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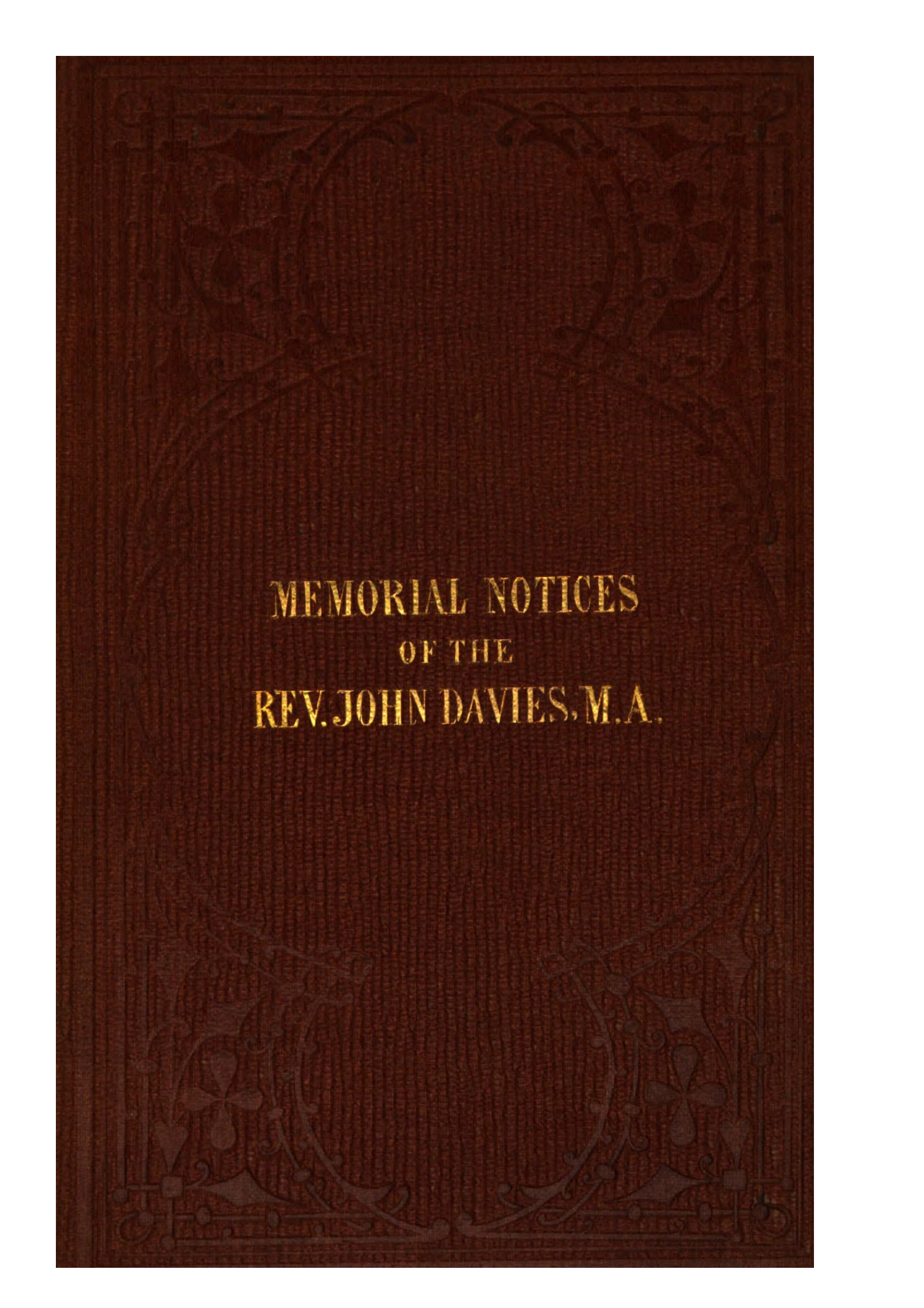
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MEMORIAL NOTICES
OF THE
REV. JOHN DAVIES, M.A.



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Yours, very faithfully
John Davis.

MEMORIAL NOTICES

OF THE

REV. JOHN DAVIES, M.A.

Rector of St. Clement's, Worcester.

PROCEEDS TOWARDS THE ERECTION OF A WATERMAN'S CHURCH.

WORCESTER: EATON & SON.

LONDON: T. HATCHARD, 187, PICCADILLY.

1858.

210. C. 133.



PREFATORY REMARKS.

“*The memory of the just*” is not only “*blessed,*” in itself, but is often made a blessing to others.

The recollection of departed excellence has, in numerous instances, proved a tender but powerful impulse to the practice of those things, which adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. If we would “*be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises,*” we must often remember them.

Besides, by enlarging the list of those who, through “*the work of faith and labour of love,*” have “obtained a good report,” we may hope to set up a banner of invitation to others, and to proclaim a pledge, that they who honor Christ shall, indeed, be honored by Him.

The following notices of one, who is so eminently worthy of our recollection and imitation, are thus collectively presented, not as a full memorial of him, but rather as a fragmentary compilation of what has, recently, been said of him, by several writers and preachers. This sort of compilation is, of course, less eligible, as it is more desultory, than a condensed obituary. But it has its advantages; because it brings together the estimate of many hearts, and presents that diversity of testimony which is both weighty and interesting. The coat, which Jacob made for his beloved Joseph, seems

to have been all the more choice, because it comprised "many colours."

More than this, the writer of these lines cannot undertake such an obituary as might be desirable, because he is unable to read such manuscript materials as its preparation would require.

In the reprint of Newspaper Notices, some omissions have been made, in order to avoid unnecessary repetitions, or merely passing details.

A few private memoranda are inserted, as brief specimens of what could be largely contributed. Extracts from other sermons, besides those which appear, might have been added, but for the modesty of those who preached them.

It is confidently believed that almost *any* memento of one, who loved so many, and whom so many loved, will receive a most cordial welcome. This belief is grounded on the fact, that there is scarcely a locality, within a considerable circle of Worcester, which does not witness the honest grief of individuals, who venerate the Rev. John Davies as their spiritual benefactor. This is accounted for by his laborious visits to the Infirmary, and by his exemplary habit of speaking kindly and profitably to the stranger, the wayfarer, and the sojourner.

May such "holy and humble men of heart" everywhere abound; and his pure, peaceable, and fervent spirit be widely diffused among ourselves!

W. H. H.

Worcester, September, 1858.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

From the Worcestershire Chronicle, July 14th, 1858.

THE LATE REV. JOHN DAVIES, M.A.

It is our painful duty this week to record the death of a most eminently useful and excellent Christian pastor, the Rev. John Davies, rector of St. Clement's, in this city. Of him it might be said that, like his Great Master, "he went about doing good." Peculiarly single-minded, his great aim was to glorify God. His life was one of active benevolence and Christian Charity, and now he has "entered into his rest." The works of a good man, however, remain as memorials of his piety—as beneficial to others, and as examples to his successors. By Mr. Davies's unceasing exertions the new Church of St. Clement's was substituted for the damp and dilapidated building which served but too long for the house of God. The cost of this erection was £6,000, £1,000 of which was defrayed by a grant from the Church Building Society, and the greater part of the remainder of the large sum was raised by the personal

and unremitting solicitations of the Rector, amongst his friends and parishioners. It may be thought not unworthy of note, that the site of the edifice was transferred to the present spot under a clause which Mr. Davies procured to be inserted in a Bill at that time before Parliament.

To him, too, the parish is indebted for schools to supply the spiritual and temporal education of his poorer parishioners. With his own means he purchased the property afterwards appropriated to schools, and for many years, we believe from 1824 to 1842, the parish had the benefit of them rent free. Subsequently, upon the appropriation by the National and Diocesan Societies of £105 towards the schools, he voluntarily and absolutely conveyed all his property in them to trustees on behalf of the parish, in exchange for that sum, though they were valued at thrice the amount. In addition to this, we may state that the schools were for a long time in a great measure supported at his expense. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and no one ever gave more cheerfully, or was more liberal or unwearied in all acts of beneficence than the subject of this notice. A greater amount of good, however, than perhaps could have otherwise been effected, was accomplished in providing the Watermen's Churches in Worcester and at Runcorn, both of which were established by the intelligent and zealous exertions of Mr. Davies; and the improved conduct of the class of men for whom they were intended is an ample testimony to the good that has resulted.

While watching over his flock, with all the tender solicitude of a parent, and copying—as far as frail humanity can copy—the example of the Master whose dutiful servant he was ; while he relieved their temporal wants and administered to their spiritual necessities with constant solicitude, he found time to bestow on the sufferers in the Infirmary, and would often cheer their bedsides with the voice of sympathy and the tidings of hope. He was one of those large-hearted men whose benevolence it is not possible to exhaust, and whose whole life seems absorbed in that noblest ambition, to advance the interests of their fellow-men in time and in eternity. But his flock was his primary care ;

“To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Mr. Davies was presented to the living of St. Clement's 42 years since, by the late Rev. James Stillingfleet, then Prebendary of Worcester Cathedral. He took it as an option, and presented it to Mr. Davies, whom he knew chiefly by character as a sincere and zealous minister of Christ's church.

From the Worcester Journal, July 17th, 1858.

THE LATE REV. JOHN DAVIES.

Our obituary announces the decease, on the 12th instant, in his 70th year, of the Rev. John Davies, rector of St. Clement's, in this city, to which living he was presented in 1816, through the instrumentality of the Rev. James Stillingfleet, one of the Prebendaries of Worcester, the Dean and Chapter being the patrons. The venerable deceased was eminently "a servant of God;" in that service it was his delight to labour, "instant in season—out of season." His earnest zeal and affection as a Christian minister was not displayed in his public ministrations only, but pervaded his whole life. To promote the Glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-men, was the absorbing feeling, and all other objects were comparatively insignificant in his estimation.

