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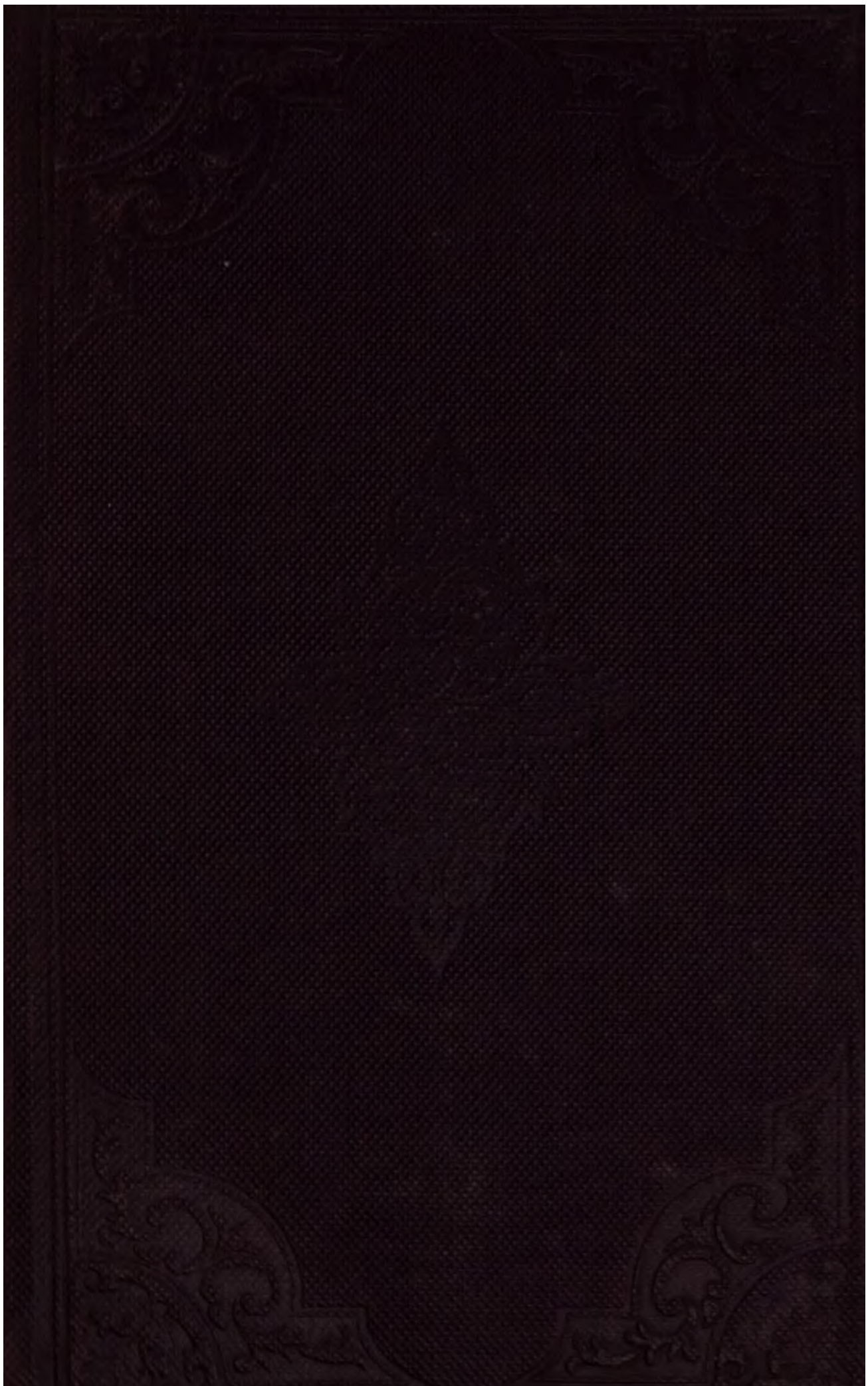
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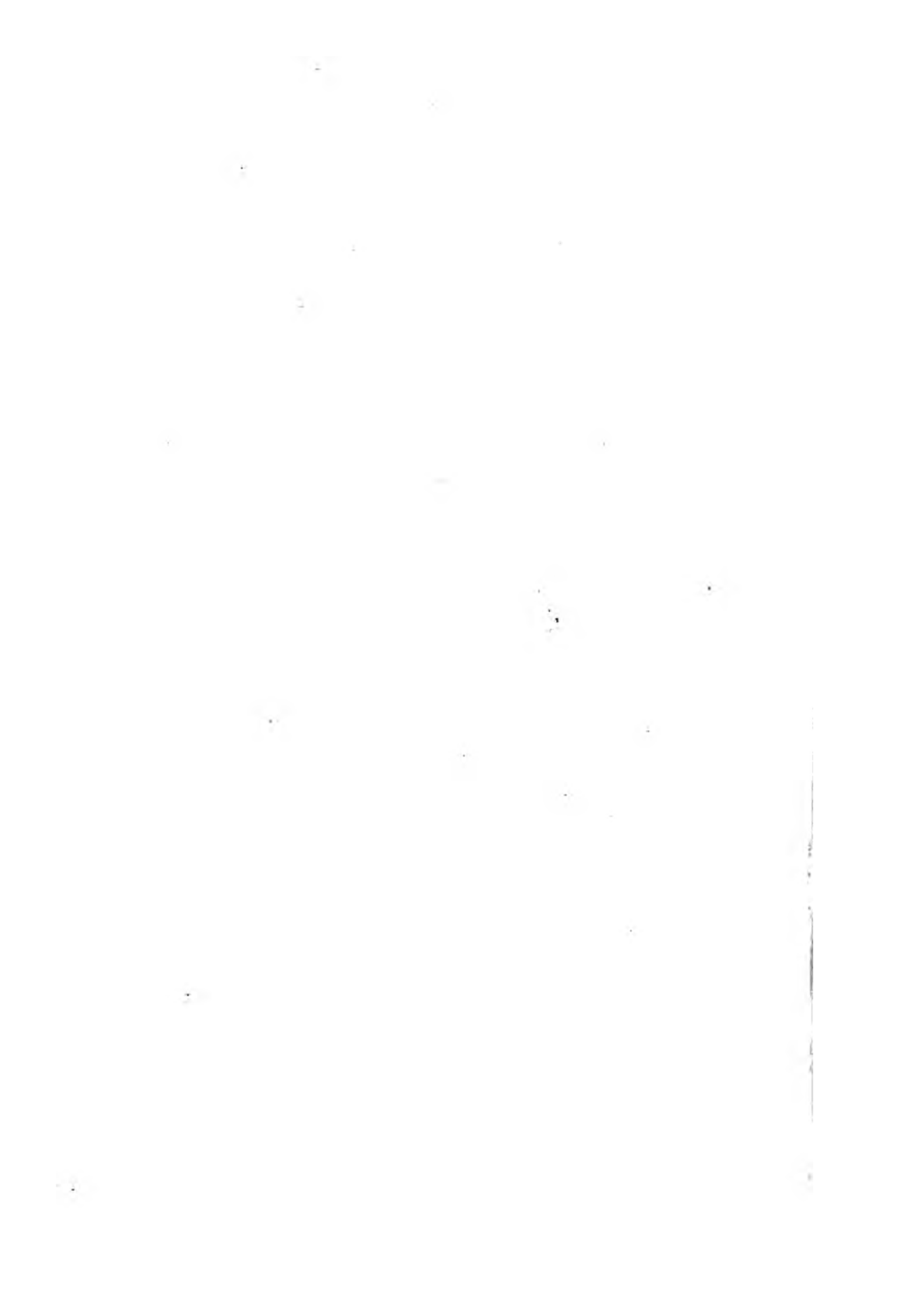


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# MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. RICHARD ADAMS,

OF THE NEW FOREST.

By THOMAS MANN,

AUTHOR OF "THE GIFT OF PRAYER," "BARNABAS," "MEMOIR  
OF ELIZA SCOTT ROSS," ETC. ETC.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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TWENTY-five hundred millions of the human family die in little more than a century ; and though it may be hoped that few fall utterly unlamented, a distinct record for each were perhaps as unprofitable as it were impracticable.

The old maxim that "to be remembered with honour, a man must either write books worthy of being read, or perform actions worthy of being written," is, probably, as correct now as it ever was ; and if so, the memory and the memoir of Richard Adams must stand or fall on their intrinsic merits.

The earnestness with which, for more than two years, the publication of this little book has been urged on the writer, and the readiness with which so many have encouraged its

appearance, have proved that there must have been some reasons for an endeavour to enbalm the memory of this unknown yet well known man ; and if the joint contributors to this endeavour have at all succeeded, they will have glorified the grace of God in one who, though he outlived so many of his personal friends, has yet left behind him numbers to whom his memory will be precious.

To the lovers of the dear old man, a small book will be a sorry substitute for his holy and benevolent self ; but if the former help to perpetuate the remembrance of the latter, it will recal many an hour on which some will reflect as being the most sacred they ever spent.

To enable strangers to conceive of his extraordinary friend, were a task over which the writer had despaired—if unassisted by the variety of testimony he has been enabled to produce. If with such assistance he has been moderately successful, it was because the same Providence which cared for the living and the dying hours of Richard Adams, cared also for his memory.

That the first chapter contains so little of

the life, and so much larger a proportion of the dying experience of the holy man, is to be ascribed to the fact that the latter was what his friends were chiefly asking from the writer; and to his knowledge that succeeding pages would more fully present what might be important in the former connexion. That some often-repeated anecdotes have not found a place here, is to be accounted for from the various forms in which these anecdotes have been presented.

Much of the MS. having been written in 1846-7, the book would have appeared long ago, but for the connexion of the dying circumstance with the family history of the writer. After he had promised, in the preface to "Paul the Aged," to attempt the confessedly difficult task of portraying the character of this good man, he intensely felt that difficulty whenever he came *close* to the idea of publication. He did not know how to describe the death-bed of his friend, without also presenting the links in the chain of circumstances which had directed him to that employment;—and to publish those links appeared so much like an



endeavour to invite attention to his own household, that he preferred to be blamed by some friends, rather than to do one or the other.

The solemn event which removed from our lower world the truest heart which this house supplied for Richard Adams, has, however, in some measure altered the circumstances. On reviewing the biographic outline, the author observes, indeed, passages in reference to himself which he would not be sorry to obliterate; but to have been favoured with this legitimate opportunity of preserving for his children some faint sketches of the character of their *Mother*, is, now, to him an occasion of humble and grateful joy—of joy in “the region of the shadow of death.”

To the Rev. Dr. Bennett, to the Rev. J. A. James, the Rev. D. E. Ford, the Rev. John Bruce, the Rev. Henry Griffiths, the Rev. James Crabb, the Rev. Thomas Durant, the Rev. John Parry, and to John Bullar, Esq., the thanks of the author are tendered for their valuable papers supplied by his request. Similar thanks are due to the anonymous contributors, and to the subscribers who have

encouraged this undertaking. The latter, indeed, include a few for whose personal friendship the writer has the honour of owing the appearance of their names in this connexion ; but, as by far the larger number consists of those who were anxious to testify their regard for the Rev. RICHARD ADAMS, the list itself will bespeak some attention to his character. That it may please God to render the book of service to immortal souls, is—and has been through the serious hours devoted to its preparation—the unfeigned prayer of him who, in humble dependence on God's blessing, now commits it to the press.

*7, Shooters' Hill,  
West Cowes, Isle of Wight,  
Dec. 20, 1848.*

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MEMOIR  
OF  
THE REV. RICHARD ADAMS.



CHAPTER I.

BIOGRAPHIC OUTLINE.

THE "man greatly beloved," whose unpretending life these pages are designed to illustrate, was born in London, February 6, 1772; and died at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, September 15, 1846.

In youth and early manhood, what was termed his "good conduct" obtained for him the respect of men; but his heart was alienated from God—of which he gave strong proof in his aversion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was a pharisaic non-conformist, submitting as little to the righteousness which is of God by faith as the proudest adherent of communities from which he was a dissenter.

The eloquence of the gentleman whose ministry he attended, is celebrated to this

time; but, either from the misconceptions of the hearer, or the uncertain sounds uttered from the pulpit, the young pharisee was left in ignorance of the truth as it is in Jesus. He not only slighted Gospel verities, but scorned the men who proclaimed them—especially the “Tabernacle preachers.”

At length, however, a strange cloud of conscious wretchedness overspread his mind; and reading, prayer, and meditation, even increased his distress. He conversed with his teacher and received comfort—which lasted a few hours, and left him in deeper anguish. He afterwards mentioned that, much as he loved his mother, he had more agony about his sins, on the day of her funeral, than for the heavy loss he was conscious he had sustained.

Now he suspected that the preaching to which he had listened, had not included “the whole counsel of God;” and, therefore, attended occasionally at Spafields and the Scots’ Church. The assistant of his first minister gave, however, prominence to evangelical truth, and this, with the urbanity of the elder pastor, held him generally to his former place of worship—while, by various means, he was attaining more spiritual knowledge and comfort.

Through the Rev. R. (afterwards Dr.) Winter,

he became acquainted with Gosport students visiting London; and was introduced to their tutor. In this way, he himself eventually became a pupil of the venerable David Bogue.

At Gosport, he studied Latin, Greek, and Theology as a science; but he had many soul-conflicts; for, though he then recognised the great principles of the Gospel, legality often beclouded his spirit and distorted his views of some parts of the truth.

His first sermon was preached at Elson; but after about eighteen months, in the absence of Mr. Bogue, he was invited to his pulpit. This was to him a fearful undertaking. One of the best students had then lately broken down in a similar attempt, and the habits of criticism encouraged in the seminary, oppressed his spirit in prospect of the service. He sought, however, and believed he found, the help of God.

The effect of this service was considerable. The people were impressed, and the students surprised. An elegant critic even observed, that "it was Hugh Worthington without his faults."

Mr. Adams became, for a season, a popular preacher; but that was not his eventual distinction. He attributed his failure in that way to being placed in too important a station *at first*. The congregation at Kidderminster, to



which he was soon sent, then included hearers whom he considered to be persons of strong intellect; and with what he conceived to be the requirements of their minds, he could not keep pace, without exertions which soon disabled him.

He retired to Hythe, in Hampshire; but, on partially recovering his health, undertook the supply of the Congregational church at Winchester. His call to the pastorate there, signed by about sixty persons, is dated August 3, 1803.

At Winchester he held communion with God, and was the direct instrument of conversions to God; but he had many trials; and his experience there proves that the personal impressions, even of the holiest men, are not the standards by which their usefulness must be estimated. In 1808, he wrote, "Review of circumstances—no liberty at Winchester, even in my best moments;" and yet not only did the writer, in the years 1825 and 1846, witness the overwhelming gratitude of persons to whom the Lord had rendered Mr. Adams useful at the time referred to, and when he had "no liberty;" but the good man himself afterwards feared he had taken a wrong step when he left the town at which he had been ordained. An honoured brother states, that his friend had

some doubts whether he had not so offended God by that remove, as to occasion a blight on his subsequent ministry.

A.D. 1813, Mr. Adams—holy Adams, as he was now called—removed to West Cowes. To visitors, passengers from the shipping, students of the Gosport seminary, soldiers, sailors, emigrants, and some residents, he became a blessing in this town; but here, also, he had severe trials; and the good effects of his labours were not, at the time, so obvious as to counterbalance his discouragements. At length he removed, leaving behind him, however, the reputation of a holy man of God, who had deserved well of all. The most spiritual people were sorry to lose him; several persons afterwards acknowledged his usefulness to their souls; and children mourned the departure of their friend. I copy the memorandum of a child, who died soon afterwards: “Mr. Adams, the third of October, went to Birmingham, for three weeks, 1818; and went thither for good the 12th of January, 1819.”

At Birmingham, he became afternoon preacher at Carr’s Lane Chapel, of which the Rev. J. A. James was, and is, the honoured minister.

In a letter, afterwards addressed to the subject of our memoir, Mr. James thus referred

to his character there ; but more of that in the second chapter.

“ *Birmingham, Dec. 9, 1822.*”

“ The review of the time you spent in Birmingham, with all the circumstances of your fellowship and labours amongst us, is matter of peculiar delight to my mind. No cloud ever veiled the sun of our friendship; it shone upon us with a clear and steady light, and we rejoiced to walk in its beams. Not a word, not a look, was otherwise than of brethren.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I need not assure you that you are still held in lively and grateful, and I may add prayerful, remembrance among all your friends. Your name is mentioned with the profoundest respect and reverence, and I am often, very often, inquired of to know when I have heard from you.”

At the date of the above letter, Mr. Adams had returned to the Isle of Wight. With characteristic honour, he had paused at Southampton, to learn if the visit of a former pastor would disturb the harmony in which I, his successor, was living with those who were then the remnants of what had once been his ministerial charge. We were strangers to each other; but I believe he would rather have gone anywhere than have re-visited the island to destroy the peace of a brother and his flock.

He came, and *all* welcomed him. *All* sympathised in his recent affliction; and *all* desired to enable him to remain in a neighbourhood

which seemed to suit his health, and where it was hoped he would yet be useful.

The settlement of the Rev. R. Adams, at East Cowes, was chiefly accomplished under the arrangements of the Rev. J. Bruce, afterwards of the Necropolis at Liverpool, but then of St. James's Street Chapel, Newport, aided however, by myself and other friends. A small salary was provided; and the modest man became afternoon and evening preacher at what was then that very small hamlet, attending with his friends on the morning ministry of him who lives to record the goodness of God to his beloved, his venerated co-adjutor.

Although the facts were not visible to every eye, this period of Mr. A.'s life was much honoured. The man who seemed to be second, when his junior was pastor—the man who preached in an upper room, visited hovels, and talked with tramps—the man who lodged humbly, and subsisted on a pittance—the man on whom some of the baser sort could “shoot out the lip, and shake the head,” was blessing others, who became more prominent blessings to society, and producing impressions, the reactions of which will tell for eternity.

His ministry also answered valuable ends. Comparatively few persons then at East Cowes were indeed *far enough on* in the Divine life



to appreciate its full value ; but by strangers it was often much esteemed ; and the withdrawal of the Gosport students from that sphere of labour, would, but for the providence which opportunely sent Mr. A. thither, apparently have left the place without any regular supply. Neither the Episcopalians, nor Wesleyans, nor Primitive Methodists, had, at that time, a preaching station there.

It was then not uncommon for serious persons, in some of what are termed the higher walks of life, to seek acquaintance with Mr. A., for spiritual purposes. His piety, gentleness, candour, benevolence, faithfulness,—and especially his knowledge and experience,—excited the wonder of many; and, by some, he was enabled to assist an afflicted neighbour, or a broken-hearted brother at a distance. If the good deeds of the righteous are, hereafter, to be known, eternity will reveal surprising tales of what this servant of Jesus did for the families of suffering ministers beyond the bounds of his own county; and the poor whom he relieved in the vicinity were very numerous.

It was at this time that my own friendship with the good man was so closely formed. Our studies, devotions, labours, and walks of recreation, were so often pursued in company, that at times we appeared almost to live

together. We visited, and were visited by, the same friends, and neither seemed to be able to enjoy any blessing, in which Christian communion was desirable, without making the other a sharer of his joy. First in a season of deep domestic affliction, and after a few years in a period of light and gladness, he was to me a father and a friend,—such a friend as I had not in the world beside. His sympathies, in sorrow and in joy, were more truly strong and delicate than I could have supposed to be possible if I had not known them; and their faithfulness was continually illustrated by the fidelity with which he reproved my imperfections. His tenderness never savoured of excessive sensibility; his reproofs were never unkind. It was only the religion of Jesus which he exemplified, but (barring a few oddities which could be accounted for by any who knew his mental history) it was the religion of Jesus exemplified with less of the frailties of our sinful mortality than I suppose that I had ever seen it.

The statement may be tinged with the peculiarities of him who makes it, but it is made deliberately, in solemn circumstances, and with a knowledge of the responsibilities incurred in such an affirmation; but during his pastorate at East Cowes, I never saw Richard Adams in



any state of temper in which I should think it unbecoming for a Christian to die.

About the year 1830, Mr. Adams removed to East End, a hamlet of the New Forest, lying three miles from Lymington, and in sight of the western districts of the Isle of Wight. There and in the neighbourhood, were clusters of mud-walled cottages, inhabited by very poor persons, who chiefly supported themselves from small allotments of land, or by the occupations of a lowly forest peasantry. The people were, at first, wonderfully pleased to have a pastor of their own; and I can never forget the beautiful scenes of rustic Christianity which I saw there in connexion with his early labours. After a time, however, their privileges were esteemed as we are all too much accustomed to judge of our customary comforts; and, though there were persons who devotedly and respectfully loved the servant of God, it was not, I fear, till they were about to lose him, that others appropriately valued their distinguished privileges.

A late Report of the Hants Association of Congregational Ministers and Churches, for the Spread of the Gospel in the County, bore a more favourable testimony to the usefulness of the now venerable pastor than for some years previous; and the Rev. D. E. Ford, of

Manchester, formerly of Lymington, has obliged me and the reader with a valuable paper (see Chapter II.) illustrating the history and character of our friend while at East End. The Christian and ministerial life of Mr. Adams had, however, always so much to do with God in secret ; and with the relief of wretchedness, which the good pastor, in the delicacy of true benevolence, never exposed, that I am sure no one human being, living or dead, could fully describe his efforts for the relief of human misery, or even the success of his endeavours. I learned *a little*\* from what I had seen at East Cowes, by occasional exchange with him, and by attending to some specific duties in regard to the sick and poor, which, under the circumstances, he was *obliged* to confide to me ; but the events which threw his last hours and his papers under my inspection, have indeed taught me that, in doing good, he had not let his left hand know what his right performed. Of course, I should just prove myself to have been unworthy of the confidence of my holy friend if I could publish what he regarded as sacred secrets between him and the sufferers—or even between him and the guilty—and the Lord ; but I am also positive that, even now, I *do not*

\* *Not a little, but a little in comparison with the whole.*

*know* more than an insignificant fraction of his various deeds of piety and benevolence.

A.D. 1844, Mr. Adams became seriously ill ; and reports reached us, viâ Southampton, that he was lying in necessitous circumstances, at a beer-house near his chapel. This report so deeply grieved the gentle woman who was then my wife, and, I may add, it was, of course, so distressing to myself, that I took boat and crossed the Solent, the nearest way to the spot. "That must not be!" said his faithful friend. "Go, my dear, and fetch him—don't come back without him."

I found him, however, better provided for than we had supposed ; and the beer-house proved to be about the best cottage in the neighbourhood. He had gone thither, in part, to benefit the occupants, and in part that he might get access to travellers, for the furtherance of their eternal interests. I could not, indeed, resist the impression that he was better taken care of than he would have been in any lodgings near ; but this was not all, for after making my own offer, I opened and read for him a letter from the Rev. D. E. Ford, whose connexion with him at Lymington had laid the foundation of a similar friendship to that which had forced me to his chamber. Brother Ford, also announcing the wishes of his beloved

partner, asked his permission to bear him to the north, in a post-chaise, to nourish and tend him while he should live, and afterwards to lay his remains in the tomb in which he hoped his own would rest.

Neither of us was, however, then, to have the Christian honour for which, without knowing each other's wishes, we had been contending. There were friends at London, and in Southampton, on whom some of these blessings were to be conferred, and they deserved them. Rev. J. H. Evans, Rev. James Crabb, John Rudall, Esq., and others, who had derived personal benefits from the wisdom and faithfulness of our brother, were, in their turn, to have the greater blessedness of those who *give*.

After partial recovery, which permitted him to visit the metropolis, Mr. Adams came to Southampton, where, at the house of his loving friend, the Rev. James Crabb, and by the care of his devoted wife, he was nursed and comforted for many weeks, during which he also received the kind and skilful attendance of O. W. Williams, Esq., M.D., of that town. At East End, he had been favoured with the attentions of Messrs. Fluyder and Chinery, surgeons, of Lymington.

In my journal there is notice of the presence of my brother, at our public worship on



Lord's-day, April 12, 1846. Having improved a little in health, he had in confidence corresponded with me on certain points of conscience, which he considered to be involved in his visit to Cowes, and had arrived some days before—but the pressure of a busy life had prevented me from seeing him till we met in the house of God. Of old I had known the advantage of having such a hearer, and was cheered by the thought that I had that day an interest in his prayers.

After this I was absent from home, but was pleased, on my return, to find that my dear wife had prevailed on him to make a temporary sojourn in our dwelling. Then, he hoped to resume his public labour; and I, though I greatly enjoyed his conversations, took no more notes of them than of similar privileges with which God had blessed the three-and-twenty preceding years of my life. On the 25th of May I made, however, an entry, "Adams still here—Bless God for a house in which there is room for him!" or words to that effect.

On the following day, he observed, "What will come of *this*, I know not; but there is no *necessary* connexion between affliction and growth in grace."

May 28, I noted, "Remember the very remarkable prayer of dear brother Adams, by

the kitchen fire-side, with me, alone, this evening. I have heard nothing like it since the year 1825, when he was once similarly at liberty in praying for me in his room at East Cowes. Verily, God heard my dear friend *then*. Oh, may *this* prayer also be answered for Jesus Christ's sake!" Perhaps I should add that his intercessions this night chiefly referred to my dear wife, whose attentions to him—for there was no keeping her from standing to wait on him—appeared to have done her some injury.

In a few days our friend left, betaking himself to a cottage in the country, from which he hoped in a short time to return to his work at East End. While at Hillies he preached his last sermon—at Mark's Corner, a village station.

The illness of Mrs. Mann had now induced the conclusion that I ought not to receive my friend again; and learning that he was not so well after preaching, I sought lodgings for him near our house. They were not, however, to be obtained, and while I mused he returned—having arranged with a young friend then with us, to occupy his bed as before, that he might "see the brethren at the quarterly meeting, and talk with brother ——." We slept little that night—for he wished to remain,



and I feared the consequences in my own family. At length, however, it seemed that we saw the right way. Mrs. Mann loved him for her parents' sake, for my sake, for her own sake, and for the Lord's. She so wished to comfort *his* dying hours, that with *her* sensibilities, I feared more serious consequences from denying her request than from complying with it; and, on condition that if she should again begin to sink she would take lodgings, and leave me, our children, and servant, to nurse Richard Adams, I consented that he should remain.

June 15.—Dr. Williams spoke of the approaching end of our beloved inmate.

