from whence they are to be distributed for the regeneration and moral benefit of others. When the instrument ceases to operate, the harmony of the time is broken, to be inspired and urged forward by others more peculiarly adapted to the age, education, and wants of the people.

In all the various phases of the Christian Church, we see the hand of God, regulating, directing and controlling the various mechanism which that mighty hand has set in motion. When Paul stood before the world's conquerors, and introduced the religion of the Cross into the forum and the palace of the Roman Emperor,—into the schools of philosophy and the seats of learning, he struck a blow at that pagan system which vibrated through every nerve of the vast body politic. Rome was then the world, and when Christianity

became the national religion, which it did in little more than two centuries, it became the religion of the world. The hand of God was in the movement, and those great *national* roads diverging from Rome to the very extent of its empire, made for the purposes of war and the facilities of commerce furnished means before unknown for the extension of knowledge and the propagation of Christianity.

The first introduction of Christianity into Britain was succeeded by days of darkness, persecution, and apparent retrogression; but the dark days and the winter subserve the Divine purposes;—they were days of *preparation*. “The apostles cast the leaven into the corrupt mass of humanity. The fermentation began and has never ceased, and shall never cease till the whole immense mass of this corrupt world shall be leavened. It has been a steady, silent, irresistible process—always onward, though not always visible, and sometimes seemingly, retrograde.” But moral earthquakes, commotions, war, oppression, are all but the silent, invisible working of the leaven diffused over the world from the hill of Calvary.

At length the morning star arose, among the hills and dales of Northern Yorkshire, and Wickliffe appeared, the instrument of Providence, to shake off the fetters of a corrupt and slumbering

priesthood and prepare the way for the universal spread of the great work of redemption. He was the remarkable man of the age;—the instrument raised up by God for the accomplishment of a mighty purpose, and by his writings and lectures in the University of Oxford, and the translation of the scriptures for the first time into English, he laid a firm foundation for the great work of the Reformation. He was the first to strike out a new path from the old beaten track of the dark ages,—the first to call in question the arrogant claims of a degenerate priesthood:—the first to reprove the sinful and corrupt practices of the church,—the first to publish to the world, the living oracles of God, and the first to proclaim to the people that it was their duty and their privilege to read them.

These agencies having accomplished their work, passed away, and after a lapse of time the Church again assumes a retrograde movement. It was, not the gross superstition and deplorable ignorance of the fourteenth century, but it was the formality, the indifference and gross immorality of the eighteenth century, when Divine Providence again interferes to arouse the sleeping energies of the church by calling forth a new instrumentality in Wesley, Whitfield, and other distinguished lights of that important era.

Wesley and Whitfield were the remarkable men of that remarkable age. They brought an influence to bear upon the church which answered the design intended. A simple-hearted, humble-minded, God-fearing, man-loving ministry was raised up. They went into the highways and hedges, penetrated the dark alleys, and pestiferous lodging-houses of vice and immorality, where the sons of night dwelt, and taught them the simple story of the cross. They went among the colliers of the north and directed their wandering eyes to the light streaming from the Star of Bethlehem, and from the shafts of the mines of Durham and Newcastle might be heard in joyful strains:—

For this no longer sons of night,
To thee our thankful hearts we give,
To thee who call'st us into light,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

Suffice that for the season past,
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues,
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's song.

But, O the power of grace divine,
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise.

Hence the dawn of the Second Reformation, which was to give the finishing stroke to what Lu-

ther left so incomplete. The first Reformation left untouched some of the features of Romanism. It reached not to the depths of religious freedom, and notwithstanding the pious and devoted exertions of Baxter, Bunyan, Doddridge, Flavel, and other devoted worthies of the seventeenth century, the tree of life began to languish, and instead of bearing twelve manner of fruit, and yielding her fruit every month for the healing of the nations, there was no vitality in the tree, and its leaves were neither salutary nor beneficial.

The Methodism of John Wesley was a real and vital thing, and it gave birth to most living and vital principles. The preachers of that day were characterised by an individuality which belonged to no other class. With but few exceptions, they were generally speaking, humble and plain spoken men, "the weak things of this world" selected from the colliers and miners of Yorkshire and other districts, whose rough souls had undergone no polish but whose stirring words carried a force and conviction which no refinement of language could surpass. It was like the plain, forcible, monosyllabic Saxon—"Let there be light, and there was light," which no Latinism can equal in point of diction. The development of Methodism in the last century forms a very important feature

in the history of civilization in this country, and a review of the same would be incomplete without it. Peter the Hermit aroused the dormant energies of Christian Europe, and linked together mighty crusades to battle the infidel Saracen in the Holy Land, and the rude oratory of the first Wesleyan Preachers—men unlettered—unskilled in logic—but who could feelingly and unmistakably say, “Whereas I was blind yet now I see,” aroused the densely crowded, benighted, ignorant and em-bruted peasantry of this land to battle the common adversary who is ever “going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.” Refinement may sneer at such common place instrumentality as this, but Religion marks its usefulness, and the ministry most acceptable to God, is the ministry of God’s making—not of man’s; and when God makes a minister, he makes him useful.

The rough pioneers of Methodism have passed away, having accomplished the work they were sent to do. They were “Teachers sent from God,” full of holy fire and heavenly light, and they carried that fire and light into the dark, cold world, and by their power and influence gave a new bias to society. They changed the world,—the world did not change them. Was not God in the movement? Did he not inspire the Apostles? Was he not in St. Augustine? in Francis Xavier,—in

Wickliffe,—in Luther,—in Wesley,—in Whitfield,—in Dawson,—in Robert Newton, and in every earnest village preacher and worker, who by his pious and self-denying exertions has raised himself to be a boon and a blessing to his neighbourhood, the Church, and also to the world.

Behind the said hills of Northern Yorkshire, where arose in the fourteenth century, the “morning star of the Reformation,” arose also in the latter part of the eighteenth century another star destined to shine in [mid-day splendour.

When Robert Newton connected himself with the Wesleyan body a new material was introduced into the system. We would not, under the influence of a fulsome Methodistic feeling, place him at the head of Methodism, or the vanguard in leading it forward and placing it upon a more respectable basis. He was not the only man of the class raised up at the same time. He had many coadjutors. Jabez Bunting sprang into Methodistic existence in the same year as Robert Newton. Richard Watson had joined the Wesleyan Society three years previously. These men,—the remarkable men of that day, have raised and maintained the intellectual character of Methodism. They have done for the pulpit of Methodism, what Dr. Clarke did for its literature;—ennobled and made it respectable.

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LIFE OF ROBERT NEWTON, D.D.

Chapter First.

Birth and parentage.—Religious impressions.—Mary Barritt.—Rev. John Kershaw.—Finds mercy.—Becomes a Local Preacher.—First sermon.—Goes out to travel.—Appointed to Pocklington.—Leaves his father's house.—Refused a lodging at Malton.—Farmhouse adventure.—Labours at Pocklington.—Discouragement.—Resolves to leave his work and go home.—Reproved by an old man.—Adventure.—Marriage.

FEW names have acquired greater celebrity in the history of Wesleyan Methodism than the eminent and highly-esteemed Robert Newton; and few men have laboured so long and so successfully in promoting a liberal and enlightened Christianity as he did. It is the lot of few men to be blessed with such a constitution,—such vigorous powers both of body and mind,—such commanding eloquence, blended with such meekness, benevolence, and piety, as characterized the subject of our present sketch.

Yorkshire, which presented the Roman Church with a Wickliffe—the English Church with a Tilotson,—confers upon Methodism a boon in the much loved and respected name of Robert Newton.

There are several Newtons on the Wesleyan roll of preachers, but only one Robert Newton which stands as a beacon from the rest, or as "the greater light to rule the day." Robert Newton, as the name stands in the Parish Register of baptisms, as it now appears in the Register of deaths,—as it was inscribed on the breastplate of his plain black cloth coffin, and as it will be seen in the Book of Life,—Robert Newton was born at Roxby, or Rousby, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the 8th of September, 1780. In early life, he was drawn to "seek the Lord," and was first convinced of his need of pardoning mercy under an alarming sermon preached by Miss Mary Barritt. These convictions were strengthened and matured by conversations on religious subjects with the Rev. John Kershaw. He laboured under deep conviction of sin for three or four weeks, and graciously yielded his heart and conscience to the influence of the Divine Spirit, but did not obtain a "knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins." He however continued to wrestle with God in prayer—earnestly seeking and striving to enter in at the strait gate, and at length he was enabled to cast his soul by faith on the sacrificial blood of Christ, and to rejoice in him as the God of his salvation. This happy event which laid the foundation of all his future greatness, took place at a prayer meeting, held at Loft House, after Divine Service, conducted by Mr. Vasey and old Jonathan Brown. He connected himself with the Wesleyan Church

in his native village, and evidenced the reality of his conversion by a consistent walk and conversation. His was a religion of principle, deeply rooted in the heart, and neither the finger of pride, nor the sneers of the scorner, could for one moment, move him from his steadfastness. Under the constraining love of Christ, he sought opportunities of rendering himself useful to others, by praying in the public prayer meetings, and when opportunity offered, giving a word of caution and exhortation to his fellow-sinners. His first sermon was preached only a few days after his conversion, at Lyth, a short distance from Roxby, from this text, "We preach Christ." (1 Cor. chap. 1. part of the 23rd verse); but our informant, who was one of his uncomfortable hearers states, "that he got out of all his gear, and altogether lost his drift," and the conviction of his own sister, a very clever and intelligent woman, and one of his hearers was, that he would never make a preacher. No doubt he felt somewhat discouraged by his embarrassment, but it only tended to rouse his dormant faculties, and his second attempt discovered him to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed. He frequently remarked in after life "that he began with Christ and he would abide, come what may, sink or swim, preaching the old apostolic doctrine;" and so he did;—as he began, so he continued, and so he died, preaching Christ.

At the early age of eighteen he was employed

by the Wesleyan society as a local preacher, and ere he attained the age of nineteen, was received into the regular ministry. Robert Newton of nineteen was an extraordinary youth, and extraordinary circumstances are generally attendant on extraordinary men. Hence this extraordinary departure from the usual practice of admitting candidates to the Wesleyan Ministry.

The year 1789, in which Robert Newton commenced his itinerant labours was a period marked by circumstances of peculiar national scarcity. The harvest of 1797 had been gathered into the garner without a single fair day during the whole period of harvest operations, and the following year, though somewhat better, had been a failing crop. The rich ceased to indulge themselves in luxuries which were composed of flour,—the middle classes found it difficult to supply their families with food, and many of the poor died from hunger and starvation. Days of humiliation and prayer were the consequence, and a religious spirit pervaded the land. The Methodist Societies, especially in Yorkshire, were generally in a prosperous condition. The troublesome times of Kilham and Co. had passed away, and many of the preachers who had been led away by that unhappy movement had returned to their duty and allegiance, and a spirit of peace and unanimity prevailed throughout the Connexion.

At the latter end of this incongruous season of national calamity and spiritual prosperity, Robert

Newton left the paternal roof, to proceed to his first circuit, (Pocklington, in Yorkshire,) when his father accompanied him a part of the journey; and ere they parted, they retired behind a bank a short distance from the road, where the father and son united in prayer, the father, like the good old patriarch, praying that "God would bless the lad," and the son, like the same patriarch in early life, tearing himself away from the home of his affections and all he held dear, commending himself to his Heavenly Father, whose grace can support, and whose wisdom alone is sufficient to guide and direct man's wandering spirit through the intricacies of life. When the father and son parted, the latter made his way to Malton, where he confidently expected to find a comfortable lodging for the night among his brethren in the ministry, but the lady of the house somewhat cooled the warm spirit of the generous-hearted young divine, when she told him, not over civilly, that they could not do with him. He left the house quite crest-fallen,—he was a stranger in a strange place,—he had gone to his own and his own received him not, and he knew not where else to go. He at length determined to proceed on the road in the direction of Pocklington, and either to travel all night or to lodge wherever the night took him. He had not gone far before he espied a farm house, a short distance from the road, and he resolved to make up to it, and ask for a night's lodging. He did so,—made known to them who he was,—where he

came from,—where he was going,—and the farmer and his wife being both of them Wesleyans, they welcomed him with all the heartiness of a Yorkshire farmer's welcome. The horse was put into the stable and well groomed, the good housewife busied herself in making him an excellent cup of tea, with all the substantial fare which usually attends the farmers' board. When the refreshment was over, they called together their domestics, being determined to give him an opportunity of remunerating them for their hospitality, and in the large kitchen of the old farm house, Robert Newton set up his banners, and preached the kind hearted people a homely but impressive sermon. On the following morning he set out on his route to Pocklington.

It will already be perceived that Robert Newton was the child of pious parents. They had been nurtured and brought up under the wing of the Established Church, and were as strict in the observance of rites and ceremonies and moral precepts, as any pharisee of the school of Gamaliel; but the diligent and attentive perusal of the "Journal of John Nelson," convinced them of "one thing lacking," which by prayerful application to the throne of grace, they both obtained. Having given their hearts to God, they gave their hands and energies to the cause of Methodism, and their house was the resort of the Methodist preachers in their village preachings. It is somewhat remarkable that out of five sons, four of them became travelling preachers.

Before the expiration of his first year in the Pocklington Circuit, our young preacher it appears fell into a fit of despondency, reasoning within himself of his incompetency to the arduous, important, and responsible office of a minister of Jesus Christ. A Methodist preacher in those days was not the fine gentleman with delicate hands and unstretched limbs. The circuits were wide—and their journeys done on foot. Besides, a Methodist preacher was expected to preach ten, twelve, or fifteen sermons in a week, while travelling from place to place; and going out as Robert Newton did, almost immediately after his conversion—without a college education to ground him in the leading doctrines of the Christian religion,—or a stock of well-digested subjects in reserve, it is no marvel that he should be pushed to the verge of despondency. Under these feelings, he applied to one of the old members of the society, and told him his mind upon the subject. “I must go home,” exclaimed young Robert, “I can’t preach any longer, I have got through all my sermons, and have no time for study, I can’t stand it.” “But,” exclaimed the rough old Yorkshire Methodist, “but thou dar’nt,” and the words went to the heart of young Newton; he went to his studies, renewed his determination, and from that day forth he never entertained a thought of forsaking God’s work or returning to his secular employment.

Ten years afterwards, he was invited to preach

some anniversary sermons at Pocklington, and in the course of the service he took occasion to refer to this circumstance, stating "that a good old man, now no doubt, gone to heaven, administered, to me a severe reproof, which I shall never forget." The good old man being somewhat dull of hearing, was sitting beside him in the pulpit, whom he had not recognized, and when he heard himself referred to "as having no doubt gone to heaven," he exclaimed, "No, he is not gone to heaven yet, but thank God, he's on his way thither." The preacher instantly turned round, and shaking him by the hand, heartily thanked him for his plain, honest reproof, which he confessed gave a new impulse to his faculties.

Many such characters are still to be found in the cottage homes of England, and many such have been the fruit of Robert Newton's labours. The poor have the gospel preached unto them and not in vain. Though they understand not Euclid, and could not even master a question in "Simple Division or Rule of Three," yet, they can understand the Gospel which makes them "wise unto salvation by the remission of sins." The peasant's reply to the doubting sceptic is quite appropriate to our argument.

A man of subtle reasoning ask'd
A peasant if he knew,
Where was the internal evidence
That proved the Bible true?

The terms of disputative art
Had never reach'd his ear ;
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And only answer'd ; " Here . "

At the termination of the year, Robert Newton left the Pocklington Circuit, and the Conference which was held in Leeds, appointed him to Howden, where he laboured with satisfaction to himself and edification to the people, for the space of three years.

It was during his probation in this circuit that he became acquainted with Miss Nodes of Skelton, his future wife, and who now lives to survive him. "Marriages" are said "to be made in heaven," and there was a particular providence connected with this marriage, which goes far to confirm this remark. Miss Nodes was the descendant of a highly respectable family who resided at Skelton, near York. She had previously ornamented the fashionable circles of society in which she moved, and had received the addresses of a young officer, who held a commission in the army. Miss Nodes was passionately fond of music,—an expert player on the piano and a good singer. At this critical period of her existence, she was convinced of the importance of religion under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Mitchelson, a clergyman of the Established Church, and from this time she became decidedly pious. Providence gave a different bias to her mind, moulded her heart and disposition under the plastic influence of divine grace, to orna-

ment a different class of society, and fitted her to become the honoured wife, the companion, support and stay of him whose memory we now wish to embalm.

She was shortly after this visited by the young officer, who was much disappointed and grieved at the change which had taken place in her disposition and manners, and he endeavoured to persuade her to resign her religion, and return to her former gay pursuits. To dissipate what he considered the melancholy of her mind, he politely invited her to sing him his favorite song, called—

“Oh no, my love, No,”

a song which she had been accustomed to play and sing to him on former occasions. She politely refused, but offered to sing him one of her own composition, entitled a

Parody on, “Oh no, my love, No.”

I'd glad bid adieu to this world's fleeting pleasure,
You pity my weakness, but ah! did you know
The sweets of religion? that best hidden treasure;—
Would you have me resign it? Ah never! ah No!

You will scarcely believe when I say I've received,
What few do obtain while sojourning below;
I know by experience in whom I've believed,
Shall I give up this treasure? Ah never! ah No!

In the gay scenes of life, I was happiness wooing;
But alas! in its stead I encountered but woe;
I found I was only a phantom pursuing,
I never once found it. Ah never! ah No!

But in the bright path which you call melancholy,
I've found such delight as the world cannot know;
I know very well you will laugh at my folly;—
Do you think I'll resign it? Ah never! ah No!

During the recital of the above the young officer was very much affected, and at the close he wept and shed tears, but Miss Nodes had resolved not to resign what she had obtained, and their acquaintance was mutually terminated.

Her first interview with Robert Newton was at the house of Mr Richard Burdsall, of York, where a Wesleyan party were assembled, and Miss Nodes was invited by Miss Burdsall, (now Mrs Lyth) to form one of the number. Her mother was decidedly averse to Methodism, and opposed her mingling in Wesleyan Society. Being in York they called upon Miss Burdsall to apologize for not accepting her invitation, when they were introduced into the house, and to Mr. Newton, who happened to be there at the time. This was their first interview, and in September 1802 they were married, and have lived together in happy union for the space of fifty-two years.

Chapter Second.

Taken into full connexion.—appointed to the Glasgow Circuit.—To Rotherham.—Development of Missionary Talent.—Leeds Conference.—Mission to America.—Dr. Coke.—Appointment to Sheffield.—Successful labours.—Removes to Huddersfield.—Mission to Africa.—Platform operations.—Contrast between Newton and Bunting.—Popular Preacher.—Appointed to Holmfirth Circuit.—Lord Sidmouth's bill.

At the Conference of 1803, held in Manchester, Robert Newton, along with Jabez Bunting, James Needham, Daniel Isaac, and six and twenty other young ministers were admitted into full connexion, having honourably passed their four years of probation,

His appointment for the ensuing year was to Glasgow, where he remained for one year only, and from whence he removed to the Rotherham Circuit. He now began to develop more fully those extraordinary talents and abilities which have so eminently distinguished his career through life. But it was the establishment of missionary meetings that brought Robert Newton into public notoriety as one of the first orators of the day. The facility with which he could lay hold of an in-

cident and manufacture it to his own purpose,—the terseness of his arguments,—the force of diction, accompanied with a musical voice, a commanding figure, and graceful action, have long ceded to him the palm of “the prince of the platform.”

The constitution of Methodism is essentially Missionary—Missionary in its character and spirit, and with the development of the system came the development of its missionary tendency. Its missionary operations commenced in 1769. At the Conference of that year held in Leeds, Mr. Wesley said, “We have a pressing call from our brethren at New York, who have built a preaching-house, to come over and help them. Who is willing to go?” Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor immediately offered themselves for this service and a collection was made among themselves amounting to £70, twenty of which was reserved for the passage of the two missionaries, and the other £50 to the relief of the chapel.

These two warm-hearted Yorkshire Methodists, having bid adieu to their friends at Kirby-Moor-side, set out, and arrived in York on a Saturday evening. On the following Sunday, they were requested to preach in the old chapel at Peaseholme Green, and a collection was to be made to defray the expense of their passage. Sermons were preached,—collections were made, and the enormous sum of *ten shillings* was the result. The York friends thought this a wonderful good col-

lection. They have learnt to think differently now.

At the Conference of 1804, held in London, Dr. Coke, the great friend and patron of missions, was re-appointed to the office of "General Superintendent of the Missions," and a "Committee of Finance and Advice" was also appointed, consisting of all the London Ministers;—of this Committee Dr. Coke was President. It was also agreed that collections in support of the Missions should be made in all the Wesleyan congregations in every circuit in Great Britain. The income that year was, £2,216 12s. 1d.; the number of stations 15, of Missionaries 34, and of members 15,862.

It appears from this statement that the missionary cause had been moving onward at a very unsatisfactory pace for the thirty-five years since its establishment, but the "new element" that was to transform and remodel Methodism, commenced its operations by infusing into the people a larger amount of Christian benevolence and philanthropic exertion. The platform was an important auxiliary in the improvement of the Pulpit, and essentially aided and advanced the new era just dawning upon Methodism. In this movement Robert Newton and Richard Watson took the lead.

In the earlier years of Robert Newton's ministry, there was not that display of intellectual power as seen in Watson and Bunting. The latter, ever since his introduction into the ministry, had been appointed to the first Circuits in the country, and

the Superintendant of the Liverpool Circuit in 1810,—writing to the Rev. T. Edmondson says, “We are going on comfortably. My colleagues are good and agreeable men. Mr Bunting of course, outshines us all in the Pulpit. I am satisfied, vessels of wood and stone are useful in a great house, as well as vessels of gold and silver.” But the early ministry of Robert Newton if not eminently intellectual was eminently popular and useful. He had imbibed the meek and lowly spirit of his master and he laboured to win souls to Christ. In the pulpit he was devoid of all affectation. He went not there as an actor to personate a feigned character, to utter sentiments or represent passions not his own. No, when you saw Robert Newton in the pulpit you saw the orator as well as the christian, and when he was out of it he exhibited the preacher as well as the man. The sentiment of Cranmer will apply to him—*Nihil appetit, nihil ardet, nihil somniat nisi Jesum Christum*—(he seeks nothing, he longs for nothing, he dreams about nothing but Jesus Christ.) His noble mind came not to perfection at once—it was gradually developing like the sunflower, under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, to exhibit in the noonday of its splendour all the beauties of that plant of God’s right hand planting.

The Conference of 1806 was held in Leeds. Dr. Adam Clarke was the President, and Dr. Coke the Secretary. Robert Newton had travelled two years at Rotherham and he was appointed to the Sheffield

Circuit. Myles in his history of Methodism says, "It is worthy of note, that the sixty third, or great *climacterical year* of Methodism, the Conference was held at Leeds. In a county, (Yorkshire) and town, remarkable for Methodism. And that, in that year, all the important offices in the Methodist Connexion were united in Mr Clarke, now Dr Clarke. He was Superintendent of the London Circuit, Chairman of the London District, Representative of the District to the Stationing Committee, and President of the Conference. This honour was conferred upon him in a providential way, without any of his brethren thinking of it till it was done."

This was a remarkable year in Methodism—remarkable for the spread of evangelical truth—for the increase of members and the consolidation of the Church. Many of the old preachers this year remembered the favourite text of John Wesley, "According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, *What hath God wrought!!*"

After two years of successful labour at Sheffield, Mr. Newton was appointed by the Conference of 1808 to the Huddersfield Circuit. The missionary spirit and enterprise began to develop itself more fully throughout the Methodist societies this year than on any previous occasion. Dr. Coke published an "Interesting Narrative" giving a satisfactory account of the rise of Methodism in Sierra Leone, in Africa, and a preacher was to be sent as soon as the General Superintendent and

Committee could find a person suitable for the undertaking. When this was known, Mr. George Warren, of the Cornwall Circuit, offered to go to Africa, and three Yorkshire youths volunteered their services for the same colony. They were examined by a committee of the Leeds District, and the result being highly satisfactory, preparations were made for their departure. On their way they were becalmed in the Atlantic, when they discovered a sail, which at first appeared to be a French privateer. It was morning when she was first discovered, and by noon she had so far gained upon them, that her hull could be distinctly seen by the naked eye. She turned out to be a French schooner in chase of them. Being unable to resist, and finding no way of escaping, the missionaries retired into the cabin, in company with the captain who was a Quaker, and betook themselves to prayer. It was not long after they had thus recommended themselves to the divine protection, before a breeze sprang up, which in a short time increased to a gale, accompanied with heavy rain. Availing themselves of this favourable circumstance, they crowded all the sail they could carry, and rode, tilting through the waves, leaving their pursuer much faster than she had previously gained upon them. After fifty-two days' sailing, they landed safe at Sierra Leone, and commenced their missionary work.