When Mr. Davies succeeded to the rectory of St. Clement's, the parish church was an old edifice (probably Saxon), very inconvenient in its interior arrangement—exposed to the floods of the Severn—and placed on the east side of the river, while (with a very trifling exception) the parishioners resided on the west side. Through the rector's exertions funds were raised (the parish contributing

very liberally) for the erection of a new church on Henwick Hill, in the midst of the population; the consecration took place on the 13th of March, 1823, and we believe that the cost was little short of £6,000, including the purchase of the land. School-rooms were also provided by Mr. Davies, who purchased from his own resources a building for the purpose; but in after years these schools being found inadequate, Mr. Davies directed his attention to the erection of a building better adapted to the purpose; he was warmly seconded by his parishioners, and the result was that, about two years ago, the present spacious and convenient schools were opened. In 1842, Mr. Davies's Christian sympathy was excited towards the watermen employed on the river Severn and Worcester and Birmingham Canal, who (with very few exceptions) never attended any place of worship, and who were emphatically "living without God in the world." Through his efforts a floating church was provided, and placed on the Severn. The results from year to year were most satisfactory—so much so that no part of Mr. Davies's labours appeared to give him more comfort than this effort to rescue from spiritual darkness a long-neglected class. He did not confine his attention to the watermen in our own locality, but advocated the cause in other parts of the kingdom, especially during his sojourn at Runcorn, in Cheshire, in which neighbourhood the effects of his exertions are still beneficially felt. In justice to the memory of a deceased nobleman, we should mention that the late Earl of

Ellesmere (as an extensive canal proprietor) helped forward this good work. For more than forty years Mr. Davies's name has been associated with every institution established among us for promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of man. Though fervently attached to the Church of which he was a minister, his Christian charity extended (like that of the Apostle) to "all that love our Lord Jesus in sincerity."

It is almost superfluous to speak of Mr. Davies's deep solicitude for the welfare of his parishioners. Though ready at all times to further measures calculated to benefit any of his fellow-men, he felt, and acted upon the feeling, that his flock had the strongest claim upon his regard; and that they stood first in his affection none of them could doubt. They, therefore, loved him in life, and in death his memory will be embalmed on their hearts.

The *weight* of Mr. Davies's character—the feature which caused his influence to be *felt*—was the perfect consistency of his life and conversation. He was "an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." There was no contradiction between his public ministrations and his private life; his actions were in harmony with his words; towards him the scoffer could not point the finger of scorn. This consistency—this Christian uprightness—gave him a high place in the affections of men, the effects of which were signally displayed last year, when a public insult, which he endured, was resented by the inhabitants of the city, with an unanimity highly honourable to

their feelings and to the character of the man whom they “delighted to honour.” While we thus speak of this excellent man as a minister, we would not overlook the warmth of his affection towards his family and friends, who have indeed sustained a deep and bitter loss, but whose strong consolation is the reflection that he has “entered into his rest.” They must derive too no common comfort from the unmistakable proofs of public sorrow which the death of him whom they have lost has excited. This sorrowful feeling is not confined to one class—it pervades alike the lowly and more elevated.—We have not in the above notice assumed the character of mere eulogists;—we have paid this tribute to the memory of the departed, because we feel that when such “a standard-bearer” falls, it becomes us, as public journalists, to point to the deeply-important influence which Christian zeal, combined with un-deviating consistency of conduct, exercises over those whose hearts are accessible to “the eloquence of a holy life.”

The following lines by Cowper appear so applicable to the deceased, that we print them at the request of the reverend gentleman’s friends:—

He was a man among the few,
Sincere on virtue’s side;
And all his strength from Scripture drew
To hourly use applied.

That rule he prized, by that he feared,
He hated, hoped, and loved,
Nor ever frowned, or sad appeared,
But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail, as thou or I,
 And evil felt within ;
 But when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,
 And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such lived Aspasio ; and at last
 Call'd up from earth to Heaven,
 The gulf of death triumphant pass'd,
 By gales of blessing driven.

“ His joys be mine,” each reader cries,
 When my last hour arrives ;
 They shall be your's, my verse replies,
 Such only be your lives.

THE FUNERAL

Took place this afternoon (Friday), at St. Clement's Church, and was witnessed by a large concourse of all creeds and denominations ; indeed we have never seen in this locality a more pleasing tribute to departed worth. The shutters of every private house in the parish, besides many others in the city, were either partially or wholly closed, and the whole neighbourhood appeared as if participating in the solemn and mournful ceremony. Rich and poor, old and young, assembled with one common object—to evince by their presence their sorrow for the departed, and their respect and esteem for his memory.

The last sad rites were fixed to take place at half-past one o'clock, but long before that hour numbers of the parishioners, respectably attired in mourning habiliments, assembled near the deceased gentleman's residence, together with the children of St.

Clement's Schools, with their master and mistress, and teachers, to the number of 250 or more. The assembly then became general, and Clergymen of the Established Church and Nonconformists, members of the Bible Society Committee, the Mayor and representatives of the Town Council, parishioners, non-parishioners and tradesmen, met to do honour to the deceased. The Clergymen and many of the non-parishioners assembled at the residence of Mr. Binns, Henwick Road, and the parishioners met at Mr. Groves's, in the immediate neighbourhood.

The interior of the sacred edifice was soon filled by a sorrowing congregation, whose sobs and sighs evidenced their inward feelings on so solemn an occasion.

The body was interred in a vault at the farther end of the crypt, which appeared remarkably dry and well ventilated. In the vault repose the remains of the reverend gentleman's daughter, Charlotte Selina, who expired in 1830, aged 16 years. A tablet affixed in the church over the vault bears an inscription recording her death, together with the sacred words, "She sleeps in Jesus; when Christ, who was her life, shall appear, then shall she also appear with Him in Glory." The tablet also records the death of Eliza, sister of the above, who was born Nov. 15, 1820, and died on the following day. Her remains are deposited at Rock, in this county.

The bells of several of the city churches tolled during the performance of the ceremony.

From the Worcester Herald, July 17th, 1858.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN DAVIES.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we record to-day in our obituary the death of this exemplary parish priest and excellent man, who for the long period of 42 years so worthily filled the office of rector of St. Clement's parish, in this city. It is that time since Mr. Davies was presented to the living by the late Rev. James Stillingfleet, then prebendary of Worcester Cathedral, at whose disposal it happened to be, and who presented it to Mr. Davies, who was even then known as a zealous minister of the church. Mr. Davies's fatherly care extended alike to the temporal and spiritual interests of his poor parishioners, and poor indeed are the great majority of the people of St. Clement's. His hand was ever open to relieve their wants, and his tongue never tired in advocating their relief, but although a cheerful giver, he was no indiscriminate bestower of alms. He neither gave himself nor sought aid from others to unworthy objects; we mean by that, not that he confined his care to the pious among the poor, but that where alms-giving would have been wasted he refrained, leaving such persons to the care of those legally charged with that duty.

In the religious and educational concerns of the

parish he spent his life. He was truly an undaunted soldier of the Redeemer, and in discharge of his duty feared not to face even the grim king of terrors arrayed in his most appalling shape. In the year 1832, when cholera, then a pestilence new to Europe, broke out in Worcester, as it has done everywhere else, it smote chiefly the poorer and worst-fed classes. The parish of St. Clement's was then, and is now as a whole, pitiably poverty-stricken, consequently cholera smote Mr. Davies's parishioners right and left. A great fear fell upon the people when they saw, on many days, the coffined bodies carried in the afternoon to the graveyard of those whom they had seen alive in good health in the morning. The untainted began to fly from the diseased, and people recoiled from their nearest and dearest. In his parish Mr. Davies found that this was the case, and he braced himself up for the emergency, going freely into the infected abodes of the cholera stricken, and not only brought to the sufferers relief from his Master—the Physician of souls, but with his own hand and kindly care performed the office of sick-nurse, and thus shamed the affrightened people into following his example. Now he rests from his labours, and if there be degrees of happiness in heaven, we may ponder upon, but cannot conceive, the depth of joy now experienced by so good and faithful a man. A contemporary has quoted some lines from *The Deserted Village*, as applicable to Mr. Davies, but one to whom he was a dear friend for fifty years has suggested to us that there are other lines in the

same exquisite work of Goldsmith still more appropriate, and they are willingly inserted here—

—“ To his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, *and led the way.*”

The following letter has been kindly communicated by a valued correspondent, and will be prized for the minute information which it affords of the career of the deceased :—

It fell to my lot to pass fifteen of the early years of my life as pupil and assistant at Rock School, conducted by his father and brothers. The deceased rector of St. Clement's was second son of the Rev. David Davies, master of Rock Endowed School, and Vicar of Mamble, in this county. His surviving brothers are the Rev. David Davies, A.M., vicar of Mamble and Bayton, and the Rev. William Reece Davies, A.M., incumbent of Knighton-on-Teme. You cannot in reason speak too highly of the benevolence, suavity of manner, deep yet unaffected piety, and unremitting labours of the deceased.

After graduating at Worcester College, Oxford, he was employed as private tutor to the late Colonel Greswolde, Rev. Meysey Wigley, Sir Roger Gresley, &c. He was appointed chaplain to the Berkeley Hospital, Worcester, where he resided a few years. Having been presented to the living of St. Clement's, the old church being subject to the floods, he exerted himself most strenuously to obtain funds for a new church, in which he was successful. The church on Henwick Hill was the first that had been built in Worcester for many a long year. The foundation stone of this structure was

laid by the late Francis Hooper, Esq., at that time Mayor of the city.

At one period, Mr. Davies left Worcester for a short time, and officiated at a church in Runcorn, Cheshire, where, as at Worcester, the neglected spiritual condition of the watermen engaged his especial attention, and occupied much of his valuable time. He visited every town on the Severn, and gave a public lecture on the state of the watermen. Principally through his exertions a floating church for their service was obtained at Worcester and other places. A mariners' church is built at Gloucester. I believe Mr. Davies was the first who introduced infant schools into Worcester. His parochial ministrations, his advocacy of bible and missionary societies, charitable and benevolent institutions, are patent to all persons connected with Worcestershire.

The remains of the deceased were conveyed to their final resting-place, in the family vault, in the crypt underneath St. Clement's Church, this day (Friday), wherein lies buried the eldest daughter of deceased; and the obsequies presented an unusually imposing spectacle. The closed shutter might have been observed at nearly every house in the parish, whilst in the immediate neighbourhood of the deceased's residence, at Henwick, the shutters of many dwellings were wholly closed. The leading city functionaries and inhabitants generally seemed to feel that all should be done they possibly could as a mark of respect to the deceased, both individually and collectively. On arrival at the church the Mayor and Corporation were conducted to sittings appropriated for their accommodation; the like arrangements were also made for the clergymen;

and as many of the general public were admitted into the church as could be accommodated. The school children were placed in the gallery; the girls were clad in mourning, as also were many of the boys; all the latter wore a crape band round the right arm. The funeral service was most impressively read by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, rector of St. Nicholas; and when the coffin, which was covered with black cloth, was brought into the church, the congregation exhibited the deepest emotion, especially the aged parishioners of the humbler class. At the termination of the burial service Mr. Havergal addressed the school children in the most affectionate terms, telling them that they (the children) had lost one of the kindest and best pastors who ever had the care of a little flock of lambs. The reverend gentleman exhorted his young hearers to do as he (the deceased) did—to love the same Saviour as he (the deceased) had loved—and to pray as he (the deceased) had prayed. He (Mr. Havergal) hoped that the recollection of the day of their late pastor's funeral would not be temporary, but that they would pray to God that it might have a lasting impression upon their minds, and so lead them into the way everlasting.