June 18.—I thought of recording some of the observations of my brother, and took a note of his "reference to heaven." I supposed those words would recal others; but they escaped my remembrance.

June 19, he remarked, "God *added* to Hezekiah's life; but he puts no man back to live over again." At night we conversed on "absence of mind;" and on my referring to the death of Archimedes, Mr. Adams said, "If we *must* sacrifice life, would God it should be for something of more importance than a mathematical problem!"

June 23.—He thought his public work was done.

June 24.—I conversed with him till a late hour. He supposed himself to be near his end; and made many allusions to his life. He, then, especially referred to his “want of management,” to which he ascribed the partial failure of his public career. He admitted, however, the truth of my statement that, if he had failed in superintending congregations, and had been unable to take a lead in the public institutions of his day, he had yet been greatly blessed to individuals—and to *some* who in their turn had been successful in the other way.

June 26.—Mr. Adams remarked on the solemn purpose for which he believed he had *now* come to the Isle of Wight:—adding, “If I were to lose the benefit of this retirement, it would be a loss indeed.” He also said, “How many cares has God to mind, and yet he minds mine as if he had only that to attend. ’Tis all well! ’Tis all well!” Afterwards he spoke of the solemnity of “*going first into the direct presence of God;*” and again, of “recognitions in heaven, as *saints* known on earth, but *not* to form *coteries.*” Ascending the stairs, at night, he talked of “the church going up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved.”

June 27.—He said, “Death spares none—but he will not be spared himself by-and-by! He is the enemy that shall be destroyed.” Quoting some one, he remarked, “A man is never more a citizen of the world than when leaving it;” adding, “I never loved the church of Christ in all its departments so much as now.” In the evening, he observed, “My soul trembleth at his judgments; but I hope in his mercy.” “I was comforted last night. I thought, I had many imperfections; but I *have* tried to have a conscience void of offence. It was often *rubbed*, but I *did* try, by application at *the Throne of Grace*, to have it set right, before I would allow myself to sleep.”

Speaking of preaching, he remarked, “The Gospel is ‘the ministry of reconciliation!’ However beautiful a discourse may otherwise be, it is, as a Gospel sermon, a failure if it do not include *that!*”

Again, “HERBERT says that, at the time of Pentecost, when the angels saw the gifts and the success of the apostles, they probably wished to mend their wages, and come and serve below.”

Referring to the difficulty he felt in clothing himself in the morning, and asking my help on the morrow, he observed, “It is said, I believe, of the Egyptian warriors, ‘They shall

be without hands.' What a difference *that* makes to a man in dressing!" Then, returning to the subject of preaching, "Brother —— lays stress on men's giving their hearts to God; and he is right:—but the New Testament says, 'Repent and be converted!'" He told, also, of the text, 'Bought with a price,' having been so impressed on his mind, while he slept, as to remain strongly on his spirit throughout the following day.

June 29, I was called, at four o'clock in the morning, to attend my brother, who was then very ill. We had been held waking in remembrance of the touching prayer he was offering when I left his room the previous evening. "Oh that the Lord would *pity me!*" This day was trying to us all,—at a quarter-past eleven I wrote, "worn out by dear Adams. He is very feeble, yet still the servant of the Lord. As he leaned on my arm ascending the stairs to-night, he said, "O poor heathen! How I pity, how I mourn for you. No God! No Christ! No salvation! No help in such times as this!"

June 30, he saluted me, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" as I entered his chamber in the morning. After a good night, he seemed refreshed and happy. His knowledge and love of the Holy Scriptures impressed me much that day. Our prayer was interrupted by the



delivery of crutches, with the aid of which he hoped again to walk in the garden.

July 1. The Rev. D. E. Ford arrived, and held conversation with our brother; but the hallowed solemnity of our meeting by his bedside on *the following morning*, neither of the survivors can forget.

On my fetching his little stores from East End, July 3, he was greatly pleased; but remarked how serious a thing it was for *a minister* to look on *his books* for the *last time!* "There was a history," he said, "connected with every one of them;" and he appeared to be profoundly humbled before the God of his life. At mid-day, he came, by the aid of his crutches, to our garden room, where I was endeavouring to arrange his volumes. His eye glistened when it rested on his *Diary*; and he expressed his sorrow that *parts* of it were not intelligible for the benefit of others—comforting himself, however, by remembering that the infirmities of his heart would be hidden under the same covering, the peculiarity of his shorthand. He thanked God that he had been preserved from outward sin; but added, "Be my graces, or my imperfections, what they may, I can only go to God through Christ; or (referring to a passage in Herbert) if my sins be mentioned, I can do nothing but remember

there is a NEW TESTAMENT in the hands of DIVINE JUSTICE."

Looking at the books, he said, "I have known the time when it seemed as if I could have *eaten* books of old divinity, covers and all." Again he mentioned the retrospect of life suggested by these, the companions of his bygone pilgrimage.

That afternoon he was visited by the Rev. J. Crabb, and expressed pleasure at seeing him. Brother Crabb said, "You'll see Christ soon, and within the vail!" "Ah!" he responded, "I hope so, and *within* the vail,"—immediately referring to the high priest coming from within the vail to bless the people; with the analogies of that consideration. Then he dwelt on *the sufferings* of Christ, remarking that the covenant of *grace* to us, was a covenant of *works* to him. Alluding to the glorification of Christ, he remarked that "even JOHN, who had leaned on his bosom, did not know him when he first saw him afterwards."

Referring to 2 Cor. iv. 17, "Light afflictions working out a weight of glory," he asked if either of us thought that afflictions might generally be expected to *increase*, in order to an increase in the weight of glory.

That night he said, "Oh, it is well, it is of grace! I can do nothing; Lord, undertake for



me!" Afterwards, "It is a mercy to remember that, while there is so much *to be* done, something *is* done." Then, late as it was, he requested me to open the Bible on the eighteenth Psalm; and I read, under his direction, from the 6th verse. On the instant of my concluding the 15th verse he called out, "Stop! what was all this *for*? It was to help *one* servant of the Lord, in affliction."

On Saturday, July 4, I gave my brother his diary; over which, when about to read it, he prayed, weeping. At noon, declining to comply with a request we had made for his comfort, he said, "I hope I have been engaged with God—with God, on behalf of his ministers to-morrow;—of ministers especially; but not for them alone—the teachers, the sick visitors, and Christ's servants in general. Enemies plot to injure the church—should not every one of us be urgent for her welfare? I cannot preach—should I not pray for those who do, and thank the Lord that *they* CAN?"

With Mrs. Mann he conversed frequently about this time; and more than once she brought him, leaning on her arm, to the study in which I was then writing, for the Evangelical Magazine, a memorial of our loved Thomas Saunders Guyer. It is now my solemn employment to be preparing this monu-

ment to our honoured father in Jesus Christ, from the same chair in which I was then encouraged by the occasional visits of them both; and designing to embody in the further narrative, a few extracts from the papers which my beloved partner left for me and her children, have taken the liberty, in a note below, to present *one* tribute to her own Christian worth.\*

\* The tribute referred to, occurs in one of the letters of sympathy kindly addressed to me in the hour of sorrow; and is selected from others chiefly because it illustrates the *principles* of that union which subsisted between her and her friend.

"I saw the account of the death of dear Mrs. Mann, in 'The Universe' paper, this day. Oh! how must it have rent your heart to have lost, though *but for a little while*, one so dear—so deservedly dear to you—dear to all who knew her—as bearing so much of the image of One to whom she was the dearest of all, infinitely more so than lip can express or heart conceive. Truly much of His image did she bear. Few have I ever seen, who appeared to reflect that image as she did. So thought that dear and precious saint whom she has so quickly followed—whom she so waited on and cherished when upon earth; and with whom she now is in the presence of Jesus, and in the full possession of all that can be possessed of God, for ever.

.....

"Believe me, dear afflicted brother,

"Yours in all Christian affection,

"*Hampstead.*

JAMES H. EVANS."

Mrs. Mann departed hence in the Lord, on the early morn

Some of the subjects referred to in the papers above mentioned, are "*The hour of the agony of Jesus*;" "The Legislator obeying his own

of December 31, 1847, surviving our friend about fifteen months. She was confined to her chamber (as she had indeed often previously been) for nearly the whole winter following his decease; but, as she was occasionally in better health in succeeding months, and at length fell a victim to a prevailing epidemic, it is hoped that her decease was unconnected with the efforts of her intense benevolence and love to Richard Adams. He was ever afterwards much in her thoughts; and on the first impression that her influenza might be fatal, she said, "Oh, if he should look around, and not see me *there* (meaning at the *right* hand of Jesus) after all!" This was according to the habitual indications of her "humble and lowly," but "penitent and obedient" heart. She had received her first religious impressions, when a child, from the Lord's blessing on the ministry of the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, and the conversation of Mr. Adams; and though, like our dear friend, she had such humiliating views of self as to be ashamed and broken in heart before the Holy God, like him she was also enabled to lay hold on the hope set before her in the Gospel. In her engaging and elegant manners, there was indeed a striking contrast to the often negligent habits of our friend; but in humility, simplicity of Christian character, intense desire for communion with God, the treating of religion as *a reality*, and holy conscientiousness, they bore a strong mental resemblance to each other.

Four-and-thirty hours before her removal, having made signs for pencil and paper, she wrote, "It exhausts me to speak a single sentence. My mind is comforted by the view

laws;" "The mortification of Satan, that Christ should be *man* as well as God;" "The importance of thanking God for what he has given, and also for what *he has NOT given*;" "On Christ having loved *me*, and given himself for *me*, as if there were no other person in the world;" "On the sweetness of the words, 'Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel;'" "On Zechariah iii. in its allusions to the *heavenly* Joshua; and that *He* has no filthy garments for Satan to cavil at;" "On Christ's provision that the believer's joy should be *full*;" "On being satisfied with small blessings, when larger are promised;" "On being accepted in the Beloved."

Almost the last time in which he was able to reach the garden, he said to Mrs. Mann, "I can take a better farewell of your garden than Adam could of his. Oh, what an hour that

of the suffering of Jesus. Cease not—pray for me, be—beloved husband, that He would speak peace to me." But the merciful God sustained her in the last conflict.

She was enabled on the next, the last day, to *whisper* to her children, "You must not fret when I am gone! You are not to think of me as you have seen me here: you have seen me in suffering, but I am going where there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying. Think of me in *that* connexion, and comfort your dear father in *that* way; *that* is the way in which I wish you to think of me! Keep that before you, and keep it before your dear papa!"



must have been for him, when the flaming sword waved to keep him out !”

“ The flowers,” he said, “ hang their heads like me. *They’ll soon be gone, so shall I.*”

On Friday, July 24, while thinking over the dealings of God with his soul, our friend received a higher degree of comfort than I had ever heard him express before. He bathed my hand with his tears of joy and gratitude to God; and previous to my arrival in the chamber had been expressing yet more ardently the peace and joy of his spirit. Our room was a place of weeping, but his were tears of otherwise unutterable bliss. “ Oh !” he said, “ God has again been gracious. He has given me light again. He has come again over the mountains of my unworthiness. He has given me liberty to pray for his church. He has come again. Oh ! he said that word, ‘ For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.’ ”

He afterwards said, “ I thank God, I have been preserved a good many years without bringing a heavy blot—how often I have thanked God for that! A mass of sins of omission, however, especially about children and sick

people. About the age of my dear tutor—not quite: I have not gained that, and never shall; and don't want, unless —— ”

May 25th, he said, “What a mercy that as I get lower, His sun shines brighter on my head!” He left his chamber, on that day, and conversed with all; but my chief reminiscence relates to our going up-stairs at night. It was usually a journey in which he said something worthy of remembrance; and on *that* occasion, as I placed my foot on the first step, while, holding my arm, he was yet on the floor of the passage, he said, “Stop! say that verse!” I thought he meant a verse of Scripture on which we had been speaking, and on which I was intending to preach; but he called out, “No! not *that*! I mean the verse you repeated yesterday.” I had not been aware that its citation had impressed him; but perceived what he meant when he added, “that verse about *mercy*!” So, *this* was our “Song of Degrees”—

“ Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;  
 Mercy 's the total sum;  
 For mercy, Lord, is all my plea,  
 Oh, let thy mercy come!”

He called me to *praise* with him before the public morning services of July 26.

Wednesday, July 29, at night, he said, “I



bless God, I feel it nothing to be shut out from the world; but, oh! it were horror to be shut out from Christ." Then he spake of the soul condemned at the Judgment, "*left!—turning the back for ever on hope!*" This day he had told us a pleasing story of the little boy, who, when his father had forgiven him a fault, said, "Now, I can learn Latin and Greek with anybody;" and when told by that father that he ought to seek forgiveness from God first, replied, "Oh, I *began at that!*" He mentioned also some one who said, "Christ granted so many pardons, it would tire the hand of an angel to write them down."

July 30, our brother felt as though he were better; but purple spots on his legs suggested solemn thoughts.

August 1, on hearing a letter from our widowed friend, Mrs. Guyer, he said, "I wish I had wings to fly about, and tell the world what liars they are when they say there is no love among the people of God."

The hiring of his nurse was characterised by our brother as "another solemn step!" he meant towards the grave. He had a solemn meeting the next day with his friends, Revs. J. H. Evans, and James Crabb. On the day following, he saw the Rev. Thomas Adkins.

August 2, he said to Mrs. Mann, "Last night

I came close to the application of that text, 'God will bring every secret thing into judgment, whether it be good or bad.' I thought of the sins of my childhood, my youth, my ministerial life. What! to *have them all brought forward!* and *before God, shall I hear them?* Vividly did I enter into this great truth, this fact, that *I must give an account of every secret thing. I looked to Christ. Here, Lord, is my account. All my bad things are here accounted for. He lives, my Surety.* When He undertook to bear the agonies, the bitter sufferings of the cross, *He bore my sins, he foresaw them all.* But, oh! I thought, *who is this who has done all this for me, for me? The Son of God!* 'Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died!' I have examined my evidences too, nor can Satan entirely shake them."

"When I think of the glory of heaven I am amazed that it should be for *me*, for *me!* for such a creature as I am! that He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*, from the foundation of the world! Everlasting love!" "He seemed," writes Mrs. Mann, "overwhelmed;" but he afterwards remarked, "I see I must leave this matter; and simply receive the statement, 'He that believeth shall be saved.'"

The day above-mentioned was very memorable, not only to Mrs. Mann, but to myself:

I was with him to receive his instructions on various subjects, not less than seven times. At night, I overheard him from the garden, and supposed him to be in distress; but he was uttering the delight of his heart in the abounding mercy of God.

He had great joy on the following day, August 8. An extraordinary season at noon, so impressed Mrs. Mann and myself, that we supposed we could never forget it. Mr. Adams told us how, in compassion to his soul, the Lord had *dealt with him in his own way*, and impressed on his mind the words, "mine own" — "mine own."

Lord's-day, August 9.—He told me the Lord had been dealing with him in a *new way*—new, he meant, *to him*. "He helps me," said he, "to put myself into His hands; and then He puts himself into mine."

Monday, August 10.—"This side yet! This side yet!" said my brother, greeting me in the morning. He had thought, and we had all thought, he would have passed the Jordan sooner.

On Tuesday, he mentioned the comfort he found in turning from his own sufferings to the sufferings of Christ.

At 6 a.m. of August 12, he told me he had passed a quiet night; but feared lest he should

be satisfied with that instead of seeking the smiles of God. Feeling a little better, he had also caught himself praying about life; or rather, *as though he were to live*, because he felt a little easier. At 10 a.m. he sent for us to pray with him, and much enjoyed the reading of Isaiah xxx. 18—21.

He was seen, August 13, by his friend, the Rev. Thomas Binney. They were alone, and nothing is known of their conversation—only the positions of the two ministers struck Mrs. Mann, who entered the room for an instant. At that moment, and at many others, when sitting and conversing with visitors, Mr. Adams bore a strong resemblance to the portrait of the dying Calvin counselling the friends of the Reformation.

Rev. James Crabb and a relation visited him next day. Nothing very remarkable occurred, only when the visitor mentioned the beauty of the prospect from his window, he said, "I want no prospect now—but that of heaven."

On Saturday, ill as he had been, he held a really pertinacious debate with me about the words "Higgaion" and "Selah." How I wondered at the clearness of his head!

Conversation and prayer with Mr. and Mrs. E. Randall and with the Rev. R. Hartley, Primitive Methodist minister, of Southampton,



occurred about this time, and Mr. Adams seemed refreshed. He was especially interested by the reading of the speech of STANDFAST in the Pilgrim's Progress, to which his attention had been sometime previously called by the Rev. J. H. Evans. Being for a few hours a *little* less consciously afflicted, he again detected himself in planning as though he was to live; but on the 17th he suffered considerably, and, supposing the crisis had arrived, I sat up with him through most of the night. In the evening of the 18th, he seemed especially delighted at receiving for his signature a copy of the adhesion paper from the Evangelical Alliance. He had so often talked and prayed about that effort of benevolence, that I had applied for the paper; but, knowing the provisional committee to be much engaged, had not informed him of the circumstance, lest any disappointment should occur. On its arrival, indeed, though greatly pleased, he was too ill to sign it; and it seemed improbable that he ever could. Rev. Mr. Lumb prayed with him that day.

On entering his chamber, August 19th, I heard him exclaiming with solemnity and firmness, "The Lord can sustain me!" Afterwards he conversed with me and Mrs. Mann with much wisdom and tenderness; and I longed to retire and write his remarks. He urged,

however, reading and prayer, and in the interest of that exercise the previous discourse was lost.

On the 20th of August, I attended his dying bed, first in a long conversation in the morning, and afterwards with the Rev. James Crabb, who prayed. Again he sent for me to mention a manifestation of the mercy of God to him, when praying in the fields near West Cowes in 1822-3.

His signature of adhesion to the Evangelical Alliance was given this day with much solemnity, and after prayer. He had some scruples about one or two of the proposed regulations; but when the paper had been deliberately read, found they were only propositions, and the *great principle* decided him. Taking the pen, he again offered a short prayer; and after a few moments, turning to me, said, "My physician says I shall not recover! Does not he?" I answered, "Yes, my brother." He then calmly and firmly wrote—it was the last time, and he *meant* it should be the last time he would ever write—"Richard Adams— from his dying-bed."

This day he dwelt much on the *seriousness* of death—repeatedly observing, "Sickness is one thing, death another."

He was so ill on the evening of the 20th of



August, that then, and indeed ever afterwards by night, he required two nurses. On the 21st, he mourned deeply over some indications of impatience and irritability. I had been called away for an hour; he had wanted me; I was not to be found, and it had so fretted him that he uttered a few words which he could not easily afterwards forget. Sweet, however, were his explanations, and yet more so his prayers for a blessing on all around him.

On the usefulness of sanctified suffering, as showing the evil of sin, and on the sufferings of the Lord Jesus, he conversed much with Mrs. Mann this day. " 'Tis this," said he, "I want—to draw myself away from what *I* suffer to what *He* suffered. Yet, pain is pain; and *He* knows it; and, 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'" He was in the midst of a conversation of this kind, when his friend observing his mouth was parched, asked if he would like a fig, and he assented; but almost immediately laying it down, said, "We will pray." Whether it were a mark of real wisdom thus to condemn himself in the reception of a necessary comfort may be questioned; but there appeared to be much Christian simplicity in his imploring forgiveness, because he had turned with so much eagerness from discoursing on a

solemn and profitable subject to what was earthly, though not in itself sinful. "Ah! Lord!" he said, "this has been my manner from my youth up—my manner in the wilderness—to slight thy blessings, and thy love."

Saturday, August 22.—He sighed to be released; but strengthened himself in God. To me, he said, "Oh! if it were the Lord's will to release me! But I myself see so many reasons why he should not, that I cannot but bow to His will." Mrs. Mann heard him this day exclaiming, "Oh that my Lord would say, Come up hither!" but he also dwelt on the words, "He will not suffer you to be tempted above that which ye are able." Afterwards he conversed on "Faith;" observing that, in this solemn hour, he was driven to "He that believeth shall be saved," just as at first.

Lord's-day, August 23, at 6h. 15m. a.m., he saluted me with, "Not into port yet;—but almost, I trust."

I answered, "This is your Saturday night,—your Sabbath is *almost* come."

He understood me in a moment, and replied, "Oh, yes! I do hope so." He afterwards prayed the Lord to help me in my work that day.

Mrs. Mann noted, "Dear brother Adams said,

‘Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. It seems as if *God* revealed would be the perfection of bliss in heaven, but that it will be enjoyed *through Christ*. Col. iii. *The government of the kingdom is given into his hands*. Christ is Alpha and Omega, he that liveth and was dead, and behold he is alive for evermore, and has *the keys of hell and of death*. His last act for his people will be to open the gate for them into heaven. It is a sweet thought for me now, waiting for *Him to fetch me*. Perhaps, however,’ he added, ‘he may commission some spirits, angels to whom he will say, *There, go and fetch him, he shall not be away from me any longer.*’”

About this time he was told that the Queen was passing: he replied, “I am going to see the King of kings.”

Monday, August 24, I have an entry, “*Dear Richard said yesterday, he hoped he had received an assurance that the Lord will be more merciful than ever to him before he goes, yet.*” This day he expressed himself to be “waiting,” “ready in Christ, if the Lord should call—wishing, but *not* praying, to be taken—still enabled to say, *Thy will be done.*”

A trying night followed; I prayed with him next morning, but as I only prayed for himself, he bade me pray again, and to “pray for the

world, and to mention the Evangelical Alliance. He wept after conversing with Mr. S. this morning; and afterwards again lamented to me, a liability to irritation, which he feared was increasing upon him. In *his* circumstances, I thought it right to praise God that he was not *more* susceptible in that way.

On the 26th he said, "I want to get a peep within the veil—that's permitted now," alluding I suppose to Heb. ix. 3—9.

I found my brother *very* ill, at 5h. 45m. in the morning of the 28th, and, at his request, went to Southampton, to fetch Dr. Williams. The doctor told our friend that nature, in him, was certainly breaking up. "And oh!" said the sufferer, "can I wish it otherwise?" After expressing a wish that my dear wife should be with us, he prayed in a very affecting manner. His solemn "Help, Lord!" which on previous occasions had deeply touched us, now again broke on our ears. So also did his "Thy will be done."

On Saturday, August 29, at 4h. 30m. a.m., I found our beloved friend under the influence of lively gratitude for a night of more repose than he, or we, had expected. I prayed with him, after which he said, "Ah! that's it! that's it!" alluding to the special *thanksgiving* it had appeared to be right that I should offer.



He was very ill on the morning of Lord's-day, August 30, and intending to preach from Psalm xii. 1, "Help, Lord," I quoted it on entering his room. He said, "Amen! Amen! Amen! Can you pray?" I did, and we both hoped the Lord had helped.

Mrs. Mann wrote, "August 30. He generally had something to tell me when I first saw him in the morning. After his usual affectionate 'Well, my dear sister!' he proceeded, 'The last night renewed to me a view which, some years ago, I received from him. In prayer I had then such a wonderful discovery made to me of Christ being the *eternal God, Jehovah himself*, that I was all wonder and amazement, whilst all my petitions were directed to him. I went on praying, I know not how long, nor did others tire with me;\* and when I rose from my knees, I could only wonder and praise; for I thought I had never believed it before, with such power was it applied to my soul, in connexion with this *Jesus bearing my sin, being the Eternal God-Man*. This view was mercifully brought back to me *last night*, but I was too weak to tell you of it then.'"

The following prayer of Mr. Adams, as being offered this day, occurs in the papers of my

\* This was at the house of some lady at Birmingham.

dear departed wife. "Lord! This is not *the shadow*, it is *death*. Glorify thyself, glorify thy Son. Let me have a *peaceful* entrance to thy kingdom, or, for the sake of others, triumphant. I hardly know how this can be, but I know not what may be done, for the atonement. Ah! there it is. Christ! Christ! Father, show me thy love in giving thy Son;—dear Saviour, in giving thyself;—sweet Spirit, in drawing me to my bleeding, dying Lord. Bless my dear brother! May he use the sword, the balm, or the directory, this day!"

Without then knowing of the above, I wrote that evening, as follows:—

"6 p.m. Oh! the beautiful sight and sounds with which I have been privileged on the way to my study! Oh that dear man, that dearer grace of God! When I reached the top of the stairs, dear Adams was praying; and yet, while I write, his voice is breaking on my ear from the neighbouring room. Can I ever forget it?"

My notes were too much mingled with personal emotions to be offered to the public; but that part of the prayer which may be published was for the revival of the churches, for the piety and usefulness of ministers, and the glory of God in the world. It was uttered with such profound self-abasement as I had never



witnessed, and compelled me to say, "Lo, God is here. How dreadful is this place!" Mrs. Mann informed that in the preceding week he had several times enjoyed a similar nearness to God.

Such a day as August 31 I had never spent. I cannot describe the state of my brother's mind, or of my own in those memorable hours. I doubted if my holy brother had ever before spent a day of such enjoyment of the presence of God. It seemed indeed to be a fulfilment of his words on Sunday, August 23, that "he hoped he had received an assurance that the Lord would be more merciful than ever to him, *before* he should leave the world." That evening he closed a prayer, part of which Mrs. Mann has left in writing, in which, after supplicating for various friends, quite exhausted he said, "Lord! where shall I stop? Lord! I don't know where to stop!"

Afterwards he said, "Mind! mind! mind! I die depending on the work of Christ! His imputed righteousness, especially!"

Mrs. M. continues, "He told me, it had been suggested to his mind, that supposing he might possess every imaginable earthly good, if he would tell a lie, and he knew that that sin would be forgiven in ten minutes afterwards, and he go to heaven at last, would he com-

mit that sin? 'Oh!' said he, with great energy, 'my whole soul rejected it, with the greatest abhorrence. No! No! I could not sin.' "

He had, indeed, as Mrs. Mann observes, "several times remarked to those who visited him, that, 'although in the great matter of justification before God, the soul may be right, yet, in order to a *peaceful* dying bed *the evidences of sanctification* should be clear also.' "

Thursday, Sept. 1. After my prayer, he prayed, I should think for thirty minutes. It was *indeed* solemn. One of the household observed that I looked white as a sheet when I left his room; and well I might!—for such consciousness of the dread presence of the great God I had never before felt. I had been compelled to think of God, as I had never been able to think before. It is sweet to memory, that on that occasion, he especially implored a blessing on our family: but he also prayed for the brethren Crabb, Evans, Ford, Lloyd, Millard, and others.