Thus we perceive that while God was carrying on the work at home, and preparing men for the

development of the great Missionary enterprise, he by his providence takes care of those who go forth into distant lands to accomplish his mighty purposes, in the redemption of a ruined race. The mission to Sierra Leone, as might be expected, involved considerable expence, and meetings and anniversaries, were to be held for the purpose of raising the necessary supplies. Robert Newton was called to the platform to plead the cause of Missions, and certainly, never has the platform been honoured with a more faithful and powerful advocate than it met with in him. The platform seemed to be his forte. He appeared there in all the dignity of an ancient Roman, graceful, natural, dignified; or as Paul standing before Festus and commanding an undivided sway. "Here," says a late author, "he is generally anecdotal—often gay—makes a happy use of the observations of preceding speakers—and not unfrequently provokes a smile at their expense; yet in the latter instance, all is done in such fine temper, that no one but the most sensitive, who is always in hot water with himself, can feel the slightest pain. And we would just observe in passing, that great as are the attractions of the pulpit, the platform is the place where he is beheld in all his flexible attitudes, movements, and majesty; the whole commanding figure before the eye—towering in its strength—beautiful for its form and symmetry—graceful in its actions—with only the want of the loose, flowing robe, to furnish a picture of

ancient times when Greece was in her splendour, and her orators were leading the people captive by the charms of their eloquence.”

We have endeavoured to draw a contrast between Jabez Bunting and Robert Newton. They both entered the field at the same time, but their talents lay in opposite directions. Jabez Bunting has exerted an influence on the interior of Methodism superior to any that has preceded him. Robert Newton has exerted an influence on the exterior of Methodism unequalled by none. Place Jabez Bunting upon the platform and he becomes dwarfish and insignificant, but in the forum of Methodism—the annual legislative assembly, he is almost omnipotent. In the government of Methodism, Robert Newton took little or no part. Here his feebleness was felt, but on the platform he exerted an influence magical and attracting. All seemed to feel it. It was “like an invisible power, moving every where, and felt in every thing.” All ranks, all classes, were allured by it. Dignitaries of the Church of England would unobtrusively steal into the Wesleyan Chapel to witness it, and the less scrupulous of almost every other sect—the Dissenter, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian were forcibly carried along with the stream. Who will deny that Providence raised up these two great lights to reform Methodism—one a light to govern the inner temple—the other a light reflected on the outer temple, and attracting homewards to its common centre.

After two years spent in Huddersfield, the Conference of 1810, removed him to Holmfirth, where he laboured successfully for the ensuing two years. It was in 1811 that an attempt was made to give a fatal check to the operations of Methodism. The Right Honourable Lord Viscount Sidmouth brought before the House of Lords his Bill, entitled "An Act to explain and render more effectual, certain Acts of the First Year of the Reign of King William and Queen Mary, and of the Nineteenth Year of the Reign of his present Majesty, so far as the same related to Protestant Dissenting Ministers."

The passing of this Bill would have greatly infringed on the laws of Religious Toleration. Dissenters and Methodists consequently took the alarm, and exerted themselves to procure petitions against it. The time allowed for the purpose was so short that it was impossible at that time to procure them from places more than one hundred miles from London, yet 620 petitions were presented, and one of them was signed by 4,000 persons. It is gratifying to add that the petitioners were not confined to Wesleyans and Dissenters. Many pious Churchmen and some of the Clergy signed them.

The second reading of the Bill came on in the House of Peers, May 21, 1811. Lord Erskine proposed that its second reading be put off to that day six months. The motion was carried without a division.

Lord Erskine made the following remarks re

specting the late Rev. John Wesley. He said "He was the founder of a numerous body of Christians; that he had the honour to be acquainted with him, that he had heard him expound the Word of God; whose labours," said he, "had not been equalled since the days of the Apostles, for general usefulness to his fellow subjects. A man more pious and devoted, more loyal to his king, or more sincerely devoted to his country had never lived."

Chapter Third.

Itinerancy,—its defects and advantages.—Appointment to London West.—Brightest era of Methodism.—Mighty efforts.—Infidelity rampant.—Bible Society.—The Infidel.—Triumphs of Infidelity.—Gloomy aspects.—Church of Christ aroused.—Triumphs.—Chillingworth.—Opens a new chapel at Lynn.—Description of by a young Minister.—Preaches at Cheltenham.—Anecdote.—Large collection.

It has frequently been said that Itinerancy, or the constant changing of circuits by the preachers has been the chief cause of the increase, and prosperity of the Wesleyan Societies. It is a system which has undoubtedly been greatly blessed of God for the spread and development of religious truth, but like all other human institutions, it bears marks of imperfection, and has its defects as well as its advantages. Its defects are most apparent where there is a deficiency of vital godliness. "In this case" says an old Wesleyan divine, "it is thought not to promote an increase of useful and edifying knowledge in the preachers; a small stock, it is thought, will do for a preacher, who has but a year or two to stay upon a circuit, and perhaps may never be stationed there again. It is to be feared also, that it does not tend to promote that cordial love which ought to subsist be-

tween preachers and people." But notwithstanding these, it has the sanction of Holy Scripture and the example of the Apostles and disciples, who took the world for their parish, and at the command of their master "went every where preaching the word."

The Conference of 1812 was held in Leeds and Robert Newton was appointed to London West Circuit. It has been stated that from 1800 to 1830 was the "brightest era of Methodism, as well as the mightiest for intellect and capacity, and equally so for piety and usefulness." The Christian world was alive to the importance of strenuous, selfdenying and determined efforts to counteract the infidel tendencies of the day, and disseminate the pure unadulterated truths of the Christian Religion. France, rampant with infidelity had produced some of the greatest men of the age. Among them was Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and others, whose object was to put down Christianity as a false system; and so far were they successful that they had inscribed on the altars of Paris "No God;" and they wrote upon the tombs beneath which the holy Martyrs slept, "Death is an eternal sleep;" and proud infidelity as if she had drunk at some preparation of the damned fell down and worshipped an infamous woman whom they styled the "Goddess of Reason," and all France rang with acclamations. Now this was considered in France, the death blow of the Christian system. Her altars were profaned,—her tem-

ples demolished,—her priests exiled or put to the sword; but God was preparing in Britain, an army of spiritual warriors to counteract the influence of infidelity, which had thrown its darkened shadow over Britain, and was endeavouring to pervert the minds of our youth. To accomplish this desirable object, the Bible Society, which had recently been established, put forth all its energies, and Bible Society Meetings were held in all parts of the country and funds raised for sending the “Book of Truth” to infidel France. Robert Newton, whose great capacity for public speaking shone forth so conspicuously on such occasions, was soon called to plead the cause of the Bible on the large platforms of the Metropolis and other places. It was at the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society Meeting where his services were in particular request. The platform was crowded with some of the most distinguished men of the day, among whom was some of our prelates, (and if we mistake not, the celebrated Wilberforce, Basil Wood, &c. &c. and the Rev. Robert Newton.) During the progress of the meeting a person rose in the midst of the assembly, and begged leave to make a few remarks. There was some little confusion on the platform, and at length, consent was given by the Chairman. The gentleman was a professed infidel, a disciple of the school of Tom Paine, who had come there evidently prepared for an attack upon the Bible, which he denounced as a fabulous book,—a book of contradictions,—of

glaring improbabilities, and fit only for the amusement of children and superstitious old women. The infidel was allowed to unravel his tirade of abuse, at the close of which, there was some whispering on the platform, and a request from the Chairman to Mr. Newton to reply to the infidel's remarks. He stepped forward with all that dignified composure so characteristic of the man. Never perhaps, did Robert Newton appear on the platform to such advantage, as while combating with that would be destroyer of the Bible and Christianity. One by one he took up the arguments of the infidel,—dissected them by the light of reason and truth,—proved them to be utterly fallacious,—shivered them to atoms under the scornful contempt of his withering oratory, dragging forth the Bible from beneath the feet of that infidel destroyer, and placed it aloft as upon an Alpine height, enwreathed with rainbows of glory, and crowned with sunbeams of truth. For this able defence, Robert Newton received a unanimous vote of thanks from the Meeting, and the cordial congratulations of the Reverend Gentlemen and others on the platform.

On a future occasion he attended a Bible Society Meeting at Barnsley, when Lord Wharneckcliffe (whom George the Fourth designated the proudest man in the Kingdom with the exception of Lord Durham) occupied the chair; and yet the proud and haughty peer was so subdued by the

eloquence of the Methodist Preacher, as to shed tears during the whole of his speech.

The first public Missionary Meeting was held in Leeds on the October 9, 1813. Thomas Thompson Esq., of Hull, was unanimously called to the chair, and opened the business by an interesting speech, in which he stated his long acquaintance with the Methodists of Mr. Wesley's Connexion, and his intimate knowledge and high approbation of their various efforts to diffuse the blessings of religion among the ignorant at home, and the heathen abroad.

The meeting was addressed at length by several Ministers and Gentlemen, at the close of which the chairman congratulated the Society upon the success of the Petitions to the Legislature for the introduction of Christianity into India; and mentioned in the strongest terms of approbation the conduct of his Majesty's Ministers in supporting the friends of religion on that important occasion. He trusted that the British Government would be more than ever valued; and that the proofs of its tolerant spirit, afforded by the repeal of the Conventicle Act, and in other recent instances, would additionally endear it to all classes of persons, and especially to the Methodists.

The spirit of Christian enterprize now called into operation by the various sections of the church of Christ, gave an effectual check to the spread of infidelity in this land as well as on the continent of Europe. After the battle of Waterloo

and the proclamation of peace, the various sections of the Christian Church united as the heart of one man, to spread the light of evangelical truth throughout the world. Not only was the Bible Society in active operation, but Tract Societies sprang into existence, Missionary Societies every where went forth in mighty detail. This was undoubtedly the most important period the world ever saw for the development of Christian enterprise. The language of Chillingworth—still echoed in the hearts of British Christians and so effectual has been the movement, that the Printing Press which Voltaire employed at Ferney for the printing of his infidel works was speedily used for the printing of Bibles; the very house where Gibbon lodged at Geneva and sent forth his infamous speculations, attributing to second causes the works of the Great First Cause, was occupied by a Branch Bible Society; and the very house at Edinburgh where David Hume wrote and lived and died without God and without hope was made a Branch Depository of the Edinburgh Bible Society, and the very Christianity which they persecuted and attempted to destroy now rides triumphant over the waterfloods. Alluding to this subject on a future platform occasion, Mr. Newton remarked, "Yes! what the enemies of Christianity supposed to be the tombstone of the Gospel, was the platform of its noblest and most glorious triumphs. Like the bush of Moses, Christianity flourished

unconsumed in fire, for the Lord was in the midst of her, and his glory was her defence."

"In the spring of 1813" says a very talented Minister of Jesus Christ, "I first became acquainted with Robert Newton. It was on occasion of the opening of the new chapel at Lynn. He in conjunction with John Stephens, conducted the services; and it devolved upon me, as a young preacher to pay him certain attentions, not ungrateful, by any means, to my own feelings. He was at that time a fine athletic young man, of symmetrical figure and imposing presence. He preached the first of the opening Sermons, from, "We preach Christ crucified, &c. &c. (Whether it was that I was young not having attained my majority,) and ignorant, or that my perceptions and sensibilities were then more easily acted upon,—so it was, that if oratory can make Heaven, I was in Heaven while listening to that discourse. While thinking of it, I see the man, and his peaceful, energetic attitudes—I hear the music and the modulation of his then unrivalled voice. There are some things which to this mixed nature of ours, the first enjoyment is the best. Robert Newton's preaching was this to me. I have heard him many times since, and many times with profit and pleasure; but never with a delight equal to the morning when he opened the new chapel at Lynn."

On the fifteenth of September of the same year, Mr. Newton opened the new chapel at Cheltenham, preaching there in the afternoon and evening

of that day. Cheltenham although a fashionable place, and the resort of the higher classes of society, was a place notoriously wicked, and Methodism had scarcely gained a footing in it. At the time this new chapel was erected there was not more than twenty in society. The house of God, a commodious structure, was built in faith, and the trustees invited Robert Newton, thinking his popular talent would be likely to draw some of the fashionables to the place, whose money might be useful in defraying the large debt upon the chapel. The result was as anticipated. The chapel was crowded and the collections amounted to £84 6s 6d.

His appeals on these occasions were irresistible. His powerful and persuasive oratory came upon them like some melting, magical influence. On another occasion while pleading the cause of an embarrassed chapel, he concluded his discourse as follows, "And now my dear friends, we have to be *doing* as well as *getting*. You have an opportunity afforded you to-night of doing good, in reference to the house of God, and the worship of God, involving in it interests that stretch beyond the circuit of time—interests that connect heaven with earth, and eternity with time. Why was it that so large a sum of money was expended to erect this sanctuary to the name of the Lord? Why, that the gospel might be preached, that Christ might be honoured, that the truth might be circulated, that souls might be saved, that sinners might be converted, that believers might be edified. And

why has it been, that, recently, the trustees of this chapel, have expended somewhere about £800 in the enlargement that has taken place? Why, with the same design, (they could have no other) that the cause of God might be extended and perpetuated? It was not that these men were so oppressed with wealth, that they were asking "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my goods?" Not so! but these men, and those connected with them, valued the souls of men, they loved the truth of the gospel, and they wished others to be enlightened and to know the truth, that the truth might make them free, and, therefore, they gave their responsibility for the money expended.

And here let me say, that the trustees of this chapel, and of all our chapels that are settled in the regular way, have no property whatever in the trust; they cannot apply a single farthing of the proceeds of the trust to their own private use; they are but the guardians of the place, for the benefit of the society and congregation worshipping there, while bricks, and stones, and timber, shall hang together. 'Why, then,' said a gentleman to me, some time ago, 'how is it that you obtain trustees? how is it that men will take upon themselves a very serious responsibility, and yet they have no property in the trust?' Why, I answered, the Lord provides trustees. Wherever we have a chapel to build, Providence raises up men to come and to help forward the work of the Lord; and

they come and say, 'If in this way we can serve the Lord, why, behold the servants of the Lord!' But then, if they take upon themselves this responsibility, from motives such as these, why, they ought to be encouraged, they ought not to be burdened.

You see, my friends, the urgency of the case. It makes its own appeal to your consciences, as in the sight of God. And, remember, what you do for God and for His worship, and His cause, must be done soon. Time is flying; it must be done soon, or else it cannot be done at all. Time is flying; now is the day, now is the hour, now is the moment. O, then, let the heart expand with pure benevolence, love to God, and love to souls; and let the hand be spoken to by the heart, and then the hand will know where to go, and what to do, and there will be a liberal collection. But why am I urging this, as though I entertained the semblance of doubt upon the subject? Doubt there is not in this heart with reference to it. No; your hearts will be open, and then your hands will be open, and then the collection will be worthy of yourselves. I am sure you will give liberally, and give cheerfully; "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and I believe the cheerful giver is, usually, a liberal giver. These are days of liberality. I could name to you a small country place, where we had been very feeble for several years, but God raised us up friends, who thought there ought to be a larger place, and the chapel was built and was opened; the

day after it was opened, I met an old friend, and I happened to ask him what he thought our collection might amount to; "Why," said he, "if you got £10, it was a noble collection; I know the friends there, and I know they could not do much." "But," said I, "we got several times ten;" "No," he answered, "that could not be; "But, surely," I told him, "we got more than ten times ten: we got £124." He was astonished; and really, when I went into the vestry, and observed them counting the collection, every man seemed to lose all confidence in his own powers of counting; and one gave it to another, and said, "Why it cannot be that;" and *he* gave it to another, but the third said, "I make it the same, but it cannot be so;" and *he* gave it to another, who put on his glasses, and he counted it, but so it was; the figures and the monies agreed, and it amounted to £124. And we see God in all this. He has the hearts of all men in His hands, and He can open the hearts of men, and He can open their hands, and He is opening their hearts and hands. And what *you* do, you will do to the Lord, and present your offering on the altar of Him who sanctifieth the gift and the giver."

Chapter Fourth.

Appointed to Wakefield.—Home missionary.—Suitability for such work.—Easingwold Chapel.—James Montgomery.—Character as a divine.—Attacks Infidelity.—A diligent observer of men and things.—War with France.—His war sermon.—Extracts from.—Military allusions.—March of intellect.—High reasonings.—Aggressive character of Christianity.—Christianity the offspring of Heaven.—Visit to Alne.—Missionary Meeting.—Sermon.—Large collection.—Missionary spirit.

FROM London West, he removed to Wakefield in the year 1814, where he was in labours more abundant for three years. His numerous calls to preach occasional sermons,—to open chapels, and advocate the cause of missions, rendered it impossible for him to attend to his ordinary week-day ministrations in his own circuit, and the Conference decided that he should be liberated therefrom that he might the more effectually serve the church at large, by attending to those numerous calls which were constantly pressing upon him.

Robert Newton was just the man adapted for this peculiar vocation. We may safely affirm, that a more suitable person could not have been found in the United Kingdom for such an undertaking. His appearance was noble and commanding. The description given of the eminent John Howe by

Dr. Calamy is applicable to him,—“He had a good presence, and a piercing but pleasant eye.” His voice was deep, full, clear, and melodious. Never have we heard, and never do we expect again to hear such a voice as Robert Newton’s. It was like the peal of an organ, loud, soft, sweet. Never shall we forget the majesty and grace with which he invested the beautiful lines of the “Old Hundred” Psalm, after listening to a most powerful sermon preached in the Easingwold Chapel. It thrilled through the whole system, and produced a sensation bordering on rapture—heavenly rapture. A case is related when at a public meeting, he recited part of an “Occasional Ode for the Anniversary of the Royal British System of Education, without naming either the author or the title of the piece. The poet himself happened to be present; and not recollecting for the moment, that the lines were his own—having been composed several years before, he was perfectly enchanted with the poetic conception and expression, and could only wish that all genuine poetry, when recited, might be equally fortunate in meeting with such a friend, who gave by the richness of his voice, and his impressive manner, an additional charm to the song. The poet mused, and said to himself, “I must have met with these lines somewhere.” But how was he astonished, when he found the poetry to be his own! and ready to blush at the vanity which seemed to pride itself in the value which he unconsciously put upon his own

muse, but happy that the whole was closetted in his own breast—without even his feelings escaping to the surface, so as to be observed on the occasion, and only noticing it incidentally afterwards, in illustrating some subject connected with a lapse of memory. But what must have been the master of the tongue, to produce such effects in the breast of the master of song,—the naturally simple, tender, and beautiful—the musically sweet—and the modestly christian, Montgomery!

There have been, and still are, divines in the Wesleyan School who “have thrown a longer line into the depths of theology, and others have been distinguished by classical acquisitions to which he was a stranger; yet few have ever surpassed him in that genuine and noble eloquence which has been happily defined by one of its greatest ancient masters, as “copiously speaking wisdom.”

The following characteristic sketch of his preaching talents is given in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine:—“His style of preaching was simple and perspicuous. He did not affect to astonish his hearers with a transcendentalism of words, or a mysticism of things. His perceptions of truth were clear, and the language in which they were conveyed was as clear as the perceptions themselves. You were never at a loss to know what he meant by what he said. The Saxon simplicity of his style suggested to some the idea that there was little extraordinary about him, beyond the music of his voice, and the attractiveness of his gesture;

but there were others who thought that the very brilliancy of his rhetorical talents endangered a just appreciation of the subject matter of his discourse. The portion of truth which he handled was well selected. You never went away with a regret for the loss of your time in listening to an eloquent trifler, but were sure to be favourably impressed with the happy union of vivacity, seriousness, and majesty in his address. The grand theme of his ministry was JESUS CHRIST in all His mediatorial work. His sermons were characterized by unity and strength. The divisions comprehensive, without being too minute or excursive. In reasoning a point, he kept close to the line of argument. His illustrations were natural and effective."

Such were the qualifications of Robert Newton as a pulpit orator, and no wonder that he became the idol of the people. His constant travelling to and fro threw him into contact with all sorts of characters, and not unfrequently with infidels and sceptics; but he was well prepared to defend the outposts of Christianity against all such attacks of its enemies, and rarely did he preach a sermon in a place of any magnitude without throwing a bomb-shell into the camp of infidelity. In arguing such points he followed the plan adopted by Dr. Francis Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle, who in his extemporaneous discourses never attempted the passions, till he had convinced and secured the reason. Having done this, he then brought for-

ward the thunder of his heaviest artillery, which was—declamation. And here he excelled. In imagination we can see him with forefinger extended—stretching out his arm,—with an eye scowling,—a countenance bold, severe, indignant,—dealing out a volume of thunder, just as if Jupiter himself were speaking from his throne, and sending his thunder-bolts abroad in the earth.

Robert Newton, to become all this, was no doubt a diligent observer of what transpired around him. He passed not on his multifarious journeys, and mixed up with men and things with his eyes closed. He read men and extracted lessons of instruction from present occurrences. This enabled him to illustrate general principles by passing events, and these he took care to turn to good account. In him was found a reflection of that noble poet, who is said to have

“Found tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

The war with France which was raging during his sojourn at Wakefield, and the glorious and ever memorable battle of Waterloo, which checked the ambition and pride of Napoleon Bonaparte, was the moving cause of that admirable discourse which he then and afterwards preached with such telling effect from these words, “The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.” The Apostle Paul originally addressed these words to

the Corinthians who well understood their meaning, as they were quite conversant with wars and victories; and the English people in 1814 were quite familiar with the same subject. "Warfare" said the preacher, "supposes some important object to be gained. It supposes two contending powers. It supposes active resistance. The warfare of the text" says he, "is a moral warfare. This is not a struggle in nature, such as that between conflicting elements; it is not a physical warfare, strewing the field with the bodies of the slain; it is not a national or political warfare; but the overthrow of Sin and Satan. This battle requires vigorous exertion,—an active and persevering service." Speaking of the weapons of the Gospel, he says "Men cannot be dragooned into Christianity. There is no road to mind. Errors are not to be cut to pieces by the sword; opinions are not to be subdued by the power of arms. What can carnal weapons do here? They can wound and maim the body; but the soul defies their power; their success is the result of physical strength; but they are powerless in the empire of mind; they can subdue the corporeal man; but they cannot bring down the spiritual man. But here are weapons which can find their way to the mind, which can inflict wounds on the conscience, wounds so deep that they can only be healed by the "Balm of Gilead," weapons by which they can take hearts prisoners and carry them away in delightful captivity. These weapons are mighty,

also, compared with the weapons of those who oppose themselves to Christ. And what weapons have they used?—the jests of impiety—the flippancy of wit—the subtilties of sophistry—and very often the feathered arrows of sarcasm. And some of these weapons I admit, have been of a very high polish; and they have been figured with all the flowers of rhetoric, and they have been wielded and flourished according to the most approved rules; and they have dazzled the eyes and captivated the hearts of some. But what have been their moral effects? When by the use of these has error been wrung from the heart? When has the monster sin been thrown down by them, and where has he been seen pale, bleeding, fainting, dying? When by the use of these weapons have men been turned from darkness to light, from sin to holiness? I marvel not that no man has been found to answer the challenge given by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, “Where is the wise? Where is the disputer of this world?” If you have conquered any nations, shew us in what quarter of the globe they be! If you have achieved any victories, tell us where we may behold the trophies! O, but the Apostle had many trophies to display; he could point to many nations, to hundreds, to thousands, who had been subdued and brought into captivity by the skilful use of these holy arms.”

Such is a sketch of the natural, figurative, and energetic mode in which Robert Newton treated

his subjects. Speaking of the "strong-holds" and the "casting down imaginations and every high thing," he continues, "The military allusion here, is to those engines which are employed to destroy walls, and, those cloud-capt towers which are erected as means of defence. Reason, sound reason can never be contrary to truth; reason is a faithful ally to truth, and was never made to be destroyed; but the Apostle says, "casting down reasonings, high reasonings." And what high reasonings has infidelity employed to dress up her falsehoods! And how have the most specious errors been adorned! Have we not been almost sickened to hear of "the march of intellect" and of the "march of mind" going on in our land? and is there not too much reason to fear, that in this boasted march of intellect, there is a deal of the march of deism, of infidelity, yea, of idolatry itself! For what is there in all this exultation at the march of mind, but the idolatry of reason? Yes! *Reason*, idolized and placed on the pedestal which pride has adorned, is the "*high thing*" which exalts itself in these lands against "the knowledge of God and his Christ." A mistaken kind of reasoning, well adorned, and powerfully supported, and under Christian colours, has been employed; and for what?—why to rob Christianity of her purity, of her beauty, of her vital influence, and to reduce her high and spiritual requirements to the form of a mere code of morals. And the Church of Rome has had her reasonings,

her high imaginings; uttering her dogmas, and resting her defence of them on the exclusive power and authority of one individual. And Mahomedanism has had its high imaginings; and these high imaginings have affected its reasonings too. And all the false systems of Paganism have had their high imaginings, their corrupt and polluted reasonings. And the learned Hindoo "reasons high" reasons metaphysically;

"But finds no end in wandering mazes lost!"