From the Record (London), July 19th, 1858.

On Monday last, July 12th, after a short illness, died, to the great grief of his family, his flock, and his ministerial brethren in Worcester, the Rev. John Davies, rector of St. Clement's, in that city. He was born at Rock, Worcestershire, in 1788, and received the subsequent part of his education at Dr. Simpson's, Worcester, and proceeded from thence to Worcester College. After having taken his degree, he was eventually ordained to the curacy of Neen Milson, Shropshire. After some little time, he came to Worcester, as chaplain to Berkeley's Hospital, and attracted considerable attention by his faithful and earnest preaching and consistent life. In the year 1816 he was presented to the rectory of St. Clement's, Worcester. This brought little pecuniary gain, as the income of the living was but £90 per annum, and involved much work. The church was on the bank of the Severn, small in size, and in flood's way. Mr. Davies's efforts were soon directed to the building of another church on the other side of the river, where was situated all the parish, with the exception of a small portion. There were then far greater difficulties in the way of church building than now exist, but all these did Mr. Davies surmount, so that a commodious and

conveniently situated structure was raised in the year 1823, at a cost of £6,000. The building of this church was not only a want, but also a public benefit, for peculiar circumstances connected with the removal and erection of it, led to some much wished for improvements in the Church Building Acts.

In the year 1838, Mr. Davies removed to Runcorn, for the health of his family, where he became deeply impressed with the great spiritual destitution of the boatmen in that part of the country. Very much through his representation and efforts, influential parties were inclined to take up the matter, and after much opposition an Act was passed empowering the application of some of the receipts of the Weaver navigation to the supply of that spiritual want. Three churches were, in consequence, built and endowed, and three school-rooms erected, and funds applied for the maintenance of the schools. Mr. Davies returned to Worcester in 1842, and then brought before the public the state of the boatmen on the river Severn and on the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, and through much perseverance effected the establishment of the Waterman's Church. His heart was in his Master's work in every way; but of all persons the boatmen now seemed to lie nearest to it. He used to tell of one man who had been notorious for lies, wickedness, and blasphemy, but who was led to go to the Waterman's Church, and there heard words whereby he was saved; and no death-bed did Mr. Davies attend giving more

affecting evidences of the work of Divine grace than that man's. In many an other instance the work was not in vain in the Lord. At a subsequent period, very much through his instrumentality, a Mariner's Chapel was erected at Gloucester.

Mr. Davies had great influence and regard from weight of character. His eye was single to his Master's glory, his love to souls ardent, his work in season and out of season unremitting. His parish, the Waterman's Church, the Gaol, the Infirmary, the country-people coming to and returning from market,—all had his efforts and were blessed in his deeds. With his handbills and tracts in every pocket, the good man would go forth and give them with the sweet smile which always ensured a cheerful reception: never did he go anywhere without engaging in his Master's work. It was the uppermost thought in his mind, the deepest feeling of his heart. He sought no earthly honour or reward, nor were any given him, except the esteem and love of good men, and the universal respect of the people of the city in which he lived. For forty-two years he served the parish of St. Clement, the income of which was only during the last few years raised from £90 to £150 by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; and he used pleasantly to say that his greatest title of honour was Honorary Chaplain to the Boatmen. As he lived he died: the Lord was with him. Deeply sensible of sin, his soul was yet in peace, resting on Christ his Saviour. Another Barnabas, he was a good man, full of the Holy

Ghost and faith, and through him we may hope that much people was added to the Lord.

He was buried by his old friend, the Rev. W. H. Havergal, on Friday last, the greatest respect being paid to his memory, the Mayor and a large number of the Town Council, all the Clergy of the city, the Committee of the Bible Society, and other public bodies, attending the remains to the grave.

COMMUNICATIONS BY A PARISHIONER.

Mr. Davies, when speaking of his early days, used to relate that when quite a boy, and residing at the Rock, he one day, while at play, fell into a pool of water. Providentially he was rescued, but the impression left upon his mind by the, then realized, nearness of death and eternity, was so deep and solemn, that he earnestly resolved, by God's help, to give himself up, from that time, to his service.

Unselfishness was a very marked feature of his character. When a young man, and before he had the living of St. Clement's, a position, and sphere of labour both advantageous and important, appeared at one time to be within his reach, and, indeed, only needed to be applied for. He set off to the party with whom the gift lay, naturally rejoicing at the bright prospect before him. On his way thither, however, he happened to fall in with a clergyman, a stranger, but who he found was going on the same errand, and to whom, from various circumstances, success seemed to be of the greatest importance. "Looking not on his own things," this true follower of Christ immediately relinquished all idea of asking the boon for himself, and not only so, but introduced his companion, and represented his case so successfully that it was obtained for him, at a cost he never knew.

At the time when the Asiatic Cholera first made its appearance in England, Mr. Davies believed that Worcester would suffer, and most severely his own parish. The result proved that his idea was correct. As soon as it broke out in St. Clement's, he removed all his family to a distance, and remained himself in the midst of the infection, going from house to house, like an Angel of Mercy, amid that awful pestilence. Often was he seen to pass along the parish at a very early hour in the morning, eating a crust of bread, on his way to visit some fresh case; or he would be seen walking by the side of the cholera crib on its way to the hospital, that he might avail himself of every opportunity of directing the poor sufferers to Christ. His church, at this time, was so crowded, that numbers, every Sunday, turned from the door, unable to gain admittance. At one period, when there was a great feeling of dissatisfaction prevailing, relative to the order for interring the cholera patients in a distinct portion of a certain burial-ground, he most feelingly appealed to his people, from the pulpit, on the subject. With the most affectionate earnestness, he entreated them not to resist any measures which were taken for the public good: assuring them that, should he be cut off by the disease, there would be found, among his papers, a request that he might share the same lot with the very humblest of his parishioners.

As a most zealous tract distributor, Mr. Davies stood pre-eminent. He always went out with his pockets stored with these little silent messengers:

and one could scarcely walk with him five minutes, along a frequented road, without being interrupted by his accosting one and another with, "My friend, would you like a Tract?" while the involuntary lifting up of the eye or the hand to heaven, marked the spirit of prayer in which it was given. He was in the habit of going early in the mornings of market days, and again in the afternoons, to one or other of the turnpikes leading into the city, to meet the teams coming in and going out; and thus distributing to the wagoners and others those little tracts and books, the value of which will only be known in eternity. He seemed never to go a journey without meeting with some interesting incident, shewing, in a remarkable way, how a blessing had accompanied tracts he had given, perhaps months or years before.

His reverence for the name of God was striking. Rarely, if ever, even in the public road or street, was he heard to allude to it, without the involuntary raising of the hat, marking the adoration of the heart.

LETTERS OF THE REV. J. DAVIES,

To the Teachers of his Schools.

No. 1.

West Cowes, Isle of Wight,

Nov. 4th, 1841.

MY FRIENDS,

I am sorry that circumstances prevent my being present at the opening of the Adult School, and therefore address to you a few words of pastoral advice by letter. I shall not forget to pray that the Divine blessing may be graciously vouchsafed to you all, and likewise to those friends who so kindly and disinterestedly labour to instruct you.

You are aware that the object they have in view is two-fold. 1. Temporally to assist you in acquiring what is calculated to be useful in life, so that you may be better qualified to fill up your allotted station. This is very important, especially as relates to the young; it will make them more serviceable to their parents at home, and will be found valuable as they grow older. We ought to endeavour to improve in whatever may tend to enable us to employ our time well: you will, therefore, I hope, attend diligently and take pains to obtain useful knowledge.

We must not be slothful ; if we would eat, we must work, and be thankful to be taught how to work to the best advantage, nor think it a trouble, but a privilege.

2. But important as this may be with reference to the things of this present life, that knowledge, which is connected with the salvation of the soul, is infinitely more important ; for HE, who best knew the value of the soul, as he died to *redeem* it from destruction—our Divine Saviour—has said, “ What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world,” &c.

As relates to things spiritual and eternal, I am very anxious indeed that all should be daily advancing, “ growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,” for “ this is life eternal, to know the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.” To be able to read is useful—it may indeed be perverted through folly and sin—many, alas, to their ruin peruse books of a pernicious character—some injure their minds by blasphemous publications, others by novels, plays, romances, and such like. To these persons the power of reading becomes a curse and not a blessing, and they will have an awful account to give at the judgment-day for the abuse of that which might, if rightly employed, have produced the greatest benefits. One of the objects of this Adult School is to assist in enabling those who belong to it to read that holy book, which is the true guide of man in passing through this world of sin and sorrow to the eternal world. The real servants of the Lord always take delight in studying

the inspired volume ; there they learn their spiritual disease, which is sin ; there they find the only sovereign remedy, which is the blood of Christ : there they are taught the nature of repentance, faith and holiness, and are made acquainted with all things necessary for salvation. There they are encouraged to pray for the HOLY SPIRIT, to enable them “to see and know and follow the things that belong to their everlasting peace,” assured that the Holy Spirit will be granted in answer to humble prayer, offered in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. His servants know that the Holy Spirit will guide them unto all truth, so that on the week-day and on the Sabbath they shall be taught and directed “in the narrow way that leadeth unto life.” To be able to read a book given by God himself to be “the lamp of our feet and the light of our path,”—to shew us how we may escape eternal misery and obtain eternal happiness—to be able to read this blessed book is indeed no common benefit—to possess a Bible is a talent rich in value, “more to be desired than gold.” May you, my friends, not only “read, but mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures, that by patience and comfort thereof you may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life,” given in and through a once crucified, but now glorified Saviour, who is at this moment making “intercession in heaven for all who come to the Father in His name,” and will in no wise cast out *you*, if you seek Him *with all your heart*. I should indeed rejoice to hear that you are

seeking to know, love, and serve the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, taught by the God of all grace, and ever approaching the throne of heaven, through Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life!"

We are very desirous to see all, especially the *young*, walking in the ways of the Lord. They may be a great blessing in their neighbourhood, as well as family, if they do so. There is a young woman residing in this town, who profited so much by the instructions she received at the Sunday school, that her pious and holy example has been the means of doing good to all dwelling under the same roof. She so followed Christ that her light shone with brightness before others, and brought glory to her Heavenly Father, through her Redeemer. Others saw it and derived benefit. Her father and mother have been both led to seek the God of the child, who so deserved their love; and her two sisters, daily witnessing her consistent Christian conduct, are beginning to enquire "what *they* must do to be saved." How honoured is this young woman! May many of you follow her, as she is following her Redeemer!