This day noted his words, "I think the Lord has given me this text—'What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.' Very sweet—is not it? I have not had that before. I have been crying earnestly to the Lord for my dismissal; but, like Him, I would

say—‘not my will, but Thine be done!’ I would say so, not by compulsion, but heartily and willingly.”

Sept. 2. I had the happiness of telling him several instances of his past usefulness which had not come to light till now. One of them had resulted from his labours at Winchester. On this day, he had impressed on his mind the words, “into glory! into glory!”

On Friday, Sept. 4, I saw him at mid-day, having previously absented myself under an impression that the more quiet he could be kept, the better. I even begged him *not* to pray, when he had sent for me; but he *would* have my Ann and me in his room; and he *would* pray for us; and he *would* make me pray for *him*. Grasping my hand in the skeleton of his own, he said, “Oh! yes! you *must* pray! Can’t we die together? Can’t we pray together when we are dying? Oh! *do* pray!” I did so, for a few moments, especially invoking HIM *who died on Calvary*, to help my dying brother. He uttered his delight at the mention of *Calvary*—and well he might. As we left the room, he said, “How thankful I am, I forced you to come in!”

Sept. 5. He had suffered much during the night, and did not notice anything in the morning. Nurse observed, that, on seeing day-

light, he had usually prayed, but he had not done so that day. He sent for me to pray about 3, p.m.; but did not speak afterwards. He lay, fanned by my dear wife, and Mrs. Edward Mitchell, sen., apparently insensible the whole evening.

Mrs. Mann wrote of the 6th of September, "He appeared to be passing through some great mental conflict. Several times, when roused from apparent stupor, he raised his eyes and hands, and emphatically said, 'Oh! my God! what does this mean?'"

My own notes supply the following:—  
"Monday morning, Sept. 7. On Saturday night, we thought dear Richard did not know us. Yesterday, he did not know, or, at all events, did not notice me; and I had no hope of conversing with him again on earth. I did not try to arouse his attention when I was retiring to rest, thinking it better for all that he should remain in quiet. In the night, however, he inquired for me; and desired I should be called. The nurse, knowing the serious impression which these protracted circumstances had produced on Mrs. Mann, and fearing to disturb her, endeavoured to induce him to defer sending for me till the morning. The mention of Mrs. Mann's ill health seemed to affect him; and he lay for some time longer in



quiet, but evidently with a mind *full* on some subject; he did not tell the nurse what it was. He appeared to be very ill; but kept inquiring for me; and at about four a.m. declared he must call me himself, if the nurse would not. Then, with a voice which awoke the entire household, he called, "Mann! Mann! Glory! Glory! I'm going to glory!"

Before the servant could reach my door, I was ready to attend him; and when he heard me call out, "Bless the Lord! brother Richard!" he was instantly still.

Entering his room, I found him sitting, with eyes uplifted, and in a waiting posture. He grasped my hand affectionately, saying, "Oh, now I can die! now I can die! I feared I should die without being able to tell you of the goodness of God to me! O glory! glory! glory! I'm going to glory! O yes! joy unspeakable, and full of glory! Oh! now I can die—now I have seen you to tell you! Yes! I am going to glory! O yes! even I! Oh! dear brother, I'm going to glory! Where's your wife? Oh! let her come! Oh! let us pray."

I told him the truth—that my dear wife had been very ill all night, and could not be disturbed without danger. He prayed, therefore, with me alone, but for her; and with a tenderness which overwhelmed me—whether it were



superstition or not, I had considered, that, on former occasions, her life had been prolonged in answer to prayer, and especially to his.

On hearing of this, and fearing he might never be able to converse with us again, Mrs. Mann resolved, ill as she was, to visit his dying chamber; and again he prayed for her, for me, for our children, for nurse, for brother Crabb, and other friends, for the churches, for that under my pastoral care—for everybody but himself.

After all this, he asked me to give nurse half-a-sovereign; but presently *whispered* an inquiry if Mrs. Mann could not lay it out, and make her some little article of clothing?

Of this day, Mrs. Mann wrote, "7th—a memorable morning. On my entering the room, (he called out,) 'Oh my dear sister! The Lord be praised! You know I wished for assurance, but He has given me *full assurance*. What a trial you must have had! (alluding to the previous day.) I have been in the dark, and struggling with some mysterious satanic agency, but He has given me the victory; I am going to glory, glory is come to me.'"

"Prayer. O Lord, thou art about to take to thyself one whom thou hast redeemed, sanctified, and perfected. To take him to thy

embraces for ever. Thou art come to him—come down to the ferry-boat to help him in his weakness. Blessed, blessed be thy name, that thou hast brought him through all his conflicts with sin and Satan, and hast made him *more than conqueror* through him that hath loved him, and washed him, and now he is going to enter into *the joy*—the joy of his Lord.” After a pause, he added, “Lord, give me a holy stillness.”

“He proceeded,” writes Mrs. Mann, “in prayer for me, that I may have hidden manna, that I may be fed from the word. That my dear husband and myself may have much spiritual affection; that *he* may be *full of the Spirit*; that the church may be as those of the flock when they come up from the washing. For all the dear children very sweetly; for a young friend; and for nurse, that the Lord would return her kindness into her own bosom, and remember her on a dying bed. For all his dear friends who had come to visit him; adding, ‘And now, Lord, what shall I say? Take me to thyself.’”

In the afternoon, brother Crabb refreshed us by a visit, and soon entered the chamber where the good man met his fate. Adams was surprised and pleased to see him; and called out, “Glory! glory! glory! victory! victory! enter-

ing into glory! Yes; I shall soon be there! Ay! ay!"

Mr. Crabb said, "Through Jesus!"

He replied, "O——h! that's it! nothing but Christ!"

Mr. Crabb said, "We shall have a praise-meeting by-and-by!"

Mr. Adams answered, "Ay, ay, *that we shall: victory! victory! more than conqueror! yes, more!*" He afterwards said, "Beating, struggling, *into harbour;*" but his friend answered, "No, a ship in full sail, before the wind:" and to this, modest Richard Adams cordially assented, observing, "I think so too, *now*. I am going to heaven, and heaven is coming to me! Yes, it is come! Oh! dear! Two heavens!—One to which I am going, one come to meet me."

I learned that he had not slept through the night; and therefore did not enter his room on the following morning, until he called for me so earnestly that I could not resist. I found him slightly wandering, but his intellect retained nine-tenths of its power—especially when a few minutes' conversation had thrown him into the course of thought and expression to which he had been accustomed so many years. He apologised for insisting on my presence, alluding to circumstances which had

prepared him to converse with me as he could converse with no one else. In the afternoon he seemed less self-possessed; but, there was the ruling passion strong in death; and I must think, the ruling passion still under the merciful direction of Him who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust."

He said, more than once, "Burst of glory! burst of glory! what's that text? weight of glory! weight! what is it?" I answered by repeating, "This light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,"—a text which had often lately been on his mind. He replied, "Ay! all this is thine! all mine! I could feel it. I cried out in the fulness of my heart, and in full assurance, this is mine."

Afterwards, he talked of "double heaven," yet again he said, "Every now and then I forget; and think how I'll tell you all about it when I get better." Then he said, "Oh how I felt your warm hand, and your warm heart, yesterday; and my sister's love."

I told him I had written to brother Ford, and hoped our bowing together, by his death-bed, would render us one for life. He replied, sharply, "But, oh! take care! one IN CHRIST; one for life IN CHRIST!"

His mind appeared to wander the next two



days, but I could almost always trace the *fragments* of thoughts and events on which we had formerly conversed.

Thursday, Sept. 19, he sent for me, and said sweet words; but he felt cold. The chillness of death was advancing. He said, "Troops! Troops! what is that? Companies! Look in the Canticles: will you?" I looked, but could not find what he wanted, and therefore fetched the Concordance. Again I failed, for his words did not give me the key to his intentions. I read, however, chap. i. 8—11. He said, "Ah! That was blessed to my dear friend; but I was thinking . . . ." I inquired, "What friend?" He answered, "Oh! my dear friend; deacon at Winchester. He died; but I was thinking whether it might be transferred—whether it might be transferred." After this, he lay quite still, smiling with an evident placidity of soul. Once he gently exclaimed, "Now!"

At mid-day, he was almost blind; but talked of the utterly helpless circumstances to which even a gradual decay could reduce the human frame. Afterwards he lay in the apparent attitude of approaching death—his chest heaving, and his breathing conducted in a seemingly involuntary manner. A conversation with nurse, and a subsequent discourse with me about her,



reminded me, however, in the afternoon, that neither the intellect nor the heart of my dear friend was quite gone yet. His language was, at this time, correct, and more vigorous than usual.

At 4h. 10m. p.m. he said, "Almost—almost!" I added, "Into life!" "Yes," he said, "that's it! into life—into *life!*" I cited,

"Let me languish into life!"

"Ah!" he responded, "Let me languish into *life!*"

Afterwards he said, "One thing is on my mind. I have not—I have not, on this my dying bed, said what I ought to have said *about the glorious grace of my God!* about the love of the Father! about the love of the Son! about the love of the Holy Spirit!"

Then, with uplifted hands, and his now sightless eyes upturned towards the heavens, he exclaimed, "Oh! Forgive me! Father! forgive me! Forgive me, my gracious Lord! I have felt, I have talked of my *own* sufferings; but, oh! what have I said, as I *ought* to have said, about *thy* love? thy love! THY LOVE!!"

Again, taking my hand, he said, "Preach Jesus! Oh! preach Jesus!"—"When I was a student, there was a sermon—I forget who wrote it—he was an American—what's his

name?—Look in the Tract Society's list—you can get it for almost nothing—there was a sermon about preaching Christ—preaching Christ, which they used to recommend to us—preach Jesus.”

The last six days of the earthly existence of the Rev. Richard Adams were profoundly wonderful. They involved, however, an amount of concern and attention which often prevented me from writing what I wished, and my dear wife had become unable to see him for more than a few minutes at a time. Of her, in one of the intervals in which he could communicate with us, he took the most solemn and affecting leave which even *his* tenderness, and gratitude, and piety, could take. His full heart poured forth prayers to God, on her behalf, and blessings on her gentle head. In the solemn period in which these records are preparing for the press, their parting is, with the exception only of her subsequent parting with her children and himself, the most impressive hour on which, concerning that Christian woman, the writer can think. She did, in true and holy love, receive that prophet, in the name of a prophet; and now, when she has gone to her reward, it is a solace indeed, to remember that the desire of her heart was realised. She

comforted the dying hours of him who had comforted hundreds of others, and had helped her own parents towards their last happy home.

In the "analysis of character," constituting the third division of this book, several remembrances of the latest days of Mr. A. occur in other connexions; and the writer confesses that he dares not trust his pen minutely to delineate the whole. Suffering, as Mr. A. did, from atony of the stomach and alimentary canal, it had become necessary, under the most strenuous commands of his physician, to administer in small quantities, but frequently repeated, "strong animal diet, and cordial stimulants." His former long-continued fastings had gradually, in the judgment of his medical friend, rendered this course necessary; and it was the opinion of Dr. W. that it was only by these means he was preserved from continued convulsions and low delirium, which would have rendered his later days distressing at once to his friends and himself. Under these circumstances not only might any enlightened biographer question the propriety of minute description, but also feel that outraged friendship would have a right to condemn the pen which *could* thus pander to an indulgence of the curiosities of our nature. I must, however,

declare my belief, that the strongest developments of holy principle which ever I have known, concerning this eminent saint, were manifested in the midst of the awful conflicts of those tremendous hours. I saw indeed the effects of the condition of the body even on that virtuous and holy mind;—I saw what I supposed to be most marvellous illustrations of what physiologists have termed the duality of the brain;—I saw the humiliating positions to which disease and dying circumstances can expose the finest specimens of our poor mortality;—I saw how awful it *would* have been, *if*, instead of speaking words of piety, my friend had by his former conduct brought himself into a condition in which his delirium should have evinced itself in the re-utterance of profane conversation;—I saw the folly and madness of leaving to our *last* moments, the formation of our character for God, and holiness, and heaven; but oh! I also saw and heard almost unutterable proofs of the faithfulness of God to his servant, and of the consequent faithfulness of that servant to Him who had called him by his grace. Truly, indeed, did Mr. Parry say,\* “Such a copiousness of

\* See “Paul the Aged,” a sermon in memory of the Rev. Richard Adams, by the Rev. John Parry. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.



heaven in a spirit not disembodied, — such overwhelming, dread spirituality of sentiment and enjoyment, — such close, lively fellowship with the Eternal, — such *coming to God*, — such a power of withering you with an impression of ‘things not seen,’ as have marked the protracted death-bed scene of this truly good man, it is not common to witness.” Withholding, as I do, on sacred grounds, several of the specific circumstances of the last few days, I deem it my duty, in the remembrance that I myself must die, and go to judgment, again to affirm my solemn conviction that the intrinsic elements of the piety of Richard Adams were never more sublimely exemplified, than while he was suffering so severely under the last agonies of disjointed nature.

It was marvellous, too, how his power of conversing would return. On Sunday, the 13th of September, he offered the remarkable prayer mentioned in another part of this book — a prayer which I supposed to be the re-actings in his mind, of some of his former midnight supplications. He was, however, then, so incapable of recognising those around his dying pillow, that I expected to converse with him no more. Yet, a few hours afterwards he arrested my attention in another way.



His nurse had for some time had an assistant, but he was so attached to her, and the services of this good Mrs. BENTON were so valuable, that we had afforded her every possible encouragement to stay with him as much as she could on each successive night as well as by day, while we were expecting his decease. This valuable attendant, overcome by long and arduous service, fell asleep as I sat with him by the bed-side on the afternoon of his last Sabbath referred to above; and I, being inclined to drowsiness from similar want of rest, had some tendencies to sleep too,—till I thought I perceived a *continuity* in his discourse which indicated more possession of his powers than we had expected again to observe; and I soon found that he knew me, and was labouring to impart something which he thought I should like to hear.

“This room is not altered,” said he, “is it?” “It seems to me as if it were larger.” “Well! you know there was ——, and there was Mrs. Mann, and there was me. The king was *there!* and he was a very great king. Well! there was a great lord, one of his great lords, and he saw us, and he said, he would take us to the king; and we wondered; but we said, we should be very glad to go. So by-and-by he took us; and, oh! it was so

glorious! Well! By-and-by we came to the King; and, behold! we found it was the King of kings, and Lord of lords! And, oh! he did look at us so! and he smiled on me, and he smiled on brother ——, and he smiled so on sister Mann. ‘But,’ he said, ‘mind—you would not be here, only *the blood of Jesus Christ, my Son, cleanseth from all sin.*’ ”

After this he was again quite incapable of conversing with us. At ten o’clock on that night, however, on my taking a favourable opportunity to ask by what means he was led to the Seminary at Gosport, he gave the history which I have supplied in earlier pages of this book, and kept me writing for considerably more than an hour.

He spoke a little next morning; but afterwards did not say much, except in prayer; and his prayers from that time were uttered in short sentences. “Come! Thou great God!” he repeatedly said, with indescribable solemnity; and I have a strong impression that his efforts to arise in his expiring moments, were, in part, results of the last workings of his mind on its mortal tenement—the upsoaring influence of his spirit endeavouring to ascend to the holy heaven, before it had entirely escaped from that by which alone it had apparently been held to such a world as this.

## CHAPTER II.

### SKETCHES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

AWARE that in the character of his friend there were unusual points, the writer was anxious that the views of others should be fairly brought into comparison and contrast with his own ; and is therefore deeply obliged by the able papers which have reached his hands. Some communications to the venerable man himself, and to others concerning him—as they reflect the impressions made by his character on rather diversified classes, and somewhat differently constituted minds—may also help to bring him before the reader.

That such variety of testimony should have been given, concerning so apparently obscure a person, is remarkable, and suggestive. Yes! Richard Adams was *somebody!* Singular, self-neglecting, solitary, smiled at, pitied, houseless, eccentric, bachelor, as he was ; by the intrinsic value of *some* quality or other, he was not only a man wondered at, but one who *must* have

evinced moral, spiritual, or intellectual features worthy of remembrance.

He may be seen in various attitudes in the following papers.

*From the Diary of his brother, (afterwards the  
Rev. Thomas Adams.)*

“April 5, 1804. Was present at the ordination of my beloved brother Richard to the work of the ministry, that brother whom once I despised, but now love more than any one (I think) in the world. He has, I trust, been the means of my salvation, by first bringing me to think seriously, and to attend the word preached; and by his example as well as precept.

“My dear brother, in a most affecting way, delivered the outlines of his deep experience, mentioning his being on his knees, sometimes, in an agony, for two, three, and four hours together, praying and examining himself—striving all the while to establish a righteousness of his own—till God brought him out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and set his feet upon a rock, and established his goings. He gave his confession of faith in a few words—the utter helplessness of man, and the sufficiency of Christ, being its leading features. He said, he believed his faith would be found in the articles of the Church of England, and contained in the Common Prayer Book.”

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*From the Rev. James Bennett, D.D.*

TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Business and illness have combined to delay my answer to your favour, though it treats of a subject on which I feel a deep interest. As Richard Adams was my fellow-

student, and, for some years, a neighbouring minister, I, of course, knew much of him. But that which brought us into closest intimacy was the difference between his experience and mine. He had been introduced to Dr. Bogue by Dr. Winter, who was for some time preacher at Salter's Hall, where Mr. Worthington preached on the other parts of the day. It was by Mr. W.'s eloquence that Mr. Adams was attracted, and, as he often stated, charmed. But the doctrine was, I believe, Arianism, which bewildered our late friend. He was, therefore, far from peace of mind when he came to Gosport, and being, as you know, a sincere man, could rest in nothing but firm, thorough, conscientious conviction. All the great doctrines of the Gospel presented to him their difficulties, in consequence of his former connexions; and he had to fight his way to the belief of the truth, and to fixed sentiments. My experience was totally different. Dr. Owen was my favourite divine, and my conflicts were with my own heart rather than with the errors of Arians and Socinians. He poured his sorrows into my soul, and from hearing what I had to say, he went to his Bible and to the throne of grace for perfect satisfaction. This he might be expected to obtain, from the earnestness with which he sought it, and the fidelity with which he employed it for the Divine glory and the good of others. Severe scrutiny into his own heart made him a rather severe judge of others; but those who valued fidelity could not fail to be profited by his. I valued him as my best friend; for he told me my faults, and always regretted that his peculiarity hindered his usefulness. He regarded the essence of things so much as to slight the appearance, beyond other people's endurance.

The distressing severity of his own self-knowledge with regard to the soul and eternity, was transferred to his bodily sensations, which were therefore obtruded upon others, so as



to require a deep esteem for his character, to make him acceptable to many. His entire deference to the call of duty gave him a spice of enthusiasm, by judging that certain impressions constituted a call to action, rather than a calm attention to general considerations, and the guidance of an enlightened mind. His last visit to London was made unseasonable to his friends, by delaying to do some good thing beyond the time when they could conveniently receive him. This made them apply to me when he became ill; and though I could not receive him, my eldest son, who attended him as physician, offered him accommodation. But he suddenly returned to Hants.

As his character was singular, and his piety eminent, his memory would furnish valuable lessons. That you may be assisted and blessed in the work, is the prayer of your faithful fellow-servant in the Lord,

JAMES BENNETT.

49, *Gibson Square*,  
Sept. 26, 1848.

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*From the Rev. J. A. James.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Edgbaston, June 3, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR,

You have invited me "to cast a flower on the grave of Richard Adams;" and if eminent holiness can prefer a claim to such a token of Christian respect and affection, few men have departed from our world, whose memory better deserves, on that ground, to be cherished than his.

It is now nearly five-and-forty years since I became acquainted with this saintly man, and I have still a vivid recollection of the impression produced by his appearance and conversation when I first saw him. While a student under

Dr. Bogue, at Gosport, who had also been his tutor, I visited Winchester with some of my fellow-students, to take out our licence at the quarter sessions, as preachers of the Gospel, which was then required by law. We were received with the most affectionate cordiality by Mr. Adams, at his humble lodgings, and made welcome to such hospitalities as his means enabled him to afford. It was impossible not to be impressed with his peculiarity of manner, and with his indifference to the ordinary circumstances of neatness and comfort—but I felt that I was in the presence of a man who seemed to belong less to this world than to the region of unsullied purity, and who was less fitted to converse with the inhabitants of earth, than with the spirits of just men made perfect. His conversation turned upon the object of our visit, and I well remember with what devout earnestness he endeavoured to impress upon us the solemnity of the oath which we were about to take, in order to a legal qualification for our office, as dissenting ministers. As long as I was under his roof, it seemed to me as if I were in company with one of the holiest men I had ever conversed with; and yet over all this there was a certain air of uncouthness, which, but for his eminent sanctity, would have occasionally called up a feeling approaching the ludicrous. From that hour my mind was made up as to the character of Mr. Adams. I knew him at once, and all my subsequent acquaintance only served to deepen and confirm my first impressions of his distinguished excellence, and great peculiarity.

During my residence at Gosport, I saw him occasionally, and also heard him preach and pray. His prayers struck me more than his sermons; their unction was rich, and there seemed to be on his mind such a reverential awe of God, blended with so much filial confidence, that I thought I had never heard anything like it before. The students all had the same opinion of him, and even they who were most

disposed to smile at his eccentricities, were checked by a sense of his most extraordinary piety.

After leaving Gosport, I saw little of him, except at the missionary meetings in London, when it appeared to me as if both his peculiarities and his sanctity had kept pace together, in their growth. The emotions of his devout mind at these seasons and scenes of religious excitement were often too strong to be repressed; and he evinced by his looks and gestures that his soul was in more intimate communion with God, than with the multitudes by which he was at that moment surrounded, but from which he was abstracted in a world of his own. His feelings were so far visibly and variously expressed under the influence of what was going on, as not unfrequently to assume the air of the grotesque, and, in some persons who did not know him, to lead to the supposition that he was a person of disordered reason.

I little supposed, at that time, I should ever stand in a relation to him which would make me so much more intimately acquainted with him. Being in want of an afternoon preacher and general assistant, my attention was directed, I forget by what means, to Mr. Adams. This was now thirty years ago, when he must have been about five-and-forty years of age. His first sermon produced a very considerable impression, as did his prayers also. The people also felt as if a man of no ordinary piety had come among them. It was not talent—genius—elegance; it was something higher than all these, it was holiness—unction—spiritual power. But, it is a little singular, he never seemed to rise to the height of that discourse afterwards. It is true his time of preaching was the afternoon, which is always a most unfavourable time for preachers, and especially for those who depend for the success of their discourses, more upon the state of the heart than the power of their intellect, or the previous preparation of their discourses. His preaching

did not prove attractive. Whatever was the cause, he could not, as he told me, do justice to himself. His discourses were rather loose and rambling, though always spiritual and devout, and by no means devoid of thought, for he was an excellent theologian.

His intercourse with the people, particularly those more eminent for piety, and the poor, was much enjoyed, and proved very edifying. His usefulness, however, lay chiefly with those who had been recently brought under concern about religion. Thus his services were invaluable, not only in leading inquirers to a more intimate acquaintance with Divine truth, but in giving them a more clear insight into their own hearts. How gladly and how thankfully would I still avail myself of the services of such skill in that most difficult of all pastoral avocations—the dealing with inquirers after salvation, and candidates for church fellowship! Persons who had been under his training were always likely to be clear in their knowledge of the truth, and deep in their experience of the power of religion.

It is almost needless to add, I had the most entire confidence in his fidelity, as an assistant; I mean in his unwearied endeavours to promote my comfort, usefulness, and harmony with my flock. He was in this respect as far from selfishness as I can conceive a human heart to be in this world of imperfection. He forgot himself, in his labours for me. I knew that wherever he was, and whatever he was doing, he was doing all he could to raise me in the estimation of the church. It would seem as if he knew not, *by experience*, the meaning of the words envy and jealousy. If any other man than John the Baptist ever used, in sincerity and satisfaction, the expression “He must increase, but I must decrease,” it was this humble saint of the Most High God.

In his concern for my usefulness he would often point out what appeared to him to be deficiencies and faults in my



sermons, both as to matter and manner; but it was done in such a kind, modest, and unassuming way, that instead of offending me, it always increased my affection for him; and as he was generally correct in his criticisms, inspired me with confidence in his judgment.

Mr. Adams's piety, as is evident from all this, was of an unusual elevation. Devotion was his element. He entered more deeply than any one I ever knew into the meaning of that sublime and expressive phrase, "communion with God." I am sure I speak truly when I say that, besides frequent days of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, he spent hours every day in pouring out his heart to God in secret. His piety, however, led to some irregularity of habit. If his heart were enlarged in morning devotion, he would give scope to his feelings, regardless of the progress of the hour; and would thus keep breakfast waiting for him at his lodgings to an inconvenient lateness; or, if a sudden impulse came upon his mind, he would rise in the middle of the breakfast, and retire for prayer, leaving the meal unfinished sometimes for hours. All this was wrong, and fitted him more to be a hermit than a member of society.