Now all these high reasonings, these vain imaginings, must be cast down in proportion as men are to be made wise by the "Knowledge of God" and his Christ. O yes! these tall, these aspiring, these smeared sons of Anak must be brought low—these Goliaths must be made to lick the dust—these high walls must be sapped—these towers must be cast down! And then only shall the miserable captives be brought forth; and then only shall the base of error and wickedness be rooted up by the captain of our salvation.

And then shall "every thought be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." You see the military allusion here; the enemy has been pursued—his fortresses have been thrown down—his citadel has been taken—and every individual within has been carried away in triumph. The victory is most complete—a victory this, such as the warriors of this world never did, never will achieve! Bodies may be taken captive, still the

thoughts are free; they never will, they never can be taken captive by any human power."

Speaking of the aggressive character of the Christian warfare he adds;—"I tell you Christian friends, it has long rested on my mind with a force I cannot express, that the principal reason why the Gospel has not made more progress in the world is this; we have contented ourselves with a defensive, rather than an aggressive warfare. O yes, if the outworks were attacked, we were alarmed; we were all on the alert, and thought of nothing but our citadel. We have done so lately. But what! Did we expect that the citadel was likely to be overcome? Christianity, the offspring of Heaven—Christianity based upon truth—Christianity overcome by infidelity! Oh, no! She stands as she has stood for centuries; and though, like the mountain,

"———round her base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on her head."

What are we doing?—defending the outworks—entering the arena of controversy—showing our dexterity in distinguishing nice points; and sometimes wounding a fellow soldier, perhaps, because his habiliments differed from our own. This we have done, instead of uniting in one broad phalanx to go forth against the common foe! Cowards that we have been!—we have gone into winter quarters, and have reposed in comfort, instead of

planning new modes of attack, and engaging in aggressive warfare.

Let the tocsin of war then be sounded; and let not the trumpet give an uncertain sound; and let the soldiers of Christ arise and gird on their swords; and let them go forth into the field, clad in the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; and let no shrinking timidity mar the lustre of any former achievements; and thus let every man, whatever his station, aim at promoting the glory of his Lord."

The sermon from which the above is a short sketch was preached at the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society at Alne, the year after Mr. Newton's visit to America. The chapel was by far too small to hold the congregation, and a spacious covering was erected in the stack yard of Mr. Robert Shepard. The collections were about double any previous occasion, and the Missionary spirit infused into them at that meeting they still retain. The anniversary of their Missionary Meeting for 1854 has just been held (Oct. 11,) and though but a small village, the collection with missionary boxes, &c. is thirty pounds.

Chapter Fifth.

Appointed to Liverpool Circuit.—Anniversaries.—Dr. Clarke.—Removes to Manchester.—Irish Conference.—Noble enterprise.—Travels.—Extraordinary incidents.—Gig accident and race against time.—Stage coach accident.—Anniversary of the parent Society.—Anecdotal speech.—Collection.—Blind girl.—Opening new chapels.—Increase of Missionary Funds.

At the Conference of 1817, Mr Newton was appointed to the Liverpool Circuit, in connection with Adam Clarke, Owen Davies, Richard Waddy, Philip Garrett, W. France, and Edward Jones; and continued in that important town for three years, which is the longest term of probation a Wesleyan Minister is allowed to remain at one place. In this respectable circuit his talents were highly estimated, and he was rendered in various ways, extensively useful. In 1819, he was superintendent of the circuit, and Adam Clarke, Philip Garrett, W. France, and John Bowers were his colleagues.

By referring to the Minutes of Conference, and other Wesleyan documents, we find his name upon all the important committees connected with the body, as well as taking a leading part in the various anniversaries. The missionary spirit

which had been enkindled in Yorkshire was spreading its influence throughout the whole country, and missionary societies were being established in all the principal towns, and the sermons and speeches delivered on those occasions by Mr. Newton, Dr. Clarke, and others, are not yet forgotten.

From Liverpool, he was removed to Manchester, in the year 1820. Here also, he remained three years; during which period he was associated in ministerial duty with Thomas and Samuel Jackson, John Stephens, Maximilian Wilson, Theophilus Lessey, John Anderson, and other distinguished men, many of whom have departed to their great reward.

The former of these years, he was deputed to accompany the President to the Irish Conference, in order to visit some of the principal societies in Ireland, an office which frequently devolved upon him in after life, and in which he was of great service to the connexion.

At this period of his life he could scarcely be said to have a home; or if so, it was in the coach, — the packet, or the house of God. He had entered upon a crusade, and earnestly did he fight the battle—the battle with wrong, on an errand of richest mercy. 'Tis pleasant to follow poets and painters through their career of elegant literature and art; but a nobler feeling pervades the mind as we track the footsteps of Robert Newton. He was engaged in a work more important than to

gather flowers, or echo back nature's sweet music ; it was to open the floodgates of mercy to a perishing world—to shed the rays of light and love upon the dark minds of the heathen, and to proclaim to them the acceptable terms of mercy and salvation. In him we see the reflection of his Divine Master—a mitigated portion of that reflected radiance which the Hebrew Seer describes where he says,—“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken hearted—to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound ; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.” His earnest life—his benevolent and beneficent course, was only an outgrowth of that gospel he had so cordially embraced. It was this that prompted him to circumnavigate this and other countries—travelling from Monday morning to Saturday night, and frequently during the Stage Coach dispensation, all night long without a moment's sleep. It is supposed that at least he travelled six thousand miles a year under the slow transit movement, and from eight to ten thousand miles the year when railways came into operation, and engaged in public services twelve and fifteen times a week. To perform duties like these and for such a length of time as he continued them, required an iron constitution, and with such a constitution Providence had blessed him.

It would be somewhat strange if his career

through life was not mixed up with a good deal of what is termed adventure or extraordinary incidents. On one of his tours, while travelling on some cross roads, he was driven to the necessity of walking ten miles after leaving the coach, loaded with his travelling dress and carpet bag; and on his arrival at the place, had immediately to ascend the pulpit, when he went through the service without apparent fatigue.

“He was rather more fortunate, though not without his exercises on another occasion. The gig in which himself and companion sat, broke down. No joiner or blacksmith was at hand,—the vehicle was too much disabled to be dragged forward with temporary patchwork,—the time for public service was hastening on apace,—and eleven miles of ground had to be measured before the destined place could be gained. What was to be done? Though the preacher, owing to his incessant travelling, appeared to have discovered the secret of “perpetual motion,” the additional appendage of railway speed seemed also necessary; and it was at a time when locomotive engines were still a desideratum. He had often been in straits before, but rarely ever beyond the possibility of extrication; and fortunately, in this instance, though the gig was past travelling, his horse still retained the use of his limbs. The harness was thrown off, with the exception of the bridle, with its side blinds; and, bare of back, the laborious and unwearied preacher mounted—

unspurred—without whip—his long limbs swinging on each side of the animal—the animal itself unfit to keep pace with the steed of a Gilpin—and yet, by the aid of a switch, snatched from the hedge, and a pair of heels, compelled to amble it with a sprightliness seldom witnessed since its coltish days. It was a race against time; but the swains in the more rural districts, unacquainted with character and circumstances, would, in all probability—on seeing the rider flying through the country in such a plight, with his cloak streaming behind him, be in a state of vacillation,—and anxious to know whether he was escaping from justice, or only in the way of falling into its hands, in consequence of having taken the animal from the field of its rightful owner. To have seen a score of rustics in hot pursuit would have increased the effect; and Mr. Newton had occasion to congratulate himself in the absence of such a train on arriving at the place of destination.”

On another occasion, while occupying his favorite place, the coach box, the coach suddenly overturned, and falling on a hedge, threw the outside passengers into a field on the other side of the hedge. The disaster proved very serious to several of the passengers. Mr. Newton falling upon some ploughed earth, sustained no material damage. A labourer at work in the field ran to the spot, and assisting Mr. Newton to rise, thus accosted him, “Bless me, zur, I thowt I seed an angel ha yo in his arms.”

In the year 1821, the General Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held in City Road Chapel, on Monday, April 30, Colonel Sandys occupied the chair; and the Rev. Jabez Bunting, President of the Conference, the Rev. Richard Watson, the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, the Rev. Robert Newton, and others addressed the Meeting. When Mr. Newton was called on to second the resolution moved by Mr. Bunting, the Chairman introduced him as "coming from every where, where any concern is excited for the Wesleyan Missions or Missionaries." "Then" said Mr. Newton, "I must come from the four quarters of the World, as in each of the quarters of the World, friends to this cause may be found. I am happy, however, to meet with such friends in any country, or city, or town, or village. I deem it one of the highest honours of my life to be assembled with such persons, and engaged in such high and holy work. This is the Anniversary of what we call "the Parent Society," and perhaps it will afford you pleasure to hear, that in the course of the last four or five months I have had the honour of paying my respects to fifteen or twenty of her children, and I am happy in being able to say that they are all very well. They are not sleepy, dull, or disobedient children, but are all active, dutiful, and affectionate, and determined more than ever to exert themselves according to the will of their parent, to promote the glory of their *Saviour*, and the salvation of their fellow creatures. I will re-

late one circumstance to show the way in which some part of your Fund has been obtained. At one Missionary Meeting a man came with the intention of giving two shillings; but he saw several well dressed persons round him put *pence* into the plate; and he thought, if so many persons who seem to be my superiors, or equal to myself, give only pence, one shilling will do for me to give. Accordingly, he put one shilling on the plate, instead of the two, he had intended. The meeting closed; it had been an excellent one; and all were dispersed except a few friends who were engaged in summing up the collection. This man came into the vestry to them, with a countenance I shall never forget, advancing slowly to the table, laid down his other shilling, and said in his provincial dialect, "Tak it! Tak it!" The friends were naturally desirous to know the history of this shilling. "Why to tell you the truth," said he, "I came to give two shillings to the collection; but seeing many genteel people give pence, I thought one shilling would do for me; but in going down the street, my conscience smote me, and I could have no peace without returning and bringing the second shilling. There it is; Tak it! Tak it!"—On another occasion a letter was put into my hand, enclosing a one pound note. The person from whom it was received had attended the Missionary services, and, I dare say, had not neglected to give at the collection. But he said in the letter, "On returning this evening, and reflecting on the in-

teresting services of the day, it occurred to me, *have I done all that I could?* I could not answer this question in the affirmative, and therefore I must beg you will accept of this trifle in aid of the collection to-day." I was particularly pleased with this, because it was the effect of calm and deliberate reflection. Another case I would mention is of a most affecting nature. At Liverpool there is a young woman totally blind, who had been instructed at the Blind Asylum. After leaving the School, she got her bread by making baskets and other things which she had been taught to make. She had received the truth in the love of it, and was anxious that all the human race should be partakers of the same benefits as those which she enjoyed,—such is the power of religion upon all hearts into which it is received! Being in company with a Minister, she said, "You must accept of my mite to the Missionary cause." He said Betsey, what do you mean to give this? [It was a £1 note,] I fear you are doing yourself an injury by giving so much." "No," said she, "I can afford it, and you must take it; for I have been thinking thus; you know it has pleased God to deny me the power of vision, but, notwithstanding that I am without sight, I believe I can make baskets as quickly as those who can see. Now those who can see are obliged to use candles when they work in the evenings: but I need no candle; and in the course of the last winter I am sure I have saved at least £1 by wanting no candle, and

this I devote to the Missionary cause." This now, is charity of a very high and elevated nature, by which she was not only resigned to that Providence which had afflicted her, but made this very affliction the motive for doing good to the heathen."

On the 24th October, Mr. Newton re-opened the Methodist Chapel at WEST BROMWICH, which had been considerably enlarged. The expence of the enlargement was £350; the collections amounted to £250.

In the following year 1822, the Rev. Dr. Clarke was elected President of the Conference, and the Rev. Robert Newton, Secretary. A long and animated discussion took place on the subject of ordination by the imposition of hands: called forth by a motion made by the Rev. Walter Griffiths. Many were the arguments pro and con, but taking into consideration the needless introduction of anything new which might give rise to disputes and disunion with which the Societies had been so frequently agitated, the matter ended without a vote.

The following note respecting the Wesleyan Missionary Funds, illustrates the position of the Society and the general prosperity attendant upon their efforts;—

"The General Treasurers have the pleasure to state to the friends of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, that the amount of receipts for the year 1822 is £31,748 9s. 11d., being an increase above the preceding year of more than five thousand pounds.

Chapter Sixth.

Is stationed at Salford.—Interests of Methodism promoted.—New Chapel, Barnard Castle.—Stockton on Tees.—Itinerant Evangelist.—Element of power.—Anecdote of Wellington and Waterloo.—Mental Calibre.—Large trade with small capital.—High testimonial.—Agitation at Hull.—Lay Delegates.—Anniversary Meeting—City Road Chapel.—Dr. Chalmers.—Life in earnest.—Anecdote, post horse &c.

THE three years of Mr. Newton's probation at Manchester having expired, the Conference of 1823 held at Sheffield, appointed him to Salford. The Rev. Henry Moore was elected President and Mr. Newton was re-elected to the office of Secretary.

The Missionary or platform dispensation on which Mr. Newton had engaged for some time had been productive of much good. All the interests of Methodism had been promoted far beyond what the most sanguine had ever anticipated. His labours were not confined to the Wesleyan Churches. He accepted invitations to preach in other Churches, and make collections in behalf of other institutions, many of whom reaped the benefit of his powerful advocacy.

In the early part of this year we find him opening a new chapel at Barnard Castle, when the Collections and subscriptions amounted to £672 12s. 1d.

The Wesleyan friends at Birmingham had been for some time considerably inconvenienced, and the interests of Methodism impeded for the want of sufficient accommodation. All the sittings in the Chapel were let, and fresh applications were constantly made which could not be attended to. This compelled many who had received their religious impressions there, to seek accommodation for their families in some of the Churches or Dissenting Chapels. At length some adjoining property was purchased and the enlargement of the Chapel was completed. The re-opening of it took place on the 31st October, when the Rev. Robert Newton preached in the morning and evening, and the Rev. Richard Watson in the afternoon. On the following Sunday, Mr. Watson preached in the morning, and Mr. Bunting in the afternoon and evening, the Collections amounted to £353—Subscriptions previously—£1,700.

At Stockton upon Tees, a large Chapel was erected. The opening services were preached by Robert Newton, Theophilus Lessey, Dr. Macalium, and J. Hollingsworth. The Collections amounted to £200.

But it would be useless to attempt a detail of the various anniversaries he attended,—opening of new chapels, etc., as he was daily employed in such enterprises. It is doubtful whether any other Christian Community could have afforded such full scope for his labours as Methodism did. Some men are adapted for permanent pastors of con-

gregations, but Mr. Newton was born a *travelling Preacher*, and he was the greatest interant Evangelist of his day, and perhaps equalled by none since the days of the Apostle Paul. "Whose name has been more frequently placarded on the walls? Whose audiences in the gross have ever numbered more persons since the deaths of Whitfield and Wesley? Who in this wide world has more extensively gladdened and improved the social circle?—and passed through all by the grace of God with so unblemished a character as Mr. Newton?"

We eulogize not his intellectual character, or place him on a level with the learned and erudite Adam Clarke, or the accomplished and masterly theologian Richard Watson; but an element of power there must be to move such masses as he moved and retain his popularity for nearly half a Century. We recollect an anecdote of a certain gentleman who was extremely anxious to know how the battle of Waterloo was won. While attending a tea party given in Paris shortly after the engagement, he enquired of all with whom he conversed how the battle had been won. The Duke of Wellington was there and the curious gentleman applied to his Grace to solve the difficulty, "How was the battle won?" said the Duke; "well, I hardly know how it was won; the French fought desperately well, but I suppose the English fought a little better." And so we may apply the remark in point of Mr. Newton's popularity. The

Ministers in general preach well—do their work well, but we suppose he did it a little better.

“It has been the fashion of late” says an eminent man whose fortune it was to stand upon many a platform with Mr. Newton, and travel side by side with him from place to place; “to speak of Dr. Newton in reference to his mental calibre and actual acquirements, in terms of disparagement, sometimes of contempt. An unlucky sentence in the sketch found in the “Wesleyan Takings”—(I quote from the book, which lies before me, “No man living, perhaps, carries on such an extensive trade with so moderate a capital,)—has gone far to originate and spread this depreciatory sentiment, and, by consequence, to undermine that tower of reputation, so lofty, so far seen, which Dr. Newton had acquired. I cannot entertain this low appreciation. That Dr. Newton was not a scholar, not a polemic, not a metaphysician, not a man of science, I must admit; but believing as I do, that whatever engages and moves large masses of human beings must have power; and seeing, that for a period of thirty or thirty five years, he did this so as to be the cynosure of all eyes, and the praise of all tongues, I cannot think of Robert Newton but as a man endowed with power,—a power of mind, and manner, and fortitude, which thousands on thousands admired, and to which few were wholly insensible.”

The eighty-first Annual Conference of Wesleyan Methodism was held in Leeds, when the Rev. Ro-

bert Newton was elected President, and the Rev. Jabez Bunting, Secretary. The deliberations of the Conference were conducted in a spirit of harmony and love, and on almost every subject of discussion a remarkable unanimity prevailed. There was an increase in the Societies of 8,678 members.

During this year, considerable agitation prevailed at Hull and other places, concerning Mark Robinson's plan of lay-delegates to the Conference—a plan which has frequently been agitated, but which, like Bruce's spider, has met with a dozen defeats.

The Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting for the year was held at City Road Chapel. The preparatory Sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. Newton, R. Watson, and John Anderson. The Public Meeting held on the 3rd May, was presided over by Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M. P. Mr. Newton seconded the first resolution, and earnestly and efficiently pleaded the cause of Missions—He said “A design more glorious, more momentous surely cannot possibly engage the attention, or occupy the thoughts, or interest the feelings, or call forth the energies of human beings in the present world. That there are even formidable difficulties connected with our object is most readily admitted; still in the great work in which we are engaged, we distinguish between difficulties and impossibilities. Difficult the work may be; difficult it will be; but impossible it is not. We are not to ask what is attended

with difficulty; but what is duty. That duty is determined by law; and if it is from law that we are to learn duty, the law has already been stated by the worthy Alderman who moved the first resolution. Sir, we ought never to forget the language of our great Master, which is imperative, and which renders obedience indispensable. "Go," is the language he addressed to his disciples under circumstances of peculiar solemnity," standing on the threshold of this world, and addressing them as he was about to ascend his throne in heaven; "Go ye, into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature." This is language into which he has infused a portion of his own sacred energy; and which our hearts still feel, whilst its accents vibrate upon our ears. This great command has never been revoked; it is still binding on the Ministers and people of Jesus Christ; as his law is express authority, our duty is clear; and were difficulties ten thousand times more numerous and formidable than they are, still, because the Great Head of the Church has commanded us to engage in them, it would be our duty to do so with all our might: because the greater the difficulty, the greater necessity for diligence, and activity and zeal. It is dastardly to desert a cause because there are difficulties in it; true zeal and true courage will always rise with those difficulties which become the occasion of calling them into exercise; besides what are the difficulties that will ultimately stand against perseverance; against

persevering faith, persevering patience, persevering charity, and persevering prayer? This kind of perseverance will surmount all the difficulties which may now look us in the face." Mr. Newton was fond of quoting on these occasions that memorable definition of Methodism by Dr. Chalmers as "*Christianity in earnest.*"—and truly as regarded himself he exemplified the truth of it. His was life in earnest. He saw and felt the greatness and importance of the work entrusted to him, and threw into it the whole of his energies both of body and mind. He might very appropriately adopt the maxim, "the world is my parish,"—and such change of scene and service was in happy harmony with his entire constitution both physical, moral, and intellectual.

While intersecting the country on a Missionary tour, the coach was late, and he had to preach about four miles from the posting town to which the coach conveyed him. What was to be done? "Not a vehicle could be obtained—not a horse was in requisition—and every moment was necessary to reach the place of appointment in time. The preacher who was never without his "wits," and who, by his frank and obliging disposition, as well by his character as an orator, had established a line of friendship from "John O'Groats House," in Scotland, to "Lands End" in Cornwall, soon met with a friend. The postman hove in sight—an object as welcome as Dunton's "Post Angel," to his readers;—he knew the perplexed traveller;

the latter briefly related the circumstance in which he was placed;—the former instantly dismounted, when the preacher was as suddenly metamorphosed into a postboy. Entrusted with the whole epistolary affairs of Church and State, of the Commercial and Social world, the new equestrian clapped his heels to the horse,—off he went in fine style—the horn and pistols in their proper places—the bags flapping against the old stager's sides, and beating time to his pace—the postman trudging it on foot in the rear. Both horse and rider knew the way to Office;—they dashed through the streets and were soon at the door, where the newly transformed postman made an honest surrender of the letters and the horse, to the no small amusement of the postmaster and his family, who happened to be Wesleyans."

The increase in the Mission Funds for this year was reported by the General Treasurers at Four Thousand Pounds.

Chapter Seventh.

The Church compared to a building.—Rievaulx Abbey.—The church not in the building.—Church Catholic.—Mr. Newton at Rievaulx Abbey.—Anecdotes.—On smoking.—Helmsley Chapel re-opened.—Providential interference.—Removes to Salford.—Death of Joseph Butterworth, Esq.—Mr. Newton's remarks in Great Queen Street Chapel.—Platform accident at Blackburn.—Speech at Missionary Anniversary London.—Missionary Chest.—“Widows Mite.”—God's set time.—Debtors ninth instalment.—John Wesley, anecdote of—of Dr. Clarke, Watson, Newton, and Dawson.—Evangelical Preaching.—Practical Godliness.—Its effects.—Profanity and awful death.—Coach and Railway travelling.—The Christian's Death.

THE Church of Christ is compared in the beautiful language of Scripture to a building, and the ministers of the Church are the workmen or builders, while God himself is the Great Architect. The beautiful and romantic ruins of Rievaulx Abbey contains in itself almost all orders of ecclesiastical architecture, and has evidently been built by different workmen, and at different periods of time. This noble structure, which is an emblem of the spiritual Church, bears the traces of the different changes of mind and feeling during the brief period of its existence. And the Church of Christ exhibits a varying spiritual architecture, which develops the mind and feeling of the age.

The structure of the building is continually changing, to suit the changing time, for man's work perishes but the building is perpetual. Man rears the scaffolding against that portion of the building where the great Architect appointed him to labour, and we see when the scaffolding falls, that the Church was not in the turret, or the crypt, or the transept, or the nave, not in the choir or the cathedral, but in the great total whole.

The Church of Christ is truly catholic, and this was a favourite subject with Mr. Newton. He rejoiced in the catholic spirit of the church, and exemplified it in his general conduct. By way of simile we have referred to Rievaulx Abbey, and we may here notice a visit of Mr. Newton to this venerable pile, which took place only a few years ago. The chapel at Helmsley had for a long time been too small for the increasing congregations, and it was resolved to enlarge it. Lord Feversham promised to supply gratis the stones from his quarry, and the work was commenced in earnest. The small inconvenient square box was speedily transformed into a large, elegant chapel. Dr. Newton consented to preach the opening sermons, when the place was well filled and a large amount collected to defray the expense of alteration.

Several friends from Easingwold accompanied the Doctor to Helmsley, and it was arranged that the party should on their route visit Rievaulx Abbey, with whose majestic and extensive remains he was particularly interested. Whilst pacing the

aisles once vocal with the songs of monks, he took occasion to refer to the state of religion at that day, when Christianity was little better than a sort of Paganism, and the masses were plunged in ignorance and superstition. The light of Christianity did not show them the nature of the gospel which is "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." They saw "through a glass darkly," their faith was obscured, and ascended not to the outskirts of the throne, and prevented them from an intimate knowledge "of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Fear, slavish fear, was a powerful ingredient in their religion, but thank God he delivers us from this slavish fear; there is no fear in love; perfect love casteth out fear."

The Doctor was particularly communicative and interesting on this romantic route, for the journey from Easingwold to Helmsley via Rievaulx is truly a romantic one. It brought to mind some of his early recollections and the romance of youth. It appears that when a boy he was very partial to reading, and would frequently steal an hour or two from work or play to amuse himself with his book. He was sent to be a Druggist, but from this situation he decamped, as he had no leisure time for reading. He afterwards resolved to join the army, but in the mean time he got converted and became a soldier of Jesus Christ!

In the course of conversation some one of the party referred to the habit of smoking so prevalent among Wesleyan Ministers,—a habit which Mr.