There will be, I have reason to think, a confirmation next summer, when the young will be invited to renew their baptismal vow, by entering into covenant with God, in the presence of the church, in the performance of a solemn duty. I have been often grieved to find so few present themselves for instruction for confirmation, and to discover so much

spiritual ignorance among some of even those few. Let me intreat you, my friends, who have not been confirmed, to prepare in time by diligent study of the Bible and humble prayer for heavenly teaching ; and let me intreat those among you who have been confirmed, “to walk worthy of the vocation with which ye are called, in all lowliness and meekness,” “adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.” I wish you could have heard the address of the Bishop who lately confirmed the young in this town. I thought of my flock, and prayed that they may be blessed. I will only add, that “I beseech you all, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto the Lord, which is your reasonable service. Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.”

I am, my Friends,

Your faithful Friend and Pastor,

JOHN DAVIES.

P.S. I shall be glad to hear that you are punctual in your attendance, and persevering in your efforts to improve.

LETTER, No. 2.

Aberystwith, July 28th, 1842.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

I feel very anxious on your account, that you might be found walking in the faith of the Gospel, “in all holy conversation and godliness,” “daily denying yourselves, taking up your cross,” and following our gracious Redeemer, in spite of the temptations of bad company and a vain world—in spite of the corrupt propensities and evil desires of your own hearts—in spite of the wiles of the evil spirit, who is always watching for your ruin. You are solemnly bound by your baptismal vow to oppose all the enemies of your salvation. I sincerely hope that, in humble dependence on Divine grace, this is your earnest desire, constant endeavour, and unceasing aim—adding to the use of every means of grace, on each returning Sabbath, &c., fervent prayer for the Holy Spirit to enable you both to think and do those things which are pleasing to God the Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord! You, who were recently confirmed, will, I hope, be found unflinching at the post of duty—not trifling—not compromising—not trying to serve God and mammon—but as faithful followers of the Lord, acting up to your holy profession, as good soldiers, “fighting manfully under the banner of Jesus the captain of your salvation.” Let me entreat you always to

remember your Creator. Often think of the *end*. The children of this world are sowing to the flesh, and “of the flesh they will reap corruption”—they will be unsupported in the day of affliction—unblest of God in each successive period of life—they will be left without hope in the awful hour of death—and in a future world, they will be for ever excluded from the presence of God, shut out of heaven, cut off from happiness, doomed to never-ending torments with the Devil and his angels, in those dreadful abodes of darkness and despair and misery, “where the worm dieth not and the fire is never quenched!” O fearful condition! without hope! no cessation from pain! no deliverance, no rest, not one moment’s ease from excruciating agony and torture of soul and body! The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever!

O reflect! Wonder not that I feel so anxious—so deeply anxious that you should flee “from the wrath to come”—should give up your hearts to Christ, and thus escape endless misery and obtain eternal glory. “Sow to the Spirit, and ye shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting!” You will then obtain the favour of God, and His favour “is better than life.” Think of heaven—think of a state of bliss unutterably delightful. Remember, even in this life, those who follow Christ are blessed. They may have trials, but those trials will be sanctified and turned into blessings. The HOLY SPIRIT (bestowed for the Lord Jesus Christ’s sake in answer to prayer—the prayer of faith)—the Holy Spirit

will comfort the hearts of God's children, and support their souls in the darkest hour. "All things shall work together for their good." The gracious promises which lie scattered over the sacred volume, in such rich profusion, will be their's. "The Lord will never leave—never forsake them." "When thou passest through waters I will be with thee, saith the Lord Jehovah." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

In that solemn hour, which must come to all—the hour of death—the Triune God of the Bible will be with his people. When their flesh and their heart seem ready to fail, they will find "the Lord will be the strength of their heart and their portion for ever!" "The dark valley of the shadow of death will be illumined by the sun of righteousness." "They will enter into the joy of their Lord,"—be blessed through eternity!

The ungodly and the worldly wish to persuade the young that religion is a gloomy and miserable thing. Listen not, I beseech you, to such deceivers. "Godliness is profitable," &c. "This is life eternal, to know," &c.

The servant of Christ may meet with trials in the journey of life, but, I repeat it, those trials, sanctified, will become blessings. The followers of the meek and lowly Jesus will certainly renounce the vain pleasures of a sinful world, but they will secure pleasures at God's right hand for evermore! They may not possess the riches of earth, but they have a *treasure in heaven*. They may not dwell in splendid

abodes here, but hereafter they will obtain “*a building of God, a house not*” &c. “The wages of sin is death, but” &c.

Remember, my young friends, that the children of God live to God. They walk by faith, and not by sight. They desire to glorify God in all things, through Jesus Christ the Lord—“the Author as well as Finisher of their faith.” Bought with a price, they are anxiously solicitous, above all things, to glorify God with their body and spirit, which are God’s.

I am, my young Friends,
Your affectionate Friend and Pastor,
JOHN DAVIES.

LETTER, No. 3.

Nov. 30th, 1840.

MY FRIENDS,

Being prevented attending this evening at the school-rooms, I write a few lines by way of counsel and encouragement. I would first remark that it gives me much pleasure to find you desirous of devoting a portion of your time to improve yourselves in reading, which will enable you to profit, through the Divine blessing, by reading that Holy Book which contains a revelation of the Divine will, and will make those who read it in a spirit of prayer “wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus!”

I am especially anxious for you who are *young*—I feel a deep interest in your welfare—I should rejoice to hear of your temporal prosperity, but especially as relates to your precious souls. O may you all resemble Mary, “who sat at Jesus’ feet and heard his word!” May you be found daily “growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ!”

Be on the watch against *temptation*, and remember that our blessed Lord exhorts his servants to add *PRAYER to watchfulness*.

Guard against the society of those who would draw you from seeking the salvation of the soul, *as the one thing needful*. Bad company has ruined thousands, and tens of thousands!

Particularly let me entreat you to “*remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy*.” O never forget, my friends, that for every hour of every day, but especially the *sabbath*, you must render an account at the judgment-seat of Christ! at that awful day when “the trumpet shall sound and the dead be raised!”

Be encouraged to persevere in seeking to improve your minds. “*Be clothed with humility*.” Although God resisteth the *proud*, “He giveth grace to the *humble*.” May God, the Holy Ghost, bestow upon each of you abundantly of His grace!

Believe me,

Your sincere Friend,

JOHN DAVIES.

To the Members of the
Female Adult School.

LETTER, No. 4.

July 15th.

MY FRIENDS,

As I am prevented coming to address you to-night, let me send you a word of friendly advice. I am particularly anxious that you should be constant, devout, and attentive in the discharge of every religious duty. Let me on this occasion call your especial attention to *private* prayer. I hope you never rise in the morning without humbly thanking God for the mercies of the night—your protection and preservation, soul and body; and I hope you never enter on the duties of the day without supplicating, in the name of the Lord Jesus, the *Holy Spirit* to teach, bless, and guide you. And I hope you never retire to rest without imploring pardon for the sins of the day, and blessing the Lord for his goodness to you. Those who live in the neglect of private prayer, live without God and without hope in the world, and when they die they will be cast off for ever!

And do not rest satisfied with *saying* your prayers, but remember, God is a spirit, and requires those who worship Him to worship Him in spirit and in truth. Be particular in offering every prayer in the *name of the Lord Jesus*; for WITHOUT *His intercession*, no prayer will be accepted by *God the Father*.

Persevere in prayer. It is a great privilege, as well as a duty, which must never be neglected.

But beware of *trusting* to your prayers; we must TRUST only in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his atoning blood, for *forgiveness of sin*.

I am obliged to write in haste, or I should like to tell you what a comfort prayer is in the day of affliction—what a support against temptation—what a blessing in every way! May the Lord pour upon each of you the spirit of prayer and supplication! May He give you a new heart, make you a new creature in Christ Jesus, and bestow on you every needful blessing.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN DAVIES.

FROM A
SERMON BY THE REV. J. ADLINGTON,
Chaplain to the County Gaol,
PREACHED IN ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH,
ON SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1858.

2 TIMOTHY iv. 7. "*I have fought a good fight.*"

In the selection of my text, and in the attempt to explain it, my mind has been directed to our deeply-lamented friend, the late Rector of this parish. He, indeed, "fought a good fight," in the cause of his Divine Master, against sin and error. He withstood every doctrine, which appeared to him to lead the minds of men away from the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. He has finished his course triumphantly, looking unto Jesus, the Guide and Arbiter of it. He "kept the faith," which was committed to him, as a precious jewel, unsoiled and uncontaminated, as God gave it. And now he is reaping the reward of the faithful. He, doubtless, will receive "a crown of righteousness,"—a crown of incorruptible splendor, obtained and bestowed by Jesus Christ, the righteous Judge and Saviour, who wore "a crown of thorns" on his bleeding temples, that his servants may wear crowns of life on their glorified heads, for ever and ever.

I had the happiness and privilege of enjoying the friendship of Mr. Davies, for many years. I necessarily saw much of him, under a variety of circumstances; and I must say that, with the exception of one beloved and eminently devoted servant of God, who is now in heaven, I never knew a man who appeared to me to have so much of the mind of his Divine Master.

His benevolence, kindness of heart, and devotion to the ministerial work, were truly remarkable. His countenance beamed with kindness towards his fellow-men. He rejoiced with those that rejoiced, and wept with those that wept. Like his Great Master, he went about doing good; and was always ready to assist in every effort to benefit the souls and bodies of men. He was ever deeply interested in the welfare of his parishioners, as the erection of this Church, and of your Parochial School-rooms, amply testify.

In every institution established among us, for the temporal or spiritual benefit of the population, your beloved Pastor long took a very warm interest. In the earlier years of his residence in Worcester, the prisoners in gaol, under sentence of execution, were benefited by his voluntary ministrations. He was, also, for a long period, in the habit of paying a weekly visit to the wards of the Infirmary, cheering the sick and the infirm with the voice of sympathy and the tidings of peace.

In the discharge of his ministerial duty, Mr. Davies was an undaunted soldier of the Redeemer,

as was manifested by his zeal and devotion, at all times, and especially during the cholera of 1832.

In his dealings with his fellow-men, your late Rector always shewed much patience and forbearance. I never heard him speak an unkind word, or make a censorious remark, of any one. He was always ready to excuse rather than condemn. When tried by ingratitude and unkindness, he was enabled, by God's grace, to return good for evil.