In him devotion was united with the greatest tenderness of conscience I ever knew, and with the greatest regard, even in little things, for the comfort of his fellow-creatures. It will, perhaps, appear ludicrous to some, but it seems to illustrate his conscientious benevolence to say that if there were orange-peel, or a stone, in the path, which would be likely to occasion a fall to any one, he would be sure to displace it. If there were a cellar-window in an insecure state, and which would endanger the passers by, he would go in and expostulate, but always in the most gentle manner, with the owner or occupant of the house. As another illustration of the tenderness of his conscience, I may mention the following facts. While he was in Birmingham, he was robbed of some



money by a fellow-lodger or servant. He informed me of the fact; and mentioned the name of the individual whom he had suspected of being the pilferer. I thought nothing more about the matter; but about a year, or it may be more, after he had left our town, I received a letter from him, informing me that he had lately been spending a day of fasting, examination, and prayer, and had been making diligent search after any sins of heart and conduct which, through inadvertence at the time, had escaped his notice, and which, therefore, had never been confessed and repented of. In the course of this self-scrutiny, he had recollected the suspicions he had entertained of his fellow-lodger being the thief who had robbed him, and the mention of his suspicions to me. Now, as he had no positive evidence that the money was taken by this individual, he considered that this was a sin against that law of charity which "thinketh no evil," and having confessed it to God, he could not be easy till he acknowledged it to me. Having mentioned the circumstance also to the person who was the occupant of the house, he was at the trouble of writing another letter to him, on the same subject and for the same purpose; and I am certain that if he could have conceived that the suspected person had ever been made acquainted with his opinion concerning him, there is no language of concession and humiliation he would not have been willing to employ in expressing his sorrow for having cast such an imputation upon him. It must be recollected, that he had not subsequently obtained evidence to prove that his suspicions were groundless; on the contrary, there was still strong probability that they were well founded; *his* idea was, that in the absence of positive proof of guilt, it was a sin to *think* evil of another, and especially to *speak* it. Many will, no doubt, be inclined to smile at this moral fastidiousness, but who that acknowledges the authority of conscience will not

admire this instance of entire subjection to its control? How sensitive and delicate must have been that conscience which shrank with pain from so slight a touch, and iniquity as that I have just narrated! How different a world should we live in, and how much holier a church should we witness, if all men were as anxious as this eminent Christian thus to maintain a conscience void of offence both towards God and man! Another instance of his scrupulosity I remember. He once had in his possession a five pounds note, issued by a provincial bank that had failed. He went, with other persons in similar circumstances, to prove his debt. Being called upon to make oath, which was then the law in reference to bank debts, he considered it too light a matter to be accompanied by the solemnity of an oath, and chose rather to suffer the loss of the dividend, than offend the delicacy of his moral perceptions by obtaining it in this way. Now we may be of opinion that his scruples were groundless, but still we cannot but be struck with the self-denying morality which would sacrifice his little all, for such it probably was, rather than retain it, at what he considered the expense of religious principle. Should it be supposed, as it will be, no doubt, by some, that Mr. Adams's conscientiousness was in excess, this, in an age when a depth of it must be mentioned as one of the things that are wanting to give beauty and power to the Christian profession, may well be excused.

In that branch of religion which has special reference to what is called Temper, our dear friend stood pre-eminent above most. His was indeed "the meekness and gentleness of Christ." His kindness, long-suffering, and forbearance was such, that I am not quite sure he would have killed a wasp that stung him, or have kicked a dog that had bitten him. I cannot imagine the amount of provocation which would have excited him to anger, or have inflamed

him to passion. I never once saw him, on any occasion, perturbed in the smallest degree with wrath; nor do I recollect ever hearing him speak evil of any one, in the ordinary meaning of that expression. Malice was quenched in benevolence. His desire to do good was ever thoughtful, inventive, and active, though his efforts were not always, perhaps, judicious. He usually kept some halfpence in his pockets for the relief of beggars, who never appealed to him in vain. The boon of charity was always accompanied by some lesson of piety. I have seen him stand in the streets, and in a few sentences, preach the Gospel to a mendicant, whose eye, perhaps, would be more fixed on the halfpenny than his ear was on the homily the good man was delivering. No matter that: he had discharged his duty—had spoken a word for the Master he loved to serve, and had preached a short sermon to a poor sinner, who would in all probability hear one nowhere else.

Mr. Adams, as may well be imagined, was singularly qualified to carry consolation to the chamber of sickness, and other scenes of suffering humanity. There was a kindness in his looks, a tenderness in his tone, an aptness in his words, which was well adapted to soothe and comfort the children of woe. Yet, he was so drawn out in compassion, as sometimes to weary the patient by the length, not only of his prayers, but of his visits; nor was this the only complaint I sometimes heard of him, for he sometimes forgot the hour, and made his entrance when the friends were preparing to go to rest.

Our dear friend, as all who knew him will bear testimony, was a cheerful and happy man, and could allow the quiet, calm, and peaceful smile to relax into laughter, occasionally loud, but always somewhat grave. There was neither gloom nor melancholy about him, though oftentimes an air of deep solemnity.

His personal habits were not to be commended as regards external appearance. His extreme absence of mind led him to neglect too much his dress, and to be sometimes otherwise too indifferent about himself. During his residence in this town, some friends, perceiving that he had no outer covering except a shabby old cloak, provided for him a new great coat, which was neat, graceful, and becoming. I never saw it on his back but once, and what became of it, and why it was laid aside, I know not. While residing in Hampshire, long after his leaving Birmingham, I have been told a lady of wealth and piety was fond of his society as a man of eminent religion, and used to invite him to her religious parties, for the sake of his expositions of the Scriptures, and his prayers; but he often came with such utter neglect of personal apparel, that she provided him with a new suit of clothes, in order that he might make a better appearance in her drawing-room. He came once or twice in the new clothes, but, to her great dismay and displeasure, she saw him enter one day in his old suit, and being asked why he had not put on the dress the lady had given him, he really did not know the condition in which he then stood before her, but supposed he was then clad in the new habiliments. The fact is, a poor necessitous man had begged a coat of him, and he had given away the new instead of the old one without being aware of it. It is not improbable that in some such way as this the new surtout given him at Birmingham had disappeared.

In reviewing the character of Mr. Adams, then, while I am entirely convinced he was *one* of the holiest, if not *the* holiest man I ever knew, I am still of opinion there was a tinge of monachism about him, and a kind of pietism that fitted him more for the cloister than for the pulpit. His eccentricities hung like a thin cloud over his excellences; and though it could not conceal them, yet somewhat



dimmed, at least to public observation, their brightness, and hindered their effect upon others. Many men with less than one-half of his intense devotion, are abundantly more useful. He seemed more fitted for communion with God than with man: more adapted to hold intercourse with the church, or, I should rather say, with the better portion of it, than with the world—the portion of the church; meaning, by that expression, to convey the idea that there are many professors of religion, in whom the spirit of the Gospel is so low, and the spirit of the world so predominant, that among them this eminent saint would have found himself as little at home in his own feelings, as he would have been found welcome to theirs.

The last time I saw our friend was in the autumn of 1845, at Southampton, whither, having heard I was to preach there, he had come to meet me. He appeared not so much altered as I had expected to find him, considering the years which had elapsed since I last saw him. He greeted me with the same affection, and I looked at him with the same veneration, as we had long cherished towards each other. He seemed to enjoy the sermon which was delivered in Mr. Adkins's chapel, and with the same respectful fidelity as he had used in former years, he begged me, to use his own words, to preach it somewhere with a little more explicit introduction of the divinity of the Saviour, which he thought the subject admitted of. We had some very delightful communion at the house of a friend; and thus terminated our intercourse for ever upon earth.

I shall ever hold the name and memory of Richard Adams in affectionate and grateful remembrance. How much of the undeserved and unexpected success which God, in his sovereignty, has been pleased to crown my very imperfect services in his church, I owe to his prayers, I know not—that I shared largely in his intercessions I am



sure—and if the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, I may conclude that *his* were supplications which God delighted to honour.

May the biographic portraiture which you, my dear Sir, are preparing of this good man, be eminently serviceable in exciting an imitation of his saintly piety, and of thus procuring for him a large measure of posthumous usefulness.

I remain, yours affectionately,

J. A. JAMES.

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*From the Rev. D. E. Ford.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Manchester, Feb. 7th, 1848.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am glad, very glad, to learn that you are preparing a memoir of our venerable friend, the Rev. Richard Adams. His memory is too precious to be laid in the grave; and I have no doubt that, embalmed by your hands, it will prove a blessing to posterity.

He was a man whose equal has rarely been seen; and in the circle of those who enjoyed his esteem and confidence, his departure has left a vacancy which it would be difficult to fill. Indeed, for some time, I could hardly bring myself to realize the fact that our beloved brother had actually passed away from us. But, a little while ago, I visited the spot where we used to hold sweet fellowship,—I preached to the congregation for which he prayed and laboured fifteen years, and when (like the sons of the prophets in the case of Elijah,) I found him not, I began to feel that holy Adams is no more.

That, in his absence, was his familiar name; and it was seldom uttered in sport. The most desperately hardened sinners knew him to be a saint indeed; and nothing was

more common among them, than the remark that, if ever there was a good man in this world, it was he.

He had his eccentricities; and some who could not see beyond the surface of his character, neglected him on that account. But, even his infirmities tended to godly edifying; and, with truth, it may be said of him, that—

“ Ev'n his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

If he objected to some proffered kindness, it was usually under an impression, either that the person offering it could not afford it,—or, that another who needed it more than himself, would lose that amount of assistance, through his accepting it. If he refused, as he often did, to partake the refreshments to which hospitality invited him, perhaps he had his suspicions that “the meats” had been killed, or cooked, on the Lord's day, or that the “drinks” had not duly passed the custom-house. And, if he sometimes kept a family awake all night, by pacing his bed-room with a step which shook the floor, it was only because he was not quite sure that he had not done, or said, or thought something, the previous day, which had grieved the good Spirit of God. It was always his determination never to lie down with an uneasy conscience, although it might require him to spend the whole night in prayer.

This, to him, was no unusual circumstance. Few men have better known the way to the holiest of all; and fewer still, perhaps, have been able so long to tarry there.

His public devotional exercises were by no means his best. There was a restraint about them: they would be very appropriate, very fervent, very solemn; but still, his extreme conscientiousness would lead him to put in so many qualifying clauses, (lest some statement, or petition, might not be suited to everybody there,) that it would distract the attention of the hearer, and lead off his thoughts to various

accidental matters which had little relation to the subject of his prayer. But it was not always thus. I have heard him, in the public assembly, pour forth a torrent of impassioned supplication which has carried along with it the entire piety of the congregation. On such occasions, not a Christian could be present without acknowledging that it was indeed the house of God, the gate of heaven. But, the greatest treat was to pray with him alone. Whatever then might be the length of his prayer, there was no apprehension that the children and servants would be wishing the service over, or falling asleep upon their knees. Moreover, there was nothing of the restraint which he usually felt when praying in public. On some of these occasions when he poured out his full heart before God, he might easily have been mistaken for "Jeremias, or one of the prophets." I have listened to him, with a degree of awe which I can hardly describe. He has prayed, till he appeared to be in an agony; and, when exhausted, he has said—"Now, brother Ford! you pray." I have attempted to follow. And then, when we were rising from our knees, he has said, in his peculiar manner, "Stay, stay a moment. I forgot to put up a word for poor Mr. ———. He is in deep affliction just now." And then, he would begin again; and go over entirely new ground. And when, a second time, he paused, he would say, "Now then, brother!—a few more words from you, and we will conclude this exercise."

These were blessed seasons. Never can I cease to remember them with thankfulness. My pastorate was perhaps as happy as has usually fallen to the lot of man; but still it sometimes brought its vexations. And if not from without, occasions of depression might arise from within. But a walk to East End, and an hour with brother Adams, would generally set all right again.

As a preacher, our venerable friend was very unequal.

Sometimes he would be very powerful, and sometimes very prosy; and the worst of it was, that his most indifferent sermons were commonly the longest. At such seasons, he would go on, and on, endeavouring to produce an impression which he found he could not. And then, unwilling to leave off until he had awakened attention, he would go over the same ground again and again, until the patience of his hearers was quite worn out. This, however, occurred but seldom. One sermon of his I shall never forget, nor you either. It was preached in your pulpit, at one of the quarterly meetings of our ministerial association. A memorable evening was that! Had an angel come down from heaven, for an hour and three quarters, to explain to us that "God is love," he could hardly have done it with greater effect, or with more commanding eloquence.

In family devotion, our good friend was sometimes tiresomely minute. As he had no establishment of his own, he was quite unable to perceive that a lengthened service may seriously interfere with domestic arrangements; and that young children, especially, are likely to become impatient or drowsy. I have occasionally heard him pray for half an hour, or more, at family worship, when from five to ten minutes would have been far better.

Among the happiest circumstances of my life, I shall always regard the providence which brought our beloved brother to East End. Previously to his coming, I knew him but slightly. I had met with him at our county associations, and had once called upon him at East Cowes. From common report, I was prepared to appreciate his character, and to esteem him very highly in love for his works' sake; but I never expected to be honoured, as indeed I was, for nearly fifteen years, with his most intimate friendship.

It so happened that a lady, not of my own congregation,



but then residing at Lymington, met with our friend, and was so struck with his eminent piety, that she wished him to be located in the neighbourhood, that she might have frequent opportunities of seeing him, and might also avail herself of his occasional services as chaplain to her household. She could not have thought it right, she said, to offer him such an engagement, unless an arrangement could be made for his constant occupation on the Sabbath; and therefore she consulted me as to the practicability of finding him a small pastorate close at hand. I mentioned East End. It was a village station, within four miles, and in connexion with our church, where our friends read sermons and conducted a Sunday-school every Lord's-day, and where I was accustomed to preach on the Wednesday evening.

The first question, however, was as to his support; for the people there could give him nothing. This, to a certain extent, she was prepared to render. And it was thought, that if a similar amount could be secured from other quarters, it would be about sufficient for his maintenance. This was easily arranged. Part of the money was to be paid to him for supplying the pulpit at Lymington during my yearly absence of six weeks; and the rest was to be raised by private subscription.

A second question, not less important than the first, immediately occurred to me, and that related to the perpetuity of this lady's portion of the grant. I knew that she was given to changes—that she had changed before, and was likely to change again; and therefore I wished to know what security she would give me as to the future. The reply was, all the security in her power. The money should be paid as long as she lived, and beyond this she could make no arrangement, as she had only a life-interest in her property.



It was well that I made that agreement; for, in a very short time after our devoted friend had settled at East End, she was so led away by the vagaries of Irvingism, as to imagine him altogether disqualified for the ministry; so much so, that she would never afterwards allow him to conduct any religious service in her presence. But, to her honour be it stated, that, although she carried her new notions so far as to break up a noble establishment, and betake herself to a small cottage, to the day of her death Mr. Adams's allowance was regularly paid; and that her son, the member of parliament for ——— (as it was understood, in compliance with her latest wishes,) continued it up to the close of the year after his mother's decease.

Subsequently to this, our beloved brother was thrown almost entirely on the kindness of friends for his maintenance. But the service was rendered so cheerfully, that he never felt himself to be in a state of dependence, and they never fancied themselves to be laying him under any obligation. Indeed, the benefit was theirs. They felt it an honour, of no common order, to minister to the comfort of such a man. And it was their happiness to know that his "cruise" was "never dry." He has often assured me that God, in this way, so graciously anticipated all his wants that he never had a single earthly care.

Our departed friend, with all his excellences, was the subject of manifold temptations. At such seasons he would tell me all his heart. Probably, those who knew him best will be surprised to learn, that his greatest difficulty lay with his temper. The grace of God enabled him so to subdue his easily besetting sin, that no one would have suspected him of anger, or wrath, or malice, or any such thing. And yet it was in that direction that his conflict was the sorest. I have seen him humbled in the dust, and weeping like a little child, to think that, by a word or a look,

he had betrayed a disposition at variance with the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

In theology he was a deep thinker, though, perhaps, not a very independent one. Next to the Scriptures, Dr. Owen was his oracle. So much did he venerate that great man, that he would hardly allow that, even in style, he was inferior to the "silver-tongued" Bates. "Rugged, but powerful," he would say, "and so powerful that you forget his ruggedness."

As to information, our friend was a walking library. Matters of pure science were not to his taste, and for the curiosities of literature he had little regard; but, in relation to ancient history and general knowledge, his mind was marvellously stored. So it was as to the elements of biblical criticism. It was truly surprising how, on the casual mention of some difficult text, he would quote opinions and cite authorities, as if he had just been investigating that very subject. In relation to all such questions, he seemed to have no such infirmity as forgetfulness.

During the latter part of my residence at Lymington, I used to mark with anxiety the deepening wrinkles on his brow; often dreading the approach of that day when I should see his face no more. For a long season, it had been my hope to be allowed the mournful satisfaction of watching the last stages of his pilgrimage, and of closing his eyes for the grave. And when, in the providence of God, I was removed from that neighbourhood, I cherished the hope that our aged friend would spend his last days in Lancashire.

As soon as he found himself incapable of doing his work, I entreated him to come, and to make, at least, a trial of this northern climate. He intended to do so; but, unhappily for me, that season never came. God had reserved for another the honour which I hoped to claim.

But, be assured, my dear brother, that I envy you not on that account. Our beloved friend could not possibly have fallen into better hands. And now that you find yourself a widower, at the head of a numerous household, the thought must be exceedingly delightful—that the dear companion of more than twenty years rendered, to the extent of her strength, and even beyond it, the last offices of friendship and affection to a venerable saint, who can now return to her those attentions with interest, in the shape of information acquired by his longer residence in the world of spirits.

Amidst the musings of your loneliness, it must be refreshing to remember, that whole nights in prayer have been exchanged for the devotions of a world of which it is written, that no night is there; and that the alleviations of suffering, administered as they were by affectionate sympathy, have given place to the mutual participations of joys which, as heaven alone can witness, language is inadequate to express, and imagination incompetent to realise.

In the earnest hope that your promised memoir will, by the blessing of God, be the means of inducing many to become “followers of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises,” I remain, my dear brother,

Yours very sincerely,

DAVID EVERARD FORD.

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*From “Lay Sermon,” on “Fruits of the Spirit, exemplified in the Character of Richard Adams.” Preached at Southampton, Sept. 20, 1846.*

BY JOHN BULLAR.

[The Editor, deeply obliged by Mr. B.'s permission to use the MS. of this sermon, respectfully apologises for the disjointed form in which

his limited space compels the presentation of these valuable passages. The text, Gal. v. 22, 23, profitably directed the preacher to the several graces—love, joy, peace, gentleness, &c. as named below. The sermon, in an appropriate place, presented the following remarks, which here at least, may constitute the suitable introduction.]

While we study good men, it is safest to look at them as living epistles from the Divine Spirit,—set forth that we may read in them *His* hand-writing.

Such, to myself, our friend long has been; such, I doubt not, he has been made to numbers; and in this silent way, I have no doubt also, he has been made by his Divine Master largely useful.

[The body of the discourse contains the following observations:]

**LOVE.**—Early did the Spirit of Jesus breathe into our departed friend this happiest inspiration, and it glowed through all the weakness of his bodily nature till mortal put on immortality. What glowed within, beamed without. He could never have had an enemy. Every man was to him as a brother and a friend, for every good office which he thought he could do him.

**JOY.**—The joy of the Spirit, as it is elsewhere called, is not alone an inward feeling of delight—when a man can indulge the hope that past sin is pardoned, present Divine help is given, and future glory ensured. What sweetens all within,—what, then, bids the bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne, is a *diffusive* joy. It takes pleasure in the



happiness of others, and it longs to impart to others its own precious source of pleasure. I scarcely ever met RICHARD ADAMS that he did not most kindly inquire as to the welfare of all who were dearest to me; and this was never done as when mere good breeding apes the work of love. It was cordial, earnest, sincere, unaffected,—the utterance of the heart, a flow of soul as genial as it was sincere.

PEACE.—. . . Was not our departed friend a thorough son of peace in all the descriptions here given ?

I remember how pointedly he objected years ago, when some strange opinions were afloat, how he regretted even the angry manner in which the well-meaning good men were disposed to meet them, and how readily he spoke of the good which he saw, as he thought, mixed with the objectionable.

In one of my last conversations with him, he spoke with warm affection of the deep piety which he had found in many members of the Established Church, and of his unity of heart with them, while he still held fast to his own views of church government. Pleasant was it to see how Christian ministers, of different outward communions, gathered round his remains, and encircled his grave.

LONG-SUFFERING.—. . . This would lead us not alone to regard as a fruit of the Spirit in our departed friend,—his patience under long affliction, and through a life of many privations,—but that persevering endurance in a good purpose most difficult, of caring for, and addressing himself to, the most neglected and abandoned, which he seemed latterly to consider almost as his chief vocation. In the largest measure that he could do so, he remembered the most forgotten, and one can little doubt that he cared the less about the coat and hat he wore, that he might the more



get access to those who would have spoken the more cantingly, and the less freely, to one who seemed much farther above them.

GOODNESS.—In this word the general feeling of good-will seems blended with truthful uprightness, if we compare Eph. v. 9, where this same apostle so combines this word as to take in the widest range of probity and integrity. . . . . How deep his conscientiousness was, they best knew who observed him most. Yet, amidst his own self-condemnation he drew keen distinctions between a tender conscience and a scrupulous. . . . . Our friend was anxiously afraid of every form of sin. The high standard evidently, even in his mind's eye, made that alarming to him from which a coarser conscience, a thick-skinned conscience, has no apprehension. He felt the full force of the warning, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart; if our heart condemn us NOT, then have we confidence towards God." He could not afford to lose this confidence, or to trifle with what he felt to be so precious. "Ah!" said he, as I well remember, forty years ago, when condemning himself, "after such manifestations of Divine love as I have just had, how *could* I be so remiss as I have been?" and yet he saw not where this remissness had been.

FAITH.—Trust in God, and faithfulness in duty. How much of this trust in God, as to daily provision even of the wants of the body, must have been exercised through a long life, it would not be easy to calculate. Contented on the smallest pittance, as our friend could always be, that pittance itself must have often been, in a worldly point of view, uncertain; but, how pleasant, how encouraging is it to have observed now, even at the last, though our brother had not for years one relation left upon earth, his gracious heavenly Father provided him, first in one kind family and then in another, those who felt both honoured and delighted

to rock the cradle of his declining age, and to soothe his last pains with every human comfort.

But if now we turn to the other highly probable meaning of *faith*, in this connexion, *faithfulness* in all duty, it would especially lead us to look at him altogether as a man of thorough *reality*. . . . Deep reality—from living ever as in the sight of God, seems our only security against some taint of it (happening). Every taint of it, ever so slight, hurts our own souls; . . . and every tinge of it does harm to those who observe us, falling, in this way, into inconsistencies. “Theory sows,” say they, “but practice reaps.” How opposite our friend was—how little this could be said of him!

MEEKNESS.—. . . . Our departed brother trod in the gentle track of his Lord, when his gentle pace quenched not the last flicker of the lamp as he passed it, or crushed the reed that lay upon the floor.

TEMPERANCE here means self-government. I do not know that our friend ever enrolled himself in a temperance society. For such societies I have the highest respect; but I believe there would have been times in which the infirmities of his body, demanding that medically which ought not to be taken but as medicine, might have ensnared his conscience had he taken an absolute pledge. But, of temperance in the full sense, of the soul, the renewed soul governing the body—putting down the flesh habitually, and keeping it in subjection, he was a perpetual instance from youth to old age.

In our friend's constant habits, too, what temperance of tongue; what absence of all self-exaltation, all egotism, all that “avarice of air,” which gets in so stealthily, that they who would fain do better feel themselves entangled before they are aware, and retreat to groan in secret over what they discovered too late to prevent it.

“ My God ! the very songs I raise,  
Are faithless to my Maker’s praise,”

said our own self-searching poet, the sweet singer of our own town, of our own Israel. What temperance of tongue in refraining to spoil what he had usefully said or done, by any allusion to it! Eccl. x. 1, “ *Dead flies* cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a *little* folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.”

“ Boast not of service rendered to heaven’s King:  
’Tis grace enough he lets thee service bring.”

I have repeatedly seen our friend shrink away from the just commendation of those who, without intending to flatter, merely wished him to know how heartily they esteemed him.

I have reason to believe that what has been called “ the minor morals,” too much overlooked by some who have been very zealous for doctrinal truth, were never thus overlooked by our departed friend.

Thus was the dew of heaven continually upon his branches, as if the blessed Author of all spiritual good had been ever saying to him—and he himself ever willingly listening—“ In ME is *thy* fruit found. I will be as the dew unto thee; thou shalt grow as the modest lily in all humility, thou shalt yet cast forth thy roots in strong and self-supporting faith as Lebanon.”

Yet I have heard him say, “ The times have often been when retirement would not bring the communion I had sought, and I was constrained to go forth into some walk of usefulness to find it there.” Such walks of usefulness, how-

ever, to such as he was, were but the continuance of prayer in another form—for, when such go forth to duty, it is under such a conviction of insufficiency as compels the heart as much to look to God as when the knee was bent in the silent closet. With those thus affected, truth is not local. God alike pervades and fills the world of traffic and the shades. The ground of all his hopes, the medium of all his prayers, all his expectations of acceptance, were placed fully on that foundation to which we have been so earnestly directed this morning. Being justified by faith in Christ, he had peace with God; but, in that free justification, he felt the bond of the Saviour's law of love, he desired to go on to perfection, he followed the apostle not piecemeal, but entirely; and while he gladly listened to "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God," he owned equally the inseparable conclusion, Faith worketh by love. He heard and answered to the perpetual appeal, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies—your persons, your whole selves—a living sacrifice, as your reasonable service."

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*From a sick, disabled, and consequently poor brother Minister—  
a fragment of one of twenty letters, on the same subject,  
from the same person.*

TO THE REV. RICHARD ADAMS.

Sept. 3, 1827.

It has seemed good to you to send again and again to my necessity. How acceptable it is, and how much needed, it is not possible for me to describe. . . . I have reason to believe there is no one anywhere around me that knows whether myself and my dear family have any means of support or not. "Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." I sincerely thank you for what I have already

received; but leave your kind purpose to your own judgment of the case, humbly requesting you first to consult your own welfare, and let me not take from you what belongs to one of the best of God's servants.

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*Another fragment, from the same to the same.*

Nov. 3, 1829.

I feel deeply indebted to you for the frequent supplies I receive from you; and cannot but long for the day when it shall be publicly acknowledged and made known by the great Redeemer himself, with the special marks of his favour and approbation. We cannot but admire the kind manner in which, though at a distance, you enter into our case, and make it so much the object of your attention,—this, Sir, is a favour we cannot sufficiently value, and for which our hearts overflow with gratitude and esteem. We know nothing like it in the whole circle of our Christian society and intercourse.

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*Another.*

—, April 4, 1835.

My greatest and dearest earthly friend, I beg leave to present to you my most sincere and fervent thanks, and the thanks of my dear family.

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*Another.*

Jan. 5, 1836.

I am afraid, Sir, that you do more for us than you should do,—let me earnestly pray that you will never deprive yourself of anything to impart help to us. With ten thousand thanks, and the love of my dear wife and children, I remain, Rev. Sir, your affectionate servant.

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*Another.**Feb. 18, 1836.*

I was indeed astonished at the last letter.

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*Another.**Nov. 22, 1836.*

Your benevolence seems to surpass all other human causes and methods.