Newton strongly reprobated, and he said what few of them can say, "I never smoked a pipe in my life." The Conference has endeavoured to put down smoking tolerating it only when recommended by a physician, and one of the questions asked a young minister before taking him into full connexion is "Do you smoke?" but somehow or other, most of them

"For pleasure smoke."

and with the pipe in their mouths like Daniel Isaacs, are ready to ask—

"Can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?"

as if knowledge was extended in clusters amid the vapours by which they were enveloped, and through which they were groping their way to the attainment thereof. We have no doubt whatever but like Milton, or Robert Hall, and many other great men, they enjoy much happiness in their meditations over the pipe, and many a thank-offering ascends with the burnt offering for the blessing which Providence has wrapped up in the narcotic weed.

It was during his sojourn in the Manchester Circuit, when he experienced what he was himself pleased to designate a Providential interference and deliverance. Manchester at that day was not what Manchester now is, and betwixt Cheatham Hill and Manchester there was a lonely desolate

spot which was frequently the scene of robberies and depredations. Mr. Newton had been preaching one week night at Cheatham Hill and on returning on foot, a large dog of the Newfoundland breed came up to him just on entering this lonely way, and continued to walk by his side. When about the middle and most dismal part of the doleful region, two suspicious looking fellows made a sally from the hedge as if about to seize Mr. Newton, but the dog set himself in a defensive attitude and gave a large growl, when they skulked back again to their retreat. The dog accompanied Mr. Newton till he got to Salford. He patted the dog and tried to coax him to go home with him, but as soon as they arrived at the outskirts of the town the dog turned back and Mr. Newton never saw it again. This anecdote has undergone several transformations with the most egregious emendations, but the above is fact, and was frequently related to our informant, in contradiction of the absurd versions of the same story.

In the year 1826, Mr. Newton removed from Salford to Liverpool South, in which circuit he remained for three years, and from thence to Liverpool North, where he also travelled three years. During the year 1826, the great friend and supporter of Wesleyan Missions, Joseph Butterworth, Esq., late M. P. for Dover, and General Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, died at his house in Bedford Square. Mr. Newton, at the following anniversary thus eulogizes his character.

“It was my privilege to enjoy the personal friendship of Joseph Butterworth, Esq. For some fifteen or twenty years past, on my visits to town have I been entertained under his hospitable roof. It has been my privilege to witness his personal and domestic piety, and to see family worship conducted under his roof with such solemnity and fervour, as perhaps, I am not saying too much when I say, I have never elsewhere witnessed. “As dead, and behold he lives ;” he lives with kindred spirits before the throne ; and if the spirits of the departed have any acquaintance with human affairs, who can tell but a Whitfield, a Wesley, a Coke, a Martyn, a Butterworth may be looking down from the crystal portals of light and are beholding the proceedings of this assembly! “As dead and behold he liveth ;” he lives in the example he has left of extraordinary diligence, and quenchless zeal and ardour in the cause of religion generally, and of the cause of Christian Missions in particular. I am not going to expatiate upon the many virtues which marked his character in public or private ; it has been presented before them, and many have been taught to “glorify God in him.”

The large chapel in Great Queen Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, was completed in 1828, and was opened on the fifth of October by Mr. Newton and the Rev. James Dixon. Mr. Newton preached from 1 John iii. 2.—“Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that, when he shall appear, we

shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is." This sermon is published in the pulpit.

" It was I think in this year" says the Rev. James Bromley, "that we met on a missionary occasion at Blackburn. The proceedings had not advanced far, when the entire platform,—a fragile structure, put together by some knight of the thimble,—suddenly gave way, and with a crash came to the ground. Happily, and in a way I could never explain, I came safe on my feet to the floor ; when the first object that caught my attention was Mr. Newton suspended in mid-air, holding by his hands to the rail which had been in front of the platform. From this perilous position he was soon relieved. A few bruises and a few torn coats were all the mischief done ; and a crowded meeting in the evening, which Mr. Newton made more eloquent by the incident, amply compensated for the alarm."

In the year following he preached the annual sermons of the Missionary Society at London in connection with the Rev. Theophilus Lessey. The annual meeting was presided over by the Right Honourable the Earl of Mount-Cashel. At the close of a powerful address Mr. Newton remarked —" I have the pleasure to state that at Liverpool, our subscriptions this year have exceeded those of the twelve months before by nearly eighty guineas. A small box has been put in my hand, which reminds me of a prodigious missionary chest, which two sons of Hercules exerted their physical force

to bring on the platform at Liverpool. When opened, it was found to contain thirty pounds in half-pence, which came from the yard of a stone mason, the proprietor used to urge his men, when he was paying them, to put something into the missionary chest to promote this good cause. The men took the hint, and in about six months the sum of thirty pounds was collected. Another circumstance I may mention is, that a woman, without saying a word, put into my hands a small silk bag. I found worked on it, "Widow's Mite," and it contained ten guineas. At one meeting I received a note in these words, "The writer believes that the cause of Missions is pre-eminently the cause of God; and is persuaded that the set time to favour the cause of God is come. She has the pleasure to subscribe herself a friend to Missions." It contained one hundred pounds. Some kind friend has just conveyed to me this note, "A debtor's ninth instalment, fifty pounds."

There is an anecdote respecting Mr. John Wesley preaching at Lincoln, in 1790 from these words—"One thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed in a tone of great surprise, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest person in the chapel might have understood him?" The gentleman to whom the remark was made, replied; "In this, madam, he displays his greatness: that whilst the poorest can understand him, the most

learned are edified and cannot be offended." And Dr. Clarke while delivering an address to the young preachers assembled at the Conference at Salford, referred to a circumstance which occurred at the Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting. Himself, Robert Newton, Richard Watson, and if we mistake not, William Dawson were preaching the Anniversary Sermons. When the Doctor was retiring from the Chapel he was close behind four gentlemen in earnest conversation on the merits of the Anniversary preachers. "What think you to Mr. Newton?" exclaimed one of them. "Oh he's a fine orator, a noble fellow, with a good voice, but Richard Watson's the man for depth of thought and beauty of expression. He's the intellectual preacher; give me Watson." "Well I prefer Newton" says the other, "and I like Dawson" says the third. "And what think you to Dr. Clarke?" says the fourth, "Ah!" say they "the Doctor, why any old wife can understand him." "Now" says the Doctor, I felt this to be the highest compliment they could have paid me; and I want you all to preach so as the "old wives can understand you."

Such was the character of Mr. Newton's Sermons. They were plain expositions of truth,—simple enough to be understood by the village congregation, and sufficiently profound to interest the learned. The great characteristic of his preaching was its evangelical tendency. Christ was exhibited in the fore-ground of his subjects.—His

sermons were replete with the grand doctrine of the atonement. He preached

“Him first, him last, him midst and without end.”

And what he preached to others, he felt and experienced himself. You could not listen to him without being convinced that he was in close alliance with his subject—that what he felt and expressed, with confidence he proclaimed to others. The advantages of a life of godliness he had himself experienced, and he strove to convince others and especially the young of its importance and superiority. Speaking upon the subject he says,—“True religion is that which has a supreme regard to God; the religion that comes from God; the religion that conducts to glory and to God, the religion of which God is at once the Author, the object and the end. It comprehends a saving knowledge of God, a knowledge of his forgiving love, as the God of salvation; and then knowing God, and realizing my interest in him I must love him. And loving God, we shall always seek intercourse with him. We know very well that human beings who are attached to each other—which attachment presupposes a mutual acquaintance—naturally and invariably seek for all opportunities of enjoying each other’s society. The man is never so happy as in the society of his friend. But when we know God, we love him—and when we love God, we love him supremely—and when we love him supremely, then shall we not seek for

every opportunity of maintaining the sacred intercourse? Christianity by the lofty, the vast, the glorious objects which it presents to the human mind, elevates and expands the mind, and thus a man soon evinces the possession of a capacity and power of intellect far beyond what he possessed, or at least, what were in exercise, previously to his conversion to God. And how can it be otherwise? If the mind receives its impressions and its character, intellectually as well as moral, from the objects with which it is conversant, and if the objects which religion unfolds to the view be so lofty and glorious—God, and Christ, and heaven, and eternity, and salvation—are these not likely, nay, is it not in the necessity of things, that these should expand, and purify, and exalt all the powers and faculties of the mind? Religion must be profitable—why, it preserves a man from intemperance and extravagance—from sloth and idleness.—It is profitable in the morning of life,—profitable at the noon of life,—profitable to cheer and gladden the eventide,—profitable at the close of life. I will here adduce two facts, one of very recent occurrence; another that occurred some few years ago; both came under my own personal observation.

“Behold first an awful instance, a man living in this world without piety, without God, without Christ, without hope. And yet this man at one period of his life had made great professions of religion, and as far as man can judge of man, had walked worthy of that profession. But that man

like many other men, besides, became by and by ensnared by the vice of drunkenness. Of course he soon gave up all professed regard to religion, and then as a sort of antidote to the accusations of his conscience, he tried to persuade himself that religion was all a nonentity and a dream. Thus the man lived—not very long, however, for by and by disease came upon him, and I fear that disease was superinduced by his ungodliness. What then? If ever I saw a human being who to all human appearance was abandoned of God, and of whom God had said “he is joined to his iolds, let him alone,”—let him alone conscience—let him alone ministers—let him alone God’s spirit—don’t strive with him again” I think he was that man. I could tell you where he lived, I could conduct you to the spot. I forbear to mention names—relations survive him. His agonizing wife besought me to converse with and pray for him, I did so. Never can I forget his looks—I saw the horrors, the malignity, the despair, that was painted in this man’s countenance. When I spoke to him, what reply did he give? “I want none of your advice—I want none of your prayers—I am lost!” In vain did I try to talk to this man of the mercy of God in Jesus Christ; in vain did I tell this man that Jesus came to save the chief of sinners; in vain did I speak to him of the super abounding mercy of God. “I want none of your advice—I want none of your prayers—I am lost—I am a fallen spirit!” I besought the God

of mercy, for the Saviour's sake, to be gracious to the man; not a single assent to any prayer I offered up. And in this wretched condition did I leave him. His wife still anxious, still agonized, sent for a pious neighbour, who was treated by the man in the very same way. At length, alas! as if his poor emaciated skeleton body, by some sort of preternatural influence had been worked up to an unnatural strength, he sprang from the bed on which he was laid, crying out, "O God, I cannot die;" and rushing towards the door, fell down and expired! "O my soul, come not thou into their secret,—and with ungodly and apostate men, mine honour, be not thou united!"

"Behold another case—the reverse of this, blessed be God. A case which occurred very near my own residence at Liverpool—the death of a pious man. He was a man in humble life, who had long been distressingly afflicted with an asthma; and with whom I had many a pleasing opportunity of conversing. One day a message came to me—and I have often been thankful that I had an opportunity of witnessing the closing scene of that man of God—the messenger informed me that if I wished to see John alive I should go immediately. I hastened to the spot. Oh, what a contrast to the former scene;—the man as to outward circumstances indeed, a poor man, but, oh, rich in faith. When I entered the room, he recognised me, and, with a smile upon his countenance, he said, "Oh, the Lord is good." And

when I talked to him about his situation, and the love of God in Jesus Christ, his eyes were suffused with tears, and, looking at me through those tears, he said, "Sir, the fear of death, the fear of death, is taken away—my blessed Redeemer liveth." Yes, he that died and rose again was remembering this man, and blessing this man, even at the trying hour of nature's dissolution. In a short while his breathing was interrupted, and you could scarcely suppose him to breathe again; after some time, however, he did breathe again, and he look up, and with the mellow placidity of the dying Christian enthroned upon his countenance, while the eyes that appeared all but shut for ever were lit with heaven's sweetest radiance, he exclaimed, "O, to depart and to be with Christ, !—none but Christ,—none but Christ." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Give me the religion that makes me happy while I live—give me the religion that makes me triumphant when I die—that is every thing—I need, I wish no more."

Chapter Eighth.

Warrenite agitation.—Dr. Warren's expulsion.—Mr. Newton succeeds to his pulpit.—Appeal.—Courts of Chancery.—Attack upon Mr. Newton.—Decision of Vice-Chancellor.—The Rev. James Dixon and Mr. Newton.—Removes to Leeds.—Gold Medal.—Stopping the supplies.—“Mr. Newton and the Collection.”—Anecdote.—Visit to Cornwall.—St. Ives.—Missionary Meeting.—Old fisherman.—Sir Peter Laurie.—Rev. Richard Warner.—Bishop of London.—Dr. Hurd.—Bishop Jebb.—Dr. Priestley.—Arthur Aikin.—Lord Stanley.—Dr. Johnson.—Robert Newton at Newcastle,—the pitmen.

THE year 1835 is memorable in the annals of Methodism as the eventful epoch of the Warrenite agitation. Mr. Newton, Mr. Bunting, Dr. Warren and several other ministers of the Connexion were selected as a committee, and appointed by the Conference to make arrangements for the better education of young preachers. This subject, for the last few years, had been before the Conference, and it was now agreed to establish a Theological Institution, and that the whole of the young preachers should be admitted on the establishment. Matters went on well for some time, and Dr. Warren concurred in the proceedings, with the exception that he wished it to be denominated “a College;” but when the qualifications of suitable persons for officers came to be discussed, Dr.

Warren dissented from the rest of the Committee, and declared hostility to the whole scheme. His reasonings and complaints were heard at the Conference, but without making any impression, and his propositions were overruled by a large majority. Dr. Warren, not satisfied, published a pamphlet, in which he contrived to make out a case of distress, and represent himself as an injured man. A number of the respective societies concurred with the writer of the pamphlet, and formed themselves into an association whose professed object was to produce some organic changes in the constitution of Methodism. The District Meeting requested Mr. Newton to undertake the superintendency of the first Manchester Circuit in the Doctor's place, and this suspension from office induced Dr. Warren to appeal to the Court of Chancery, to obtain an injunction against Mr. Newton and the Trustees of the Oldham Street Chapel, all of whom concurred in the expulsion from their pulpit; and against those Trustees of the Wesley Chapel in Oldham Road, who also approved of the suspension and of Mr. Newton's ministry in that place, two or three of the Trustees of the latter chapel making common cause with the Doctor and uniting with him in applying to the Court for his restoration to the exercise of his ministerial functions. The case was argued by a learned counsel before his Honour the Vice-Chancellor, who decided in favour of the Conference. Mr. Newton fell in for a large share of opprobrium from the dis-

senting party, on account of his being appointed to supersede Dr. Warren in his office of Superintendent of the First Manchester Circuit. The Vice-Chancellor in summing up the case remarked:—"every preacher of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and indeed every person in the Connexion, must be fully aware, that among the class of individuals who, as an Apostle has declared, shall be excluded from the kingdom of Heaven, the reviler is expressly mentioned. It appears, that Dr. Warren considered himself justified in publishing a pamphlet in opposition to the Wesleyan Theological Institution; and he commences by using these words:—"I think it my duty to give the body generally an opportunity of examining the validity of the grounds on which I opposed this measure, to record my protest against it; and, at the same time, to set myself right with those who may have received impressions artfully circulated to my disadvantage, for the purposes of prejudicing my cause and rendering my statements unavailing." He then proceeds to describe what took place towards the conclusion of the meeting of Conference; and speaking of the Rev. Robert Newton, he says, "That individual, with an affected air of frankness, volunteered the following communication to me." Now, every body must see what is implied by the word "affected;" and I think such a phrase, applied to a gentleman of Mr. Newton's respectability, is very unseemly, and not what one would have expected from Dr. Warren."

The learned Vice-Chancellor in the course of his remarks was pleased to pass the following eulogism on the Wesleyan Methodists. "It is my firm belief, that to that body we are indebted for a large portion of the religious feeling which exists among the general body of the community, not only of this country, but throughout a great portion of the civilized world besides. When, also, I recollect, that this society owes its origin and first formation to an individual so eminently distinguished as the late John Wesley; and when I remember that, from time to time, there have arisen out of this body some of the most able and distinguished individuals that ever graced and ornamented any society whatever,—I may name one for all, the late Dr. Adam Clarke,—I must come to the conclusion, that no persons who have any proper understanding of what religion is, and regard for it, can look upon the general body of Wesleyan Methodists without the most affectionate interest and concern."

The Rev. James Dixon, alluding to the unseemly calumnies and misrepresentations heaped upon Mr. Newton by the Warrenite party, remarks, "Man is sometimes a mighty creature. When did Wellington and Napoleon appear greatest?—In the battle field, in the presence of the enemy, and in the midst of the roar of cannon. Then came forth genius, calculation, the flash of the enlightened and bold eye,—the dauntless courage never to yield. And when did Mr. Newton appear what

he is? No man in our connexion, it is probable, has done so much in the way of incessant travelling, and other exertions to increase the funds by which the Wesleyan Missions are supported, and therefore in that respect no one deserves so much of the Parent Society,—deserves so much from a perishing world, or from the Christian Churches which we have planted in distant countries,—as my most excellent friend; and if grace, if kindness, if frankness, if honesty, could have sheltered any man from the pelting of a mob, Mr. Newton must have been sheltered. How has he borne the brunt? How has he met the battle? Has he turned from it? He has not; and he is here to-day, alive and well.”

Methodism has had many such shocks and convulsions, and no doubt they have tended to purify and consolidate the system; and many more she may expect, for like every other human institution, she bears the marks of great imperfection. The storm, the tempest, the thunder, the lightning are necessary for the purification of the atmosphere and the general health of mankind; even so are the storms in our moral hemisphere—they teach us to cease from man—to put not our trust in princes—in chariots or horses—or human institutions “but in the name of the Lord our God.”

We sympathize not with the quaint, stereotyped language of a certain class who exalt the Methodism of old at the expense of the Methodism of the present day. Dr. Clarke frequently remarked, “I

am sick to hear some people talk about *Original Methodism*. I declare to you that to my own certain knowledge, there is more of genuine piety, this day in the Methodist Connexion, taking numbers for numbers, than I ever knew since I began to preach;" and Mr. Newton has frequently borne testimony to the truth of the above statement.

From Manchester, Mr. Newton was called to labour in Leeds, in which town he remained for six successive years. At the Conference held in Birmingham in 1836, a gold medal was presented to Mr. Newton and Dr. Bunting, as a mark of esteem for their talents and public conduct, and of respect for the offices which they sustained.

About this time, the great "hue and cry" in Methodism was about stopping the supplies, but somehow or other they continued to flow, not ebb, in a continuous increasing stream. On the Anniversary of the Missionary Meeting held in Exeter Hall, Dr. Bunting introduced Mr. Newton and the Collection without the formality of a resolution, but at the same time handing him Mr. Crowther's (of Morley,) Cheque for £1,000, observing "On a much worse text than this, or, indeed, on no text at all, Mr. Newton can make a most admirable Sermon." And a most admirable speech Mr. Newton did make, at the close of which Mr. Thomas Farmer handed to the Chairman a cheque for £500, a donation for himself.

Mr. Newton in the course of his speech remarked:—"We had a very interesting meeting the

other day in the country, and it fell to my lot to occupy the pulpit in the evening. After the meeting dispersed I stepped into a neighbouring house, I was sitting there, quite alone, until a man *sans ceremonie*, came and opened the door, and looked at me so steadily, and with an expression of so much solicitude, that I became quite alarmed. At last I said, "Whatever is the matter?" "Matter, matter," said he, "I'm none satisfied about this." "About what," said I. "Why, about this business," said he. "What business?" I enquired. "Why" said he, "the condition of these poor creatures, these poor Heathens. I have been a mile on the road: it is very dark and very dirty; I was thinking about all you and the others have been telling us, and surely you would not tell us what was not true." "God forbid;" said I, "that we should; the whole that we told you was truth; and we might have told you much more." "Well," said he, "I gave a shilling, and I thought that was pretty well for a man in my situation. I left the meeting and got a mile on the road; but thinking on these things, I thought that if I went home, having given only my shilling, I might have no peace; I was therefore like to come back again," and taking a sovereign out of his pocket and lay it before me, the man's countenance began to brighten up, so that you might have supposed the sunbeams were playing upon it; he began to smile and said, "Ye're like to tak it," and then shaking hands with me, as if he felt he were at peace with

me, and at peace with his own conscience, away he walked, caring nothing about the dark night, and the dirty road which he had to travel over again.

About this time Mr. Newton visited Cornwall, and was delighted with the spirit of Missionary zeal and liberality of the Cornish people. He says "I am not very young now in this work, but I now speak of a spirit of zeal and Christian liberality which I think, went beyond anything I ever met with. It would be almost invidious to make a selection out of the many instances of liberality I have met with, yet I feel desirous in my heart to name a case. In the little town of St. Ives, a little fishing town, where there are not more than three thousand inhabitants of all grades and professions, at the Meeting, in the afternoon, one of the deputation was appointed to preach; and on Tuesday afternoon, what did I see? Why, as I passed along, I saw shops closed, houses shut up, and business at a stand. I enquired if there had been some awful mortality. "O, no," said my friend, "without any previous arrangement, the inhabitants have all resolved to shut up their houses till the sermon is over." I absolutely saw one or two large spirit shops closed. At that meeting, crowded and overflowing, what do you think the Collection was? One hundred and forty five pounds, at that little fishing town. And then there were the proceeds of what we should call in the Metropolis, "a bazaar." The fishermen's

wives, sisters, and daughters had been employing their time in constructing articles of curiosity, and perhaps of utility, too; and in disposing of them they realized fifty seven sovereigns, making a total at their Anniversary of £202 in the little town of St. Ives. About half past ten o'clock at night, I was at the house of a friend, when there came in an old fisherman, and said to me, "O, Sir, I am glad to see you. I heard you preach at Liverpool seventeen years ago." Sitting down, he said, "Why I feel I have hardly given enough; but nobody knows what I have given, I keep that to myself." He asked when *his* meeting was to be. Said my friend "O, our meeting was on Friday last." "Indeed!" said the old man, "I am sorry for that, because I should have liked to have given ten shillings to it." "O" said my friend, "the accounts are open yet, and you are not too late now;" and he immediately gave his ten shillings. He was told that the Meeting was to be at St. Ann's next week. "Next week!" the old sailor said, and immediately burst into tears. I think I see the old man now, with a face that had endured many a pelting storm, and a head as white as the drifted snow. "Ah, my father," he said, "was a St. Ann's man: if you will take ten shillings more for St. Ann's, and do not tell from whom it came, but only that it came from the son of a St. Ann's man, I shall be gratified." He then took out a sovereign from his pocket, and gave it. My friend was preparing to give him the change; "No Sir" said

he, "it shall all go." My friend thanked him cordially. "Not so," said the old sailor, "do you know that I am naturally very fond of these things; and if I were to follow my own natural inclination, I should get as many of them as I could, and keep all I got. It is not I, but the grace of God: therefore let all thanks be given to Him."

The labours of the first Methodist Preachers were eminently successful amongst the miners of Cornwall and Newcastle, and the good and glorious work has been steadily progressing since that day. Sir Peter Laurie describes them as Apostles to the miners and the manufacturers. "Wherever" he says, "you see the enterprize of our countrymen establishing mines and manufactories, there you find the unobtrusive, diligent Wesleyans following in the track, and supplying those miners and new settlers with religious instruction by raising tabernacles for the worship of God, and endeavouring to lead souls to heaven."

The following testimony of the blessed effects of Methodism in Cornwall, is from the Rev. Richard Warner, Curate of St. James' Parish, Bath, and Rector of Great Chatfield, Wilts. This learned and voluminous writer in his "*Tour through Cornwall*, p. 302 after describing the happy change produced upon the minds, the morals, and the circumstances of the Cornish miners, states,—“You will naturally enquire *who* have been the immediate instruments of so much good, in a district so unlikely to exhibit such appearances? And I feel

I am but doing justice to a class of people, much, though undeservedly caluminated, when I answer, the Wesleyan Methodists. With a zeal that ought to put to the blush men of higher pretensions, those indefatigable servants of their master, have penetrated into the wilds of the mines, and unappalled by danger or difficulty, careless of abuse and derision, and flexible in the good work they had undertaken, they have perseveringly taught, gradually reclaimed, and at length, I may almost venture to say, completely reformed a large body of men, who without their exertions, would probably have still been immersed in the deepest spiritual darkness, and grossest moral turpitude. The irreligious fools of the world, and the interested asserters of *exclusive establishment privileges*, would probably consider this tribute of praise to the Wesleyan Methodists, as the dotage of enthusiasm, or the cant of disaffection; but from *you* I may expect a more favourable conclusion. In *your* heart there is a corresponding chord, which will vibrate with pleasure at the view of so ample an harvest of good, whoever may have been the labourers employed in sowing seed; and will be ready to bear grateful testimony to that exemplary zeal, which, under the sanction of higher auspices, has been the means of producing it."