Mr. Davies was eminently a man of prayer. Prayer was to him, as it is to every Christian, communion with God. It was no task, no penance, to approach God in prayer, but a heart-cheering privilege. He poured out his soul unto God. He drew nigh to Him as to a Friend and Father. He sought help and guidance, at all times, at a throne of grace. Hence his patience, meekness, devotedness, and love. This prayerful spirit was united to much simplicity of faith in God's faithfulness and goodness. He took God at his word, and trusted in Him as an all-wise and unchanging benefactor. He "rolled" his cares in God. His hopes of salvation were placed upon the promises of God in Christ Jesus. These hopes sustained him, not only in life, but when he had to meet man's last enemy—Death. What he was in health, he was during the sickness which ended in death. There was the same manifestation of patience, resignation, and strong desire to glorify God, in everything. His soul seemed to vent itself in prayer and praise. His mind was full of Holy Scripture. He seemed

mentally to feast on the promises of the Bible. When a text from it was quoted to him, he would say, with his usual benignant look, "*I know that!*" implying that he had already received support or comfort from it.

His soul, at times, seemed to be filled with anticipations of heaven. In a state of great delight, as though the veil which hides the glories of heaven had, for a moment, been drawn aside, he exclaimed, "*Oh, the white robes, so WHITE, washed in the blood of the Lamb!*" He often expressed his confidence in Christ Jesus, saying, "Christ is all, Christ is all!"

At times, he would bless his friends around him, exclaiming, "*The Spirit of God be with you! The Spirit of the Lord Jesus be with you!*" His feeling for his friends and family appeared to be expressed in the words of the patriarch Jacob, "Behold *I die*, but God is with you." He had no doubt or fear respecting his eternal state. Indeed, joy beamed in his countenance, in expectation of the blessedness which awaited him.

On the last Sunday morning which he passed on earth, he asked what day it was. When told it was the Sabbath, he asked the hour; and on hearing that it was about eleven o'clock, he turned his face in the direction of the Watermen's Church, then looked towards this church, and then appeared to be in earnest prayer for the congregations assembled in each. His last conscious act was prayer. His departing hours witnessed the fulfilment of the promise, "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose*

mind is stayed on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee."
(Isaiah xxvi. 3.)

In conclusion, my earnest prayer is that God may be pleased to bless our mournful bereavement to our benefit. May the young persons of the parish who shared so much in the affections and care of their late earthly shepherd, experience the love, and be constantly under the guidance of their Heavenly Shepherd. May the adult parishioners not forget the devotion of their late pastor to their interests, and how desirous he was to be able to present them perfect in Christ, "*before the throne of his glory.*"

The voice of our departed friend we shall no more hear from this place : but we may hear it in a better world ; when Christ shall come with his saints, to be admired and adored in their salvation, may we be not only spectators of, but sharers in, that glorious scene ! And may we lift up our voices in unison with the voice of your late pastor, in the song of praise, "*unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father : to Him be glory and honour, for ever and ever !*" May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his ! Amen.

FROM A SERMON,
PREACHED IN ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH,
BY THE REV. ARTHUR HILL,
Officiating Minister,
ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 18, 1858.

Before I conclude, let me pay a debt of affection to the memory of one whose name is written on so many hearts. How little did you think, six weeks ago, that the voice of him, who through so many years sounded forth to you the Gospel message, would now be silent, and that for ever, as far as this world is concerned. How little did I think that all the anticipations, which I had formed of ministerial communion and christian intercourse with him, would find their response in the grave. But so God hath willed it; and "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" One whom we could, humanly speaking, ill spare, has been taken from our midst. He who, from this place, for more than forty years, acted as God's minister for your souls, who looked down upon you with eyes full of affection, and who spake words which evinced a heart full of anxiety for your first and best interests—he is gone—gone from among us—his body to the grave, but his soul to glory! Were it not that, as Christians, we sorrow, not without hope, the heart would bend

and break beneath our bereavement. But, in the midst of our sorrow, the bright ray of immortality cheers our path, and the voice of inspiration reaches us with those words which the Church loves to repeat over the remains of her departed members—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours;” and may we not add “their works do follow them.” Yea! *his* works do follow *him*. They were not those of mere momentary influence; but they remain, and by God’s mercy, *will* remain, in their sanctifying tendency, on the hearts of many in this neighbourhood, and of others, who, by his ministry, have been converted to God. What more touching or more eloquent testimony to the worth of our departed friend, than that which was given by a poor man, whom he often visited, and who is himself now fast hastening to the unseen world. When I spoke to him concerning the death of his beloved pastor, he said, with a heart full of love, “Ah, Sir, *He* will *shine!*” Yes! he, indeed, will shine! He has already shone! He shone forth as a bright witness for God in the midst of a naughty world. He shone as the counsellor and friend of the fatherless and the widow, of the bereaved, the sick, and the dying. One of his last acts was to direct the admission into the parochial day schools of the children of a dying woman, whose destitute condition was told him. Yes! with his own dying breath and charitable sympathy, he soothed the last hours of that poor woman whose remains we, this evening, committed

to the dust. If she received his instructions into the heart, she—the once poor and destitute—is with this saint of God in heaven. Never man evidenced the “pure religion and undefiled,” of which the Apostle speaks, more fully than he did; for he visited “the fatherless and widows in their affliction,” and kept “himself unspotted from the world.” He shone when, in the midst of pestilence and death, he bore the lamp of Divine consolation and truth to the bedside of the agonized and the dying. He shone when, kneeling in the cell of the condemned, he pointed him to Christ; when, in the house of destitution, he spake of him who had “not where to lay his head;” when he sought out the wanderers in the streets, and lanes, and bye-ways of the city; checked the blasphemer on the river’s side; counselled a Magdalene; or blessed with his aged hands the little ones of Christ’s flock. As an ambassador for Christ in all these relations, the Spirit of Christ shone forth in him. *And he yet will shine!* He is gone from us, no more to be seen by mortal eye; but his soul is with the blessed. Hereafter it will shine as a star of God in heaven, in the presence of that great Being whose he was and whom he served. His crown will be resplendent with jewels—souls won to Christ. And that poor body too, which is now mouldering in the tomb, over which sorrowing relatives and friends have shed their tears, and upon which they have cast their last look—that poor body which endured so much pain, so much weakness, shall shine too;—shine in that happy day when the

voice of the archangel shall awake the sleeping dust, and when corruption shall put on incorruption, and mortality a glorious immortality. How bright too will be the smile of that face we so loved to look upon. How transcendent will be his glory—far more than we can now conceive—when the summons shall be given him, not as spirit alone, but as man, soul and body reunited—“Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for thee from the foundation of the world.”

It is impossible for words adequately to describe the calm serenity which prevailed in his soul. During his illness, when the result of the disease under which he laboured was uncertain, his constant answer to the hopes expressed concerning his recovery was, “I am in the hands of God, I try to leave all to Him.” And never will the words which he addressed to one who was to take his place for a time in the sanctuary, be forgotten by him to whom they were spoken—“Preach Christ as our wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.” He felt Christ’s presence with him. He knew *him* to be “the way, the truth, and the life:” and that, which he knew and felt to be balm to his own soul, he desired to be offered to the souls of others.

His confession of sin to God was accompanied with the deepest humility. Truly was *his* the sacrifice of a “broken and a contrite heart,” which God will not despise. His constant prayer was, “God be merciful to me, a sinner.” His resignation to

the Divine will was sweetly perfect. "He doeth all things well," were words often repeated. His praise was uttered in the words, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." On the Sunday night, a few hours previous to his death, his younger brother, on entering his room, asked him, "Do you know me?" "Yes," he answered, addressing him by name; "the Lord bless thee:" and then, looking up to heaven, he engaged in silent but fervent prayer. He especially loved to hear the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin," often requesting that they might be repeated to him. His calmness and serenity remained unbroken to the end, and he died falling placidly asleep in Jesus. Yes,

"Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
Christ shew'd the way and led his soul."

The death of such a man is indeed a sore thing to the living. But scarcely would we, if we could, call him back. Call him back? Oh! no! no more to this scene of sin and strife. Call him back?

"Oh! selfish tears! who would unglorify
The Sainted Pilgrim? his unruffled bliss
Disturb, and pluck the crown from off his brow,
To bring him back to earth? 'We sorrow not
As those who have no hope.' Fallen he has
'Asleep in Jesus!' pillow'd on the bosom
Of uncreated love! basking for ever
Beneath the sunshine of Jehovah's smile."

No more to have his righteous soul vexed with the ungodly conversation of the wicked. Many a battle did he fight. Often single-handed, but in the strength of Jehovah, did he go forth to war against Satan and his hosts. Amongst his last prayers were supplications for the forgiveness of those, the sound of whose godless revelry and mirth reached even his dying chamber. He prayed that the word of God might "have free course and be glorified;" that men's hearts might be aroused to a sense of the truth—that the divisions of Zion might be healed, and her walls yet be proclaimed "Salvation," and her gates "Praise." He prayed for you, the congregation of his affection—for the sheep of the fold, many of you by name. He prayed for the Watermen's Church—for a blessing on the ministry of the word there—for the fathers of families, that they might be towers of strength in Israel, and bring their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—for those in office, in the congregation, that their labours might redound to the glory of God, and the peace of his people—for the teachers in the Sunday schools, that their hands might be strengthened and their work blessed from on high. The little ones, how often did he pray for them!—that they, like Samuel, might be called of God, and might be led early in life to hear the voice of their heavenly Father, and say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Those prayers will, we doubt not, be answered to the salvation of many; for "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth

much." And consolatory is the thought that, though lost to sight, he is not lost to us altogether. There is a bond which no death or grave can sever. It is the bond of Christian love—the union of the branches with the Vine, and with one another. "The communion of saints" is not merely between those on earth, but between them and those who are gone before. The hallelujahs of earth are re-echoed in heaven; while the church below and the church above unite in worshipping one Lord and Saviour. And may we not rejoice in believing, that the spirit of our departed friend is now amongst that number who are worshipping before his throne?

And remember, dear brethren, if you desire the cords of love, which bound you together here, to continue in their restraining power on your hearts—if you would live as he lived—if you would die as he died—you *must pray*. *He was a man of prayer*. And you need, as a congregation, and as individuals, the blessed influence of prayer more now than ever; for he to whom you resorted for counsel and advice has been taken from you, and you are, for a time, "as sheep without a shepherd." There are more shepherds in Israel. Pray that God may send you one who will offer you no turbid waters or barren pasture; but one who may lead you to the fountain of living water and the green pasture of the Gospel of Christ. Pray that the seed sown in your hearts may grow up and flourish. And let your love for the departed, and your veneration for his holy principles and character, be additional motives to

constrain you to add this to all your prayers—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

And now, to use the words which fell from the lips of our departed brother, when he took leave of his congregation "for a season," and which I heard him speak, very many years ago, from this pulpit—"Finally, my brethren, farewell." We have been called together in "troubulous times." May our sorrows and losses have a beneficial effect upon our hearts, and I pray that "the very God of peace" may sanctify you wholly," and that "your whole spirit and soul and body" may "be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Amen.