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*From Rev. George Clayton, M.A., London, to the  
Rev. John Parry.*

You have greatly enhanced the obligation conferred on me, by the present of your sermon and memoir of that "holy man of God," the late Mr. Adams. I knew him well in the novitiate of my ministry, when assistant to Mr. Kingsbury, at Southampton, in the year 1802;—and then honoured him very highly for his works' sake, spite of his characteristic peculiarities. His faults, if indeed faults they may be called, "leaned to virtue's side," and now it is made apparent how truly God was with him, how much he did for God, and how favoured was the termination of his earthly career.

. . . . .

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*From the Rev. James Harrington Evans, M.A.,  
to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

*Ryde, July 24, 1830.*

My people will have many reasons to praise God through eternity, for the channel he has been pleased to open through yourself to me their unworthy minister.

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*From the Rev. David Everard Ford, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

*Manchester, July 27, 1846.*

No one can tell—indeed, I shall never know, how much I am indebted to you for my happiness and usefulness.

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*From the Rev. J. B. Burt, (Baptist minister.)*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Beaulieu, Sept. 16, 1846.*

I do not know any man for whom I feel a higher respect than for him. I have been acquainted with him for eighteen years, and have found him not only an eminent *saint*, but a sincere and faithful *friend*; though we differed on some points, nothing ever occurred to interrupt our friendship; and if it had, the fault must have been mine. Coming here a young man, I needed a judicious friend; and I found it in him. Not only could I always have his best advice, and an interest in his prayers, but if he saw anything in me which he thought wrong, he would be sure to tell me of it.

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*From the Rev. F. Wills, (Baptist minister,) to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

*Milford, Nov. 13, 1839.*

P.S. My wife and daughter say, you always do us good when you come.

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*From a MANUFACTURER, in whose house he had resided, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

*Staffordshire, Dec. 3, 1834.*

The name of Mr. Adams is quite loved in my house both by wife and children, and myself. When I think of the prayers you have offered up time after time for me and my brother, how ungrateful I should be if I did not reverence your name!

*From the same.*  
TO THE EDITOR.

July 12, 1846.

I am sorry the distance prevents my coming to see him, as there is no man upon earth that I have a greater desire to see than my esteemed friend, Mr. R. Adams. You will oblige by giving my affectionate love to him; and tell him, if Providence has not appointed that we should meet upon earth, I pray that I may meet him in heaven—the place appointed for such men as him that I know has loved our Lord Jesus Christ.

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*From the Mother of a Member of Parliament, to the  
Rev. Richard Adams.*

I am thankful to have the advantage of seeing you once more before I leave the country.

Yours with much regard.

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*From an Esquire—afterwards Equerry to Majesty,—  
to his neighbour.*

Who is that man? do you know? I swore just now; and he told me of it in such a way as I shall never forget. WHO is he? He is the most perfect gentleman I ever met!

“ON DIT.”

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*From a letter without date or postmark.*

the reverent mr richard adams

dear sir i feel it my duty to right a few lines to you to think you for your kindness to me dear sir i think you kindly for all that i have received from you for the support of my body but i was unworthy of your modest and i have to be thankful to you for the many fervent prayers that you have presented to the lord for me for the prayer of a rich man availeth much and i believe that the lord have

heard and answered your prayers but dear sir I hope that he will hear them again for I must beg of you dear sir to remember me at a throne of Grace as often as you can when you are able. (&c. &c.)

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*From the Right Honourable the Lady ——— daughter of the late Duke of ———, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

Nov. 7, 1832.

We hope that, at another time, you may be able to favour us with a pastoral visit.

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*From a Lady, author of several intellectual publications, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

——— Place, March 14.

I have indeed great reason for thankfulness that you were sent here in December, as you were a messenger of mercy to my soul.

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*From the wife of a Sergeant of Artillery, at Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, to her parents in England.*

Jan. 1, 1827.

Make our duty and best respects to my beloved pastor Mr. Adams, and, if not too bold, we should feel ourselves highly privileged to receive a letter from him.

C.

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*From the daughter of an eminent minister, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

My dear father received your letter, and found the greatest pleasure in reading it; you having mentioned in it that, if I would write, you might answer it, has induced me to commence this epistle to yourself. Your conversations with me at Ryde, I can safely and honestly say, have and do oftentimes come to my remembrance.

——— Heath, April 27, 1831.

*From a Labourer, to the Rev. R. Adams.*

Sir,

Stepn tanners Wife would Be glad If you would come Down and speak to her husband as she thinks his time is short in this world. I seen him this morning and he is Desirous of spiritual instruction and I asked him if he would like to see you.

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*From a Lady, with simple prescriptions to aid his endeavours for the relief of the foresters, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

During many years of residence in the mountains of Jamaica, I had the comfort of being often useful, in situations very remote from immediate medical aid. Therefore, all this has been acted upon with success, and, therefore, approved by experience. That they may in any wise, respected Sir, be useful through your active and benevolent ministry, is the sincere wish of your sincere and obedient servant,

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*East End, April 5.*

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*From a Tradesman, an Anti-pædo Baptist, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

*Nov. 8, 1844.*

My very dear Friend,

Will you *oblige me* by sending to my butcher ——— whenever you like for what you want of fresh meat. I intend telling him to put to my account any meat you may send for, only he is not to let it go without an order with *your* signature.



*From the keeper of a beer-shop, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

We can make you but a small Part return for your very great kindness to Us, but as you always taught Us to trust in God, and he will direct us in all that is right, &c. &c.

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*From a Lady, who resided at East Cowes during the ministry of the Rev. Richard Adams there.*

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

The enclosed note, (see the next letter,) was written by Fanny —, now in her eighteenth year. When she was about the age of five years, dear Mr. Adams was praying with us at East Cowes, and he prayed very fervently for the little one, using the expression, "it is but a *little one*," and then pleading for the child again. She has often named it to me, and this note will now tell you what effect that prayer had on *her* mind. I give it to you, to make what use you think proper to do, as it relates to the dear old saint.

Yours very sincerely,

M. A. G——.

Nov. 31, 1846.

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*From a Young Lady in Scotland to her Aunt in the Isle of Wight.*

Many thanks to you, my dearest aunt, for your last kind letter, and that sweet little book, "Paul the Aged."

And so that dear saint, Mr. Adams, has finished his useful course on earth, and gone to reap the rich reward in store for him. He has, indeed, fought the good fight of faith, and has already received the crown of victory. I shall never forget, the longest day I live, his prayer at the throne of grace for "the little one;" and I trust that

(seconded as it has been by many other kind friends) it has not been unanswered.

I only wish I were as ripe for glory as that dear good old man.

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*From a Minister, far South-west.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*St. Austell's, Cornwall, Jan. 19, 1847.*

Permit me to sympathize in your dear wife's present indisposition. Well; she has often been recalled, as it were, from the grave; and she may again minister to some "aged Adams"—*peace to his memory!* May we have *his* faith and patience; and, like *him*, inherit the promises—yes, the very land of promise itself, and see our dear brother again.

J. C.

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*From a Lady, the wife of a Missionary, about to enter upon the voyage to his appointed station, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

*Southampton, May 31, 1833.*

Would it, dear Sir, be intruding too much on those valuable and sacred moments when you are holding communion with the Father of spirits, to entreat that you would sometimes intercede for me?

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*From the Wife of a Tradesman, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

———, *August 20th, 1835.*

Pardon my troubling you with this, again to entreat an interest in your fervent petitions at the throne of grace, that the Lord would be pleased to appear for us, and graciously direct our steps.

Will you, also, my dear sir, pray that our children may become gracious, humble, devoted, in early life, and useful members of society ?

Very respectfully, and very truly,

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*From the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine, to the  
Rev. Thomas Mann.*

*Brompton, 15th August, 1846.*

I do not wonder at what you say respecting that excellent man, Adams. He lived in heaven, and we cannot be surprised that his evening should be bright and cloudless.

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*From a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church, to the  
Rev. Richard Adams.*

*—————, 13th July, 1826.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My neighbour, Mr. ——— has called to tell me that he is going to the Isle of Wight, and he wishes to know from me where he can find good Mr. Adams. Though I have written but lately, and at this time can hardly command a leisure half-hour, I am unwilling to let him enter on his long-projected journey, without being the bearer of a few lines from your distant friend. But, what shall I say to his inquiry, where he can find you ? It is true, I am pretty well acquainted with your usual haunts, and might give him a sort of general answer that, like your Master of old, if he keep a good look out, he is sure to find you "going about doing good," either to the bodies or souls of your fellow sinners; yet, I am quite at a loss to fix upon the precise spot or dwelling place where, at any given time, you may be met with, unless it is in your own pulpit, at the hour of prayer

or preaching: but, as these public duties are not of very frequent recurrence even amongst good people, I have endeavoured to give him a clue by which he may, perhaps, find you out without much inquiry. This proposed visit calls up to my imagination the sea-girt isle and its beautiful scenery, till I am almost disposed to envy him the gratification of enjoying, in your company and converse, those delightful walks and views which we have so often traced together in the neighbourhood of Cowes and Newport.

. . . . .

Mrs. ——— desires to join me in every kind wish, and my little girl, if she could speak plainer, would join her good wishes to our valued friend. I must end where I began, with subscribing myself, most faithfully and truly yours.

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*From the Rev. Thomas Binney, (on his ordination,)  
to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

From the first, my own feelings often suggested that I should like *you* to undertake that part of the service—[the ordination prayer.]

I certainly know no person more competent than yourself; and there is none whose prayer, on such an occasion, would be more agreeable to my own mind.

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*From the Rev. Mr. Morris.  
(Over the lifeless body of his friend, at Zion Chapel,  
Southampton.)*

Mr. Adams was not a common man !

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*From one of his successors at East Cowes.*  
 (See "*Paul the Aged*," a sermon in memory of the  
 Rev. Richard Adams, by the Rev. John Parry.)

Richard Adams, you well know, had become, in these parts, proverbial for the fervour and consistency of his religion. He carried it with him everywhere, and into everything.

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*From the Diary of the late Rev. T. S. Guyer.*

July 29, 1817. . . . In the evening called on Mr. Adams. . . . O that I possessed the talent of this man for spiritual conversation! Lord, give me every gift requisite to fill my office efficiently.

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*From the President of a Theological Institution.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Brecon College, March 31, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR,

In compliance with your request, I promised a short sketch of our eminently good, though somewhat eccentric friend, Richard Adams. But, I am sorry to say, I have really been obliged to give it up in despair. No words of mine could do justice to the original. Too quaint for ornament, and too severely grand for illustration, it baffles every attempt at analysis. With an infantine simplicity of heart, and a grotesqueness of manner which it would be easy to ridicule, there was a largeness, an elevation, and a fervour of soul, which stamped him at once as a *prince with God*. I shall never forget his prayer at my ordination, it was so awfully impressive and touching! May the Great Father of spirits give us to realize the petitions then offered on our behalf, that when our work on earth is done, we



may all meet above, in the inner sanctuary of life and blessedness, "no more to go out!"

H. G.

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*From a Primitive Methodist Minister.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Belfast, Ireland, Sept. 11, 1848.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I deem it one of the honours of my life, to have been personally acquainted with the Rev. R. Adams. Having been privileged to associate with him in his prevalent pleadings at the mercy-seat, it was easy to understand how he acquired that spirituality of mind, heavenliness-of temper, and readiness of utterance in Divine things, to which all who have heard him, either in the pulpit or the parlour, can bear testimony. I have often thought that, if candidates for the ministry could have more intimate acquaintance with such men as Mr. Adams, during the course of their studies, it would greatly aid in fitting them to warn sinners, to console saints, and to edify the body of Christ.

R. H.

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*From a worn-out Pastor, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

———, *December 30th, 1826.*

Many years ago, you took me into your study at Winchester, and conversed on the manner in which Paul exhorted Timothy to be patient. It made a deep and lasting impression on my mind; and it has been useful to me ever since.

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*From a newly-ordained Pastor—a stranger.*

TO THE EDITOR.

W———, *October 6th, 1848.*

Just before I went to college, it was my privilege to have

a *long conversation* with him. I have often thought of him, and have wished to see a memoir of him. It is with much pleasure, then, that I beg to be a subscriber for four copies.

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*From a Ladies' Boarding School, prefixed to a copy of "The Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," by W. L. Alexander, M.A.*

Presented to the Rev. R. Adams, as a trifling acknowledgment of his kindness, by the young ladies under the care of Mrs. D. E. Ford.

*Dec. 13th, 1843,  
Lymington, Hants.*

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*From a Parent, to the Rev. R. Adams.*

———, *June, 1844.*

I know from the kind interest you take in the welfare of my children, that you will allow me to ask an interest in your prayers on their behalf.

. . . . .

As my children are far separated, I have proposed that we meet, at the same hour, in spirit, as we may be enabled, although we cannot meet in person, at seven o'clock on Monday evening next.

---

*From an Aunt in care of her deceased Sister's child,  
to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

Another request I have to make is, that you would remember . . . the dear child, that God would help him to be holy, loving, and obedient.

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*From the Widow of an eminent Dissenting Minister.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Brannon Cottage, Shanklin,*

*July 13th, 1846.*

. . . . . So you have the dear aged saint, Mr. Adams, with you; and he appears to be drawing near the time when he must die. Oh, what an abundant entrance into the heavenly world will he have! how he has lived to the glory and praise of his God!

H. G.

*From a Lady, a stranger, to the Rev. Richard Adams.*

———, *Wednesday.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have often heard of you through Mrs. ———; and Dr. ——— has requested me, with his Christian regard, to entreat your attention and prayers on behalf of a young lady, for whom he is much interested. This young lady is weak in body, diseased in mind, and distressed in spirit, and, as it were, held captive by Satan; and in this state she has been for the last five years, all power of enjoyment gone, and looking on those around her as her enemies. She is anxious for the prayers of God's people, and says often,—I am brought very low, but I want to be brought to the foot of the cross. Sometimes, she has dreadful language put into her mouth, and she seems like one possessed. Her ——— is averse to godliness; but she always had a desire when in health to be with the people of God, but this desire was not granted until her illness. Dr. ——— has been led to try what united prayer would do for this poor, distressed, greatly afflicted individual; and would be much obliged, if you would join him and other praying friends, who have agreed to meet at a throne of grace, every Friday morning, at seven

o'clock, to entreat the Lord for her deliverance. May the Lord meet with you. and bless you, is the sincere desire of yours very truly, . . . .

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*From one who saw him but a few times.*

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Mr. Adams! Do you know that, when he was walking with us once, he went back to move a worm from off the hard path! he was afraid some one would tread on it!

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*From a Friend, who believed his apparently dying child to have been religiously profited by the counsels of Mr. Adams, and the prayers of some poor widows.*

*To the Rev. Richard Adams.*

What is the amount you wish for your old and afflicted saint, whose soul has been gathered amongst such sinners as are generally the inmates of a workhouse? My wife will let her have one shilling per week, and her sister another shilling, and ——— . . . . . another, and if this is not enough, I will add another; if this will do, when shall I send a month's money?

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*From one who, as the child of his hearers, knew Mr. Adams thirty years before, to his sister, Mrs. Mann.*

*London, November 26th, 1846.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

Yours, relating the death of our much-esteemed friend, Mr. Adams, gave me much pleasure. Oh, there is something delightful in being associated, in life and death, with those that love the Lord—especially with such eminently devoted men as our late friend! You have had a great privilege thus to be associated with holy angels in watching the

departure of the spirit of this holy man of God. I wish you had been favoured with a sight of those heavenly visitants, and could have heard their cry, and felt something of their joy, while bearing on their balmy wings the spirit of the dear departed. Well, dear sister, you will hear and see all this for yourself by-and-by.

HENRY COX.

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*From a Minister in the Island, to his friend.*

*Newport, I. W., 17th Sept. 1846.*

I have received your communication relative to the death of good Mr. Adams, with very mingled feelings. Surely, it is not too much to say that earth has lost while heaven has gained. Through all his eccentricities the Christian shone forth, while here; now, freed from all such, his perfected nature is happy with the Lord. May we so die!

I cannot but offer you my congratulations on having the charge, arduous though it must have been, of watching over *his* dying moments, and sharing so peculiarly in *his* confidence. A greater honour, I deem, than any D.D. attached to your name.

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*From a Barrister.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Lincoln's Inn, 17th September, 1846.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I was quite prepared for the mournful intelligence communicated to me by your note; but I did not realise till now, the great loss which the removal of so holy a man, so valuable a friend, and so experienced an instructor, will be to those who were privileged to have his acquaintance. He has left a blank which the Lord only can fill. "He was a burning and a shining light," and to have such a light



extinguished, in these days of darkness and worldliness, is a calamity to the church at large. The long illness of dear Adams must have been a great trial to you and Mrs. Mann, but you doubtless feel that the Lord has given you a singular mark of his favour, in choosing you to make his last days, as to outward things, comfortable and happy, and to close his eyelids in death. If our cups of cold water are remembered, surely you shall in no wise lose your reward.

I look upon dear Adams's life to have been one of so much usefulness, and his example to have been so illustrious in the *limited* sphere he occupied, that I trust some record will be given of his life, that the saints of God may know what may be attained by diligent seeking, and how largely God can and will communicate his grace to those "who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality."

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*From the same to the same.*

*Lincoln's Inn.*

I am happy to find that you have taken notes of what fell from his lips; for, knowing that he never spoke but to edification, whatever he said—especially when passing over Jordan, and in sight of the land of promise—must be of value. Do you not think that a short memoir of him would be of great use? Who can say how many souls might be benefited by it?

Comparatively speaking, Adams was little known, but I do not hesitate to say that there are few, if any, like him left on the earth. His foibles and weaknesses (for he would not have been a man without them,) had in them more of excellence, more of the love and fear of God, and of a higher aim to glorify Him, than the consistencies and regularity of

walk of most Christians. His aim was always high, his motives holy, his purpose heavenly. His fear to offend a gracious Father sometimes led him to abridge himself of Christian liberty—sometimes, to painful self-denial; but God was glorified; and, when that is the case, who would say he was wrong? “If, by any means” was an expression well understood and carried out by him. Surely, he was a mighty man, though small in the world’s eyes.

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*From the Lady of an Admiral.*

TO THE EDITOR.

Y—n, September 27th, 1848.

I *do* look forward with pleasure to the memoir of our late much respected friend. I lived many years in his immediate neighbourhood; and *modest* as his goodness was, so bright a light could not but be visible.

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*From a late Judge in India.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Albion Place, Ramsgate, October 24th, 1848.*

I never can feel indifferent about what relates to the name of that honoured man of God, dear Mr. Adams, whose memory I cherish, and whose character I so highly venerate. I was anxious, before I replied to your letter, to collect together the scattered memoranda I possessed relating to my short (too short, indeed, for my own profit,) intercourse with that extraordinary man.

*From the same to the same.*

*Ramsgate, November 9th, 1848.*

I found Mr. Adams (March 21, 1844) lodging in a small cottage, such as is usually occupied by persons in a humble condition of life, and having no one but a poor old woman to attend to his domestic wants. As I was quite a stranger to him, and he had not even heard of me by name, he was somewhat surprised at my unexpected visit; while I was not less struck with the singularity of his personal appearance, but still more by the tone and vigour of his conversation. He was in a weak state of health; without any signs of worldly comfort around him—nevertheless, his spirit was lively, and evidently in the enjoyment of close communion with God. This was clearly manifested when he came, at the close of my visit, to address God in prayer. I parted from him with a feeling of awe impressed on my spirit, at the holy, self-denying character of the man I had been visiting.

The second occasion of my visiting him was in the autumn of the same year. He was still at East End; but had changed his lodging, being now lodged with a woman who was (I think) a grocer, and kept, also, a beer-shop. She appeared to be kind and attentive to his wants. I understood that in this position he succeeded in preventing the sale of beer on the Lord's-day; and he also took advantage of frequent opportunities to speak to the men who came to the shop. . . . We afterwards walked into Lymington, where he was to preach in the evening. I cannot recal any particulars of the sermon; still I distinctly retain the deep impression which it left upon my spirits at the intellectual power and spiritual energy of the preacher. One might almost be tempted to say that, if there was a defect in his preaching, it was in the prodigality of intellectual vigour

he put forth, which frequently carried him over the heads of his auditory. We finished the evening by taking supper at the house of a brother, of the name of Stroud,\* a shoemaker in the town, where he was to stay the night. While we were at our meal, an alarm of fire arose in the town, and while the husband went out to learn the cause, the wife was soothed by the comforting words of the venerable man, whose spirit never seemed to be surprised, or taken off its guard.

My third visit to Mr. Adams was paid in the spring of 1845. In the mean time, his health had been gradually declining, and he had been strongly urged, especially by his friends in John-street Chapel, to relinquish his charge at East End, and come up to London. As a further inducement, it was pressed upon him, of what great importance to the church of Christ, would be the preparation of his manuscript sermons, with a view to their being published after his death. It was of no avail, however, to press upon him such considerations, so long as the claims of duty, in his own view of them, drew him another way; and to East End he felt it his duty to adhere—both, as no one was available to supply his place there; and further, because he was watching the progress of Divine grace in the cases of a few individuals in his flock. The only circumstances connected with this visit that are recorded in my memory are simply these—that, not having found him at his lodging, I traced him, with some difficulty, through the straggling hamlet, to a house at some distance, where he was attending

\* The Editor is glad of this opportunity to name a friend who, with his excellent wife, often ministered to the comfort of the Rev. Richard Adams. Mr. S. was also, for many years, the effective superintendent of the school at East End, going thither in all kinds of weather, though the distance must have been near four miles.

the bedside of a dying woman. I waited below for him, till his visit was paid; and then, we walked together for some distance on the road back to Lymington. I distinctly remember the surprise he expressed, that I should put myself to some little trouble to search him out; but I could scarcely tell him, in reply, how largely I had been compensated, by even a few minutes' conversation with him—for I can truly say, that intercourse with him, however brief, had a stimulating as well as a humbling effect.

In the winter of the above year, he came to London, where he stayed with his friend, Mr. Rudall, at Islington. He visited John-street Chapel occasionally, during this visit, but his health forbade his attempting to preach before so large an audience. Once, however, at the Lord's supper, he addressed a few words to us from the table. They were, indeed, but few, but deeply touching; and the sight was calculated to touch the hearts of all present—for it was manifest that, with the decay of his physical strength his powers of mind were also suffering some abatement; nevertheless, ever and anon, the hidden fire, nourished by the inward anointing of the Spirit, would break forth.

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*From a Secretary of the Irish Evangelical Society.*

TO THE EDITOR.

—, 1847.

I have good reason to remember *Richard Adams*. The venerated saint stands foremost and best among my earliest and most sacred associations. I shall never forget a sermon which he preached in the chapel of my fathers, in which he powerfully set forth *The love of God in the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ*. I had never felt that love so strongly or signally before.



I have ever looked back to that period as one of vast moment in my history.

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*From his Physician.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Southampton, November 10th, 1846.*

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I long to see your memoirs of our beloved friend. . . . Of all uninspired men, he was, in my opinion, the highest. . . . He was, indeed, in everything, the very opposite of what man is in his unregenerated state.

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*From the Rev. Thomas Durant.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Poole, September 22nd, 1848.*

I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of the pre-eminent piety and holy consistency of dear Richard Adams. Had it not been for the eccentricities which were imbedded in, and inseparable from, his character, he would have been, I imagine, far more useful than he was. But few men have ever left behind them a clearer, milder track of light through a long life than he. And he was, I have no doubt eminently, in many respects, blessed to the improvement and salvation of mankind, by his unpretending, and watchful, consistent Christianity.

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*From a Minister, formerly of Wiltshire, who, during several of Mr. Adams's occasional visits, had incidentally overheard his midnight devotions.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Grantham, September 20th, 1848.*

It will be a memoir of one of the holiest and most devoted servants of God—of one who knew as much of communion

with the skies, as a spirit in the flesh could well sustain or enjoy. "Holy Adams," was not a misnomer.

J. B.

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*From the Rev. John Bruce.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Cambridge street, Liverpool,*

*Dec. 19, 1846.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I had a high respect for the character of brother Adams, and never saw in any man such tenderness of conscience, habitual devotion, expansive charity, and jealousy for God's glory. I have known him spend whole nights upon his knees to reclaim an erring brother; and when, from the error of that brother, he himself was the greatest sufferer.

We, who sometimes heard him under the influence of his best feelings, can never forget the varied expression, the earnestness and importunity, with which he urged his suit at the mercy-seat. It was, in truth, wrestling with God; the exercise of a faith that would receive no denial.

Few excelled him in religious conversation. He could introduce it in all companies, without giving offence; and present the most important truths in familiar language, often illustrated by striking anecdotes. What would have been constraint in others, was perfect ease to him; his heart was full to overflowing, and he could not but speak of the things which he had seen and heard. In the way he dealt with the anxious inquirer, the sick, and the dying, he was peculiarly happy, and often successful. If he was ignorant of their case, he usually permitted them to tell their own simple story, and then, when in possession of their state of mind, kindly gave the warning, instruction, and comfort required.

In his daily walks, he never allowed sin to go unreprieved. He would have felt it a violation of Christian faithfulness,

to permit an oath to be uttered in his hearing, or an indecent expression, without showing the heinousness of the offence in the eye of Omniscience. He was jealous for the Lord of Hosts, and although the reproof might not always be well-timed, and often exposed him to obloquy, there were few who could not but admire his holy daring.

With all this, his charity was most expansive,—not allowed to evaporate in mere feeling, but manifested in substantial acts. I have known him take off his own coat and give it to a brother in need; to retrace his steps, the distance of four or six miles on a dark night, on one occasion, to remove a large stone he had seen on the high road, lest a carriage should be overturned; and on another, to cover the mouth of a well, lest a child should slip into it and be drowned.

He had his faults; and these arose chiefly from his negligence in regard to his personal appearance, and the character of his bodily infirmities. Still, he was a welcome guest; and his failings were borne with on account of his great excellences.

I can truly say, that he never came under my own roof—and his visits were neither few nor short—without my being the wiser and the better. Wherever he came he seemed to spread around him a holy influence, in making manifest the savour of the name of Christ in every place. The world knew him not, but heaven has owned him.

Our united regards to Mrs. Mann.

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*From the Rev. James Crabb.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Southampton, Aug. 18, 1848.*

MY DEAR BROTHER MANN,

I am sorry that I have not had time to add my testimony to others relating to my dear brother Adams. For upwards

of fifty years, I was acquainted with him. I knew him first while he was with the Rev. David Bogue. He admired him for his piety and studious habits. He used to call him his young Howe.