Bloomfield, Bishop of London in his charge to the Clergy, delivered in 1837, remarks "that the Methodists have faithfully, though irregularly, preached the Gospel in many *neglected* districts.

Dr. Hurd, an Episcopalian, says, "the great spread of Methodism has certainly contributed to set people in general upon things of the greatest moment to them; and I will venture to assert, from my own observation, that there has been such an appearance of seriousness, and such a concern for religion, visible in all ranks of the people, since it has so much prevailed, as cannot be remembered in any such period of time since the Reformation. Their very enemies will scarcely deny, that they have greatly contributed to establish order and civility among the common people; that they are (I mean the real Methodists; for Presbyterians, Quakers and every other sect have been personated as well as they, for interested and vile purposes) a peaceable, upright, and praiseworthy set of people; that they cannot, upon their principles, distress, but must add strength to the hands of Government; and that their rise and amazing progress have roused the established Clergy from that lethargy into which they had fallen, and engaged them to be attendant on the charge to which they were so solemnly pledged."*

Bishop Jebb, admits that "with all its alloy, there is much pure gold in Methodism. I solemnly believe that it has been the providential means of reviving and diffusing, far beyond its own sphere, that inward spiritual religion, which is diffused through our Liturgy, but which had been,

* Hurd's History of all Religions.

before John Wesley's rise, almost banished from our pulpits, by the cold rationalizing, spiritless system of morals which came in fashion about the Restoration, and reached its acme about the middle of the last century."*

Dr. Priestley, the well known antagonist of evangelical religion in addressing the Methodists says:—"By you chiefly is the gospel preached to the poor in this country, and to you is the civilization, the industry, and sobriety of great numbers of the labouring part of the community owing." Another Socinian author, and member of the Geological Society of London, Arthur Aikin, says, "I am acquainted with no place, the manners of whose inhabitants are so unexceptionable as Ambchurch, and the favourable opinion which I was led to entertain of them last year, is confirmed by what I have observed at present. Not a single instance have I known of drunkenness; not one quarrel have I witnessed during two very crowded market days, and one of them a day of unusual indulgence, that I passed at this place; and I believe no gaol, or bridewell, or house of confinement exists in this town or neighbourhood. Most of the miners are Methodists, and to the prevalence of this religious sect, is chiefly to be attributed the good order that is so conspicuous."†

Lord Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, at a

* See Jebb's Life.

† Aikin's Tour through North Wales, p. 147.

public Educational Meeting, held at Preston in Lancashire said, "Others might speak as they thought but from his lips the name of John Wesley should never be heard to issue in other than terms of the highest respect and reverence. He was satisfied, that although they might have cause to regret the schism of his (Wesley's) followers—of a most numerous body, from a communion with the Church of England, yet by his zeal, energy, and pious exertions, Wesley, at a time when Churchmen were more supine or less active than they should have been, raised up amongst them a spirit of rivalry; and although at later times dissent had greatly added to the numbers of those who possessed a large amount of religious knowledge, yet, by kindling the energy of the Church, it had added materially to its efficiency."

The British Critic, an Establishment organ, contrasts John Wesley with Napoleon Buonaparte. "The name of Napoleon is indeed imperishable. but it is written on the annals of Europe, not on her *institutions*. His gigantic footsteps were on the ocean-sand; and the waters have closed upon them, and have swept away their traces,—even as it were the toyish architecture of childhood. The name of John Wesley lives in the system which he founded. It is written *there*, in characters which are daily expanding, and becoming deeper, as that system spreads. He was a mighty religious legislator. The foundations of his polity are broad and deep; and the spirit of internal discord must

become potent indeed, before it can rend his superstructure to pieces!"

We will just give the testimony of the great Apollo of Literature,—Dr. Samuel Johnson, respecting Methodism. He says, "Whatever may be thought, of some Methodist teachers, I could scarcely doubt the sincerity of that man, who travelled nine hundred miles in a month, and preached twelve times a week: for no adequate reason, merely temporal, could be given for such indefatigable labours. Methodism," he adds, "is to be preferred for real usefulness."*

An article in the Methodist Magazine for 1838, styled Cornish Methodism, says, "The duties of the deputation have been onerous, eleven services having been volunteered beyond what were appointed; seven of which were tendered by Mr. Newton: and that much of our success under God, is attributable to the estimation in which that extraordinary man is held in Cornwall—as in every other place—is unnecessary to be intimated. The missionary work, however, has evidently a tenacious hold upon that part of our Connexion; and we every where understood, that it was the maxim of Cornish Methodism "never to recede."

The spirit of piety which had exerted such a blessed influence amongst the miners and fishermen of Cornwall, had long been felt, and enjoyed by the pitmen of Newcastle. Here John Wesley

* Boswell's Life of Johnson. Vol. I. p. 435; Vol. II, p. 122; and Vol. III. p. 25.

always found a crowded audience, and his preaching was attended with amazing influence. In the year 1839, a New Chapel was erected in Blenheim Street, Newcastle, which was opened in October of that year. The Rev. Robert Newton, and the Rev. Theophilus Lessey preached the opening Sermons and the Collections, including Mr. Bunting's visit in August were £902. In this year, the Eighth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, met in Newcastle, and Mr. Cargill, a Member of that Association states, "that when the wages of the pitmen round Newcastle were less than they are now, crime was far more abundant; and that much improvement in the moral condition of the colliers had been effected by the labours of the Wesleyan Methodists."*

* Atheneum for 1838, p. 602.

Chapter Ninth.

Religion described.—Its effects.—The moving cause to action—to true greatness,—to missionary enterprise.—Robert Newton's holy ardour,—true benevolence,—not a revivalist.—Caughey.—Stoner.—Mrs. Wilson and her husband converted under Mr. N's. preaching—The "iron age."—Steam conducive to the spread of the gospel.—Anecdote,—Centenary of Methodism.—Lessey and Newton.—The widowed mother and her son.

THE best definition of true religion ever given to man, is that of the Apostle John, and it is comprised in that little, but infinitely wide meaning word, "Love." Men of cold heart and unregenerate nature, are often amazed at the arduous, self-denying, and persevering exertions of Christian men, to enlighten, bless, and save the world. Doctor Johnson was puzzled to solve this difficulty, and no amount of worldly wisdom, or human learning, can fathom the depths of Divine Love—the love of God in procuring man's redemption,—love received into the spirit through the medium of faith, and then flowing back to its source in a ceaseless stream of holy affection, dutiful compliance, and zeal for God's glory. Worldly minded men look upon the laborious exertions of Christians as efforts put forth from pecuniary motives. Frequently have we heard the remark made

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by such characters respecting Mr. Newton, that nothing but a large salary could induce a man of his position, to sacrifice all the comforts of domestic life, and expose himself to a continuous course of toil, hardship, and fatigue. They knew not the secret spring—the Love-Life action in the soul, which prompts the Christian man to deeds of noble enterprise.

The genius of true religion is Love—love to God and love to man. When the Son of God became incarnate the angels sang the grand object of his mission, which was, “glory to God and peace and good will to man;”—when the Saviour finished his great redeeming work, the monument erected to his memory was inscribed on every side, “Salvation to man and glory to God;” and every faithful minister of Jesus Christ is a partaker of the dying legacy of his Lord,—“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

Love is the propelling motive to this noble enterprise. It lights up the interior of the soul with heavenly fire and causes the “earthly house” to go forth with radiant energy in the mission of mercy. God hath not given to his people the spirit of fear; but of power, of love, and of a sound mind.” “And thus” says an eminent writer “you ascend to the thought that love to God is the foundation of all real enthusiasm; it is the source of all strength; the love of the distant intensifies our love for the seen, the palpable and the near; the

greatest characters have had their faith, their power sustained by this highest of all emotions; it nerves the spirit with a holy daring; it makes the soul strong to be, to bear, to do, to suffer; it makes duty instinctive. Love is the great revealer, it shows to us wonderful knowledge; but *this* love lets fall a most resplendent beam upon our whole path; the world's greatest sons have derived their energy here, received their first lesson here. The love of God gave fervour and ardency to the tongue of the Apostle, kindled his life with high and holy zeal. The love of God sent the Missionary to pace over burning deserts and icy wastes, to encounter the horrors of famine and desolation, the beast and the savage. The love of God has raised the soul of the martyr to dare the torture and the shame, the scourge and the fire, and to triumph over the death agonies, the cruel rackings and sufferings. And the love of God incites many a weak and fragile frame in this day to dare perils, to rise to self denial, and all the protracted endurance that only piety can possibly know:—piety whose final reason is “the Love of Christ constrains us,”—“We love Him because He first loved us.”

If love and love only can inspire men with high and holy zeal, and noble action, Robert Newton must have possessed a large share of this heavenly feeling. Influenced by this principle and animated with its holy ardour, he surveyed this world like a spirit of the blessed, and laboured incessantly

to promote the glory of his divine master, and spread the light and influence of religious truth in the earth. Many times have we seen him apparently throw his whole soul into the sentiments of the poet, while giving out from the pulpit those truly devotional lines:—

Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;

and it was no small share of Christian benevolence which influenced his manly heart. It bedews the whole tenor of his life,—and has been manifested in a thousand little tokens of kindness and love, which by word or act or sympathy he has sprinkled up and down the walks and ways of his earthly pilgrimage.

And “his labours were not in vain in the Lord.” We have heard the remark, that Robert Newton’s sermons though powerful in their delivery and clear and intelligent in describing God’s method of saving sinners, were not accompanied with a large share of Divine unction, and that the seals to his ministry were of rare occurrence. It is undoubtedly true that he went not through the land as a flaming torch—he was not a *revival preacher* like Mr. Caughey or Stoner; he was better calculated to build up the waste places of Jerusalem than to demolish the strongholds of Satan. His preaching partook of a higher order, and was characterised by a more noble and dignified bearing than these fiery meteors of Methodism. But his

appeals to the unconverted were not unfrequently attended by secret conviction, and if the effects were not always immediate, they were often "as bread cast upon the waters;"—as so many living things which continued the companions of thought with his hearers, either to trouble their consciences upon the importance of personal salvation, or to guide and cheer the way-worn pilgrim in his onward progress to the heavenly world.

A case is just now to hand, and as it illustrates the Providence of God, and the truth of that philosophic adage, 'that great events often proceed from little or insignificant causes,' we beg to introduce it. When Mr. Newton was stationed in the Huddersfield Circuit, Mrs. Wilson a gay and thoughtless lady, the wife of George Wilson, Esq., who was essentially a lover of pleasure, and frequently designated, "the gayest of the gay," while walking out one Sunday afternoon, was led by a shower of rain to take refuge in the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, where Mr. Newton was officiating as minister. She was greatly struck with his person and address, bearing, as she thought, some resemblance to the person and address of Kemble, the celebrated actor, whom she had often seen and heard in London; and the subject of his discourse so arrested her attention, and so operated upon her feelings, that she went home, she scarcely knew how. She said to her husband, "Where do you think I have been?" He said, "Nay, I do not know; but perhaps to the church." She re-

joined, "No; but I have been to the Methodist Chapel; and there I have heard such a man as I never heard before in all my life; and if *he* be right, Wilson, *we* are sadly and dangerously wrong!" Mr. Wilson looked at her with perfect astonishment, and with deep concern, exclaiming, "My dear! whatever is the matter with you?" Her reply was, "I scarcely know; but this *is* a most wonderful man; and you *must* and *shall* hear him for yourself." He did so; and his attention was arrested, and his feelings aroused to an equal degree with hers. They were both attracted to this distinguished preacher again and again. They felt the force of the truths which he delivered, irrespectively of the eloquent and impressive manner in which he delivered them; and in short, the Gospel came unto them, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Mrs. Newton was in the habit of meeting a class of females. Mrs. Wilson was soon induced to join them.* Mr. Wilson joined another class. Both found "the pearl of great price," and exemplified the Christian character by a truly pious life and conversation.

The "iron age" of steam and railways had now come into full operation, and a mighty change had taken place in the mode of transit. This is one of the greatest improvements that has been effected by the late discoveries in science. The old coach system which went forth in all the "pride and

* Memoir of G. Wilson, Esq., Meth. Mag. 1839, p. 874.

panoply" of an imperial mandate "amid the trampling of fiery steeds, the thundering of wheels, and the shouts of admiring spectators, bearing its load of passengers and of intelligence over the country at the rate of some nine or ten miles an hour."

"The cantering team, the winding way,
The road side halt, the post horn's well known air,
The inns, the gaping towns, and all the landscape fair,"

are now, notwithstanding honourable members declared within the walls of Parliament that "railways were dangerous and delusive speculations, likely to be a drag on the country,—the fanatic movement likely soon to become a suitable contemplation of the antiquary, and that every hill and valley would behold falling arches and ruined viaducts;" yet these railways have introduced a new era, and we smile at the stupid old system as we fly rapidly over the country, drawn along by an iron steed, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour.

That railways are, and have and will be a great facility for the spread of the gospel and the general diffusion of light and knowledge is universally admitted. Mr. Newton found the great advantage of this new era in his multifarious intersections of the United Kingdom, as he now could accomplish a far greater amount of labour in the same time, the transit being so expeditious. And when this great gigantic scheme of steam power, shall intersect the whole habitable globe, uniting nation to

nation and continent to continent, the vast races of men will be more closely united in the bonds of mutual intercourse, and they will learn the great lesson that they are "the children of a common father, brethren of one great family, and heirs of the same destiny; and that their highest happiness is to be promoted by the diffusion over the earth of peace and good-will among men." Heartily do we concur in the beautiful sentiments of the poet:

"Lay down your rails, ye nations, near and far ;
Yoke your full trains to steam's triumphal car?
Link town to town; and in these iron bonds
Unite the strange and oft-embattled lands.
Peace and improvement round each train shall roar,
And knowledge light the ignorance of yore;—
Men joined in amity shall wonder long
That state had power to lead their fathers wrong;
Or that false glory lured their hearts astray,
And made it virtuous and sublime to slay."

During one of Mr. Newton's excursions before railways came into full operation, he had on a public occasion to take up his residence with a gentleman of considerable property. "Having to start early next morning, his host repeatedly, and impressively laboured, to rid him of all care, by inducing him to take no thought for the morrow; telling him to sleep soundly—that the servants would be up in time,—that breakfast would be ready,—and that he should be seen in time to start in the morning. Though he was more than usually impressed with the kindness and manners of his host, yet, as was customary, he relied upon

his own habits and resources. He sallied from his chamber in the dark, the next morning, a few minutes before starting time. On finding no one up in the house, besides himself, and unwilling to disturb the family, he slipt stealthily down stairs, and, with some difficulty, unfastened the front door, which he drew softly after him. Alas, on reaching the iron gates, he found them securely locked. To retreat was useless, for the door of the house had been fastened on drawing it behind him. He was unwilling too, to disturb the family by knocking; not only so, but before they could be roused and attired he would be too late for the conveyance. To scale the gates was impossible, and the iron palisade was high and hazardous. He at length succeeded in suspending his carpet-bag upon one of the rails, hanging it in such a way as to be able to unhook it on the outside; and with still greater difficulty, succeeded in climbing over himself. A police officer, unseen by the preacher, was peeping past an angle, and watching all his movements. The want of lights in the house,—the quiet observed—the absence of attendants—the bag—the scaling of the rails—all looked exceedingly suspicious. On unhooking the bag, the traveller pushed off. The policeman, equally active and wary, never for a moment lost sight of—as he opined, the house-breaker; anxious, at the same time, to know where he was about to deposit his booty. Just as the traveller arrived at the booking office, and the officer was on the point of

tipping him on the shoulder, with—"You are my prisoner," a gentleman, going to proceed by the same conveyance accosted him by name—"O, Mr. Newton, is that you?" when the policeman retired, both amused and disappointed. The name of the preacher was familiar to his ear, and it was a passport for integrity and freedom;—a name that has been placarded in almost every city, town, and village in the kingdom."

The year 1839 was the Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism, and we cannot pass over this event without a brief notice, as the name of Robert Newton was mixed up with all the movements of that important event. During the preceding year, a general movement in Methodism took place, and all eyes were directed to the Centenary year as a great religious festival. A General Pecuniary Contribution Fund was to be opened as a Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the personal and public benefits derived, by his blessing, from the labours of Mr. Wesley and of his coadjutors and successors, since the establishment of that system, the Funds thus obtained to be applied to various purposes for the enlargement and extension of the Christian Church, and the diffusion of piety and morality in the earth.

At the Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, April 29th, 1838, the Rev. Theophilus Lessey remarked—"Allow me just to mention, merely to revive in your mind what the President referred to,—that this is our

centenary; and I do long for a more glorious expression of liberality. I have been told by a London friend, that you were determined to bring the income of this year up to £100,000. That friend said, "we will pledge ourselves for London, if you will pledge yourselves for the country? Now what say you, Mr. NEWTON?"

Mr. NEWTON.—I have given a pledge already.

"Then I am happy," says Mr. Lessey, "to be in good company, and I will therefore, Sir, pledge myself for the country." The total amount raised for the Centenary Fund far exceeded all human expectations, and instead of £100,000, considerably more than twice that amount was poured into the Methodistical coffers by a generous public.

Mr. Newton, like a skilful general with a well disciplined and well trained army, had gained confidence in the Methodist people, and having tried the experiment of 'pledging' on a previous occasion, he could without hesitancy become security for his country friends, whom he knew would not disappoint him. In urging the necessity of increased liberality in the cause of Missions Mr. Newton remarked, "Alas! what is it we give in this way, compared with some? I heard a case some time ago, which affected me exceedingly. A widowed mother's only son, (though she had two or three daughters) felt it in his heart to offer himself to us as a candidate for a foreign mission. He was accepted. The time came when he must leave his mother's roof, and take leave of those

most dear to him; but O, the parting moment, when that came! The mother, the son, and the sisters, joined in prayer to God, and then the son took leave of his sisters. They retired overwhelmed with grief; and then the mother and the son threw their arms around each other's necks, and remained for some time in silence, except giving vent to the sobs connected with the tears they shed. At last the mother, as though raised above herself, and out of weakness made strong, said, with a firm voice,—“My son, call your sisters back again.” He went and called them into the room, “Now,” said the mother. “let us again kneel down:” they did so; and she gave utterance, in a firm tone, to a prayer in expressions like these:—“O God! I received this my son from thee. The first time I heard his voice, I gave him to thee. Thou knowest how often, in my closet since, I have given him to thee; and now that thou has deigned to accept him, I give him to thee and to thy work. Accept him, preserve him from evil, make him very useful, and if we never meet again on earth, may we meet in heaven!” Again on earth they never can meet: he is in the high places of the foreign field, and God is blessing his labours; but his widowed mother has passed away from this world of sorrows and of grief, and her sainted spirit is now before the throne of God.”

Chapter Tenth.

Visit to America.—New York Spectator.—Token of regard.—Preaches before the House of Representatives.—Amazing popularity.—Lays the foundation stone of a new church.—Preaches at the New Methodist Church in Williamsburg.—Immense congregation.—Sketch of sermon.—Closing labours.—Last sermon.—Resolutions passed.—Dr. Bang's address.—Parting scene.

It had been resolved at the preceding Conference that a Representative should be sent from the British Conference to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and that, if the Secretary, Mr. Newton, could reconcile it with his domestic feelings and interests to be their Representative, the Conference would appoint him. Mr. Newton consented to undertake the Mission, and early in the Spring of 1840, he left our shores for the western world. His appearance in the United States was hailed with such demonstrations of enthusiasm as monarchs and conquerors only are entitled to expect. According to the "New York Spectator," when he was introduced to the meeting of the Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church, held in the Green-street Church, every individual in that large assembly rose to his feet,—“a high and unusual token of regard,” it is said, which evident-

ly affected the reverend gentleman, who took occasion to say, that in all his public labours he never felt himself more greatly honoured, nor more deeply sensible of his own unworthiness than at that moment." Never was such a sensation produced in the mind of the religious public of America, and the public press teemed with plaudits in honour of the British orator. The New York Intelligencer gave the following announcement:—"A very celebrated and eloquent preacher, belonging to the British Wesleyan Methodists, and now representing that numerous and respectable body of christians, as their delegate from the British Conference, yesterday preached an impressive and eloquent sermon in the House of Representatives of the United States. The capacious hall and galleries were unusually crowded, and many hundred attentive auditors stood during the whole service in the aisles and lobbies of the house. The congregation was certainly one of the largest ever witnessed within its walls, and comprehended most of the members of both Houses of the National Legislature, and a vast number of very distinguished citizens. The discourse was one of the most powerful and eloquent pulpit addresses that we ever remember to have heard. At the close of his sermon, the reverend gentleman made some very happy allusions to the eloquent addresses which he had the pleasure of hearing on the previous night, in the House of Representatives, at the American Education Convention, and main-

tained, that education, science, and learning were the honoured and powerful advocates of Christianity.”

The three months of Mr. Newton's sojourn in America was spent in visiting the Churches, preaching Sermons, addressing public meetings and travelling by rail, steam boat, or other conveyance. On his return, at the Alne Missionary Meeting, where he gave an epitome of his visit, we recollect him stating that frequently on the following day he had to preach one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles from the place he had preached at on the preceding night, and his astonishment was excited very much to find that several of his hearers he had recognised, who had followed him all that distance.

Previous to his departure from America he laid the foundation stone of the New Methodist Episcopal Church in Bedford-street, New York. A building which cost £14,000 and erected by voluntary contributions of the members of the Episcopal Methodists of that city, and which formed the fourteenth Church belonging to the Episcopal Methodists in New York.

The ceremony was performed in a very impressive manner. It commenced and ended with prayer. On laying the stone, Mr. Newton delivered a very beautiful and affecting address. He spoke of the steady advancement of the cause of Christ, in this country as well as in the old world; he exhorted the members of the New Church, that

was to be built, to love one another and above all to love Christ, to obey his precepts, and follow his example; and he looked forward to the time when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep. Under the stone was placed a Bible, prayer-book, the papers of the Church and their discipline.

On Sunday morning Mr. Newton preached at the New Methodist church, in Williamsburgh. It was announced that he would preach in the open fields, and that tents would be erected, and awnings to shelter the audience. These were put up on Saturday, but the rain storm coming on, they were all taken down. Although it rained yesterday from four o'clock, a. m. till noon almost without intermission, there were upwards of 5000 people assembled in and around the new building, called the "First Centenary Methodist Church," at the farther end of the village of Williamsburgh. Over 100 vehicles of all descriptions, were there, and the scene was one of the most curious that could possibly be imagined. The church was crowded to suffocation, and as all the work was new and green, great fears were entertained that the galleries would give way, and that even the church would fall. The confusion was very great, and some had to be brought out in a fainting state. Singularly enough, the front foundation of the church is a rock, and the back part is new made ground, filled into an old pond. The result was that the back wall of the church sprung nearly

three inches from a perpendicular line, and alarmed many for its safety and their own. Notwithstanding this, however, no one would leave their seats till the close of the services.

Outside the church the scene was of a singular character. A row of unfinished buildings adjoins the meeting-house, and the bricks, sand, mortar, and timber for these, half block up the road. The road itself was knee deep in mud; carriages, hacks, wagons, carts, gigs, and all sorts of conveyances on wheels were jammed in between each other. Hundreds of delicate and beautiful females were paddling through the mud, mortar, and sand and lime, with their garments drenched in rain. Groups of men stood about the building beneath umbrellas, discoursing the strength of the edifice, the prospect of its falling, and the policy of alarming the audience gradually, or getting Mr. Newton to announce it from the pulpit. Other groups were complaining heavily of the disappointment, and insisting that Mr. Newton ought to come out of the church, and get into one of the unfinished buildings, and preach to the whole of the people out of doors, in the rain. Some pickpockets were there, and one old silver-haired gentleman lost his pocket-book, containing money and valuable papers.

Mr. Newton preached from that beautiful portion of the New Testament where Christ joined the disciples going to Emmaus, and talked with them by the way; proving the truth of Christianity

by his resurrection, and commanding them to preach the Gospel to all the world, beginning at Jerusalem. Mr. Newton truly observed that the truth of the Christian religion was for ever proved beyond the possibility of dispute, by the resurrection and ascension of Christ. By his death, and the shedding of blood, he fully atoned for the sins of all who believe in him; by his resurrection on the third day, he proved the truth of the prophecies, of the scriptures, and of the Christian religion; and by his ascension to the right hand of God where he shall live for ever and ever, he is accepted by the Almighty as the surety for those who believe in him unto the salvation of their souls; and he intercedes with the Father as the mediator and atonement for the manifold sins of the human race.