"There is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall ne'er destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sound of joy.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows."

REPORT OF A
SERMON BY THE REV. W. WRIGHT.

On Sunday morning, July 25, 1858, at St. Peter's, the vicar, the Rev. W. Wright, in a sermon specially devoted to the subject, traced out, generally, the points of resemblance between the character of our departed friend and that of Barnabas. In doing so, he referred to and commented upon, in order, the following passages:—"And Joses, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas, (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation,) a Levite, and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet." (Acts iv. 36, 37.) "And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus." (Acts ix. 26, 27.) "Then tidings of these things came unto the ears of the church which was at Jerusalem: and they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch. Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all,

that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." (Acts xi. 22—24.)

In the course of his remarks upon these passages, and upon the character of Barnabas as there sketched, the preacher described him whom we sought to honour, that in him God might be glorified, as a man of a tender and sympathizing spirit—a man of benevolent action—one who, while he abhorred hypocrisy, was ever anxious to discover in those with whom he had to do, indications of a change of heart, and ever ready to stretch forth a helping hand to those who were struggling to escape from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son—one who, because there dwelt in him not only the fulness of a kind and loving spirit, but also the fulness of the Holy Ghost and of faith, could not but rejoice when he saw or heard of men avowing that they had bowed their hearts to the power of that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," even when the thing had come to pass in a novel and unexpected manner.

Having traced out the parallel as far as he thought that facts justified it, the preacher concluded thus:—"But I must not close this imperfect sketch of our departed friend's character without noticing his *prayerfulness*. This was one of its most prominent features. I do not remember, indeed, a single meeting at which I have been privileged to be associated with him—whether it was a general meeting

of the many, or a committee meeting of the few—at which I heard not from his lips some words which reminded us that without God “nothing is strong, nothing is holy;” and that the Holy Spirit had been fully promised to all who ask for it. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. And this, brethren, was the reason of his being able to maintain so holy and consistent a life—the reason of his gaining, even in the consciences of those who liked not the principles which he held and maintained, a testimony to the excellence of his character. When he died every one seemed to feel that in him, at least, death had found one eminently prepared to die. Well, brethren, if this feeling was—as I believe it was—as true as it was general, what is our duty?—your duty and mine? Is it not to strive to follow him as he followed Christ? To applaud—to express our admiration—without endeavouring to imitate, is to condemn ourselves; to confess that we have the ability to discern what is right in another, but not strength of purpose enough to practice it ourselves. Who will say of our departed friend now—now that his Master has called him hence—now that he has gone to receive the reward of faithful labour—now that he is no longer here to chide by his consistency our inconsistency—that he was “righteous over-much?” *He was what we ought to be, and no more.* Conscience tells us this. Let us see to it that the judgment-day prove not that we were convinced of this, but that the impression was allowed to pass away “as the morning cloud and as the early dew.”



THE CHARGE OF THE DYING PASTOR,
AND
THE PRESENCE OF THE GOD OF PEACE.

A S E R M O N
ON THE
DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN DAVIES, M.A.

Rector of St. Clement's, Worcester;

PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THAT PARISH,

ON THE MORNING OF SUNDAY, JULY 25TH, 1858,

BY

W. H. H A V E R G A L, M. A.

Rector of St. Nicholas, and Honorary Canon.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The following Sermon was preached, of necessity, without any manuscript aid. The author has since found it easier to recollect what, from previous study, he intended to say, than what, at the time of preaching the Sermon, he actually said. He, nevertheless, believes it to be a faithful transcript of its oral delivery.

PHILIPPIANS IV. 9.

“ *Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do : and the God of peace shall be with you.*”

Though it has been arranged for me to preach, this morning, on behalf of your Parochial Schools, yet, how *can* I direct either your attention or my own, *principally*, to them ?

Considering who founded those schools, and where he now is, and where, only a few weeks ago, he intended to be at this very hour, I should certainly put an intolerable chain on my own feelings, and most likely on yours, were I to be silent, or even spare, respecting him whose loss we all are lamenting.

According to the present Sunday—the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, it is exactly thirty-five years ago to-day, since I first stood in this pulpit. I was then, as a young man, merely the friendly substitute of your late beloved pastor. Let me now be his fervent but faithful witness. A similar opportunity, for such a purpose, can never return. It would, therefore, be almost criminal to let the present occasion pass, without an effort to turn it to the best account.

Suffer me, then, to combine a reference to our departed friend, and your consequent position, with an appeal on behalf of your Sunday and Week-day Schools.

It will, I trust, be allowed me to premise, that the text announced to you is not the text from which I originally intended to address you. I had selected what is said of the Apostle Barnabas, in Acts xi. 24, "*He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith.*" The selection was made, because there is much in the character of Barnabas which was reflected by our departed brother. Like him he was, indeed, "*a son of consolation,*"* a man of self-denying generosity, (Acts iv. 36, 37,) and of great "brotherly kindness," (Acts ix. 27,) remarkable also for the practice and power of "*exhortation,*" (Acts xi. 23,) and for all those spiritual and social qualities which make the "*good man,*" and elevate him above the ordinarily "*righteous man,*" (Rom. v. 7.)

This said text, though selected and studied, was relinquished, on incidentally hearing that a brother clergyman had preached from it on Sunday evening last; while, as was afterwards learned, another brother had preceded him with the same text, in the morning. These minute incidents are not with-

* This is the Syriac sense of the name Barnabas; but Barnabas also means, according to Hebrew derivation, "*a son of a prophet.*" The late Rector of St. Clement's was the son of a pious clergyman. The clerical circumstances of the family are somewhat peculiar. The four sons of the good father were born in the same county, educated at the same college, ordained as curates, and settled as incumbents within a short distance of each other, and still in the same county.

out their value; inasmuch as they form "a three-fold cord" of testimony, from one text, to the honor of departed excellence.

Turning, then, from what was said of Barnabas, to what was said by Paul, his companion in travel and fellow-labourer in the Gospel, I am desirous of applying the words of the latter Apostle to you; and, in so doing, of being the echo of his voice, who, but a little while ago, might most justly have urged them upon you, with his own earnest utterance. Let it, therefore, be as though, at this moment, you were listening to his parting charge and heard him say, "*Those things which ye have both learned and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.*"

May that very "God of peace be with us" now, and enable us, by his Holy Spirit, rightly and profitably to consider—

I. *The reference, which the Apostle makes, to his past "preaching and living."* "Those things which ye have both *learned*, and *received*, and *heard*, and *seen* in me."

St. Paul, like every honest man, knew his own integrity. He neither ostentatiously paraded it, nor fastidiously concealed it. When need required, he becomingly referred to it. Thus to the Corinthians he said, "*Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward.*" (2 Cor. i. 12.) To the Thessalonians

he appealed thus, "*Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe.*" Elsewhere he speaks to the same effect. So, also, in the same spirit, and for a similar purpose, may *every* minister of Christ speak, when occasion requires.

May I not, then, most fitly, speak thus for one, who, as we all believe, might most worthily speak thus for himself? And, yet, it is morally certain, that, if he knew anything was about to be said of himself, his injunction would be that of a venerable friend,* many years ago, "Say as little of *me* as you can, but as much of my MASTER as you like!"

As, however, we are to glorify God in his servants, (Galatians i. 24,) I may opportunely remind you of some, at least, of "*those things which you have learned and received, and heard, and seen in him.*"

You have "*learned*" from him the truth of the Triune God. He preached that truth to you in its simplicity and entirety. He was not the man to hold parley with error, to handle the word of God deceitfully, or to keep back anything that was profitable for you. The Gospel which he declared was not "another gospel," but that one, pure, lucid Gospel, which those noble successors of the apostles, the martyred Reformers of our Church, have handed down to us. He preached the love of God in Christ to sinners, *and loved to preach it*. To tell such how they may be justified freely, and sanctified wholly, and saved eternally, was his study and delight.

* The Rev. S. Knight, of Halifax.

He was not, what is usually called, a controversial preacher ; but he did not fail to guard you against tenets and practices which stealthily, though too surely, have led many back again to the darkness and thralldom of popery.

What he preached and taught you have "*received.*" Would that this were true of all in its real and permanent sense. Some, it is certain, have so done ; because, blessed be God ! his ministry was not fruitless, but confessedly successful. The dew of the Spirit fell copiously on his tillage, especially during the middle years of his willing labour.

Many of you, now present, have indeed "*received,*" or, as that word properly means, *appropriated and applied to yourselves*, the doctrine which he taught you. Hence the result has been your instruction, or your edification, or your comfort. They, who are practically conversant with these benefits, will know how to be grateful for them.

Among wayfarers and the working classes, his usefulness was unquestionably great. But, we must wait for the developements of The Great Day to know the full details of that usefulness. A man who, for two-and-forty years, laboured, as he did, "in season and out of season," and was always on the watch to win souls, is very likely to have been an instrument of saving good to far more individuals than we can venture to surmise.

There are things, too, which you have "*heard*" from him and of him. Apart from his public ministrations, you have, more or less, "*heard*" his private

discourse, and, especially his private prayer. His converse, as a friend and counsellor, must have conduced to your pleasure or profit: while his supplications in your sick chamber, or in an hour of trouble, could not be otherwise than refreshing and invaluable. Never forget his hallowed wisdom in habitually saying, at the mention of any anxious or important matter, "*Well, we must look up.*"

How much has always been kindly and truthfully "*heard*" of him, yourselves well know. The very things which, at the beginning of this chapter, the apostle commends to universal thought and attention, were constantly "*heard*" of him. Things "*pure, honest, lovely, and of good report,*" have long been associated with his very name.

Not long ago, however, he was, as you too well recollect, subjected to rather sudden reproach and insult. It was but a passing storm. Still it affected him deeply; because with innocent David he could say, "What have I now done?" But that which was intended, perhaps, for his hurt, was turned to his greater honor. God took care of the character of his righteous servant, who prayed earnestly for those who tried to injure it, and caused a testimony to it to be "*graven with an iron pen.*"

Such things "*are common to the brethren.*" They occur in the history of most good men. For, when Satan is jealous at the position or prosperity of a Christian minister, and is angry at the inroads made upon his kingdom, he will aim to stir up strife against him. He will assail him by open opponents,

insidious agents, or selfish partizans, who, if they cannot find facts to distort, will invent fables to delude. Just as good Master Thomas Fuller quaintly says, so it is ; “ When the enemy meeteth not with a hole in the sleeve of a good man’s coat, he presently setteth about *to pick one.*”

But, trials such as these are necessary for the man of God. They form a salutary check to him against “ *thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think ;*” and, in any case, save him from that woe, of which our Lord warned his disciples when He said, “ Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.” (Luke vi. 24.)