His piety was of an extraordinary character, evidenced by his deep and unaffected humility. His love to the souls of the most abject, I never saw it equalled by any one. He has preached Christ to thousands of beggars, Italian boys, and to men who carry images through the country, showmen at fairs, also—he contrived to get at them. It was his real object to find out those who had but few opportunities of getting good, or who had no desire for instruction. I have known him to rise from his meals, and pursue these sons and daughters of misery.

Some might imagine that from his uncommon zeal, he had neglected his preparation for his pulpit duties; but this was far from him. He was a sound and good divine; and, as for prayer, few could exceed him in the spirituality and fervour of that duty. I have known him to spend whole nights in prayer. His knowledge of the righteousness and purity of God led him, by the Holy Spirit, to a most extensive knowledge of his own nothingness, and to an extensive knowledge of human nature. Often he groaned under the depravity of his nature; and yet, when I have said, "My dear brother, I can never see any of the corruptions you grieve so much about," his reply was invariably, "Ay, but every heart knows its own bitterness." I have reason to believe that he grieved if a sinful thought passed through his mind; and regarded *that* as the proof of his grievous corruptions. Certain I am, that he longed most earnestly and constantly for entire sanctification.

My own mind received great and marvellous blessings while he sojourned in my house, which was nearly six

months. O that I were like him in his deep piety. May I meet him in heaven!

My dear brother, I have done my best in drawing up a very imperfect account of dear brother Adams. It would have been more full, but since my late illness, my memory is so much affected that I am not fit to write long letters for the press.

I am,

My dear Brother Mann,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES CRABB.

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*From the Records of the Hampshire Association of Independent Ministers and Churches.*

He (the Rev. Richard Adams) was a man venerable for the simplicity of his life, the unblemished holiness of his character, the benevolence of his disposition, and his almost unparalleled excellence in prayer.

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*From the Congregational Year Book.*

He was a man of catholic spirit.

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*From the Patriot.*

Died, Sept. 15, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, in the house of the Rev. T. Mann, the Rev. Richard Adams—a name which many will recognize as that of a somewhat peculiar, but eminently good man. His habitual inward life was probably most justly described by the late Dr. Bogue, who when on one occasion being asked “If he knew where Mr. Adams was?” replied, “No; I don’t know where he is just at this moment, but I know where his thoughts are—in or near heaven.”



*From the Hants Independent, and Christian Penny Record.*

DEATH OF THE REV. RICHARD ADAMS.—Our obituary records the death of this truly excellent man, which took place on Tuesday last. Mr. Adams was a minister of the Independent denomination. He was a very extraordinary person, mingling with some eccentricities an amount of piety, benevolence, conscientiousness, firmness, gentleness, theological knowledge, and occasional eloquence, rarely witnessed. Perhaps there has seldom lived a man who was capable of producing a greater amount of impression on a greater variety of individual minds. The rich and the poor, the eminent and the obscure, his friends and his foes (if any were to be found,) the virtuous and the abandoned, the learned and the unlearned, his own countrymen and foreigners, the aged and the young, were alike the objects of his benevolent solicitude; and to not a few of each class did his faithfulness become a blessing. His last days were as remarkable and as instructive as his life, but neither could be properly appreciated without a knowledge of circumstances which this brief notice cannot narrate. His life and death were each a study; but it is enough to state that public opinion was not wrong in reference to his moral and spiritual character. He was a good man, and he died as he lived. In the house of his friend and successor at West Cowes, the Rev. Thomas Mann, were his dying hours passed, and his career of usefulness terminated. His remains were conveyed from Cowes to Southampton on Thursday night, and deposited in Zion Chapel until the following morning, when they were committed to the silent tomb in the burial ground attached to the Above Bar Chapel, from the pulpit of which chapel this faithful minister has often disseminated the truths of the Gospel. Many of the dissenting ministers of the town and neighbourhood followed the corpse to the grave,

and the funeral solemnities were witnessed by a large concourse of his friends and admirers. The Rev. T. Morris, Baptist minister, delivered an appropriate address, in which he enlarged on the most prominent features in the character of the deceased, and his eminent piety and Christian humility. The Rev. T. Mann, of Cowes, also addressed the assembly, and thus the grave closed over one whose name will long be held in remembrance. In the evening a funeral sermon was preached in the Above Bar Chapel, by the Rev. James Crabb, in the absence of the Rev. J. H. Evans, of London, who was unavoidably prevented from attending.

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*From the Hampshire Independent, Dec. 12, 1846.*

*(On review of "Paul the Aged.")*

THE LATE REV. RICHARD ADAMS. A sermon in memory of this worthy and revered minister of the Independent denomination—whose death at Cowes, and interment in the Above Bar Chapel burying-ground at Southampton, we recorded some weeks since—has just been published, preached by the Rev. John Parry, of East Cowes. This sermon presents an excellent and well-drawn portraiture of the truly Christian pastor, pursuing his onward path, from the time of his first entry upon his ministerial course to the closing scenes of a lengthened earthly career; and enters into an examination of the varied characteristics of the late venerable Richard Adams, whose whole life furnished an example of devoted and faithful allegiance to his duties, worthy of universal imitation. We commend the sermon to the attention of Christians of every class.

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*From the Patriot, Dec. 10, 1846: on the same.*

A modest tribute to unusual worth.

*From the Biblical Review, and Congregational Magazine,  
May, 1847: on the same.*

The name of the Rev. RICHARD ADAMS will long be fragrant in the Isle of Wight, and amongst all the Independent churches of the Hampshire Association. More than this, his record is on high.

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*From the Hampshire Telegraph, June 23, 1847: on the  
same.*

The above discourse is commemorative of a good man well known to the non-conforming community of this county. The name of RICHARD ADAMS is associated with recollections which, in the case of many, will not be forgotten in time or eternity. He had great singularities, which partly unfitted him for the effective discharge of a stated ministry; but he had also his gifts, and his graces. He had no mean scriptural and theological acquirements; and his information on collateral subjects was far greater than would at first have been suspected,—but it was in the fervidness and constancy of his piety, in his deep humility before God, in his extraordinary habits of prayer, and in persevering (though wayward) efforts to promote the kingdom of our Lord, that he shone with such enviable and impressive lustre. Perhaps it might be said of him, what could be said of but very few others, living or dead, that he never entered into conversation with any person without making some direct appeal on the subject of personal religion. We have said, he was singular: but his singularities all bore the stamp of his undivided consecration to God: and, probably, if the world were better than it is, and if Christians were more consistent than they are, RICHARD ADAMS would not have appeared such an isolated being. A little more of some of his peculiarities would do no harm.

*From "Paul the Aged."*

We magnify the grace of God in the character of our departed, beloved brother. "He was great in the sight of the Lord;" he "feared God above many." "The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him." [p. 29.]

What in him was deemed singular, on the surface, of course all observed; but the under current all did not see, [p. 39.]

No one thought of meeting him but with an expectation of hearing a word on religion. [p. 41.]

His deadness to the world was not vapid sanctimoniousness, or whining sentimentality; it was rather the "not walking after the flesh." In his intelligence the world found an active mechanism; in his affections a grave. [p. 42.]

Many a spot in this neighbourhood is consecrated by his prayers; the reminiscences of many a public meeting in this county, stand associated with his prayers. As to individuals who feel indebted for much spiritual invigoration and comfort to his prayers, their name is Legion. [p. 43.]

He had the happy art,—no, not art,—but the Christian truthfulness and love, which both made him approachable by persons of every section of the church, and them by him. There were present at his funeral, Independents, Wesleyans, Baptists, Primitive Methodists, and, I believe, a minister of the church of England: an attendance which presented a fair type of the largeness of his heart, and of that spirit which had passed into the upper heaven of union and love. [p. 51.]

He was not (as Mr. Morris, of Southampton, in his funeral oration, truly observed,) a common man. From the time he left this place, he felt it not a task, but a pleasure, to be the Forest pastor at East End, among untutored rustics and wandering gipsies. There, for all three years, his mind retained its vernal freshness; the level of his intelligence was

not lowered: while the impoverished and scattered population of his own district, and the great world outside, shared in his thoughts and prayers. [p. 52.]

To those among you who received the word of God from his lips, and who are still ungodly and undecided, the great final day has all the less attractions from the fact, that then, Richard Adams and you will have to appear together before the judgment-seat of Christ. [p. 59.]



## CHAPTER III.

### ANALYSIS AND TRAITS.

A BOOK can speak more extensively, and for a longer time, than the man to whom it has reference, except as he speaks through it; yet it were not easy to present on paper, a substitute for the living example of such a person as the subject of this Memoir.

Perhaps no single paragraph could shew him more appropriately to a large number of his friends, than that supplied by one who had been kind to him, and to others for his sake. It is the voice of an individual; but it would be re-echoed by many.—“Alas! I have been an unprofitable servant; but I trust I can say that my acquaintance with Mr. Adams has been the means of rendering me less unprofitable than I should have been.”

The serious motive which has induced this publication, impels, however, an effort to offer a more extensive analysis of that mind which it pleased God to bless to so many others. The writer, like several honoured friends, has often

been inclined to lay aside his pen, in despair of succeeding to the satisfaction of those who loved Mr. Adams, as he himself loved him; but, believing that the providence of God fairly directed him to make the attempt, the following outline is, he hopes, religiously offered.

1. Of course, to his bodily constitution, to certain natural peculiarities of his mind, and to "the prophecies which his mother," or his father, "taught him," Mr. Adams, under Providence, owed some of his points. He would probably have been remarkable under any external circumstances.

2. The employments and company in which the youth spent his week-days, and the ministry he attended on the sabbath, had also, of course, their influence. It was not difficult to perceive that he had known something of human nature in some great city—that he had learned from books—and that he had been a legalist in religion.

3. The developments of his regeneration occurred *in order*. He repented to salvation. His heart had been opened to attend to the message from God in the holy Scriptures; and, being thus opened, it found sorrow before it found peace: it became broken and contrite, under its first penitent impressions, and ever afterwards appeared to be "an heart of flesh."

4. He believed in, and on, the Lord Jesus Christ. Living and dying, he "looked for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." He believed—that he might be saved; and with his heart unto righteousness. The ministers by whom he believed, were the Spa-fields and the Scots' church preachers, and the Rev. Dr. Winter, of London. He mentioned, however, also, on his dying bed, how greatly he had been confirmed in the faith, by his fellow-student, now the venerable Dr. Bennett.

5. The course of study at Gosport was to him, as to many others, a real advantage. That course contributed much to make him what he became—not only because it was good in itself, but because it directed him to the best writers on its various topics. Clergymen and others wondered at the extent of his theological and biblical knowledge; but he had employed proper means to obtain his treasures. His mental stores were acquired through good teaching, diligent study, profitable association, fervent prayer, and the blessing of God on the whole.

6. Respect for wise and good men—his tutor and others—helped Mr. Adams. It provoked efforts for mental improvement, preserved him from more injurious eccentricities, and suggested thoughts and habits by which he became useful.

7. He had looked at mankind. He would have been a reflective person had he dwelt from boyhood in the Forest; he would have been a theologian, had he settled there on leaving the Academy; but *some* of his knowledge could not have been obtained under such circumstances. His previous changes of sphere, and occasional intercourse with “the great world outside,” or with those who visited him from it, had some connexions with what he habitually was in his retired station. He had read books; but had also read newspapers, and *men*. He was *very* observant—much more so than many who *thought* they were looking *down* on him. He had seen a great variety of persons; and had conversed with few on whose ways and words he did not afterwards think.

8. The confidence reposed in him opened before him the interior of other minds; and so improved his knowledge of his own.

9. The reproof of what he considered to be wrong—especially as *he* conducted that delicate and difficult duty—could

not fail of wholesome influence on himself. He would not suffer sin upon his brother; and a conscientious, enlightened, benevolent, and good-tempered man, must thus have been reminded of his own dangers and responsibilities. Besides, he was loved more for his rebukes than he would have been had he never administered them. He had friends who valued his faithful dealings with them as much as they valued his prayers; and the good man must have owed some blessings to the love he had thus provoked. It could not be, that Christian regard, so honestly obtained, should have borne no benefits to him in return.

10. He *would* "enter into his closet, and shut the door;" and his Father, who saw in secret, rewarded him openly. If heart-searchings in solitude sometimes subdued his spirit to painful humiliations, there were also seasons when his refreshed soul re-entered society with holy cheerfulness and vigour. Friends could not always sympathize when he was sad—for they had often an impression that he mourned when the Lord did not condemn him; and some wished they *could* sorrow for their sins as he sorrowed for his;—but, in his rejoicings there was beauty, and it was a privilege to witness them.

To him, these seasons, whether they ended in his comfort or otherwise, were very important. He did not know,—he did not *wish* to know—how to live as a Christian, without secret intercourse with God. He loved public and social worship, much more than they are generally loved; but *would not* find a substitute for private devotions—no! not even in those devout abstractions in which, with his special friends, he so much delighted.

11. Mr. Adams analysed books. The advance of age, with the time so well employed in *using* what he *had* gained, prevented him from employing this means of improvement in later life; but, having done so in his earlier



and maturer years, it was less necessary in the evening of his days.

12. Earnest attention to *one* thing, and *that* the most important, distinguished him. He sought, *first*, the kingdom of God. Had he given as earnest attention to any other subject, he would probably have succeeded in that: it was not, therefore, wonderful that he should do well when he sought the best blessings, and those, in pursuit of which, he had the promise of the help of God.

13. He served himself by not making self his sole object. He got holiness and happiness by helping others to be holy and happy. His liberal soul was made fat: he watered others, and was himself watered; he refreshed many, and was refreshed.

14. The prayers of this good man have been described in the remarkable words "coming to God," "realising devotions," and "seeming to touch God;" and these expressions have been even used in reference to his *public* services, which were always inferior to what some of us heard in private. From the first year of my own acquaintance with him, prayer appeared to me to be *the* secret of his spiritual life; and, of itself, enough to account for the excellences of his character—the developments of the grace of God in his devoted life. Having never, however, heard other prayers *precisely* like *some* of his, I am more at a loss in reference to them, than I suppose myself to be concerning some of his mental habitudes. I doubt if man could teach men how to pray as Richard Adams sometimes prayed, even when in health; and his devotions on his dying bed were yet more sublime and wonderful. They seemed to partake more of the character of inspiration than any words I ever heard from another man. The only instance in which I have listened to anything closely approaching them, was in the prayer of the late Rev. Dr. Waugh, after the funeral of the Rev. Dr. Bogue, which some readers



will perhaps remember. Whether the youth had learned, on this subject, as he had certainly done on others, from the ministry at the Scots' church, I cannot say; but it were a great privilege to learn good lessons from any servants of the Lord—especially, if they should be influential till old age, and in dying circumstances. Whatever may have been the means by which dear Mr. Adams learned how to pray, I do not believe that he could have prayed as he did, unless the Lord had been with him; and I am not sure that means had ever much to do with this part of his religious gifts. I do see, however, and that the reader may see, that *communion with God* must have been enough to account for all the self-loathing, and all the humiliation, and all the sanctity, and love, and enjoyments, of this highly favoured man. Yes, had his graces been ten thousand-fold more illustrious, and had they been obscured by no infirmity, direct communion with God had been still infinitely more than enough to account for them all.

15. My friend rarely acted without seeking direction from God. Men of busy life could not employ as much time and thought, in reference to each "last determination of the judgment," as he did; and Mr. Adams's incompetence for public business may, in part, have been occasioned by the scrupulosity with which he paused to analyse and pray over every part and parcel of the events and employments of life. He erred, however—if he erred—on one side of a duty, in reference to which too many err on the other. The man who would deliberate and pray before he wrote almost any letter, pray while writing, pray again before he would send it, and afterwards pray that it should accomplish its design, or be unsuccessful, if that were better still, might encourage in himself a tendency to excessive hesitation; if he had much business, he would be forced to omit other matters of importance; and yet, the right path would not lie so wide

of that, as from the heedless spirit which does not pray at all.

Nor is it certain, that the condescending God did not deal with his servant, in this thing, according to his faith. Once, after carefully writing, Mr. Adams walked miles to the post-office, and, when there, discovered that *he had not brought the letter with him!* Many a smile did we cast at our brother, about the absence of his mind; but, in the matter to which that letter referred—affecting his prospects in life—he afterwards considered himself to have been directed by Providence; and, *who* can prove that he was not? People should not abandon themselves to circumstances, when reason and the word of God direct them to another course; but, even wise and good men have, sometimes, not known *what* it was right to do; and philosophy herself may see (as well in the lesser as in the more prominent events of life) the over-rulings of far humbler agencies than the volitions or recollections of man, and especially, of the mind of a Christian, who has been seeking direction from the God that heareth prayer.

16. Mr. Adams employed friends in intercession for himself and others. Unskilled to crave assistance for mercenary purposes, he did, nevertheless, contrive to enlist the influence of praying people with the court of heaven. Stories, illustrating this, were told in reference to a subject, which many appeared to consider of *vast* importance, namely, the question—Should he marry? It is more certain that, in intercession for the success of Christian labourers, or for tried poor, sick and dying people, he liked that believers should “help together” with him in prayer to God. He thought there were occasions, in which the supplications of “two or three” were better than those of a solitary believer. There were friends whom he almost *commanded* on services of that character; and sometimes, on behalf of persons whom they

had never seen. Remarkable occurrences followed some of these united prayers; but the design of this page is not so much to give publicity to them, as to note the probable influence of such habits in sustaining his own mind. He never seemed to act in a spirit of self-sufficiency; but he did set about the endeavour to get blessings from God, *like* a man who believed that, whatsoever two of the Lord's people should wisely agree to ask, its fulfilment might be expected; and his success encouraged humble perseverance.

17. He learned from every one. At times, it was rather the learning to avoid than to imitate; but he could always learn. It would not have been easy to induce his second imitation of what he had once copied to his cost; but he admired and followed good in others. It mattered not in what walk of life, or among what denomination of Christians, he met a spiritual person—nor whether he were conferring or receiving a favour—he was on the look out for instruction in righteousness, and would get it if he could.

18. Self-scrutiny influenced both the stronger and the weaker points of his character. Because men are commanded to examine themselves, it does not follow that some persons may not expend too much, while others employ too little, time in that exercise. Though all knowledge centre in self-knowledge, self-knowledge is not a substitute for every conceivable attainment. Excessive employment of the mind on itself, is not either safe or profitable. In running with patience the race that is set before us, it is as important to “look off unto Jesus,” as to inquire about self.

Of so evangelical a Christian it were not, perhaps, wise to say, that he observed self too closely and constantly; but it is not difficult to perceive that, what Dr. Bennett has forcibly characterised as “the distressing severity of his self-knowledge,” while it brought him so thoroughly and safely

to the feet of Jesus, was also an occasion of his being deemed eccentric.

Mr. Adams would not admit the conclusiveness of Dr. Dwight's remarks on the difficulty of a man's determining on his own position before the Lord; and yet, his rest was continually broken by cares about "what, after all," he ought to think of himself. He would not *commit* himself to sleep, till he had analysed his acts and omissions through the day, and obtained some hope that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his iniquities:—this, however, often made him a late sitter up, and therefore, prevented his being an early riser. This one resolution, if traced through *all* its consequences, did obviously lead to a very large proportion of all the eccentricities of which he was ever guilty—so far, at least, as they inconvenienced his fellow-creatures. Whether it were wiser not to go to rest, than to rest with an unpardoned or unsanctified conscience, involves so deep a question of Christian casuistry, that the writer must not (*here at least,*) attempt to decide on its universal adaptation. He does not, however, believe that his dear friend is now sorry for the side which *he* took on that question.

He had infirmities—his scrupulousness was probably in excess, and therefore, an error—but something turns on the habits by which men *become* infirm. If this good man sometimes looked at himself till he could bear the *sight* no longer; and feared to do what others conceived to be right, lest he should happen to do wrong; there are also those who would err more safely than they do, if they never erred but on *his* side of the question. An unknown writer, in the "Hants Telegraph," truly said, "If Christians were more consistent, Richard Adams would not have appeared such an isolated being."

19. The manner in which this Christian blended a desire to please, with a determination not to wound his conscience,



was remarkable. He so endeavoured to avoid offending the prejudices of even weak-minded persons, that a stranger might have mistaken him for a man-pleaser. To one who knew him not, he would sometimes appear to be a thing which scarcely dared to live in God Almighty's world, without the permission of some inferior piece of our poor mortality. The *mistake* would, however, be manifest on the occurrence of any test of his religious principles. He tried to "please every man," but only "for his good unto edification." He was, almost to a fault, distressed if he had given offence; and yet would endeavour to do right, even at an expense of paining those whose grief would prove a source of intense sorrow to himself.

20. Certain occurrences had, on his mind, produced an impression that, if there be danger in refusing the advice of friends, there are also evils to be feared in following, too implicitly, the counsel of even the wisest and best of our companions. Men have been wise in their own concerns, because they were wise in regard to what they understood: but the same men have erred in judging of the duties of others, because it is not always possible to get an entire view of the question on which an opinion is ventured. Mr. Adams believed that he had sometimes done wrong, by following the counsel of friends in opposition to the dictates of his own judgment, after prayer and reflection; and this was one reason of much of that pertinacity which some persons ascribed to waywardness, and others smiled at as eccentric. In matters not affecting the welfare of society, he doubted the *right* of influential persons, or even of a majority, to enforce the observance of certain habits or acts on him; and though he would have made great sacrifices to promote the good of any fellow-creature, he could not always conceive *what* good was to follow his yielding to every fancy or rule which his kind and affectionately anxious advisers were



fond of suggesting for his comfort, or for his supposed usefulness. With much gentleness, but with a firmness which it had been vain to oppose, he would say, "I do not dare to do what you recommend,"—or, "I seem, I hope, to feel a real reluctance to be happy, if I thought my God were displeased—if I had every comfort, and the best friends in the world."

Dr. Bogue was not the only person who thought he lived "next door to heaven;" and not a few were anxious to hear his representations of a place and state with which we believed him to be more familiar than most Christians. His sermon at our quarterly meeting, on "the love of God," though preached A.D. 1830, had left such impressions, that we hoped a similar unction might attend his preaching on the given subject, Oct. 11, 1842. Supposing (as it proved,) that this might be his last sermon before his brethren in the island, we urged that he would preach on "Heaven;" but we urged in vain. He suspected our *reason* for giving that subject to *him*, trembled at the thought of encouraging our views of his superior sanctity, and *would* preach on "A good conscience towards God and man."

An honoured friend (see page 103,) has mentioned the wish to draw him to London in his old age—a wish which was also connected with the desire to provide a small annuity for his remaining life. For that wish, and for kind intentions, he felt very deeply obliged; but, until he was sure that his work was done at East End, he would not resign his very little and unproductive charge. It did not appear to be mere testiness, and it certainly was not self-interest, which weighed on his spirit. He would have done anything which he thought he could do without offending God, to please the kind friends who were so much concerned for the comfort and usefulness of his advancing age; but he believed that he must give "account of *himself*;" and did *not*

believe that his friends could stand in his place, or justify his doing what *they* thought to be right. "It seemed," he said, "like taking a bribe to give up his work;" and he would not do it. Perhaps this was wayward. If any had supposed they had right to direct his conscience, they would, perhaps, have concluded that it *was*; but there is a higher tribunal, and the veteran has gone before it. Bad temper or infirmity may usurp the sacred name of conscience; but it is possible, even in old age, to blend a holy conscientiousness with manly firmness; and if he *did* that, he was right—whatever men said of him.

21. This brother did not become *what* he became without enduring afflictions. He avoided "troubles in the flesh," which the married pastor of a small congregation must yet, "for the present necessity," often calculate upon; but like that other bachelor, "Paul the aged," he did not, even by celibacy, escape "fightings without," or "fears within:" afflictions, however, to him were not unprofitable. He would not have rushed into one which he could conscientiously avoid; but he had much dread of not realising, or of afterwards losing, the *benefit* of a trouble which came fairly upon him. "Afflictions," he would say, "are *servants!* we ought to make them *work!*"

22. The power of separating his mind from the seen world, and concentrating it on the unseen, was prominent in Mr. Adams. There seemed, in his case, to be about as much of this as could be realised on earth; and it was illustrated in that very manner in which it would be illustrated by "the spirits of just men made perfect." He did *not like to come back!* His abstraction from that which is of "the earth, earthy," made him almost as unfit for the realities of this seen world, as our beloved friends, after a residence in Paradise, would be, *if they could* come to us again. It was strange, passing strange,—especially because it was so fre-

quent, and its effects were so abiding,—but “the old man” seemed on such occasions to have gone to look at his future “home;” and though it was a privilege to meet him on his return to the places of his sojourn here, yet he was one “wondered at.” It seemed as if he were not fit for this world; or that some of us were not *quite* prepared for another.

23. Mr. Adams was not a “spouter;” he was far too modest for that. He uttered, perhaps,—except in redundancies of style, occasioned by a too scrupulous desire to express everything—as few “idle words,” as any man who ever lived as long. Yet, he had remarkable powers of conversation; and could hold men by the ear, when he would have thought it rude to hold them by the button. The latter, however, he would not have scrupled to do, if he could have hoped to render service thereby.

An unknown writer in the Hants Telegraph, observed:—“Perhaps it could be said of him what could be said of few others, living or dead, that he never entered into conversation without making some direct appeal on the subject of personal religion.”

This witness I believe is true!—true, certainly, in the general impression his words are calculated to convey. Religious conversation—conversation, not merely about religious men, or religious advocates, but conversation tending to honour God, and to encourage vital, experimental, and practical godliness, might have been termed his *forte*, had he not been yet more eminent for prayer and personal piety.

He had neither ear nor organ for slander; and it was rather adventurous to offer it to him—for he would be apt to desire that the complainant should accompany him, to pray with the abused; or perhaps set the critic to some employment at home, and on his own proper person. He

was as opposed to sinful levity as to bitterness; and yet, was never at a loss for topics of discourse. His colloquies were not sermons, but he had always something to say for his Master. Of him it has, elsewhere, been truly said that, "he seemed to have a message from God for all sorts of people;" and he thus affected very many minds. Here, however, again, he received as well as gave—for he helped some to converse with him as they could not converse with other persons; and so, a good thought was often suggested to him in return.