Mr. Newton very beautifully observed that no greater proof could have been given of the truth of the religion taught by Christ, than the fact that he ordered his disciples to begin speaking of and preaching on the great events of his life, death and resurrection, *at Jerusalem*. At the very place where they all occurred, and where they would certainly have been contradicted at once had they not then been true. If (said Mr. N.) they had been told to go to a place 100 or 200 miles distant from the scene of action, and tell of the striking and glorious events of the life of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the Saviour of Men, where the inhabitants knew nothing of the circumstances, a doubt

might have arisen in the minds of many; but beginning at Jerusalem, while the circumstances were fresh in the memory of all, and beginning there, too, by the positive order of Christ himself, was proof sufficient to all but the Infidel.

Mr. Newton also showed the folly and wickedness of the lie circulated by the Jews when they said that Jesus had not risen from the dead; but that the apostles had stolen the body whilst the soldiers slept. He concluded by an eloquent appeal to all to persevere like the disciples in the path of truth. And though opposition the most bitter, and malice, and envy, and hatred, and falsehood combine to crush it, and for a time to cloud, yet that it will eventually triumph over all, and shine brighter than ever; coming out of the furnace of persecution, like gold, that is seven times purified.

Mr. Newton was listened to with great attention, by two thousand, of whom two hundred stood outside the church, all the time, in the pelt-ing rain. It is supposed that at least two thousand went from New York to hear him. Last night he preached to another crowded audience in Vestry-street, and hundreds went there] but could not find room. On Monday morning at five o'clock, he preached in the Allen-street church. This closes his labours in America.

No man who has ever been among us from England, since the days of Summerfield, has had so many and such ardent admirers. Not a soul that

has heard him but loves and lauds him; not a murmur of disapprobation have his labours elicited from any one; every time he has preached or spoken he has been attended with crowds of attentive and respectful listeners; and when we say that we part from him with deep regret, we know that we speak the sincere sentiments of all who knew him.

Since he has been here, he has travelled nearly or quite 2000 miles, and preached and spoken at public meetings nearly 100 times. All his sermons and speeches have been excellent, and highly spoken of, and at the great religious anniversaries in this city, his was decidedly one of the two best speeches made during the week. He has laboured in love, and with zeal, knowledge, and piety; his efforts will be like bread cast upon the waters, and verily he will have his reward.*

Mr. Newton preached his last sermon in the United States on Monday morning, before breakfast, in the Allen-street Methodist Chapel, and sailed on the same day for England in that splendid packet ship, the George Washington.

The services were announced to commence at five o'clock in the morning, and the church was opened at four o'clock. Even at that early hour, there were crowds of pious and aged men and delicate females around the door. The morning was beautifully bright and clear; the rain of the previous day had cleansed the streets and sidewalks, refreshed the trees, and imparted an appearance of

* Closing Labours in America.

newness and sweetness to every thing. The sun rose about half past four, in its clear, unclouded majesty, and with an unusual brilliancy of splendour, shedding down rays, smiling and golden, as it were, upon the well clad cheerful groups that were to be seen winding their way towards the church, through Grand, Broome, Forsyth, Eldridge, Hester, Walker, Allen, Norfolk, and the various other streets around. And in fact, from the remotest parts of the city; from the Battery and the farthest end of Broadway, and the Bowry, patient and pious people of all denominations, were plodding along to hear Mr. Newton's farewell sermon.

By five o'clock the church was filled, crowded in every seat, and even at that early hour, there was scarcely any standing room. So anxious were the people to hear him, that as they approached within sight of the church, old and young, male and female, actually began to run, as if they had heard the last bell of a steam boat, previous to leaving the wharf, and were afraid they should be left behind, and lose an important journey.

By a quarter past five o'clock, the church was crammed almost to suffocation in every part; there was not standing room for a single soul, and hundreds on hundreds went away disappointed, whilst hundreds remained outside, content even occasionally to hear the sound of the preacher's voice, and to join in the hymns, anthems, prayers, and songs of praise.

Mr. Newton on entering the chapel, immediately gave out the beautiful hymn, commencing with:

“Happy the souls to Jesus joined.” &c.

He then engaged in prayer, and we may just remark here, that his prayers were a complete litany, and came nearer our notion of what public prayer should be than any uninspired composition, except our venerable Protestant liturgy. Unlike nearly all pre-composed prayers, they had no pretty turns of thought, no mere literary graces, no recondite allusions, no formal order of subjects, no theological pedantry; they were simple in language, natural in order, humble in tone, fervent in spirit; full of confession, supplication, intercession, and thanksgiving—the utterances of the heart.

Mr. Newton took for his text the following:—

“Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.”—Philip. chap. iv. ver. 6, 7.

He then began.—Religion is indeed the soul of happiness to man; for where can such happiness be found as exists in religion? Religion is righteousness; religion is peace, religion is joy in the Holy Ghost. And where righteousness exists, and where peace exists, and where joy exists, real solid happiness must be there along with them. The fruit of righteousness is peace! And what tree, tell me, is there that can bear such blessed fruit?

The effect of righteousness,—reasoning by the divine philosophy, from cause to effect,—the effect of righteousness is quiet, holy, sacred, blessed peace.

And oh, how many there are, now living, who can testify the truth of these things? How many know, to the everlasting consolation of their blood bought souls, that the fruit of righteousness is happiness and peace—solid, substantial, never ending bliss. And how many there are who have tested the truth of that maxim in Christianity, that the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace.

Still, it is not to be dissembled that there are many now who make a profession of religion who are not happy, and who do not possess that peace which passeth all understanding. And why is it that this is the case? Is the promise false? oh, no! Has the Almighty altered his purpose? oh, no! Is the salvation of Jesus less effectual than it was when this promise was written? Not at all; not in the least. How is it then, that these men are not happy? Is religion changed? Oh, no! It made people happy in the olden time, and it can do so now.—What it was, it still is. What it has done, it can do again. It is, like its author, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Suffer then, my friends, a word of admonition—the apostolic admonition. Be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God. Very well. Do this; and what shall be

the result! Why, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.

Mark then, three things in the text ;

1st—The evil to be avoided.

2nd—The course to be pursued.

3rd—The happiness to be enjoyed.

And, first—Be careful for nothing. The Apostle, by this, did not mean to say that the Christian was not to care for anything: that he was not to care for his own household, or family, or friends. By no means. He is to care, and to care truly and affectionately for all those. He that does not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel. But the word "careful" in the text, means that the Christian should be *anxious* for nothing. The Christian is to care for the church. He is to care for the country to which he belongs: patriotism is a virtue. And he is to care for the good, and the welfare, and the prosperity of that country. He is also to care for the great community of human beings all over the world. Thus you can see what is meant by this when you refer to the language of the Psalmist. David said that no one cared for him. That was very wrong. They ought to have cared for him. And this truly Christian spirit and example was evinced by the apostle Paul, in one of his epistles, where he said, he cared "for all the church."

By "care," here, then, is meant improper anxiety. We should be anxious for nothing. It is not the

mere care that is objectionable, but the excess of care. Our care is excessive when it becomes inconsistent with a spirit of peace, and love, and holy calmness. Let me suggest, then, one or two things: There was a very good woman whom Jesus was in the habit of visiting when on earth, and who always made him and his disciples welcome whenever they came to her house. And, on one occasion, when he went to her house, she was not quite so well prepared to receive him as she wished to be, and her mind was a good deal troubled about it, and she was anxious and full of care and uneasiness. And whilst Jesus was seated, preaching the blessed gospel to his disciples, the young sister of the good but anxious woman, sat at his feet, listening to his holy doctrines with the innocence of a young child, and drinking in every syllable that fell from his lips with all the simplicity, and tenderness, and beauty, and confiding affection of a first and early love. But Martha was full of care and trouble. But still it was her love that did it. And shall I do as some have done. that is, unchristianise poor Martha, because her love for her master made her anxious and full of care. Oh, no. It was her love, and nothing but the fulness of her love that did it. Martha came to him full of this care, and said, "see, my sister is doing nothing: bid her rise and help me to minister unto thee and thy disciples." And how did Jesus behave on this occasion? How did he rebuke her? Was he harsh? Oh, no. How gentle and kind

was his conduct to her. There was a tenderness and pungency in the very way he used her name. "Martha! Martha! thou art cumbered about many things, but Mary hath chosen the better part." Behold, how tender and affectionate was this remark. Thou art cumbered. Thou art anxious. Thou carest too much for these little matters. What an example does Jesus set to us in this touching reply to poor Martha.

And the heart of Martha was just in that state that the Apostle alluded to, when he warned the Philippians about an excess of care. Her heart was just as if a string was pulling this way, and another that way, and one in this direction and another in an opposite direction, and all in fact pulling different ways, distracting her mind, and filling her full of anxiety and care. And how are we to know when we are inside of the bounds which the Apostle desired the Philippians not to pass. Where are we to draw the line of demarcation? Why, we may be sure, my Christian friends, that when our heart is in this state, as if it was pulled by strings in different directions, and is divided and torn by anxious solicitude, that then we are over the line; that then it behoves us to stop short at once, alter our course, commend ourselves with prayer to God, and in the language of the text, be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, make our requests known unto God.

Our text says, "Be careful for nothing;" and by this the apostle meant to tell them to avoid the ex-

cess of care. Care is always excessive when it induces any thing like an unchristian temper. I have sometimes seen professors of religion as anxious about the affairs of this world, and their business, and their worldly pursuits, as if the salvation of souls depended upon a fortunate business result or speculation. And I have also seen some who were so anxious to carry out certain plans, that they did not always weigh well the course they were pursuing to obtain that result. This is wrong. This is acting like anything but Christians. It should be avoided altogether. And above all things, we should never pursue even a right end by wrong means.

Some professors, too, there are that are so carried away by the concerns of this life, and by their worldly cares, that they seem entirely to forget that there is any such thing as an overruling and protecting Providence. Why, how wrong this is. What says the Evangelist? I tell thee that not even a little sparrow falls to the ground without the regulating care of an overruling Providence. And of how much more value are ye than many sparrows? Yea more; so great and so complete is the protection of Providence to immortal beings, that even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Never forget, then, that there is a Providence, all wise, all seeing, all powerful, to protect you. Cease to be so anxious, you that are in the state which the apostle refers to in the text. It is worse

than idle; for all anxiety is useless. You may care, and care, and care, till you are drawn to a state of the greatest perplexity, and you may be anxious to distraction; but it will all avail you nothing. It will neither comfort, nor relieve, nor benefit you in the least. For, which of you by being full of care, or by being full of anxiety, can add one cubit to his stature? or which of you being full of care, can add one moment to the sum of his earthly existence? or which of you by being anxious, even to utter wretchedness, can make even one small hair white or black? Why, then, should you be anxious?

But, anxiety is wrong in another point of view. It is injurious to the physical health. It affects the body as well as the mind. It lacerates the heart of man; it tears his very vitals, as it were. And it renders his breast so unhappy, and so miserable, and so dark, and so full of tempestuous feelings, that the bird of holy quiet leaves it. The lovely dove of peace cannot remain long in such a stormy atmosphere. And wo to the man in whose bosom the blessed bird of peace is not to be found. Care and anxiety, then, hurts both the body and mind. It injures both the physical and mental health of the human being who indulges in it—or, rather, gives way to its baneful influence. But on the other hand, a peaceful happy mind renovates, and refreshes the body. It acts like a valuable medicine on the physical health, and benefits all who possess it. There is a homely and trite expression

in our language that describes very admirably the effects of this excessive anxiety on the body of man. We meet with a friend or acquaintance in our walks, and we converse with him a few moments, and then we pass on until we meet with another friend, and we say to the last person, "Why, I met so and so, or such a one, just now, and how *careworn* he looks." And that is just the effect that this anxiety has upon the human frame. You can trace it on the face. The deep lines of care are ploughed into furrows upon the features of those who give way to it; and they look miserable, and wretched, and unhappy in their countenances, and they feel just as miserable, and wretched, and unhappy as they look.

And there is another reason why this anxiety should be avoided by the Christian. It exerts an unhappy influence on all those who are about him. If he is anxious and full of care, and trouble, and sorrow, those of his family who are constantly with him, are almost sure to be in the same situation. They imbibe the troubled spirit from him. For there is nothing so certainly true as that every man carries his own atmosphere about with him; and this is either salutary to those who inhale it, or otherwise. Thus the atmosphere of the wicked is pestilential and poisonous. The atmosphere of the good is healthful and full of all that is beneficial to the moral health of man; whilst the atmosphere of the mere professor of religion, is one of the most dangerous and corrupting that can be imagined.

And again, anxiety should be avoided, if only because it conflicts with the admonitions contained in the scriptures. It is written, "let your moderation be known unto all men." And by the word "moderation" here, we are to understand, purity of feeling, and love, and patience, and prayer, and joy, and rejoicing. Let your joy and rejoicing for the goodness of God unto you, be known unto all men. And what moderation, then, can there be in an anxious man; in a care-worn man; in one that is always possessed by a troubled spirit?

Again the apostle says, "Rejoice always." How can an anxious man rejoice? How can he whose whole heart is filled with care and anxiety—how can such an one rejoice in the Lord Jesus? Again the apostle issued his commands to the churches, to this effect:—"In patience possess your souls?" How can an anxious man do this? He cannot obey the commands of God, whilst he is a slave to the schemes of the enemy of souls.

But again there is another strong reason why a Christian should avoid this state of anxiety. An anxious heart is an unloving heart: and how can he, whose soul is destitute of love hope to be included in the promises of Christ and the blessings of his salvation. Why there are many now in our churches, who are so filled with this anxious feeling, that they have as much need as the vilest sinner to begin again to lay the foundation of good works, to undergo the death unto sin, and the new birth unto righteousness, to be stripped

of all the vain glory that they have thrown around them, and to be washed in the blood of the Saviour.

You will ask me, then, what course you ought to steer.- I will tell you, just that which the Apostle has told you: Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the Apostle here has spoken, as it were after the manner of men. We are to go and make our requests known unto the Almighty as our best friend. We are to unbosom ourselves to God. But Paul did not mean, when he wrote this, to say that you were to shut yourselves out from all worldly advice and assistance, such as you can properly obtain. You may consult with your earthly friend about your case and about your situation; for happy is he that hath a friend to consult with when in trouble and in affliction. You may consult with your family; and happy is the man that hath a family to comfort and console him when in distress. You may consult with your minister; and happy is the man that hath a good and pious minister to go to for advice and assistance in his mental difficulties. And I wish that the practice of consulting the minister was more generally practised than it is by those Christians whose souls are unhappy. There used formerly to be a very excellent plan adopted by the old divines, which we read of in their works, where they speak of cases of conscience. By this it appears that when

a Christian got into a state of mental perplexity, and was troubled in his soul, he would go to the minister, lay the state of his heart before him, and ask for his advice and assistance. And these were called cases of conscience. And much good was done by many of the old divines, who never thought it a trouble to be applied to in this way, but who took a delight in endeavouring to relieve the distress of the Christian's mind. Look at that man, Baxter, for instance; see how many books he wrote, and how many sermons he preached; more than any one that ever lived in the same space of time; and yet, besides all this, he attended patiently and prayerfully to an immense number of cases of conscience that were laid before him. And I would to God that there was more of this spirit now, and that this practice was universally adopted in the churches.

But still, at the same time, I know that there are many who will say when applied to on this point, "I have been to my friend, and have consulted him; and I have been to my family, and I have advised with them; and I have been to my minister, and have laid my case before him; and they are poor miserable comforters all of them; and there is nothing that can be done that will be of the least benefit or relief to me. Not so! Poor oppressed soul! Not so! There is one other comforter. You have forgotten him. You have not been to him who is the greatest of all comforters. You have not asked his advice or sought his

assistance. There is God! who lives and reigns. God! the great comforter of all who come to him. God! the all wise. God! all love. God! all powerful. The God of goodness and the God of grace. Never forget him, poor soul, in thy prosperity or in thine adversity. He loves you to go to him: He wishes you to seek him in every trouble; concerning every thing, whether it be a small matter or a great one, go to God; lay your case before him, believe in him, and your soul shall find peace and joy in believing.

But, then, by some, I know that there is frequently a difficulty started in this way—"Is it proper that I should go to the Almighty Ruler of the universe and trouble him with these little things of mine? I know that it might be right if I had some great subject of vast importance, to go to Him, and lay the case before Him, and to ask assistance of Him. But in these small and trifling affairs of mine, I don't think it right to trouble God about them." This is the difficulty, and this is the unwise reasoning. Here is the error that so many Christians fall into. Don't humanize the Divine Being. Don't think of Him as you would of an earthly sovereign. It would not be right for the people of any nation to go to the head of that nation with every small trouble and claim assistance. No earthly Ruler could attend to all this. But with God nothing is too great, and nothing is too small for his kindness and his notice. He is everywhere; he is all-wise; he is all goodness; he

is all merciful, and he is omnipotent, filling heaven and earth, time and eternity, with his goodness and power.

Don't degrade yourself, then, by these unworthy thoughts. Recollect yourself. Who are you? Don't speak of little things. There is nothing small and unimportant that is any way connected with such an awful thing as man. Remember who you are, and what you are! You are the offspring of God himself, created in his likeness. You are heirs of immortality! You are blood-bought souls destined to live for ever—for ever—for ever! And can there be any thing that is little connected with these important things? oh, no!

"Great and little," are but relative terms; and where the soul is concerned, there can be nothing that is little connected therewith. Besides all this, we have the precious promise in the blessed Bible: "*In every thing*" make your requests known unto God. Not merely in this thing, or that, or the other thing, as we may think proper; but in *every thing*. And the Bible means what it says. There is no need of a learned interpreter to explain this passage to us. For it is evident to the poorest capacity, that when it says every thing it means every thing. And the Bible generally means what it says upon the face of it. I know it is very much the fashion with some to twist and torture many passages of scripture, and to give them half a dozen different meanings. But the common-sense application of the scriptures is the best application

that can be made of them ; and a common-sense view of them is generally the right view.

Well, then, what says the text in our Bible: "In every thing by *prayer, and supplication, and thanksgiving.*" And first there is prayer to be employed. Prayer means that we are to ask the Lord to give us something. And "supplication" means something more than mere prayer. We are to *entreat* for it; we are to *implore* God to give us the blessing we need; we are to *supplicate* Him. But we are not to bring forward any thing of our own; we are to advance no merit, no desert. Excluded be our every boast. We are to plead for it; to plead the blood and sufferings of Jesus; to plead the merits of his death; to plead for that for which Jesus died; to plead for that for which Jesus lives; to plead for the blessings which his resurrection secured. And these blessings we are to demand as our blood-bought right in the name of Jesus. Never forget the importance of this. Always take Jesus with you when you go to the footstool of God.

And then, there is something more. Prayer and supplication is not all. There is "thanksgiving" to be employed. Thanksgiving which so few ever think of. I remember when I was a boy, an expression of that all but sainted man, Fletcher, which sunk deep in my young heart, and which I never forgot. [That good man would walk frequently six miles from the village of Madeley, in Shropshire, where he lived, to meet perhaps not so

many pious souls as he had walked miles in the wet and cold, and stormy nights all delicate as he was—and when he would reach the little circle to talk to them of Jesus, and of his love, they would say, “oh! Vicar, we didn’t expect you to night—you are not strong,—and the night is wet and cold, and stormy, and you ought not to have walked this distance to-night.” And his reply would be, “If but one soul is comforted by my teaching, I am abundantly blessed.” Well, I remember that when he was travelling on the continent of Europe, with a view to restore his health, and the good people at Madeley, whose pastor he was, had sent him some little presents, (for he had but a small income,) he in writing to them, in one of his pastoral letters, full of tenderness and truth, and piety and love, uses this beautiful expression: —“I am poor in nothing but thanks!” Poor in nothing but thanks! Oh, how many there are who should treasure up this sentence and act upon its precepts.

And yet how few there are who remember to be thankful to God for his goodness. They know when they’re in need. And they remember to pray; and if their prayer is not answered, they supplicate and entreat and implore the blessing. And yet when they get it, how few think of the thanksgiving. They seem to think that there is no necessity to return thanks for the goodness of God. Such is the case with almost all. Were there not ten cleansed? And where are the nine? Only one

remained to give thanks to God. Oh! for a grateful heart!

And let us never forget in the darkest day of our distress, that we have a way open for comfort. That the path to the throne of God is clear. And that we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. Never forget this blessed truth, amidst all the troubles and trials that may assail you. If there is a dark side to your condition, there is also a bright side. If there are sorrows, there are also joys. If there are troubles, there are also blessings. And the blessings at last will always be found to outweigh all the crosses and trials.

Do not complain that your lot in this life is cast as it is. Do not murmur because you are not as rich as your neighbour, or that you have to toil while others do not. If a man suffers himself to be filled with anxiety, and carping care, it will soon make him lose the grace of prayer—he will soon lose the life of prayer—and he will soon lose the power of prayer altogether.

On the other hand, true devotion will be sure to conquer a worldly spirit. Continue instant in prayer. In every thing, with prayer, and supplication and thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God. Then the blessings he has promised will be yours. Then Heaven will come down into your souls, and you will just have the blessings here spoken of—"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding." That peace which is like a world of Paradise. That peace which is like

Eden before sin entered it: Eden with its blooming beauty, when the birds sang their sweetest notes, and when it was full of the brightest verdure, and the air was filled with softest and most delicious music. Peace!—what is it? Peace is a calm after a storm! Peace is ease after pain! Peace is rest, delightful rest, after toil and labour! Peace is a glorious sunshine, after a dark and cloudy day. Peace is all this, and it is more. It is divine; it is a heaven descended gift.

Peace *with* God means reconciliation to Him. But this peace which the apostle wrote of to the Philippians is more delightful still. It is the peace of God himself. It passeth all understanding. It is a beam of light divine. It calleth on the human spirit in the midst of its troubles and sorrows, and sheds all its softness and all its bliss upon the soul of man, and revives, and sustains, and cheers him onward through the dark and trying hours of life. The peace of God is a drop, a precious drop from the boundless sea of eternal bliss! It rises above and goes beyond any thing that the human understanding can conceive, or human belief can imagine. There are many grades of human intellect, and many degrees of human understanding. I am not of those who believe that all men are born with capacities alike. We all differ as much mentally as we do physically. Some have intellects that are but little above the mere animal kingdom, and some have intellect that rises until it is little below the angels. But here is a something which

surpasses the comprehension of the loftiest mind, it passeth all understanding, from the untutored savage to the cultivated sage.

And yet there is one great consolation to be derived even from this fact. The enjoyment of this blessing depends not upon the strength of the human intellect, but upon the soul's knowledge of God. And this can be enjoyed equally as well by the unlettered man as by him that is deeply read in the lore of this world. The man who possesses this peace, feels that he wants a Saviour, that he cannot do without Jesus. And he gives himself up to prayer; and he calls on the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world; and he calls upon God for Christ's sake to take away all sin from him; and at last this peace fills his soul, and he cries with rapture—"Eureika! Eureika!" I have found it! I have found it!

How delightful then is it to breathe this air, this atmosphere of peace. But still with some the old lurking spirit of anxiety will creep out, and they say "Ah, but how am I to keep this peace?" How art thou to keep it! That's not the way to put it. It is not thou that art to keep this peace. It is the peace that shall keep thee. Thou shalt be kept in a place of peace. And you shall always have something that shall keep the heart and mind in a state of tranquillity, when it is likely to give way to corroding cares. All shall be quiet; and all shall be peace and love.

And when you are exposed to the assaults of the

world, and to the abuse of bad men; and when you are the subject of slanders and lies, and the devices of the wicked, this shall sustain you. You will ask, "What shall we do?" Why, the text tells you what to do in this, as well as in every other case. In *every thing*, by prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God. And then what follows? Why, the peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Oh, but you will say, "I shall fall." Not so! not so. Courage, brother soldiers in Christ, courage. The peace of God shall defend you against all assaults. He shall garrison the heart and mind. God is a strong tower! whom shall I fear? God is my strength! of whom shall I be afraid? God is my refuge! I will not fear what man can do unto me.

And then there are many who will say, "Ah, but how shall I deserve all this! Such a poor worm as I! Such a lost, miserable, unworthy sinner?" Very well. So we are unworthy. And this is the right strain to indulge in when it is sincere. But I am afraid that there are many, too, too many who use this language, who do not mean what they say; and who do not think that they are unworthy although they say so. This kind of language is too commonly made use of in the churches in mere mockery, and it is wrong. I remember last year, when I was in the South of England, a very good man, a Baptist minister told me of a circumstance of this kind that occurred in the church there.

There was a professor of religion who gave them great uneasiness, because his conduct was not that of a Christian; and he came to the minister and said, "Oh, sir, I'm a poor, miserable, unworthy sinner; and I have deeply sinned against God and done wickedly in his sight, I do not deserve his mercy, and I am in a lost and degraded state." And when he had gone through, the minister looked seriously at him and said, "Brother so-and-so, I believe all that you say, and the character which you give yourself, is just what we all have long had of you!" This poor worm, as he called himself, immediately flew in a passion, and turning round, said "It's not so, who ever told you anything against me. And how dare you asperse my character? I'll quit your church, and I'll never sit under your preaching again." And off he went.