Now, however, that our beloved brother is taken from us, who does not hear of him things which seldom grace the history of those, whom the world calls great ? The best word on the public lip is lavished on him, and his genuine worth is proclaimed in every gate. Assuredly, his memory will not want a monument, so long as we live, or this Church and your Parochial School Rooms shall last.

What has been recently written and spoken of his having built them, I need not repeat. Neither am I disposed to trench upon what was becomingly said, from this pulpit, on the morning and evening of Sunday last, but rather to call your attention to such incidents as have not been mentioned, or are but very partially known.

When your departed pastor was presented to this living, in the year 1816, it was regarded by many as a singularly providential event. They saw in it

a remarkable answer to fervent prayer. At that date it was vividly remembered that strange things had, many years before, occurred in the parish. A devout and faithful clergyman, the father of that late eminent servant of Christ, the Rev. Thomas Tregenna Biddulph, of Bristol, was curate of your parish. His fervent piety and forcible preaching raised a storm of opposition, not only against himself, but against all his devoted hearers. Deeds of violence were perpetrated, and many persons were "*shamefully entreated.*"* As the opposition was not confined to "lewd fellows of the baser sort," Mr. Biddulph was compelled to retire from the curacy of St. Clement's. Before, however, he quitted Worcester, he one day walked to the hills which lie to the eastward† of our city, and which command a

* When Mr. Davies first came to the parish, a good old man, one of the fruits of Mr. Biddulph's ministry, was still living in it. The poor man kept as a memento his front teeth, which had been knocked out, when encountering a mob who attempted to throw him into the river, as he was going to St. Clement's old church.

The state of things in Worcester, at this period and for some years after, may seem incredible to the present generation. It is, however, a fact, of which witnesses are still living, that the estimable father of an alderman of Worcester was hunted like a wild beast, with all sorts of missiles, along the High-street, because he had befriended a preacher in Lady Huntingdon's Connexion.

† It is said to have been *Dean Hill*.

A similar but far more memorable circumstance is recorded of John Bradford the Martyr. In the "Biographical Notice," prefixed to his "Writings," and published by the Parker Society, the following statement is made:—

"Local tradition even yet points to the spot in Blackley, where the country people say that Bradford, during his last visit to Manchester, at the close of 1552, knelt down and made solemn

view of it. He there, in some quiet nook, knelt down, and solemnly and fervently prayed that God would, in mercy, remember Worcester, and that, sooner or later, the Gospel might be preached in St. Clement's Church, as he had humbly endeavoured to preach it himself. Years passed away; but not without tokens that this prayer was deposited in God's vial.

At length, a grandson of this Mr. Biddulph married into the Stillingfleet family, the venerable Prebendary of which name presented to the rectory of St. Clement's that "good man," who, as your hearts know and your tears testify, has, for the last forty-two years, faithfully preached the Gospel of salvation in this church.

When he first entered on the duties of your parish, he was, as a young minister, *greatly* helped forward by the bright example and sage counsel of that heavenly man, the Rev. John Greig, who, though possessing an ample fortune, was, for several years, curate of St. Nicholas. Mr. Greig, by the singular beauty of his reading, and the calm but apostolic fervor of his preaching, attracted general attention, and, by God's blessing, aroused many souls from the lethargy which too generally prevailed. Witnesses to the power which attended his ministry

supplication to Almighty God. His request at the throne of grace was that the everlasting Gospel might be preached in Blackley, (his native village,) to the end of time, by ministers divinely taught to feed the flock with wisdom and knowledge. The martyr's prayer, it is alleged, has been answered, in the continuance, with scarcely an exception, of faithful men in that place."

are, if I mistake not, to be found among yourselves. The quiet firmness and gentle dignity of this superior servant of God,* much encouraged his younger friend in the ministry, and cheered him under the remains of former opposition to evangelic doctrine. This opposition had not quite died out in Worcester, when Mr. Greig left it for "a city which hath foundations." His funeral sermon was preached by the relative of your late rector, the Rev. John Cawood, of Bewdley, in the parish church of St. Nicholas, on Trinity Sunday, A.D. 1819. Though that sermon was full of "*truth and soberness*," and was, in character, the same as has long been preached to you every Lord's Day, yet, because of it, the preacher was politely inhibited from preaching again in St. Nicholas. He, however, outlived the inhibition, and, on one occasion, in his declining years, testified the truth of God in that church.

* The benefits which this excellent man conferred in the parish of St. Nicholas, can hardly be appreciated by its present inhabitants. Much of the daring profligacy which then marked it, was either checked, or shamed into retirement. He raised the congregation, at church, from a handful to a crowd, and the sacramental collections from *pence* to pounds. With almost incredible pains, he adjusted the charity accounts of the poor, laboriously examining musty deeds and faded documents, and transcribing, with his own clear pen, a full statement of all particulars, for the future guidance of the minister and churchwardens. He also selected and bequeathed about a hundred volumes, mostly of our standard divinity, for the sole use of the rector or curate of the parish. The whole are deposited in a neat case in the vestry, with a labelled key, and neatly written catalogue, containing suitable remarks. His avowed intention was, that no successor of his, in the cure of the parish, should be without means of referring to such theological works as would be likely most to benefit himself and his people.

It was, therefore, as some of you long have known, a standing comfort to your venerable pastor, to feel that the latter half of his ministry was entirely exempt from that antagonism which occasionally beset his earlier labours. Let it not be that you cease to be thankful for the peaceful privileges which you still enjoy.

It may, with all fairness, be said, that your lamented minister was the local father of all the great religious societies which were extant *among you*, prior to the year 1820.* He was, in succession, secretary to most, if not to all, of them. His interest in them was, to the last, unabated; nor were his exertions on their behalf diminished, except in proportion to the diminution of his physical powers.

About fifteen years ago, he did, through his concern for you, a noble act of self-denial. It is, probably, not known to you, for he was not a seeker of his people's applause. It might not have been known to myself, but from circumstances which constrained him to inquire of me. At the date mentioned, when he began to feel the desirableness of a more quiescent post, he was offered an eligible living in Somersetshire. As I knew the locality, I confirmed the favorable report which he had heard of it. Shortly after, he came and said these words, or fully to this effect, "I cannot accept the nice little living, because I have reason to fear that, if I

* Shortly after this date, when an Association was commenced in aid of the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Mr. Davies was the *first* local subscriber.

resign St. Clement's, it will fall into other hands than I could wish : whereas the living in Somerset, will, if I decline it, be given to some better man than I am." Not a few of you, I am sure, will properly appreciate this fact.

Though he seems to have glided away from us, as the danger of his short illness was not much suspected, and though circumstances drew a curtain round his dying couch, yet can a few sweet testimonies of his faith and sanctification be narrated to you. But oh for the spirit of delicacy, and of strong self-possession, in making the narration ! Above all, may the Eternal Spirit sanctify it to us !

One, whom he loved with strong affection, says thus of him :—" My dear brother's life was such, that, had he been assured any day would be his last, he would have done just as he was doing. He would have been more *impressed*, but he would have gone on with the duty he had in hand." What a lovely commentary is this upon those words of the Saviour, "*Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing.*" (Matt. xxiv. 46.) " My dear brother lived for eternity. His faith was always a realizing power. His heart was most affectionate, and full of holy love, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

" When I first saw him, in his last illness, nine days before his death, he was well enough to be up. Before I left him, he knelt down by his bed-side, and, though very weak, prayed most fervently for

us all by name, then for his congregation, and then for the boatmen.

“On arriving at his bed-side, the Saturday before his death, which took place early on the following Monday, he first placed one hand and then both hands on my head, solemnly but tenderly, saying, *The Lord bless thee, my dearest brother!** He then rested on his pillow, often pointing with his feeble hand to heaven, and saying, *He doeth all things well. Nothing too hard for the Lord.*”

When I reminded him of our beloved mother's simple but habitual prayer, “*Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow:*” “*cleanse me in the blood of the Lamb,*” he took up, *most devoutly*, portions of the 51st Psalm, and made them his prayer, ending with the words, “*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.*”

“On my saying to him, in a low voice, ‘The Lord is your supporter,’ he raised his hands devoutly, and looking up steadfastly, replied, ‘*My supporter! Yes, he is my Supporter, my Helper, my Stronghold!*’

“Shortly after I observed to him, ‘*Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!*’ He earnestly responded, ‘*Yes, indeed, for ever!*’

“Presently after, holding my hand, he feelingly said, ‘*David, say that again.*’ I said it; and he seemed to feel *delighted* with it.”

* He gave a similar blessing to his other beloved brother, on the evening before his death. It occupied only a brief period of consciousness, but seemed to afford him much satisfaction.

What a touching testimony is this for you, dear brethren, of the truth of those words of a well-known hymn,

“How *sweet* the *name of Jesus* sounds,
In a believer’s ear!”

The same devoted brother proceeds to say, “Upon my adding, ‘You have a Shepherd full of loving-kindness,’ he firmly exclaimed, ‘*I have; indeed I have!*’

“Afterwards, he seemed, when not dozing, to be always praying, though we could not always ascertain what he said. Frequently looking upwards, and, though extremely weak, lifting his hand in the same direction, he appeared to have a joyful and realizing view of the heavenly world.”

Other portions of the closing scene of your beloved minister’s life, I need not detail to you; as you heard them, from this pulpit, on Sunday last.

What you have now heard is but “as the glean-
ing of grapes when the vintage is done:” and, yet, what a rich produce of satisfaction do these smaller clusters present to us! May He who counts the death of his saints precious, make these statements very profitable to you!

There are things, also, which you have “*seen*” in your departed pastor.

These are in consistent keeping with what you have “*heard.*” You habitually saw in him great kindness of heart, and unusual singleness of eye. These, with his acknowledged honesty and candour,

were the cardinal points of his elevated character. It was impossible, for even a casual observer, not to be struck with his simplicity, openness, and thorough unselfishness. All who knew him more intimately, *felt* him to be "a good man," a transparent man, a type of English honesty and Christian benevolence. As you well know and have often proved, he was a man of those solid parts, and of that good understanding, which qualified him to be a judicious and very safe adviser. He eminently possessed, what a poet, with felicitous diction, calls,

" *Good sense*, the fairest gift of heaven."