24. He scrutinized what he read and heard. If there were good in either, and he could see it, he was glad to take it, and to thank the writer or speaker; yet, he could dissect a book or a discourse. He was so honourable, that any right-hearted minister might have trusted him amongst the most disaffected persons in his congregation; but Mr. Adams could demolish a frothy sermon—only he would do it to the preacher. He could make a man look a little foolish; but he did not employ this power with otherwise than kind intentions, though he used it with severity on himself. In reference to his brethren, it was obvious that he liked to commend and that he did *not* like to censure—for he would praise the *text* when he could not say much in favour of the *sermon*; and would blame himself if he were not profited when the truth was preached, and the minister's spirit appropriate; but error, or unholy temper, in the pulpit, met with different treatment. It was rather a rash experiment for any one to take the devil with him into the desk from which Richard Adams was to hear the sermon—*whoever* the preacher might be. The good man, however, criticised himself more severely than he reproved others; and derived benefit from self-flagellations.

25. The setting the Lord always before him, helped Mr. Adams. All that he knew of men, or books, and even all that he knew of himself, would have failed to do for him



what he gained in goodness by this habit. It was the connexion of his other employments with *this*, which rendered him what he was in the eyes of his most discriminating friends.

Certainly this practice often awed, and sometimes overpowered him. It made him loathe himself so deeply, that people occasionally wondered what could be the matter. Superficial professors, unhesitatingly, pronounced his depression to be the result of unbelief; and others thought his conscience rather sore than tender—for even the latter did not always observe that his conscience was only sore *because* it was tender. A man's present humiliation, or the hard thoughts of others concerning him, are, however, small matters compared with eminent piety; and, if the latter were gained by our friend, he could afford to endure the former.

The truth would seem to be, that Mr. Adams's enjoyments had been of less value if unaccompanied by his humiliations. He "hid his face, and was afraid to look upon God;" yea, when he saw God, he abhorred himself, and "repented as in dust and ashes;" but these very self-prostrations proved that he was not a hypocrite, and that he did not deceive himself. To get low down before the High and Lofty One, is not only an evidence that the believer does, indeed, hold communion with God, but a pledge and earnest of future mercy, for to "*that* man will the Lord look."

26. The influence of celibacy on this eminently good man, was very observable; and often discussed. Perhaps he proved as many of its advantages and disadvantages, as so wise and benevolent a Christian could. On the whole, he probably illustrated 1 Cor. vii. 32; but his was obviously a peculiar case—such, indeed, as appeared to have been contemplated by the apostle, and therefore, not calculated to "cast a snare," (see v. 35,) on others.



27. His uncommon position would have affected most men. He was in obscurity; but a remarkable number and variety of persons *observed* that fact! Though unknown he was well known, and by many esteemed with an enthusiasm which few men could have provoked. It were rather a paradox than a solecism to say that he was only apparently obscure.

Many eminent persons thought very highly of him. He had the best of all earthly commendations, for he was praised by men who were themselves worthy of praise. Very different classes of well-meaning Christians also applied to him, under their own cares, or when anxious about their friends; for they found in him an aptitude for prayer, sympathy, and counsel, which they knew not where else to seek. To some, in all cases of spiritual difficulty, he really appeared to be a kind of oracle.

Sometimes, spiritual conflicts—sometimes, afflictive providences—sometimes, conscious, and occasionally, unconscious mental infirmity:—sometimes, the spiritual disadvantages of certain positions in society—sometimes, an unusual love for those departments of truth on which he so excelled—and sometimes, the mere admiration of a thorough original—brought various persons to the room of Richard Adams; and among them a few who could not resolve to connect themselves with any of the surrounding churches. Some men, in his circumstances, would have become spiritual Ishmaelites; but he was not a person of their spirit. He never lost his fervent regard for the church universal, nor for that denomination with which he was distinctively allied; and would have esteemed it no honour to increase the sects, even if his name should have been employed to distinguish persons who looked to him for help. Yet was it impossible to know what he knew of man, and to sympathize as he sympathized with so many, and not, as a result,

to be personally affected. Mr. Adams received the good, without being tempted to evil. He had higher objects than to get himself a name; but, in the full possession of intellect to a venerable age, he could not have such opportunities of observation without learning very much and acquiring some influence. The charm was, that he employed what he learned, and all his power with others, *to UNITE, and NOT TO DISSEVER, the followers of Christ.*

28. Mr. Adams acquired *some* knowledge cheaply. His positive studies were, indeed, almost all theological; and, as a theologian, he was a hard-working man; but he *picked up* a little. He learned enough of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, at the seminary, to use his lexicons, or to understand an ordinary criticism. Afterwards, he got a little French\* and Italian, sufficient to try to save the soul of a poor wanderer. He could distinguish tracts in German, Dutch, Spanish, and two or three other languages; and made better *use* of his smattering than many make of proficiency. To mathematics he made no pretension; nor to natural philosophy. The economy of grace had more charms for him than the laws of nature; and he preferred the works of God to any achievements of men. Even to natural history, beyond the study of Ray, Paley, and St. Pierre, he had given little attention. He could enjoy an anecdote, or an observed peculiarity, from any part of the kingdom of nature; but he never dreamed of investigating organic or physiological systems. He did, however, con-

\* He was some time at Guernsey,—perhaps before he had entirely left Gosport. His first efforts to learn the French language may have been induced there. He had, however, something more than a *patois*, as might be supposed from some of his papers.—See section 46 of this chapter. Besides, he had read some good theology in French. He was very conversant with the works of Jurieu, Du Bosc, Daillé, and some others.

trive to get some knowledge on general subjects, which admirably served his purpose—the purpose of glorifying God in the Gospel of his Son. If a question occurred to him, he would converse with those who *had* studied. He would ascertain the best books on the point. He would select such parts of books as bore more directly on his subject; and, then, would think of what he had heard and read. He would revolve a subject in his mind during his daily walks, or on other occasions. He had, also, the good sense to avoid making use of his acquirements until he was pretty sure they were not incorrectly based.

29. He worked his mind. His readiness to converse on so large a variety of topics, and also the character of his papers, attested that at *some* periods he must have been an industrious student, in his room. In company, he was never a trifler; and if ever man delighted in “walks of usefulness,” he did. He was a real “Evangelical Rambler;” and his perambulations helped both body and mind. It is scarcely too much to say, that on books, on man, on himself, on some topic of revelation, on some endeavour to do good, or on the great God, his waking thoughts were ever employed. Having adopted these habits from early life, continuing most of them, and retaining his piety and intellect till a period beyond the common age of man, it was next to impossible that he should have been *otherwise* than an intellectual giant in the things which concern the kingdom of heaven.

He worked on divine subjects, till the last day of his capabilities in that way. He would have passages from the Bible, and from other books, read to him when he could himself read no longer. He would provoke the discourses and prayers of others, until his eyes could no longer discern the precious light; and when, at length, unable to commune with his fellow-creatures, his disjointed intellect was yet employed in fragments of holy thought, which he expressed

with almost bewildering power in the hearing of the writer and of others. The recollection of some of his last prayers and discourses—continued once for more than two hours—yet thrills through the heart of him who writes this page, and forbids him to attempt delineation. The moral, however, is distinct.—Richard Adams could not be idle; his mind worked on the highest and holiest subjects; and this was among the reasons of his profound acquaintance with the sublimest verities which can occupy the thought and affections of a virtuous and intelligent believer in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

30. Mr. Adams could profit by the gifts of his brethren; and sympathise with endeavours for the extension of the Gospel. Skill in stenography enabled him to bring home the good things he heard; and he often learned, when others were unprofited, just because a striking thought was not lost on him. The Hants Association had its ornaments in his day, and has some now; and though hero-worship was not his foible, he loved to talk of their sayings and doings as long as he lived. Again, if a missionary narrated facts, our brother came home full of them. He was not, indeed, as much charmed with geographical descriptions or with the economical advancements of the heathen, as some of us supposed he ought to be; but if he could get a good instance of spiritual usefulness, would not he work it! Would not he show how it ought to make him ashamed of himself, and us ashamed of ourselves too! Would not he note its illustration of some statement, or its analogies with some fact of revelation! Would not he pray for the missionary, and for a blessing on his labours! Would not he try to induce others to labour, and implore a blessing from God on their exertions! A good man could not, however, pursue this course without advantage to *himself!*

31. Although this servant of God lamented his sins of



omission in reference to the sick, it is conceived that exalted views of duty had given occasion for his mourning. The chief complaints that *others* heard, had either a reference to his calling at unsuitable hours, or continuing longer than, in extreme weakness, the patients could with safety bear. Some persons will note the fact, that though in his last illness, he often bade me *pray again* when I had prayed only for a few moments, there was *one* occasion on which even "holy Adams" told me I had prayed too long, when I had not prayed more than five minutes. Whether this circumstance would have been of use to himself, had he been permitted to recover, it is not easy to say.

He was so thoroughly in earnest in his communications with the sick and dying, that, at Birmingham, though the employment of Town missionaries was not then common, it was understood that the high authority of the Rev. J. A. James pronounced it to be worth the while of any large congregation to employ such a man, if it were only that he should visit the sick, and inquirers.

Certainly he had a wonderful tendency towards houses in which there was sickness, or sorrow.

At our Associations, after protracted services—say from 7h. 30m. or 8h. A.M., to 2h. 30m., or nearer 3, P.M., with only a few minutes' intermission—most of us were prepared to dine; and some especially wished that Adams should be with us. Enquiries for him were, however, commonly answered, with a smile, "Oh! he's rambling somewhere!—he'll come after dinner!" Now, it does happen that, on several occasions, I afterwards discovered (*not by his telling me*) that the good man had walked to visit afflicted persons, otherwise likely to have been forgotten amidst the bustle of our public services! This work he did esteem more than his necessary food. His appearance when the cloths were removing, often provoked a smile; and many a pleasant remark did some of us, in the very cordiality of our welcome,



offer to the dear old gentleman, on his singular habits; but, how differently they appear now! How differently did angels view them then! How differently must they have been regarded by the God of all comfort—the God of mercy!!

He was a rather *singular* man, and more's the pity!—But, whether that pity should now be lavished on him, or on those who could see nothing *but* eccentricity in Richard Adams, the reader shall determine for himself.

32. One thought at a time, seemed to suit him best. While writing, I fancy I hear his “Stop! I can't go so fast as *that!* Your ideas flow so fast—mine don't! Give me *some* of it!” We knew and loved each other too well to measure sentences in friendly conversation or debate; or to take offence on finding, as we often *did* find, that on some subjects our views were dissimilar: but, in this case, we were probably both right *for ourselves*. A church in which there were no dissimilar modes of thinking, were not only a monotonous but an odd community; and he must see a very little way, even though his own thoughts must sometimes travel with electric speed, who does not admit that on some subjects, and to some minds, the slower habit is the safer.

33. He was not a changeling. The *man* who had his friendship once, might rely on its continuance, unless he should become wicked, or reject the truth; and he was not less stable in his judgment on principles than in his opinions of men.

Yet, on points of theology, he was not unaccustomed to repeated examinations: some *impression* would indeed affect him for years; and even in reference to the meaning of a passage of Scripture, would induce an amount of confidence which some of us did not think right on such grounds; but his *general* habit was to think more than once on the same subject. If he preached a sermon twice, the second was not precisely like the first—unless it were delivered on an emergency, and often not then. It sometimes happened to him,

as to others, that the second, or tenth, or hundredth thoughts were not better than the first, but in other instances they were improved. The varied conditions of his own mind, of course, influenced his capabilities of contemplating the same questions; and, often, in his subsequent reflections, he was helped by those which had previously engaged his attention.

34. Seeking the renewed influences of grace helped him. Comforted as he often was in remembering the merciful manifestations of the Lord, he did not so rest on the past, as to neglect the present. Nothing less than a sense of the continued and direct influence of God, afforded him full satisfaction. I thought him wrong, in being unwilling to be satisfied that God loved him unless he were always receiving renewed assurances of that love. It appeared to me, that even my own children ought to feel that I loved them, *though* I were not incessantly repeating to them the declaration of that love; and that he had received greater proofs of the love of God to him than any earthly parent ever gave to his child. It seemed also, to me, that the standing revelation of God was a "more sure word of prophecy," than the impressions for which he was ever so earnestly praying. I used to battle that point with him, most stoutly; and neither of us would give in. My views had more accordance with those expressed by the late Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A.,—the views so solemnly adopted by our dear friend, the Rev. Thomas Guyer, in the immediate prospect of death.\* Adams never could conquer me on that question—at least, I never could *feel* that I was conquered—till within the last week before his death, at which time he was entirely blind.

I was sitting, and had long been sitting, by his bed-side, but, having been some time silent, he called out, "Are you

\* See Memoir of Rev. T. S. Guyer, of Ryde; by the Rev. John Parry, Lewes, page 404. Also Evan. Mag. October, 1846.

there?" I answered, "Yes! my brother." "Ah!" he said, "that's right! I thought you were! Only, *when one can't see* 'tis a comfort to hear your voice. Do *speak* sometimes. I like to be *sure* you are there."

I know that the remarks of *dying* friends, occasionally, affect us more than their intrinsic value may justify; but this little circumstance impressed me. I still conceive that my former position was, in the main, right, but I had not made sufficient allowances for souls in a *dark* condition; nor for those who, like Mr. Adams, *so* loved God that they could never be at rest without sensible communion with him. I had not, indeed, adequately appreciated the pity and love of that Gracious Being who has encouraged his people to supplicate, "SAY UNTO my soul, I am thy salvation."

On reviewing the entire history of this servant of God, I dare not undervalue his desires for the special influence of the Holy Spirit, in the application of parts of the written word to his own soul. I have no doubt that much of his spiritual superiority resulted from the workings of God upon his mind in answer to such prayers; and instead of endeavouring to induce my fellow-Christians to be satisfied without praying for such blessings, believe that it were better to exhort them to do as he did.

35. Some would smile at the mention of *courage* as an attribute of the poor old man—the mild, the peaceful, the inoffensive Richard Adams. *He* never sought "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," nor by the cannon's breech. A musket or pistol he probably never fired in his life; and swords were not implements to his taste. Once he did sleep in the room with a prize-fighter, whose soul he was trying to save; but that his hand ever inflicted one blow on any fellow-creature is improbable. He had not often braved, under any remarkable circumstances, the furies of

the tempest on the deep. He never encountered those wrecks of fortune, or those false charges against his character, by which the fortitude of some good men has been cruelly assailed. On his dying bed, he said, "I have not only been careful for nothing, but have really had nothing to be careful about!" His strength of purpose, and endurance, in such respects, had therefore never been tried.

Nevertheless, this was a bold man, and fortitude helped his faith. He did not talk about it, but he could not have done the work he did without much holy daring. He was modest as the most ingenuous youth, even in his old age; but he could say and do things which proved him to have more than a "heart of oak."

He would not *let* a sinner, whoever he might be, escape without rebuke if he insulted the glorious God in his presence. The intention of this book is not to publish the infirmities, or the crimes, of either the living or the dead; but the writer *ought* to say that the developments of real courage were strong in Richard Adams. The nobleman, the naval or military officer, the 'squire, the popular preacher, the swearing sailor, the fantastic or censorious professor of religion, the brother overtaken in a fault, the very friends from whom he received his daily bread, were *forced* to let that modest, but firm, man do his duty in reproving them. He would risk the fury of the wildest vagrants, or the contempt of men of professed intellect—he would visit the haunts of the abandoned, and visit them alone—he could endure the gibes and provoking pleasantries of those who would have laughed him out of the virtue which reproved them. He would struggle and fight against spiritual wickedness in high places, or in low ones; and he *would* be Christ's servant—"come wind, come weather!" come storms, or calms, or frowns, or smiles. I write deliberately, but under strong convictions, and under more



solemn recollections than I dare to utter—come what he believed to be *hell* itself, Richard Adams would *try* to be and do what he considered to be *right*, and his courage helped him.

36. He endeavoured to be harmless. He would not take revenge, or be revenged of any. He did not like that we should kill the flies which tormented him on his dying bed. When near his end, and in that mysterious delirium in which, though he was insensible to surrounding objects, he seemed to have unearthly mental power in the expression of prayer; forgiveness, harmlessness, and benevolence were the characteristics of his very wonderful words. To see a friend, a brother,—and that brother Richard Adams,—in such a condition, was indeed affecting; yet was there an awful glory in the spectacle which no words of mine could possibly present. (Oh! *what* ARE these minds, which the august Majesty has rendered capable of such transcendent power, in their most humiliating moments!) In one of those hours, which I must not attempt to describe, this man actually pleaded with God that he would afflict *himself*, rather than that he should not bless some one who, in his dreams, he thought had behaved unkindly to him! Yes! and he promised that he would try, himself, to be *ever* a better Christian, if his prayer might be answered!

The above was only as a dream; but his waking life had been of similar character. To the state, to neighbours, to ministerial brethren, to Christians of other denominations, to the people of his flock, and to all mankind, he was concerned so to feel, think, speak, and act, that none might be injured through him. On this point, also, he watched against the danger of being partakers of other men's sins, or going with a multitude to do evil.

The tithing of "mint, and anise, and cummin," were but affectation in one who paid no other tribute; and, in *some*



of his resolves for harmlessness, the good man may have been needlessly scrupulous; but exactness in the small, when the great is also regarded, can scarcely be inappropriate. In *him* it was not "the dull effect of humour or of spleen," that he would taste no slave-made sugar if he knew it, nor pastry prepared with such sugar—that he liked to know what *kind* of coffee he drank—that he would not, even as medicine, partake of smuggled articles—that he would not eat or drink at the expense of a person whom he did not believe to be honest to others—that he would not receive refreshments from a child or servant unless he *knew* them to have been authorised to offer such—that he would never sit for his portrait—that he would not sign a petition unless he approved of *every* sentence in it—that he would humbly beg pardon of a "long-shore boy," or a lad from the plough, if, in mistake, he had reprovèd him too strongly; or, that he would, or would not, do a thousand other things, some of which, if made points, by neglecters of weightier matters, would just be ridiculous. A bilious substitute for a healthful conscience may be a hateful nuisance; and the best men may not have devised the wiser methods of abating an evil; but it is good for a Christian to live without doing intentional wrong, whether men be pleased or displeasèd at his endeavours. This Mr. Adams did. He was sometimes rewarded with a laugh; but he is gone where to have *meant* right may prove to have been something!

37. This minister *looked at* children, and they looked at him. The boys of Cowes, when he appeared, were variously affected. Some of them were on their guard, for they had learned that he could make them *cry*, when after their wicked conduct he had watchèd his opportunity, and talkèd to them *alone*. Others, however, treated him very badly.

On the Forest borders there were little ones who loved the dear old man, and not without reason,—for their Sunday-

school was his; and he had taken bread, and physic, and sixpences to their parents in the days of their sorrow. They had heard him pray with their *dying* friends when no one seemed to care for them as he did. There were, however, here also some who ought to repent, and pray that God may forgive their awful conduct to him.

In superior society, Mr. Adams's exertions for children were greatly respected. He was not, indeed, desirous to prevent innocent recreations; and he never thought a parent the wiser for investing religion with a mask of gloom; but he liked that the young should be trained in the way they ought to go. "Childhood," he would say, "is the time for play, so long as it is not *wicked* play. Almost everything in nature seems a little frolicsome *while young*. It looks, to me, as if it *ought* to be so, only I don't like sin!" Even in old age, he was himself, often, "cheerful as a bird;" and he wisely thought that in young persons an innocent sprightliness was rather a recommendation than otherwise, though he did distinguish between that and "the laughter of fools," which "is as the crackling of thorns under a pot." He was anxious that the young should seek and find the pardoning mercy of God, and become devoted to his service, and *then* he thought they *might* be cheerful.

Few would have imagined the concern he evinced about the habits of the young, on questions of health and appearance. A lady, whose maternal care, otherwise, evinced an amount of attention which really deserved respect, was, one day, abundantly amazed at his addressing her on that subject. Watching for his moment, as was his wont, he said, "My friend, excuse me, but, don't you see, your daughter—is *growing out!*" And, to her surprise, it *was* so; and the child might soon have become slightly deformed, but for the bachelor's lesson on the training of a family.

Several young ladies, who had acquired the baneful habit

of stooping, and contracting the chest, confessed that the good man had so talked with them, that they used, as by magic, to assume an erect bearing in his presence. One fond mother, after lecturing her daughters in vain, on her own proper account, would sometimes exclaim, "There, *now* you *will* sit up! Here comes Mr. Adams."

On other subjects, he would help a parent by his not very welcome, but always faithful, hints. "I can't think how it is, but I never see that boy with a book!"—"My friend, never talk against your minister before your children!"—"My dear! tell papa and mama *not* to love you *too* much; perhaps God Almighty may take you away from them!"

Our second chapter variously illustrates the *lasting* influence of some of his endeavours for the salvation of children. That which may most deeply affect her friends, was the case of Mrs. Mann. Yes, the Christian who risked her own precious life, that she might smooth *his* dying pillow, owed, under God, in a great measure, her soul to him. He had often been a blessing to her in later times; but more than thirty years before, he had been the pastor of her parents, and cared for the eternal interests of herself and their other children.

"Bread cast upon the waters, shall be found after many days." So an angel might have said, on observing the solicitude of that delicate, but noble-hearted woman, who, though for so many weeks, at last, she found *her* happiness, and promoted *his*, in *bending* over his dying pillow, had yet been the very young lady to whom, especially, a fond mama so long before had said, "There, now you *will* sit up! Here comes Mr. Adams!"

Taught by *her*, also, her child acted as his flower-girl. Daily a jessamine, an eglantine, and a monthly rose, were carried to his pillow; and when he had been laid in his

coffin, the same hands bore their love-offering to his bier, and placed it on what had been the brow of him who was the fast and faithful spiritual friend of three generations of her family.

38. Discrimination would be necessary to determine the question whether Mr. Adams was, or was not, a prompt person. In some matters he was amusingly, and in others vexatiously, deficient on this point; and yet, there were subjects on which, even in this respect, he was an example. To induce him to meet a cheerful company, or even to take a social meal, was often a difficult task; and, if the applicant were successful in getting something like a promise, since he never considered himself to be pledged to such an engagement, if what he deemed to be very important should unexpectedly require his attention, his friends were often disappointed, and had strong *primâ facie* reasons to be displeased.

Bodily affliction, and the regimen he supposed to be necessary, sometimes occasioned his apparent want of courtesy; and, in other cases, the absence of his mind led to lamentable blunders. Some mistakes, from such causes, compelled the regrets of his friends, supplied triflers with a few jokes, and deeply confused and distressed his own spirit.

It often occurred, however, that it was a work of *charity* which had induced him not only to forget the wishes of his friends, but his own necessary food.

In cases of known duty, he did endeavour to do the right things, to do them first, and with all his might. When he supposed an opportunity of usefulness would be lost, or that the calamities of others would be prolonged if he were negligent, he really became a prompt man. He supposed that if, to gratify himself, or to oblige his friends, he offended God, by neglecting an opportunity of doing good, he would



have reason to be sorry for it afterwards; but, if his inviting friends had been in trouble, he would have gone to them first. His presence might, indeed, have been more certainly expected, if he could always have known that, in company with his kindest hosts, there would be some afflicted or deserted person to whom he could be useful; and in such cases, he would have *tried* to be in *time*.

Many years ago, he presented this point with some urgency. He had learned and obtained something likely to benefit a person then residing in this neighbourhood; and being himself unable to communicate with the individual, requested me to undertake the service for him; and I replied, "I will call!" ————— "Ah!" he said, "but you must go to-night! Consider of what consequence a *night's rest* may be to that man! Under the law, the rich man was not to allow his poor labourer to go home at night without his wages! The Lord cares about a night's rest of the poor—and so ought you!"

If it were in regard to works of benevolence and devotion, that this prompt attention was chiefly shown by Mr. Adams, it is to be observed that, in those two respects, he excelled. So far, therefore, as the study of his character may provoke personal improvement, it not only *tells* for the graces in which he *did* excel, but suggests the possible reasons of his not succeeding in all.

39. The regarding of all men as persons whom he should desire to benefit, must have advanced his usefulness. Mr. Adams could work with other labourers. At Birmingham, Cowes, and Lymington, he was closely yoked with three several ministers of his own denomination—and helped each of them. He was, also, in close co-operation with Immersing brethren, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists, in endeavours for the good of persons to whom their several denominations had some claims. In these connexions, and



when seeking the good of members of the endowed church, it was remarkable how little of denominational acerbity, or of personal jealousy, he ever provoked. He was so honourable, that a short acquaintance was enough to convince any man like-minded, that is, seeking the good of his hearers, Mr. Adams would not become a "sheep-stealer." It was to bring souls to Christ, or to make them better Christians, that he aimed; and to induce them to esteem their own pastors very highly in love; and God rewarded him. He had the love of his brethren, and was useful to souls.

The fruits of his endeavours are, or were, to be found in most of the churches around the neighbourhoods in which he laboured. His ministry, or his conversations, were blessed to many who never became members of the churches of which he was pastor. In one case, he had called on a friend; that friend was from home, and God blessed his word to the servant. In another, a person, who never before could understand his preaching, was so helped by his conversation, as afterwards to profit by his public labours, and by those of other ministers. A Wesleyan class-leader, of long standing, and good character, stopped me in the street, to tell how Mr. Adams's discourse had been blessed to him, above thirty years ago; and many an Episcopalian has offered a similar testimony.

He would leave a coach, though he had paid his fare, and had miles to travel, rather than leave behind him, by the wayside, a stranger in distress, and without help. He would *search* for tramps and foreigners, and never rest till he had supplied them with good books, and other tokens of concern for their welfare. Money he never gave, though he did allow it to be seen, till he had delivered his message; and sometimes that message was singularly emphatic and eloquent—far more so than his ordinary pulpit discourses. To soldiers, sailors, and emigrants he distributed countless

Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts; and sometimes would make his way even to the tents of itinerant showmen, to tell them of their sins, and Jesus, and salvation. He believed that even a merry-Andrew had a soul; and that he ought to try to save it.

The visits of Mr. Adams to London were not announced in the magazines, nor on the walls of the great city. There were pulpits in which his services were acceptable; and by some eminent ministers he was highly esteemed; but his thoughts in the metropolis turned on other subjects. He enjoyed an opportunity of listening to a minister who was worthy of fame, in London; but it was the squalid misery, and the awful guilt of portions of the population, which chiefly affected him. He, who, when in the country, would scarcely allow himself to attend an association, if some cottager were ill, and had no friend to visit him—or if some desperate strangers were lurking in the neighbourhood—was, of course, affected by the wretchedness and depravity of parts of London. He did not think that great city the place for *him*, and some friends were sorry that he did not; but he could not be idle there. In town, he sometimes met select companies of friends, by whom his spiritual attainments were appreciated; and he had access to some circles not always open to his brethren; but he found, also, work for himself, for which many have neither special taste nor such qualifications as his.