And this is too much the case with many professors of religion in the present day. But, oh, what a sad state of things this presents. Where's sincerity gone to? Where's common honesty gone to? There's no sincerity, and no religion in such men. And whenever you hear any of these lip-service professors decrying themselves, just tell them you believe them, and then look them full in their faces, and you will see their hypocrisy looking out of the corner of the eye, and showing the cloven foot.

But to those who are truly humble and repentant, and who believe in him, here's the remedy—Christ Jesus! What a name above every other name; Christ Jesus, the Lord, the author and fin-

isher of our salvation. This was Paul's remedy, and it is yours. For if you are saved it must be through the atonement of Christ Jesus. And he shall garrison the soul, and protect it against all foes; and his blood shall purify the heart, and render it acceptable in the sight of God.

And here at the Cross of Christ we can find a remedy for every ill, a sovereign balm for every wound, a cordial for our every fear. All we want is here. Do we want relief? It is here. Do we want employment? It is here. Here is delight. Here is joy. Here is eternal happiness and peace. The peace of God which is beyond our comprehension, and which shall keep us in Christ Jesus for ever and ever.

And this is what all desire. For it is one of the most common principles of your being to pant after happiness. And the road by which you shall reach it is the road of unceasing prayer. This prayer, with supplication and thanksgiving, shall cause your hearts to be filled with the peace of God.—And this shall guard and garrison the heart and mind in Christ Jesus.

Let us take shame to ourselves, then, that we are so worldly, and so prone to give way to anxiety, and careful for so much that perisheth. And oh, is there no Martha here this morning, that is cumbered about many things? If there is, let me say to her, particularly in the language of the text, "Be careful for nothing." Dismiss your anxiety and corroding cares from your breast, and let us

do our duty, and leave events to God. Then shall we think more of the Saviour, and less of ourselves; and we shall think more of the bright world which is to come, and less of this. And oh, that we may continue in this course, let us give ourselves to prayer, and supplication, and thanksgiving, and in every thing, with these make our requests known to God.

And, oh! then it will be a matter of very little consequence whether you or I meet again in this life or not. It is difficult, however, for me to tear myself away from a people from whom I have received so much kindness and attention. The hour of separation has arrived, but to me the parting is painful indeed. I have been but a short time with you, but in that time I have seen nothing but kindness, and love, and sincere affection. In a few hours I shall leave your shores for those of my own native land. But you will have nothing but this across the Atlantic from me. My Irish friends are proverbial for their hospitality, and kindness, and sincerity and affection; but the kindness of my American friends never was surpassed, and never can be. I feel deeply on this subject. I know too well how unworthy I am of the attention I have received, and I do not blush to own it. It has made an impression on my heart which the rough hand of death can never efface. And if my unworthy ministry has been blessed to the good of any, give God the glory. For neither is he that planteth, any thing, nor he that watereth any

thing, but God that giveth the increase. I rejoice and bless God who brought me across the bosom of the broad ocean to see this land. I shall go away with impressions of this country which I never should have had, had I not visited it. I have seen that there is much true piety, and much goodness, and kindness, and sincerity, and real religion, and holiness unto the Lord. And I therefore selected this plain text, that I might say a few plain things at parting, which I thought might be blessed to your comfort. And I pray God that they may be so blessed. And oh, may the blessing of God be upon you! and upon your families, and upon your happy country! and, oh, if we never meet again on earth, God in his mercy grant that we may all meet again in heaven.

At the close of the sermon the Rev. C. A. Davis suggested the following names as officers of a meeting to pass the following resolutions:—

The Rev. D. Ostrander, was appointed chairman, N. Sehureman and S. Harden, of Baltimore, Esqrs., vice chairmen; Rev. J. Leonard Gilder, J. Harnstead, of Philadelphia. and C. Tiffany, Esq. of Baltimore, secretaries:—

Whereas, as our esteemed brother, the Rev. Robert Newton, Representative of the Wesleyan Methodists in Great Britain to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, after a brief and most welcome visit to our shores, in his official capacity, is about to sail this day on his voyage to England; therefore

Resolved, That we have hailed, his arrival amongst us with the most heartfelt joy and gratitude, as it is at once the proof and

pledge of that affectionate feeling which has ever existed between the members of the great Methodist family in our own and other lands, which, we pray may be perpetuated to the latest generation.

Resolved, That the Rev. Robert Newton, by his public and private labours among us, in various parts of our country, has greatly endeared himself to the church, and is entitled to our highest affection and gratitude; and that in returning to his family and friends in his native land, he bears with him our warmest wishes and most fervent prayers for his safety, prosperity, and happiness in this life and for evermore.

Resolved, That in token of our united esteem and regard for our distinguished friend and brother, this congregation will now rise upon their feet, while in the name and on the behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. the Rev. Dr. Bangs shall bid him a spontaneous and affectionate farewell.

As soon as these words were read, every soul in the church rose, as it were, simultaneously; it is needless to say the resolutions passed unanimously. Dr. Bangs then delivered the following beautiful and affecting address.

My Reverend Brother;—It is with great pleasure that I address you on behalf of this numerous congregation, and repeat the assurances of esteem and Christian affection contained in the resolutions just read, and in which the tens of thousands of our brethren and friends, who have enjoyed your society and listened to your ministrations in various parts of our country, will most heartily unite.

On this, your welcome visit to this country, you have come among us, not a stranger, though for the first time we are permitted to look upon your countenance. Your name has been long known to us as a venerated minister of our Lord Jesus

Christ, in the great Wesleyan family, and your fame, as being in labours and successes more abundant had led us to anticipate both pleasure and edification from your ministry. Many of us, however, have been most gratefully disappointed, by reason of the erroneous expectations we had indulged in relation to the character of your public ministry, having supposed that one chief excellence and attraction at home, might depend upon the adornments of modern oratory.—It has been our happiness to discover that we were mistaken in attributing your fame to your cultivation of the refinements of the art of elocution; for notwithstanding you do come to us with excellency of speech, yet we are constrained most to admire the simplicity of the gospel you preach, the purity of your doctrine, and the divine eloquence with which you inculcate the fundamental articles of the Christian faith and practice. Especially are we rejoiced to hear from your lips the fervid and eloquent inculcation of the distinctive peculiarities of Wesleyan theology, the old gospel truths of justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and entire sanctification of heart and life, as the purchased privilege and gracious possession of the people of God.

Moreover, we regard your visit as tending to unite still closer in the bonds of Christian union the entire family of the Wesleyan Methodists in Europe and America, and also to prompt us, if we may not rival you, at least to imitate you, in every

good word and work. We rejoice in the genuine philanthropy and Christian benevolence which have led you forth in the Bible, Tract, and Missionary cause, and, under the Divine blessing, upon British Methodism, enabled you to accomplish so much, that "your praise is in all the churches." While we participate with you in these "labours of love," we bid you God speed. Go on in the name of the Lord, and while you travel eastward with the word of life, spreading the savor of a Redeemer's name, we will journey westward, bearing the same "precious seed," and still advancing onward with our Missionary work, we hope to meet, having circumscribed the globe, upon some favoured spot, where we can unite our common rejoicings in songs of victory and triumph, when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ.

And now that you are about to leave our shores for your own native land, in the name and on behalf of this congregation—of the General Conference—and, if it be not assuming, I would add, on behalf of the whole Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States—I bid you an affectionate farewell.—And may the God of Providence and Grace preserve you amid the perils of the ocean, and restore you to your family, to your friends, and to the church, whose honoured representative you are, in peace and safety. Bear with you the assurance of our grateful and affectionate remembrance and that our prayers will accompany and

follow you, that you may long continue to proclaim the gospel of the grace of God, and having served your generation according to the will of God, may we together hail you with the ransomed of the Lord, who have gone before us, and sit down together in our Father's house, to go out no more for ever. Farewell, my brother, for I may call you by this endearing name, and may the God of peace delight to do all with and bless you, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The chairman gave the parting benediction; the excellent choir sang a parting anthem, the services closed, and almost every soul was in tears when this parting took place.

The Rev. Mr. Newton, with Mr. Hall, Dr. Bangs, Capt. Holdredge, and about a dozen friends, went down in the steam boat Hercules, at noon, from Whitehall, to that splendid packet ship, the George Washington. This vessel was moored in the stream, a little below Governor's Island. On reaching the ship, the steam boat made fast and towed her down over the bar. Mr. Newton and all his friends went on board the packet, and remained there in pleasing conversation on the poop deck, until the vessel was almost abreast of Sandy Hook. Mr. Newton's friends then partook of some refreshments, which the kindness of Captain Holdredge furnished, and taking an affectionate, and, as almost all believed, a final farewell of this great and good man on earth, they returned to the deck of the steamboat,

and sang a parting hymn, and the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."*

During the three months of Mr. Newton's visit to America, from April 1st to July 1st, 1840, he encompassed by sea and land, besides the Herculean toil of the pulpit, and other public meetings, the amazing distance of NINE THOUSAND MILES.

* Closing Labours in America.

Chapter Eleventh.

Elected President—thanks of the Conference—appointed to Leeds—removes to Manchester—tempting overtures—Roman general—testimony of a Clergyman—Bishop of Lincoln—Cathedral Church—saintly spirit—Troy Conference—created a D. D.—Mr. Canghey's visit—extensive usefulness—his movements considered irregular—District opposition—Conference resolution—Mr. C's remonstrance—Dr. Newton's letter—Christian spirit of Mr. Caughey—his removal causes great excitement—Dr. Newton shares in the unpopular feeling—removes to Stockport—President the fourth time—Dr. Bunting—The united testimonial fund—Letter of Dr. Newton—Successful efforts, &c.

At the Conference of 1840, Mr. Newton was elected President for the third time, and his appointment was to the second Leeds Circuit. The Conference recorded its affectionate and grateful obligation to Mr. Newton for undertaking the mission to America, and expressed its high sense of the christian spirit which he maintained in every part of his arduous service,—of the unwearied zeal and diligence in which he “laboured” among the American brethren “in the word and doctrine,”—and of the fidelity which he uniformly observed, especially in his unflinching reiteration and avowal of the unaltered and unalterable views and sentiments of the British Conference on the subject of slavery.

From Leeds he removed to Manchester, where he continued in the First and Second Circuits for the ensuing six years.

Mr. Newton's popularity might now be considered at its zenith. Since his return from America, invitations to preach sermons, attend missionary meetings, &c., were poured upon him from all quarters. It has also been affirmed that very liberal overtures were made to secure his services in connection with another religious body, but Robert Newton was too much attached to Methodism to forsake it for any pecuniary consideration. When the Roman general, sitting at supper, with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by large promises to betray his trust, he asked the messenger whether he, that could sup on turnips, was a man likely to sell his country? and Mr. Newton was endowed with a sufficiency of the Roman virtue to withstand a bribe.

“—————Tempt not, he said;
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.”

In a pamphlet published a few years ago by a Clergyman, entitled “A warning voice, being a letter, addressed to the Bishop of Lincoln, on the Progress and Tendencies of Methodism,” the writer, evidently staggered at the amazing spread of the system, says, “If the Cathedral Church in which your Lordship occasionally presides, was available to the Rev. Robert Newton as a place of exhortation for one day, the echo of ten thousand

voices that would resound through the aisles of that venerable building, might almost raise the spirits of its pious founders."

Mr. Newton had now spent forty-five years in the arduous and self-denying work of an evangelist, and during that period there was scarcely one action of his life that deserved censure. The breath of popular applause passed unheeded over his saintly spirit. He maintained his sincerity and lofty christian character unseduced by the flattering temptations of the world, and it was recorded of him, long prior to his death, that no man was more free from acerbities either in spirit or conversation than he was;—"ever frank—ever tender of character—never speaking of faults and failings but as subjects of lamentation;—at the utmost; when named by others, rarely proceeding beyond a gentle elevation of the hands, a half-suppressed "ah"—"alas, alas,"—"I am exceeding sorry to hear it;" accompanied with the lowering of the head, and two or three expressive nods, as if anxious to drop the subject."

We have previously noticed the successful and duly appreciated labours of Mr. Newton while on his mission to America; and in the year 1843, the American Conference testified their high sense of his exalted character and theological attainments, by conferring upon him the diploma of a D.D., a testimonial which he quietly pocketed and kept *incog* for some length of time before it came to the ears of his brethren.

About this time England was visited by that extraordinary man the Rev. James Caughey from America, and religious services in the Wesleyan Chapels were conducted by him in most of the principal towns with amazing success. There was a strange fascination about Mr. C.'s preaching, which was quite unaccountable. Thousands were converted under his instrumentality, and became members of the Methodist Church. Many of them, we have good reason to believe, maintained their integrity, but, as in all cases of extraordinary revivals, a large majority of them have gone back into the world.

Mr. Caughey, it must be remembered, came to this country on leave of absence, being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. He was not sent as a deputation from the American Church, neither did he come by invitation from the Wesleyan Church in this country. He was not a member of the British Conference, and therefore under no control, and subject to no jurisdiction. After occupying the pulpits of the Wesleyan Chapels for four years or more, some ministers, it appears, objected to the movements of Mr. Caughey, as being irregular and contrary to the usages of Methodism.

At the Conference of 1846, Minutes were read from some of the District Meetings, to the effect that Conference should put a stop to such irregularities. The subject was discussed in Conference at great length, and it was agreed that a letter

should be addressed to the Bishop of the Troy Conference, requesting the withdrawal of Mr. Caughey from England. On the receipt of a copy of the Resolution, the rev. gentleman wrote a long letter to Dr. Newton, who was then Secretary of the Conference. The former part of the letter goes to counteract an erroneous statement of the Conference, respecting Mr. C. being a member of the Troy Conference instead of a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. C. further adds, "the resolution would seem to indicate that I have refused submission to ecclesiastical supervision, responsibility, or control," while in England, and it appears from Mr. C.'s statement that the "authorities in this country had never requested him to join the Wesleyan Church, and thus act under and in accordance with its usages, an act which he (Mr. C.) would not have objected to." He concludes his letter thus:—"I shall cause no disturbance in the Wesleyan Connexion. God did not send me to England for any such purpose. That he did send me, and has been with me, I firmly believe, whatever others may think to the contrary notwithstanding.

Whether I have made 'full proof of my ministry,' and of that 'call' since my arrival on these shores, modesty dictates I should leave others to decide."

To the above Dr. Newton replied,—

"My Dear Brother,

"I am sorry if any misunderstanding has taken place as to your

relation to the Troy Conference. I believe that all the Brethren of our Conference, who have been best acquainted with you since you came to this country, thought you belonged to Troy, as your name last appeared on their printed Minutes some four years since, when you "located." At least no one said a word to the contrary. I expect the letter to the American Bishops is already posted; and therefore no verbal alteration can now take place.

I am yours &c.

ROBERT NEWTON.

Higher Broughton, Aug. 24, 1846."

Whether Conference did right or wrong in sending away this useful, laborious, and God-honoured minister we pause not to decide. Mr. C. had evidently won the affections of the Methodist people.—He might have produced a serious disruption had there been anything in his conduct contrary to peace and unity; and though such movements have been tolerated for short periods, yet a continuation of the same, stretching over four or five years with no probability of its termination, was considered a violation of a great Methodistical principle.

Dr. Newton, as Secretary of the Conference, inherited a large portion of the ill-feeling and bitter invectives resulting from this unhappy movement,—a movement which very seriously affected the Doctor's popularity with a large majority of the Wesleyan people.

At the Conference of 1847, Mr. Newton removed from Manchester to Stockport North, where he continued to labour for the three following years. On the assembling of the Conference in 1848, the

ministers manifested their unabated esteem and affection for their venerated father and beloved brother, the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D., and their sense of the value of his long continued and faithful labours, by choosing him to fill the highest office which they have the power to confer, and placing him for the fourth time in the chair,"* an honour conferred only on one man besides, (Dr. Bunting) since the days of Wesley.

We noticed in the early part of this memoir that Dr. Bunting commenced his ministerial course at the same time as Mr. Newton, and they had been fellow-labourers for more than half a century. Each had pursued an undeviating course and taken a prominent part in the affairs of Methodism, being "remarkably united in judgment, and invariably co-operating in action, their names had become familiarly associated in every Methodist household throughout the world." In the year 1851, Dr. Bunting announced his intention to retire from the active duties of official life, and although Dr. Newton continued his laborious services, yet his manly form began to bear evidence of the "rush of numerous years;" and it became the unanimous feeling that he,—whose richly evangelical and powerful ministry had been blessed to thousands, whose advocacy of every Methodist Institution had largely contributed to advance the interests of humanity, and spread the blessings of the gospel,—deserved to be placed by the side of

* Wesley. Mag. 1848, p. 104.

his venerable friend in the generous estimation of a grateful people; and it was accordingly resolved to have an UNITED TESTIMONIAL."

After the Conference, a Committee was formed composed of some of the most influential lay-members in the Connexion, and a public meeting was held, which was presided over by Thomas Farmer, Esq. Mr. Edward Corderoy in moving the first resolution, said—"We have met to-night to raise a testimonial to the honour of two men, who, commencing public life in the same year, have had the singular happiness to labour together for more than half a century, in extending and building up a great religious society, and to labour together in all friendliness, without differing in any material instance, either in sentiment or principle. We have met to honour two men who have shared most largely the esteem and confidence of their ministerial brethren,—who have been raised, as often as the laws of the Connexion allow, to the very highest honours of Methodism,—who have shared together in that which is the destiny of true greatness, at one time in the expressions of popular applause, and at another in the unmerited invective of popular censure. On others it will devolve to speak of Robert Newton—the man who is a model of pulpit oratory, whose clear, melodious, and sonorous voice has been heard with delight in every city, town, and I might almost say village, in England, but whose greatest glory has always been, the success his Master gave him in winning

souls to Christ. Dr. Newton is at home everywhere; whether in conducting those rural devotional services so beautifully described by Wordsworth, as occurring

“In chapels amid trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains;”

or in the capital of Washington, preaching to the orators and statesmen of the great Republic the one only and all-sufficient atonement for the sins of the whole world.”

It appears that this movement originated without the knowledge and concurrence of the parties. When the Secretary informed Mr. Newton of the arrangements proposed, the following answer was returned:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your kind and Christian letter, and hasten to acknowledge its reception. Of the meeting of the lay friends in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and of subsequent movements, I knew nothing until I saw the announcement in the Watchman. When, in 1799, I entered the Wesleyan ministry, I had no regard to pecuniary considerations whatever. I coveted no man's silver or gold, and having had “food and raiment” up to the present time, therewith “I have been content.” I have indeed had some flattering offers from some other quarters, which, had they been accepted, would have greatly augmented my temporal supplies, but I never could hesitate for one moment; being sacredly pledged to Methodism—“the vows of the Lord were upon me,” nor had I any wish or desire to be anything but a HUMBLE, FAITHFUL, useful Wesleyan minister. It is, however, very gratifying IN THESE TIMES, to see SUCH A TESTIMONIAL furnished by the true hearted friends of Constitutional Methodism. That it is an UNITED Testi-

monial is to me still more agreeable, as it will transmit my unworthy name to posterity in connexion with that of my beloved friend and coeval in public life, Dr. Bunting. With cordial consent to WHAT IS proposed, and with many thanks to your excellent Treasurer, to yourself, and the Committee, &c.

I am, yours most truly,

ROBERT NEWTON.

Burton-on-Trent, Sept. 30, 1851.

The fund thus commenced soon reached the handsome amount of seven thousand pounds, when it was resolved to celebrate the auspicious event by a meeting of its contributors, which was held in the Centenary Hall, on Tuesday, March 16th.

In reply to the Secretary, the following letter was addressed by Mr. Newton:—

Seacombe, March 8, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope to be with you on the evening of the 16th instant, to meet those friends who have given such a practical and generous expression of regard to my dear friend Dr. Bunting and myself. I have had a severe attack of influenza, but am much better. My cough, which was distressing, is entirely gone. My physician, however, tells me I must greatly abridge my labours, or they will soon terminate. I must bow to the indications of Divine Providence, and submit myself unto God; probably I shall soon have to retire into some corner, where I must try to do a little work for the Blessed Master, as he shall enable me. I am in good hands, and can say, "Father, thy will be done." With hearty love and gratitude to all,

I am, yours most truly and obliged,

ROBERT NEWTON.

Towards this laudable and praiseworthy object, the sum of £8,000 was raised.

Chapter Twelfth.

Retires from the general work—Preaches at Crayke—Removes to Easingwold—Rev. J. Rossell—Letter to Mr. Turner—Last illness—Death-bed reflections—Peaceable exit—Funeral—Funeral oration by Dr. Hannah—Funeral sermon by Dr. Hannah—Testimonial of respect to Dr. Hannah—Reply of Dr. Hannah—Arthur's sketch of Dr. Newton's character—Finis.

IN the following year 1852, Mr. Newton retired from the general work and sat down as Supernumerary at Southport. It was in the Autumn of the following year, while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Robert Gill, of Easingwold, that he preached his last sermon in this Circuit. By some neglect or other the Missionary Meeting at Crayke had been postponed, and Dr. Newton was induced to preach them a Missionary Sermon. The manly form was evidently shattered by the stroke of time; but the subject when entered upon in the pulpit brought into play those energies which he had so long and successfully wielded.

Preparations were now made for his removal to Easingwold, as the Doctor had taken a fancy to the quiet rural town, and would like his sun to go down behind the hills of his native and dearly loved Yorkshire. "When I can see you all comfortably settled at Easingwold," he would remark to

the members of his family, some months before his decease, "I shall then say with good old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" A large and commodious house was taken in the Spring of the year 1854, and the family removed to the place. The Doctor, after spending a few weeks among his friends at Rotherham, arrived at Easingwold on Tuesday, April 11th, from whence he was shortly to be removed by the messenger of death. Such are the changing scenes of life. The strongest human frame cannot resist the power of disease or the approach of physical infirmity. That which is mortal decays,—that which is immortal,—the soul, still flourishes,

"Age shakes Athenæ's towers, but spares gray Marathon."

The mortal frame,—the "earthly house" of Robert Newton's tabernacle was shattered and tending to decay, but the immortal part still flourished in freshness, and vigour and beauty.

Soon after his arrival, the Rev. John Rossell, Superintendent of the Circuit, called to congratulate him on his arrival, and to express a hope that he might be spared for some time, to afford help and counsel; he very cheerfully but solemnly replied, "Thank you, Sir, but *my work is done.*"

On Sunday morning, two weeks before his death, he attended the Wesleyan Chapel, at Easingwold, and heard the Rev. John Rossell. "It was a fine sight to see the venerable man kneeling in his pew, and leaning upon his staff as one of the

most humble worshippers, who had been accustomed to lead the highest devotions of vast multitudes for upwards of half a century; his furrowed countenance full of devotion, humility, and serene joy; his altered appearance,—a remnant of himself, marking him for an early prey; and his full voice fervently responding to the petitions as they rose. It was a lesson on the power and comfort of religion which cannot be forgotten." This was the last public service he engaged in on earth. On the Sunday following, the venerable patriarch, staff in hand, was ready for chapel, but a shower of rain coming on, he was persuaded to remain at home.

His last letter, dated from Easingwold ten days before his death, was addressed to Mr. Turner, of Derby. In this letter he says, "My general health has been greatly impaired. I am not now permitted to attempt *two* sermons on the same day. I have sent back to London, Grantham, and to all other places where I had contracted engagements. And what can I now say of Derby, which I am *loth* to give up after all these years? I believe all I can say is, that if in July I am as well as I am to-day, I may offer you one sermon on the Sabbath, and, if thought well, one on the Monday evening. Perhaps you are not aware that we have left Southport, and taken up our abode at Easingwold, near York. Probably my next remove will be to my everlasting home above. While I have any strength remaining, I wish to try to do some-

thing for Him who has done so much for me. . . . I think I am thankful for the past, and I can trust for the future. God is wise, and great, and good, and can and *will* conduct every thing that belongs to us to an issue that will be for His glory and our benefit." I am yours, &c.

ROBERT NEWTON.*

On Monday evening the 24th April, he observed to a friend, that the tabernacle was in the course of being gently taken down to prepare him for a better state of being. On the following morning, Mrs. Newton read at family worship, the 1st chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and in his prayer after, which was the last he offered up at the domestic altar, he expatiated in a beautiful devotional comment on the several parts of the chapter, which treat so sublimely of the Deity, the Atonement, and the final Exaltation of Jesus Christ. At the conclusion, he referred to the infirm state of his health, and offered a devout ejaculation that Christ might be magnified in his body, whether by life or by death. A few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Newton entering the room found him very ill; and it soon became evident that his end was approaching. After remaining apparently unconscious for several hours, he rallied, and appeared to be engaged in prayer. But the mortal stroke had fallen. When the enquiry was made "Do you feel Christ precious?" he replied, "O yes: Christ

* See Dr. Hannah's Sermon on the Death of Dr. Newton.