Altogether, he was a man of true wisdom, because he was a man of true godliness—" *a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of heaven.*"

With the life and death of such an one before us, you cannot but exclaim with me, How great is the moral force of true piety—the majesty of sterling religion! The world may laugh at religion as a theory; but when it is compelled to witness such a practical embodiment of it as was, every day, to be seen in "John Davies," that world cannot find audacity to laugh. Was not our whole city moved, on the day of his burial, by the secret influence of his acknowledged integrity? What was the impulse which then swayed the vast concourse of all classes, but the actings of public conscience? Was not that concourse the spontaneous homage of society to pure and holy character? It was; and long may it be ere the recollection of it fade away!

This feeble effort to bear witness to the moral worth of our departed brother, is made in the hope of gathering up some of the pearls of character which he left behind him, and of setting them deeply and firmly in your grateful memory.

Possibly, however, some captious spirit may say, Was he *faultless* then? I answer, How could he be? seeing that "*there is not a just man upon earth, who doeth good and sinneth not.*" But, whatever his faults may have been, they were not the faults which dull the simple lustre of true piety, or give to surviving friends a moment's pain. At most they were the faults of a good-natured man, and of one whose temperament was strongly tinged with that "*charity*" which "*thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, believeth all things.*"

Who will cast a stone at such faults as these, or wish them banished from the world? Let me point out a more excellent way, by inviting you to consider,—

II. *The exhortation, which the Apostle grounds upon the reference which he made to himself.*

"*Those things,*" the things, especially, which had been heard and seen in him, he exhorts others *to do*. "*Those things,*" he says, "*do!*" What emphasis is here! Our short Saxon word of two letters sets a volume of admonition before us. The original Greek, though it could not be more pithily translated, enjoins us to *practise* what things the Apostle names, and to carry them out in a consistent and continuous performance.

Yes, "dearly beloved brethren," you may safely adapt yourselves to the model of your lamented pastor. He, as a good shepherd, was one who could with meekness and confidence say, as St. Paul says in chapter iii. 17, of this Epistle, "*Brethren, be followers together of me!*" Yes, he could face his flock. and, without fear of rejoinder, speak thus to them—"Not only do as I *say*, but do as I *do!*" There was no discrepancy, as our Apostolical Church prays there may never be, between his "life and doctrine," "preaching and living." He was, indeed, an ensample to his flock.

Let, then, the light of his path, which shone more and more unto the perfect day, be reflected in your own future course. Though he is gone down to the grave, yet the oblivion of it should long be warded off, by the lustrous memento of "*your good conversation in Christ Jesus.*" Vain, indeed, will it be for you to have taken part in the demonstration of last Friday week, unless you follow it up by habitually shewing that him whom you then honoured, you continue to imitate.

"*Suffer,*" then, in your respective classes, "*the word of exhortation.*" 1. Let the *superiors* of this parish and congregation take the lead, in *doing* the things which are binding on them to do.

He who so untiringly laboured among you, had your best interests at heart. Whatever he did for others had a reference to your comfort; for we cannot improve the habits of the poor, without conferring some benefit on their wealthier neighbours.

You have owed many a good servant to him, and frequent exemption from many annoyances. For, certainly, in his efforts to stem the tide of immorality, to dislodge immoral persons, or put a hindrance on resort to immoral places, he aimed not only to promote the cause of morality itself, but, by so doing, to advance your own domestic quietude and comfort. Do, then, what he did. Support what he supported. Walk as he walked : and, in all things, follow him as he followed Christ.

2. Let the *Teachers* and the *Children* of his schools “do” as he did. He, I well know, *felt* the kindness of the one, and was always deeply interested in the welfare of the other. No clergyman knew, better than he, the value of a good Sunday-school Teacher. He was thankful for having many such in his schools. May there never be wanting such, to continue the good work which he began ; for the Sunday Schools of this parish were either the first, or among the first, which were established in Worcester. Let, then, dear Teachers, his everlasting cessation from labour, be a fresh impulse to you in carrying on your work of love.

And you, dear Children—you indeed, are bound to be good and to “do” good. You have had no common blessing in being placed as God, in his providence, has placed you. You have been the lambs of a good shepherd’s flock. He has cared for you, and prayed for you. You must, henceforth, remember him, and the lessons which he taught you. It may be an honor to you, half a hundred years

hence, to say that you were brought up in his school. Let your conduct always be worthy of that honor; especially as you saw his funeral, and have heard his funeral sermons, and will have to tell of them, when all we, who took part in them, are no longer in this world.

That you may have a little fact, on which to fix your tender thoughts, let me tell you an incident in the early life of his distinguished relative, the late excellent Bishop Daniel Wilson, of Calcutta. That eminent prelate thought it worth while to record the following circumstance: "I shall never forget," the Bishop says, when writing of the Rev. Basil Wood, "the impression which his evident cheerfulness and happiness of mind made on me, in early life. I have often, when a boy, wished myself to be *as good a man as he*; and this, long before any serious impressions occupied my own mind." The wish of the good Bishop was very largely fulfilled. Hence, my dear children, think of your departed pastor, and prayerfully wish that you each may become "*as good as he*."

3. Let *Servants and the Poor* "do" as he would have them do. You, indeed, have lost a friend. No man could surpass him in kindness to the servant or poor parishioner. Often have you "heard and seen" him: but how ready was he always to hear and see you! How ready was he to hear your tale of difficulty or distress, and to advise or aid you as best he could! And how glad was he to receive your little contributions, for any pious object, and

present them in your stead, with such kindly words as were likely to prompt others to "do likewise."

In a word, let all his hearers and parishioners strive after that power of spiritual life, by which alone they can effectually "do," as St. Paul exhorted, and as your pastor did.

May they also, who knew him only by the eye, be witnesses to the truth of a Latin proverb*—"The sight of a good man does good." His very appearance in our streets was a local benefit. It was a living sermon to many a heart. The good have been cheered by it, and the bad have been checked in some meditated sin.

It remains for me to remind you of—

III. *The promise which, by Divine authority, the Apostle appends to his exhortation. "And the God of peace shall be with you."*

The blessedness of this promise is as great as it is important. It is so great as to comprise all that is valuable in time and for eternity. It is so important that nothing can be substituted for it, and no one can dispense with it.

1. The "*peace*" here promised is emphatically "*the peace*,"—the one true peace which the Lord Jesus purchased for his people, and which He lives to bestow on them who seek it.

It is that peace which was previously mentioned, in the seventh verse of this chapter, as "*the peace of God which passeth all understanding.*" This peace,

* "*Rari quippe boni: illos, tamen, videre pro fuit.*"

though surpassing all finite understanding, as to its affecting purchase, and wondrous powers, is not beyond our practical knowledge or personal realization. It can keep or *garrison* our hearts and minds from the assaults of Satan, when he aims to subvert us by temptations, cares, or afflictions. Without it we can neither be happy in life nor safe in death.

2. But, it is not the mere possession of this peace which is held out to us. Something greater is intended. We are promised the presence itself of the very "*God of peace.*" Not only will peace be our guest, but the Author of peace will be with us: as though God in Christ would be both the bearer and preserver of his own inestimable gift. There is a strong necessity for this procedure; because our hearts can receive no divine gift unless God, by his Spirit, shall first come to open them, and then stay in them to keep what He has bestowed upon them. We should soon lose every spiritual treasure, were He not to dwell with us, and guard it for us.

This "*God of peace*" is the God of gracious power, and of watchful providence. By the knowledge of Him, in these capacities, we chiefly realize his "*blessing of peace.*" For, when we realize his grace within us, and his watchfulness over us, must not our souls dwell at ease, and be secure from fear?

3. The promise, however, which has been thus expounded to you, is made only to those who "*do*" as the Apostle has exhorted.

Receive, then, I pray you, what, on this point, has been urged upon your attention. If, as faithful

adherents of the truth of God in Christ, you “do” as your profession requires, you will find that, although you have not, for a short interval, the presence of a settled minister among you, “the God of peace” will not fail you. He can give you such peace, both personally and parochially, as will prove that many a dying prayer has been offered up for you. Your God can send such quietude and prosperity throughout your parish, as will call for your wonder and gratitude. And, then, as to the future position of affairs among you, leave them all in the hands of the Great Head of the Church. Be calm, quiet, and prayerful.

And, now, grant me the ear of your heart, for a conclusion which must necessarily be brief.

1. With the expression of my own sympathy, I make no doubt that *I may offer you the sympathy of multitudes.*

Your loss is a public loss. That loss has respect not only to instances which have been enumerated, but to one instance especially. We have lost a PUBLIC INTERCESSOR ! If prayer for a locality, under the varied aspects of its population, depends, for its success, on the faith and fervor of the heart which offers it, then have we indeed sustained a loss ; for he, whom we lament, was pre-eminently a man of prayer for the people. The good Lord deliver us from the coming of a time, when we may be forced to say, We have no longer that good man to pray for us !

2. Let it be your care to remember that, as your privilege has been great, *your responsibility is great also*. The beacon-light of salvation has been held up before you, with a steady hand, and for an unusually long period. You must give account to Him who sent it among you. Many of you have rejoiced in that light: but others, alas, are none the better for it, and have no hearty concern about it. God, in mercy, send upon their souls some strong light of grace, this day; or shoot into their dull hearts some arrow of conviction from the quiver of his love! Great pains did your departed minister take to impress awakening truth upon you. It was his habit frequently to repeat the same texts of Scripture to you, in the hope that, if his own word did not arrest you, some word of God might abide with you.

3. It may be salutary to recollect, as often as you enter this Church, that he, whom you saw so stately in it, is now sleeping beneath it. He cannot pray for you now; but you can worship the God whom he worshipped and is still worshipping; for, in truth, as his last hours testified, "*Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*." While, therefore, you think with solemnity of the resting of his body beneath your feet, let your hearts follow him to his brighter rest above. He is gone from this church, which bears the name of "CLEMENT," to the church where "CLEMENT" is, and others, also, whose names, as is said in the third verse of this chapter, "*are written in the Book of Life*." Oh the joy of that

morning when we shall join him in "the church of the first-born!" There will the Lord Jesus bring together every faithful shepherd and every sanctified sheep. They shall for ever occupy one fold; and the Great Shepherd shall crown them with glory and honor. No friend shall be taken from them, and no enemy shall come among them. Their beloved Saviour will be with them, and as He is so shall they eternally be.

Need I, then, *plead* for the Schools of your Parish? They were *his*, who is now in heaven! With that plea, I make sure of your generous contributions. In return for them, let me desire for you what he has fully realized—

"A hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for every call;
An honoured life, a peaceful end;
And heaven to crown it all."

FINIS.