Jesus attesting and blessing." Soon afterwards he said, I have every happiness. Christ is mine, and I am His. I shall soon be with him for ever, Christ is my Rock." He said to one of his daughters, "Pray for an happy exit," and he then prayed for his family with expressions of earnest trust in the mercy of God. When one of his daughters quoted the lines,—

" Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there :"

He sweetly smiled and said "I have no fear; I have no alarm. "Perfect love casteth out fear.'" He frequently said, "God is good; God is with us; God is love," and several times he alluded to his death as to a falling asleep.

Some hours before his departure, Mr. Rossell asked, "Doctor, have *you now* the *strong* consolation in Christ Jesus, which you have so long recommended to others?" He at once replied, with delightful impressiveness. "Yes! Yes! To this visit, and the prayer that was offered up on his behalf, he made pleasing reference afterwards,—imploping that Heaven's best blessing might rest upon the minister. His attachment to Methodism, appeared, if that were possible, to increase as he viewed it from the margin of that eternity upon which he then stood. "*Methodism*," he said, "Methodism is the work of God. I am a Methodist, a Methodist Preacher,—glory be to God!—an old Methodist Preacher." But these expressions of

confidence and approval of the system in which he had been nurtured and led on from youth to hoary age, were untainted with sectarian bigotry. His spirit was eminently primitive and catholic, and in the last act of devotion to which his family listened, his prayer was that "God" would "bless the Church of England and all Christian people." Seeing some of his family weeping, he said, "Be of good courage! I shall soon be with the myriads, the myriads before the throne," and then quoted the beautiful couplet:—

"The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises;"

He then added

"Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care."

On the Saturday morning previous to his death, his daughter Miss Emma, enquired "if he had any message to send to the Missionary Meeting which was to be held in Exeter Hall on the Monday following, to which he feebly remarked:—

"Jesus confirm their hearts' desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;"

and repeated many times, "We must work, work, work, 'for the night cometh when no man can work.'"

For five days he continued gradually sinking, though often with a smile on his countenance

which seemed borrowed from the world to which he was hastening. His strong constitution struggled to retain its hold of life longer than is usual in such cases of extreme affliction. On Saturday morning he once more bade farewell to all his family, and then with almost superhuman energy, uttered, among others, the following sentences: "The preaching that flows from the heart does good every day;" "He that believeth shall never die;" "Christ Jesus, the Ransom of sinners, and Life of the dead." "Fear sin, not death." After which sinking back exhausted, he said, "My voice and speech are failing for ever. I am going,—going,—going to glory. Farewell sin! farewell death! Praise the Lord!" During the day, he again sat up on the bed, trying to breathe better, but he grew so pale and faint that the family thought he was expiring. Miss Newton expressed a desire to see him, if possible, smile once more before he for ever left them, when slowly clasping his hands together, he began in a faint whisper to pray that his family might all "see him smile again *where tears are dry.*" This prayer he repeated several times. At noon on the same day, he fell asleep, in which state of unconsciousness he remained till about four o'clock on the following morning, April 30th, when he calmly expired and entered into rest.

"How well he fell asleep
Like some proud river, winding toward the sea;
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
Life joined eternity."

Two days previous to the funeral, the family granted permission to the friends of the deceased and others to take a last view of the remains of the departed Doctor. The room in which he lay was fitted up like a rural oratory. On the couch lay the remains of the departed. By the side of the couch stood the favourite silver headed walking stick, a gift to the Doctor.—Also his much loved arm chair, beside which, on a small table was his Bible and Hymn Book, and the room was hung round with mementos of the departed. Leading to the death chamber, was the large oil painting of himself presented by the Wesleyan friends at Southport, to Miss Emma, as a token of their attachment and regard.

The mortal remains of Dr. Newton were consigned to their last resting place, in the churchyard of Easingwold, on Thursday, May 4th. A Minister in attendance gives the following particulars of the mournful ceremonial:—

At ten o'clock we repaired to our own chapel, in order to join the ministers and friends who, like ourselves, had visited the town for the purpose of attending the funeral. The President of the Conference (the Rev. John Lomas) conducted this introductory service. He gave out the hymn beginning—

“ Happy who in Jesus live ;
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away ; ”

and at the conclusion of the hymn he offered up a suitable and deeply affecting prayer.

From the house of prayer we proceeded to the family's residence. This mournful ceremonial then began. The corpse was brought from the house and placed upon the bier in the open space in front. Who could look upon the simple and affecting inscription unmoved? It was thus:—

“ ROBERT NEWTON,
Died April 30th, 1854,
Aged 73 years.”

The President gave out that triumphant hymn, so expressive of the victory over death, proclaimed by “the glorious Gospel of the blessed God,” and he read it thus,—

“Rejoice for a Father deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;”

and, the verses concluded, the procession formed. Leading it, was a large number of ministers and friends from the adjacent towns and villages, with the greater part of the Society and congregation at Easingwold. Bearing the pall, were the Rev. J. Lomas, President, and the Rev. Dr. Beecham; the Rev. Dr. Hannah and the Rev. J. Bowers; the Rev. W. M. Bunting and the Rev. I. Holgate. Following the corpse, were the sons and daughters, the sons-in-law, and other relatives, with several of the grandchildren of the great departed.

The Superintendent minister, the Rev. J. Ros-

sell, read aloud, verse by verse, the well-known hymn,—

“Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise;”

and the singing of the hymn was continued throughout our progress to the parish church. It is a handsome structure, and is situated upon an eminence above the town. As we ascended the pathway that leads to it, through an avenue of trees, peals of thunder (“the voice of the Lord”) were heard, and their deeper tones added solemnity to the funeral hymn. The church was filled by the numbers who had formed the mournful cortège. The usual service was read by the Curate, with tender and earnest feeling; and another appropriate hymn was sung. During our stay in the church, the rain, which the thunder had portended, descended copiously, and the officiating clergyman considerably waited until the shower had ceased. Proceeding to the vault, which is situated near the entrance to the burial-ground, on the left hand, as you approach from the town, the precious remains were deposited in their long and peaceful resting place; and, as the large assembly stood around the sacred spot, the concluding part of the service was impressively read. Never was that sublime sentence felt to be more appropriate,—“I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, 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." Who, as in sad and solemn silence he lingered near that tomb, could repress the aspiration, "Oh, to be baptised for the dead! To catch the mantle of this honoured servant of God! Oh, that a double portion of the Spirit, which, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, so abundantly rested upon him, may descend upon his survivors and successors."

In conformity with a previous arrangement, we now returned to our humbler sanctuary for the purposes of holding a supplemental service, which might serve to impress more deeply upon the hearts of all present the great and solemn lessons which the removal of so distinguished, so successful, and so beloved a minister impressively suggested. It was a fitting arrangement, and admirably it was executed. The President devolved the service upon the Rev. Dr. Hannah. He commenced it by giving out the hymn,—

" Tremendous God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own."

After a prayer full of tender and elevated sentiments, Dr. Hannah delivered an appropriate and beautiful address; and the following is a record of its outline and general substance:—

“Brethren and Friends,—You have now followed to the grave a Christian, a Christian Minister, and a man of peculiar eminence. Each of these particulars suggests themes of seasonable and suitable meditation. You have followed a Christian to the grave,—one who, in early life, sought and found the mercy of God in Christ,—who pursued an exemplary course of faith, hope, and charity through all his succeeding days,—and who has closed life in peace. Scarcely ever was any one more exposed to public observation, or for a longer space of time; yet, by the grace of God, how circumspectly, how unblameably, with what uniform Christian consistency, did he pass through the whole! When was the purity of his principles and character tainted by the breath of suspicion? His “path” was “as the shining light,” and it “shone more and more” until to the eye of sense it set in the obscurity of death, but to the eye of faith gained the “perfect day,” where it shall know no decline. I love the ancient thought which Christian philosophy has raised and sanctified,—that death is a birth,—a birth into far higher and better life. Our dear departed friend is born into true life. His “sun shall no more go down,”—his joys shall suffer no interruption or decay. His body sleeps in its peaceful resting place; but it sleeps “in Jesus;” and it shall one day wake to sleep no more: his spirit has joined the “spirits of just men made perfect.” When I looked last evening on the mortal remains of our venerated

friend and father, and marked the singular placidity of that brow in death, I could not but reflect on his honourable Christian progress through time, and on the seal which is now affixed to all that the mercy of God had made him. His "warfare is accomplished;" and, while his soul is with the souls of the faithful in the hands of God, his body, committed to the ground, rests, to repeat the words of impressive and yet soothing solemnity to which we have just listened, "in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

You have followed a Christian Minister to the grave. Yes; our revered friend was a Minister of Christianity in its truth and purity. His "trumpet" did not "give an uncertain sound." Who that ever heard him could fail to discover the economy of the Christian salvation, the blessings of pardon, holiness, and peace, attainable, and attainable now, "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus?" The atonement which our incarnate Lord has made, and the salvation, by grace through faith, which thence arises, these, as you well know, were the chosen subjects of his ministration; and to them he gave a delightful testimony in death. He was a Minister of Christianity in its plainness and simplicity, delivering the truth in its own "form of sound words." No novelties, no abstruse speculations, no matters of doubtful disputation, occupied his pulpit discourses. All was clear, intelligible, and "good to the use of

edifying." The preacher had no object or aim except in harmony with the strictest requirements of truth and love. He did not "handle the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." He was a minister of Christianity in its zeal and earnest fidelity, preaching, to adopt one of his own dying expressions, "from the heart to the heart." To "win souls" was his constant effort, to build up the church, and to promote every form of Christian usefulness. Feeling that "the ministry of reconciliation" was confided to him, he "besought" men to be "reconciled to God," and failed not, with faithful and unwearied fervency, to admonish Christians, that they might be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

"But you have also followed to the grave a man of peculiar eminence, richly furnished by the Author of all endowments with valuable gifts, and honoured, beyond most others, in the extent and amount of his public influence as a preacher of the Gospel. Few men have ever, if ever, preached in so many parts, not confining his exertions to the United Kingdom only, but extending them, at one season, to the United States of America also; few men have addressed assemblies so numerous, or continued their devoted services for so long a series of years. He was, indeed, as you can testify, "in labours more abundant." His powerful and persuasive eloquence was unsparingly used in the de-

claration of the truth which he so dearly loved, and in the advocacy of every Christian institution at home and abroad. For nearly forty years I have had personal opportunities of tracing his illustrious course—others around me for a yet longer period. And which of us can ever forget how he preached and pleaded in behalf of Christian Missions—how prompt he was in this as in all other labours of love, at every call—how unweariable in the occupation of all that his Master had committed to him? One of the brightest lights of our sanctuary, “a burning and a shining light,” is quenched in death. We “rejoiced in his light.” But it is gone. We can rejoice in its presence and direct influence no more. Yet He who kindles up all the lights of the sanctuary, who walks among them and sustains them, remains. He is the Eternal Son; He shines from age to age; He knows no setting or obscuration. May many arise that shall partake of His light and diffuse it through all the sphere in which they shall be placed.

“Is it not important, dear brethren, that we should, in humble and grateful thanksgiving, acknowledge Him who alone raises up holy and active ministers, and supplies them with their manifold endowments? Ministers, extraordinary and ordinary, are due to Him, who, ascending up on high, has given them to the church and the world. Blessed be His name for this gift. But is it not also of importance that we pray for a continuation and increase of gifted and devoted ministers, who

shall freely surrender themselves to the service of man for Christ's sake, and in his cause? "The Lord of the harvest" could send out labourers independently of us and of our prayers. But what does our Great Master say?—"Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." I could never fully assent to the principle that, when eminent ministers are taken away, others will, as in some sort a matter of course, succeed in their place, so that their loss will scarcely be felt. Oh, no! We are continually dependent on God for a succession of faithful and able men; we mourn when such as these are removed from us; and we are taught to pray that God would himself raise up and qualify others in their stead. He alone can do it; and He does it in answer to prayer. May He "maintain His own cause." May He cause the spirit of departed Elijahs to rest upon surviving Elishas, and may He plentifully furnish them also out of His treasury.

"Brethren in the ministry, you will, on this occasion, accept from me a word of friendly admonition. Oh, let us seek a larger measure of the spirit of our fathers,—let us trace their footsteps,—and let us pray that, like them, we may be "faithful unto death." Work "while it is day," for "the night cometh," and is it not of especial moment that we should all inquire what use we have made of our advantages? How many eminent servants of the Lord have we heard and known? How ma-

ny discourses rich in Evangelical truth and grace have sounded in our ears? How many peculiar opportunities of spiritual improvement have we enjoyed? But where is the fruit?—where the progress, answering to our privileges, which we ought to have made? Are our souls in health and prosperous? Oh, let us now renew our diligence, and mightily apply the blessings which we are still permitted to share. Let us “remember them—who have spoken unto us the Word of God,” that we may “follow their faith, considering the end of their conversation,—let us cleave to Him who is our hope, our life, our all,—and let us pray that, through His merit and mercy, we may finally re-join them that are gone before us in the eternal and everlasting glory. God grant that we all may. To Him be the praise for ever.”

During this solemn and impressive service, selections of music were performed at intervals on the sweet-toned organ, by Mr. Thomas Skaife, the organist, comprising, “Handel’s beautiful anthem,” —“His body is buried in peace, But his name liveth evermore,” the “Dead March” in Saul, and other appropriate hymns. At the conclusion Dr. Hannah again offered prayer, and pronounced the Benediction.

A Sermon on occasion of the death of Mr. Newton, was preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, Easingwold, on Monday Evening, May 22nd., from these words:—“My covenant was with him of life and peace; and I gave them to him for the fear

wherewith he feared me, and was afraid before my name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity."—Mal. ii. 5, 6.*

As a token of esteem and gratitude for the valuable services gratuitously rendered, the Members of the Leaders' Meeting at Easingwold presented to Dr. Hannah, a beautifully bound copy of "Val-
lis Eboracensis" on receipt of which the Doctor wrote:

MY DEAR BROTHER ROSSELL,

I duly received the very valuable token of kind remembrance from the Leaders' Meeting. Will you please to accept for yourself and present also to the Members of the Leaders' Meeting, my affectionate and grateful regards for this expression of friendly feeling. I shall preserve the beautiful volume and the Resolutions inserted in it, with care and pleasure. Will you present my most respectful and affectionate regards to Mrs. Newton and the family, &c.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

JOHN HANNAH.

The death of Dr. Newton occurred the day before the Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting, which was held in Exeter Hall on Monday, the first of May. At each anniversary of that Meeting the Doctor had been in regular attendance for a series of years. His voice was annually heard in that vast assembly, and at the last meeting, when he lay silent in death, the walls of the

* This admirable Sermon is published, price 6'

great Metropolis were placarded with his name as one of the ministers appointed to preach the Anniversary Sermons and attend the general Meeting. But how futile are human hopes and conceptions. When the great meeting arrived, Robert Newton had joined the "general assembly and church of the first-born which are in heaven;" and instead of moving a resolution in Exeter Hall and joining in the chorus of a Wesleyan congregation, he was uniting with the ten thousand times ten thousand before the throne in singing the heavenly anthem, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God. Unto him be glory, and honour, and dominion, and power, world without end."

We conclude our memoir of the Doctor with the following characteristic sketch, which appeared in the Watchman of May 3rd, 1854:—

"For sorrow and for joy, the Missionary Anniversary will be very remarkable. At the meeting of the previous year, an uncommon burst of feeling was evoked when two venerable men appeared together on the platform,—JABEZ BUNTING, with tottering limbs, supported by the arm of the bending but still noble ROBERT NEWTON. On Monday, the former was greeted with a welcome as cordial as before, but a grief covered his countenance, of which those who hailed him knew not the cause. But soon, the secret was told, and fell heavily on the heart of all. ROBERT NEWTON,—the life, the

power, and the joy of so many Missionary Meetings,—had passed away from earth to heaven.

After fifty-five years of Herculean labour, this matchless harvestman had, only two or three weeks ago, removed to the town of Easingwold, in his native Yorkshire, when, amid his family, the last messenger found him. On Tuesday last, he was seized with paralysis, and on Sunday morning, about half-past four o'clock, he said, "Farewell, sin and death," then shortly afterwards crying, "Praise the LORD," he peacefully went to "glory in the cross of his LORD JESUS CHRIST," with raptures of which even his mightiest eloquence never raised a conception. Although, for the last two years, he had abridged the toils in which his life was spent, he had never "ceased to work;" and at the moment when he was called home, the walls of London were placarded with the announcement that he would preach on the following day. His years had passed three score and ten, but his emotions were fresh; his vigour was so far broken as to forewarn his friends, but not so far as to distress them by a wreck of greatness. Not abruptly checked amid full activity, nor left to fade in lengthened inaction, his Master gently relaxed his evening toil, and then took him home to rest. But a year or two ago we all saw him in a stately age, unbent, unwearied, and unchilled, now we think of him in immortal youth and scarcely recall the brief stage of transition which intervened. Had his warmest friends chosen beforehand, perhaps they would

have said, "So let ROBERT NEWTON die; let Providence give intimation of our coming loss, but spare us and spare him the scenes of an infirm old age." Nor could any have beforehand devised a worthier testimonial to the unequalled champion and orator of Missions than that which, by a strange coincidence, was prepared for him on Monday. That Society, which had so often revived its spirit and quickened its march under the music of his voice, was arrested in the midst of one of its fullest and happiest meetings, with tidings that he was no more. Man and woman, all over that vast multitude, bowed under a personal sorrow, and youth and age together dropped a tear. That moment of silence and grief was such an ovation as a worldly hero seldom wins, and such as the warm and modest heart of Dr. NEWTON would have felt more than a noisy or a splendid tribute.

Gifted with a lofty figure, a noble visage, and a shining eye; with a voice that could whisper to five thousand, or swell to musical thunder; with emotions genial as the rising sun; with direct insight into the common breast, its movements and its wants; with strong English sense, and unerring instincts of propriety; with a fancy that played with every gentle and beautiful thing; with rapid apprehension of all thoughts and facts lying within the range of ordinary truth; with a clear hold of short and ready arguments; with a bright and forceful diction; with eminent power of narration, and with incomparable facility for seizing upon an

incident and wielding it at his will, and with action the most natural and apt; adding to all this an invincible tenacity of the most sacred and potent themes of the gospel, a glow of Christian earnestness and brotherliness that made his hearers and himself seem thinking and feeling together, and an amazing inheritance of that mysterious power called eloquence, which, lying neither in reason, imagination, fervour, diction, nor delivery, inspires them all, and multiplies indefinitely their analytically assignable forces—it was no wonder that, from the first moment ROBERT NEWTON appeared as a preacher, love and admiration followed him, and that at every point of his ceaseless travelling they met him afresh; that to the last days of his old age they revived at the news of his coming, and “waited for him as for the rain; and opened their mouths wide as for the latter rain.” Never was popularity so universal, so affectionate, and so unfading. It was not the thinker, not the orator, not the divine, not the champion, which the hearts of the whole Methodist people warmly cherished for so many years; it was the *man*, their own ROBERT NEWTON, the loveable human being, beautiful by the Creator’s hands, beautiful by the gifts of mind, beautiful by the graces of sanctified life, beautiful by the simplicity of an unspoiled spirit, true to his calling, lightsome in heavy toil, great enough for the greatest occasion, humble enough for the cottage congregation, brilliant enough for the most polished auditor, homely

enough for the collier or the clown. His claims addressed themselves to the whole man: the eye, the ear, the mind, the heart, and pre-eminently the conscience, were in turn called upon to do him homage.

We always doubted whether his mental power was duly estimated, even by those who most loved and admired him. He never dived into such depths that ordinary men wondered whither he was gone, or soared to such altitudes that their eye could no longer follow his course. His range of thought lay within the limits of ascertained truth; and on the frontier line of the region of speculation he never trod. Consequently, that class who value intellect in proportion as it can wrap itself in luminous cloud, were ready to speak lightly of the intellectual scope, while extolling every other qualification of Dr. NEWTON. But in whose sermons was there a more natural and judicious connection of thought? Who trod with a firmer step all the pleasant, though straight ways of evangelical doctrine? Who gave the Christian a stronger, shorter, terser reason for the hope that was in him, and, at the same time, fanned the hope reposing on that reason, into a livelier flame? In that great power which sets truth clearly before a human understanding, engages the aids of the imagination and stimulates the heart, Dr. NEWTON had few rivals; and we have sometimes felt his powerful arm bear us bodily away, when we could easily forsake, or foil, the more *intellectual* dis-

course who would affect to criticise his simpler style. It was simple; but it was solid, manly, bright, affectionate, and strong. It was worthy of a Minister of God. It was fit to use in dealing with immortal men, on themes which concern immortality. True, that for the last years of his life, he generally preached over again his old sermons but they were far from being stereotyped. We have heard very great variations in the same sermon at different times. He appeared only to preach from a subject which was just then warmly present to his own mind, and thus ever animated the oldest theme with extempore emotion. The vivacity of personal sympathy with his subject which he manifested in delivering his oldest sermons, far surpassed that which many feel with their newest. But wo to the man who, without his rare qualities, attempts in this manner to walk in his steps!

Dr, NEWTON was eminently a Methodist Preacher. In the pulpit, Christianity was not to him a curious science, but a heaven-sent message. His congregations were not critics to be propitiated, or admirers to be indulged; but sinners to be convinced, penitents to be cheered, believers to be built up. To him religion was ever presented in its cardinal points, as a great system of saving grace. He transcendently gloried in the cross of CHRIST. He felt and proclaimed the Gospel to be the Power of God unto salvation. You never heard him without wishing to be better in religious

life. Among his brethren in the Ministry, whether in Conference or out of it, he was ever frank, kindly, and fraternal; most strictly attentive to rule, honouring all talent and all virtue. He fulfilled an office with the fidelity of a good man, and the ease of a great one; without a touch of the indifference which they affect who fancy that they honour office, or of the importance which they assume who feel that office has exalted them. He never raised or exasperated strife; he sought peace and pursued it. Who can expose a wound and say he gave it? Yet, in times of trial, his broad breast was as firm, as in times of peace it was gentle. Amongst the people he was ever such as became his office. Regular, considerate, temperate, with a constant cheerfulness and suavity, he was not only welcomed, but hailed in the homes of multitudes. Perhaps no man ever was more indebted to hospitality in all parts of the United Kingdom and in America. And certainly never was hospitality offered to a nobler or purer guest. Never did any family feel their spirits darkened by the shadow of his greatness; once among them, the Orator was as themselves. Never did a young Minister learn from him one unministerial habit, or one ungenerous sentiment. He travelled, he preached, he spoke, with no limit to his labour but time. As much work as could be crowded into the hours he was willing and able to do. Stronger than almost any public man, he had not those intense mental fires which burn out many, and yet

as much fire as armed and moved all his prodigious physical powers. By Ministers and people at home, by Missionaries and their flocks abroad, by families whose fireside was wont to be honoured by his presence, by congregations who yearly counted on hearing his voice, and by not a few who heard in it the call that awoke them to seek their God, he will be deeply mourned. On a Sabbath-day his toils ceased; and never was heartier labourer welcomed to the companionship of those who have entered into rest. On that same day on which the most musical voice that pleaded the cause of Christian Missions was hushed, fell also the most musical hand that wrote sacred song for the marching army of CHRIST. Many a time had the flashing eye of JAMES MONTGOMERY, from his regular annual seat in the chair of our Missionary Meeting at Sheffield, shot forth unwonted fires on the form of the great Orator, who celebrated in fluent prose the evangelical truths he sang in beautiful verse. Two lyres are broken together, but the harpers both to-day are harping "with the harps of God."

Some will ask who is to succeed him? No one. Such men never have successors. The Lord creates, converts, and uses them; whilst He is doing so they are indispensable; but when He takes them away, He carries on the work better than before. The same power and grace which made ROBERT NEWTON, can and will give us the men for our time. The gifts God has given us in the past

foretell the gifts of the future. We may lawfully mourn, but rejoice in hope, for the cause that is bereaved. He was but one jewel given to the Church by Him who said to her, "Thou shalt be as a crown of glory in the hand of the LORD, and as a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." Other gems now unknown, will easily be set on her brow, by the wealthy hand of her Lord. But not only for the Church would we mourn; we cannot but think of those who stand near the bier of the fallen Evangelist. Who shall repair to them that great loss? Yet surely, amid all their tears, any human heart may praise God for the destiny by which it is privileged to pronounce over the corpse of ROBERT NEWTON the word—"My husband!" or "My father!"

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