A respected correspondent mentions one supposed cause of his last illness. He had spoken at a public meeting, and friends desired, as usual, to take care of his own comfort, but he escaped from their company, and was at length found among a host of cabmen, "reasoning on the things which concern the kingdom of God." I need not attempt to supply the particulars which were graphically given me; nor am I sure he was right in thus exposing himself in his

state of health; but an excess of concern for the souls of men would not be as injurious to his own spirit, as the entire apathy to which many are tempted, without conceiving themselves to be *at all* eccentric.\*

40. He tried to prevent or repair the wrong-doings of others. Our neighbours tell a tale which has not been forgotten in thirty years. Mr. Adams, who was always a peripatetic, and often walked round Debourne, while the walls were erecting, astonished the workmen by scattering a host of snails which they had collected, and, as he supposed, doomed to a cruel and lingering death. The tale may be correct, for it refers to what would be like the man—but the charm would be, that he who cared about the little, cared also for the great, and the intermediate. He tried to preserve the workmen, and those above them, from fearful destruction.

There was, it must be confessed, oddness about this man; and he had strange ways! He cared about worms, and other inferior creatures, so that one might almost have fancied he believed them to have been made by the same God who made him!—or that he held himself responsible for the way in which he treated them! He even appeared to think he should not let others do them wrong, if he could help it!

He had odd views, too, about how it became him to demean himself towards servants, and persons in trouble especially when others were treating them severely.

If he knew a good man whom any were trying to oppress, he would be that man's especial friend.

If he could hope that any who had lost character, were

\* The term "eccentric," is of course derived from *εκ* and *κεντρον*. Whether, after all the readiness of its appropriation to the Rev. Richard Adams, it might not be as correctly applied, though in another sense, to some of his *critics* as to *him*, may admit of enquiry! Did *he*, or *they*, diverge most from God—the true centre of all holiness?

not as bad as they were represented—especially, if he could believe that in them there was some good thing towards the Lord, he would stand by them, even at the risk of displeasing his own friends.

He would remonstrate with those who left improper books, pictures, statues, &c., in the way of children, or others likely to be injured. When assigned, by a most kind friend, to the best bedroom in one of the best furnished cottages in the neighbourhood of London, he turned towards the wall the faces of some finely-carved tiles, only because he feared their *ludicrous* character might disturb his devotions, or those of others.

He would try to restore the comfort of a congregation when the indiscretion of either pastor or people had disturbed it.

He would walk miles to cover a well which others had left uncovered.\*

\* Near the smith's shop, on the lower road between Cowes and Newport, there is a well, which at one time occasioned him much trouble. It is now in trim condition, and, for another reason, less exposed; but it was so neglected five-and-twenty years ago, that the good man was sometimes unable to sleep from his fear that some one would be injured. After attending our week-night service, in the autumn of 1823, he induced me to accompany him in one of his nocturnal rambles to see that all was right. Not a word did he, however, utter concerning this object of his walk, till he arrived on the spot; and if the counsels he had given, at midday, had been attended to by the cottagers, I should, probably, not have been informed of his intentions—for he had an enviable ability to be silent concerning the reproofs, or cautions, he administered to others. He talked of the sermon; commended and blamed with his usual pathos; tenderly suggested the benefits I ought to derive from the experience of a then dying member of my family; and otherwise conversed, as few, besides himself, were able to converse, till we reached the locality of the uncovered well. I was not then as familiar with his emphatic "Stop!" as subsequent occurrences have rendered me; but shall not often pass that way, without remember-



If a *body* of men committed an act towards a fellow-creature, which any one of them had been ashamed to perpetrate in his individual capacity, Mr. Adams would not only pity the sufferer, but do all in *his* power to prevent its bad effects.

When gossips, and malignants, had been sowing discord among brethren, he would sow peace—provoking each party to say something good about the other, and then carrying the news.

The good man was so odd, as to care especially about the souls of persons whose parents, or employers, prevented their attendance on public worship; and, though he was very far from despising governments, he felt strongly when even the “powers that be” encouraged a desecration of the holy day of God! In all these cases, he would endeavour to benefit the parties injured.

The amount of good resulting from these and other *strange* endeavours, may not have been known; but it is

ing the position in which my friend placed me and himself on that occasion. It was rather dark, and I, then, not well acquainted with the spot; but I halted at his command. Those who knew the good man will conceive of the scene of which I became an observer, so far as my own distance and the shades of the evening would permit. First, he walked to the southern end of the smithery; then, down he went, on all-fours, groping to ascertain if the well had been covered, as he had requested. At length I heard his, “Ah! I thought so!” and presently he was upon his legs, and bidding me to “stand still!” began to tear the hedge. I could not comprehend it; and was not quite comfortable under the idea of two ministers being liable to the charge of breaking a farmer’s fences; but he proceeded with his work, and finished it. Having torn branches from the hedge, he again crept towards the well, and, placing them cautiously around, he supposed that no one could approach without warning; and could then return to seek a night’s repose for himself. I do not, however, doubt but he, next morning, again attempted a more permanent remedy; and, probably, he addressed a few more words to those who ought to have spared him this labour of philanthropy.



easy to perceive that a man of such habits might obtain for himself a portion of the privileges of "a PECULIAR people, zealous of good works."

41. He had skill in employing the experience of others. If those with whom he conversed *could* analyze their spiritual state, Mr. Adams discerned that. Many who could scarcely speak on such subjects with others, conversed as by instinct with him; and some, under his hands, became mentally transparent to a degree which astonished themselves. He was seldom with a person alone without learning the experience, or want of experience, of his companion on the subject of religion; and he remembered, and used for years, what he learned in that way.

He was too just and generous unworthily to employ the communications thus entrusted to his confidence; and dearest friends were never informed by him of any secrets of each other's hearts; and yet he did contrive to render some of them useful to each other, when they little knew the services they were rendering. Through him, persons only, or scarcely, known to each other by name, and sometimes after one of the parties had died, became instruments of comforting and strengthening some whom they would meet in heaven.

He could wisely employ the mental anatomy preserved in the sacred museum; and had some acquaintance with the spiritual character of almost every Christian whose biography has refreshed or instructed the churches; but of the various and wonderful dealings of God with his people, it seemed that he never could know or speak enough. Of religious experiences he would tell when he walked by the way, when he was visited in his lodging, when he sojourned with a friend, and on almost every other occasion. Long after we had first supposed him to be gone beyond the reach of human conversation, he affected us by his recitals in that

way; telling, for instance, only a night or two before his decease, of the religious experience of his fellow-students at Gosport some forty years before. The case which he most strongly put was that of Mr. Hay, afterwards the companion of Mr. Haldane, in the tour of that gentleman, for the purpose of extending the knowledge of the Gospel. "In intellect," said the dying saint, "he was below us all. Yes, he was the least! But in *heart*, and in the *sight of God*, I believe he was the greatest!"

Mr. Adams approached mature excellence on this point. The man who does not neglect the dealings of God with himself, while yet, living and dying, he can take profound interest in the spiritual life and history of others, may be an enthusiast,—but his enthusiasm indicates a heart rightly directed, and taught of God.

42. The aged minister employed and encouraged others. Some he helped to preach better, and some to pray. Here was a person stimulated, by him, to distribute tracts,—there one who subscribed, and led others to subscribe, to charities. One cottage held a little company, met, under his direction, to pray for the afflicted,—another, for the spiritual benefit of the neighbours, or for the world. Now, he induced a friend to relieve the temporal necessities of a sufferer,—then, he moved some believer to pity those who were perishing for lack of knowledge. To-day he lent, or gave, books for the instruction of the ignorant,—to-morrow he remonstrated with authors about how they might render their volumes more useful. Whole congregations were moved to works of benevolence by ministers who were first moved by him, in private, to care about certain public institutions. On one day, he was exhorting the pastor to be faithful to his people,—on another, encouraging the people to behave properly to their pastor. The aged minister felt reproved and directed by him,—the younger brother (see "Paul the

aged,") said, "That prayer did more execution on my heart, (God forgive that the impression has not been better cultivated,) than all my reading of Baxter's 'Pastor,' or Doddridge's 'Lectures,' or Bridge's 'Christian Ministry;' and assuredly this *ought* to mean much." All this must, however, have told again on Mr. Adams *himself*.

43. He was a better man through surviving a pious brother—though to that brother he had been the first channel of spiritual blessings! The Rev. Thomas Adams was very faithful to his brother Richard while he lived; and the latter carefully tried to profit by the remembrance of his counsels and example. Tenderly and wisely did he endeavour to impress on others the importance of *so* mourning for the dead, that their tears might leave a residuum for high and holy purposes; and, agreeably to his own maxim, that "It is a loss, indeed, when a man loses the benefit of an *affliction*," he was deeply anxious to glorify God under the bereavement, which so seriously admonished him concerning his own approaching end.

How he instructed and comforted his friends when mourning, may (so far as words and thoughts, without the soothing influence of his living presence, can convey an idea of the man) be conceived from the following letter. It was addressed to a bereaved minister, who, with his honoured lady, had often strengthened and refreshed him:—

"I *saw*—I say, I saw the fearful chasm you would find in the loss of that dear saint, whose beneficial aid you had been accustomed to enjoy; and that in engagements so frequently occurring, who can tell how exquisitely trying?

"But, perhaps, not only my LORD, but my brother will chide me, if I proceed too much in this strain—to make too much of the creature, and too little of the Saviour—to cast JESUS, who is the light, into the shade; or, in the least

intense degree, to lose sight of HIM who is the strength and joy of his people.

“Yet, O Jesus, may I not be permitted to say this; and much, very much, more than all this? I may add to it, all the wisdom in counsel; all the influence of example in its power of stimulating; all the endearments of affection; all the maternal attention; all the regard to the perishing—to the enquiring, and the established Christian—with all the separation from the world, and devotion of heart springing from spiritual principles; and THOU wilt not be displeased! *But* thou wilt not allow me to think ALL this cannot be made up, fully made up, by thy dear self.

“Oh, yes! it is, it must be true, that my brother, like Paul, can do, can bear ALL things through Christ strengthening him. Surely he is, he is, God all-sufficient! He knows, indeed, the terrible nature of those wounds which he has inflicted, but we must not (nor do I say my brother *does*) lose sight of the tenderness, of the abundance of consolation, of the heart there is in HIM.

“Too well does JESUS know the value of her who was so dear to my brother, to chide him for weeping.

“The softened manner in which the Father of mercies speaks of the affliction of his Israel is truly affecting. ‘Son of man, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke;’ ‘Afflictions are not joyous, but grievous.’ ‘The Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.’

“Once more—‘If the *fathers of our flesh* corrected us, and we gave them reverence, shall we not much rather be in subjection to the *Father* of spirits, and live?’

“I have quoted these texts, because they are calculated to give effect to my address. I know that extraordinary grief will bear down argument, however conclusive. Though stayed for a little while, it will return again, and overwhelm all; but in these appeals and declarations to those in trouble,



there is *feeling for feeling*—just fitted to meet the case of the soul oppressed with its own heavy woes.

“ Was my dear sister a member of the mystical body of Christ?—How tender, then, must he be over that which is a part of that body, even of himself! ‘Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.’ Oh yes, it is so, it is so!

“ Let us again call to mind, he will not be displeased at our moderated grief. He cannot, will not, be displeased that those who were dear to him should be dear to us. He says, ‘My son, *despise* not thou the chastening of the Lord:’ as well as ‘nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.’

“ Making light of afflictions does not comport with his will, because it would seem to convey the idea that he inflicted it either from caprice or tyranny,—neither of which, in him, can possibly be true. How exquisite is that reasoning which forms a part of the text before quoted! The fathers of our flesh have indeed corrected us for their pleasure, but he ‘for *our profit*, that we might be partakers of his holiness.’ This, this, then, is the only reason why our God chastens—our profit. Not a—not a word here, but that the *sole*—the alone—desire is for ‘our profit!’

“ And then it is also quoted, ‘Afterward cometh the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to them that are exercised thereby.’

. . . . .  
 “. . . . . There has been a fault in not enough reflecting on the words, ‘These light afflictions **WORK OUT FOR US**’ that ‘glory.’ The Holy Spirit means to show us there is a connexion between the effect of the affliction and the glory. How sweet this thought to encourage us suitably to bear even such trials as my brother’s.

“ Oh, my dear brother, try, amidst all your grief, even to praise the Lord of life, that he has continued your dear



partner so long! Oh, try and praise him for her holy life, and happy death! Oh, try and praise him that he did not leave you to sorrow as without hope, or with only a faint one! Oh, try and praise the Father for his adopting love, in bringing her into his family,—Jesus in his dying love, for washing her from her sins in his own blood,—and the Spirit for his purifying love, in fitting her for glory, and enabling her to triumph over death itself.

“ Yes, my brother, try and shout on her behalf, and for your comfort, ‘ Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony;’ and the Lord will approve. If unbelief should yet, sometimes, creep in, oh do think, think of the intensity of the love of this Jesus, who, if he call those who are dear to us to die, might thus tenderly chide us, ‘ *Have I not died for YOU?* Have I not given myself for you? I have, indeed, taken away a beloved partner, but was I not separated from the smiles of my Father’s countenance, and left as one forlorn? I have not called her that was dear to you to die *under the curse—this I took entirely myself!*’

“ Perhaps my dear brother is saying, ‘ Enough!’ Perhaps you are saying, ‘ I would believe; I do believe. Even so, amen!’

“ There is a point, my dear brother, in part before referred to, which I particularly wish to cause you to realise. I mean this—to consider how great must be the glory of that Saviour, who can, indeed, be everything—everything we have lost in the creature; who can, by his consolations, make up for the loss even of the dearest relation on earth: that this is true, that his grace is indeed sufficient.

“ Where my afflicted brother will, perhaps, find himself most vulnerable will be amidst those silent reflections, when considering the dear deceased as one by whose example he has not sufficiently profited. Ah! my dear brother, should

such a thought press upon your mind, let it have consideration, whether true or false.

“On examination you may possibly find there is no ground for it. If true humiliation before our Lord is seemly, it is what we ourselves could wish, and in connexion with it should bear in mind that we know those sweet words, ‘If we confess our sins,’ &c.

“Alas! my brother, I also have to stand still and consider here. Oh how few, how very few, do I find possessing *her* devotedness, her tenderness of conscience, her activity. I never think of her name but with sacred pleasure; nor is it for me to say how much I may have personally lost in the removal of such a friend, and how guilty I may have been in not praying for her more, and praising more, and likewise for her beloved partner.

“Oh, what a loss, also, to the church; but, ah! Priscilla is removed, Apollos removed, even the apostles, John and Paul, removed, and yet the church of Jesus is sustained! Your ministry, and the increasing exertions of the gifts and graces of others, can make amends, by the help of the Spirit, for the lack of the departed. Oh that all of us may seek to imitate her in the graces wherein she excelled any of us, or all of us!

“And now, my brother, in drawing on to a conclusion, I would say, Let us ponder on those impressive words, ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!’ Blessed, indeed! ‘Yea, saith the Spirit,’ (surely, then, we should hearken,) ‘that they may rest from their labours.’

“Ah! my dear brother, we also should look forward. You, or I, or both, may have quickly to follow. Oh to have the Spirit say so of us personally! Oh to be as happy at the close as my dear sister in Christ was, (if I am worthy

to be called her brother). May the Lord bless what has been written."

44. He loved the old paths—asking for, and walking in them. Believing the Gospel dispensation to be the last, and that "men never get before the New Testament," he was anxious to realize the power of Christianity as exemplified in the ancient times. He looked for, and hastened unto, the coming of the day of God; but had wholesome fear of wresting things hard to be understood. He knew too well the history of the past, to be unduly sanguine in reference to calculations concerning the future. He was a lover of the old theology, who found in the great principles of the New Testament, and of the Reformation, enough to employ with advantage the powers of an ardent, enlightened, and sensitive spirit. He had strong Christian love for some who thought more continuously of the personal reign of their Saviour on the earth; but he was so absorbed by the wish to be "ever with the Lord," that he seemed to care but comparatively little whether he should have parts of that privilege on earth or in heaven. With Austin he would have said, "Where could I be ill *with* God? where could I be well *without* him?"

45. He tried to keep fast hold of the religious blessings he obtained. From his papers I copy the words, "BUNYAN thinks one reason of his own temptations was, that, when he got light and comfort after distress, he neglected to pray that he might be kept from future evil or temptations." Many supposed that this had never been one of Mr. Adams's infirmities; but he thought otherwise.

As compared with many Christians, he became indeed watchful on this point, but his vigilance was in part occasioned by sufferings for past neglect. He had such just views of the mercy of God in blessing so great a sinner, that he trembled to think how ungrateful he had been for former

mercies; and, therefore, especially endeavoured to avoid a further grieving of the Holy Spirit by similar misconduct. This carefulness he also tried to induce in others.

His conviction was, that, after especial condescension, the glorious God had peculiar reasons to expect that those whom he had favoured should be increasingly anxious to preserve a conscience void of offence. He would reprove *any* one whom he observed to offend by a contrary demeanour; but he afflicted his own soul with much severer lashings, when with him, even with him, were found sins against the pity and benevolence of God. Here, again, however, we shall, perhaps, be told that *his* was rather a sore than a tender conscience; but others, over his grave, will say, he had only "a fear to offend a gracious Father;" and that if Christians would in this respect be careful as even he was, grace and peace would be multiplied to the church.

46. Although most of the papers of Mr. Adams were so written as to conceal much of their contents, a few observations on the mass may interest some readers. The number of his compositions was amazing; for he commenced the records of his experience and observation at the close of the last century, generally wrote at length, closely scrutinized his own mind, investigated subjects, recorded the experience of friends, criticised books, remarked on men and things; and did some of this till within a short period before his decease.

When my friend, on his dying bed, expressed so much concern to see

### HIS DIARY,

I did not understand what must have been the intensity of his desire on a subject, the importance of which was forced upon me by the subsequent scrutiny of his dusty papers. To this hour I am uncertain whether, in giving me per-



mission to make out anything I could from his MSS., he was aware I should meet with the means of deciphering his short hand; and I have, therefore, (notwithstanding his repeated lamentations that some of his notes could not be used for the benefit of the public,) refrained from employing the means within my power, of fully analyzing their contents. So far as their general character, and the variety of their topics, are profitably suggestive, there can, however, be no impropriety in alluding to them.

His "Opus Magnum" was obviously his diary. His "Bogue's Lectures" were interlined with his diary. His "Common-Place Book"—which contained not only his own observations, but pious and learned extracts on subjects concerning which the public did not dream that such a man had thought—had many of its pages filled by the records of his religious experience. Quires of paper, the backs of handbills, the commending or scolding letters of his friends, were all pressed into the service of his diary.

The following passages were written in long hand; and more distinctly than he generally wrote:—

"As there may come a period, in illness or death, in which I may wish to refer, or be referred to, the supports the Lord has given me in my temptations, I deem it advisable to name them here."

"View of Christ in his true Deity. This view helped me against indwelling sin when nothing else would."

"View of the Gospel as giving a right to believers, as believers, to all the blessings of the Gospel. This I found very inexpressibly important. See character of Corinthians, at the beginning; yet, so far were they from being unchristianised, that the apostle speaks of them, even *now*, as they that were entitled to all its privileges. 1 Cor. iii. 'All are yours;' chap. vi. 'Ye are justified.' See also Heb. x. 'Come with full assurance;' and yet they were babes in



knowledge. See also Heb. iv. 'Strong consolation'—for them even."

"Glorious view of the character of God for benevolence. This in 1831."

"View of the righteousness of Christ. (At Mr. Hansen's.)"

"The view of Christ as having borne ALL the punishment; and this ADEQUATE. Two seasons,—the one ALL, the other ADEQUATE."

"Eternal life, as NOW ours."

"When I saw all my sins as forgiven. East Cowes."

"At Guernsey. 'Cleanseth from ALL sin.'"

"He gave himself FOR me."

"He loved the church, and gave himself for it. Titus iii., and Ephes."

"Intensity of the love of the Father, and the Son. One (special impression) at Birmingham, the other at Cowes."

"Great assistance in prayer at Mrs. W——'s, with Mr. EVANS—after great trials."

"Walsh's Life."

"Reference to Moses, Elijah, and Daniel—to know how the Lord can support us in trials. This urged when tempted about my food, as a proof I could do without."

"View at Mr. Ford's, that nothing was required previous to believing."

"Power of indwelling sin quelled by the view of Jesus as Jehovah;—at Mr. Ford's vestry."

"So also, calm when at East Cowes, from same view."

Of the general appearance of the Diary, the reader may form some idea from the following; remembering, however, that the words here printed were written in long hand, and that between them (here represented by dots,) there were passages, and parts of passages, in short hand:—

"1828. Hymns . . . Divine mercy . . . prayed . . . three o'clock . . . Patmos . . . Whitfield's hymns . . . is that possible . . . that might be previous to some good . . . realize greater love . . . that is, while praying . . . Bogue . . . dangers of death . . . all the night . . . exhausted . . . What, I say, . . . what would assist me to do better? . . . Love . . . sorrow . . . views of Christ. . . . Pity others. . . . Better . . . at such seasons. . . . When writing . . . reason why I am tried . . . but . . . had . . . Bellamy."

"General review." May, 1828.

"Yet the Lord says, I will subdue, and he can. . . . Happy getting off. . . . Sudden change. . . . I began with the fall. . . . Bruised reed." May, 1828.

"Faith . . . confession of sin . . . relief. . . . The unexpected triumph . . . wrongfully . . . jaded. . . . And, however, I may finish . . . end of life . . . nor forget the happiness I had there for ten years—nor kindness when I was ill—kindness in taking my part, &c. &c." Ditto, continued.

"What I recorded to humble me, yet I forgot my . . . See paper at Guernsey. Views at East Cowes." Ditto, ditto.

"Season . . . soul . . . power. Important review." May, 1828.

"Fletcher's remark, 'Never expect any . . . note . . . evil of sin. . . . On the question, Have I any right . . . God-man . . .'"

"Once more I saw in the review to-day, how the chief gracious interferences of my life had been, not by my contriving, but the Lord's. As to my going to Gosport, arising out of my distress, &c. So my help in the service when a student at Mr. Bogue's, and at Kidderminster. So in prevention as Botley, &c." March, 1831.

“Great inability to know what sins (prevented the success of) several meetings at . . .” April, 1831.

“It is not easy for me to tell what I saw this last time in these words, ‘Have I any pleasure at all . . . As I live,’ &c. . . . God appeared so lovely in this appeal.” Sept. 1832.

“Recapitulation of mercies. ‘Imperfections’—‘Odiousness of sin.’ Sustain me . . . effect of faith in subduing iniquity. . . . Manifestation of the Son of God. He gave himself for me.”

“Effect of words . . . season of great melting . . . helps . . . texts . . . realizing. Triumph . . . narrow escape . . . distrust . . . knees . . . Lord’s triumph I own.”

“I think of that . . . he will not be always wroth. He might be so.”

“Special season when in prayer at Mr. Tanner’s.”

“Special view of the God-man giving repentance.”

“Season at Mr. Arnett’s.”

#### ON HIS PAPERS.

Mr. Adams concluded that he could not write for the public. In reply to a request that he would prepare sermons for publication, he thus addressed G. J. Morris, Esq., of London:—

“April 29, 1844.

“I cannot but suspect it is my dear brother ——’s prepossession leads him to think as he does of my sermons. It must be borne in mind, that what may appear very fair, or pretty much so, from the pulpit or in the parlour, yet, perhaps, when appearing in print is very different. I cannot feel convinced that any of my sermons would be read so as to produce any powerful effect, at least coming from my pen. What others might do with the thoughts I know not.”

A man may, however, write for his own edification, or to qualify himself for usefulness, in other endeavours, who does not pretend to be prepared for the perils or the usefulness of an author; and Mr. Adams was aware of that fact. Though he never wrote for the press, he wrote for his own benefit; and he could neither have conversed, preached, *lived*, or even *died*, as he did, if such had not been his practice.

The following list will attest that the honoured friends who saw something more than every eye could see in the mental character of this unpretending man, were not admirers of an eccentric idler, nor of a superstitious simpleton, who thought that religious knowledge, or general wisdom, should be expected without the employment of appropriate endeavours.

His manuscripts (nearly all in short hand,) consisted of—  
Many volumes of Diary.

Bogue's Theological, Biblical, and Ministerial Lectures.  
(The Lectures on the Belles Lettres were in another handwriting.)

Common Place Book.

Papers on Church Government.

Syllabus of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

Miscellaneous extracts on the Godhead of Christ.

Ditto, from "Elliott on Faith."

Ditto, from St. Pierre.

Criticism on book; probably on "Hermes."

Sermons in outline, innumerable.

Record of texts at Guernsey,—about 300.

Thoughts on faith. Different views. More extensive views.

Remarks on the setting apart of the first-born.

On the Passover,—marked "unfinished."

Receipts for relief of the sick poor.

On Obscene Papers and Prints.

Hints on Social Prayer: in which occur the words  
 “*Faults*, 1. Length; 2. Loudness; 3. Repetition; 4. Fa-  
 miliarity. N.B. ‘*No fighting in prayer.*’”

Account of the Conversion of Dr. Conyers.

Remarks for Mr. M. “On Mortifications.”

Explanation of Texts of Scripture.

Syllabus of Dr. Owen on the 139th Psalm.

Circumstances to be observed in villages.

Remarks on reading the Old Testament.

Extracts from Owen.

Extracts from Guthrie and Erskine.

Extracts from “Franklin’s Essays.”

Essay on Prayer—written either by himself, or by his  
 brother, when uneducated.

“Circumstances in order.” (Short hand, but interspersed  
 with words, which show it to be an analysis of the dealings  
 of God with himself. So dusty and torn as to be unfit to  
 handle, yet very precious to *him* once.)

On the Person and Intercession of Christ.

Questions, &c. French language. Chiefly on points of  
 grammar.

French exercises. His own rendering of the French  
 translation of the Gospel according to JOHN.

Charge to a minister—probably his brother.

“Interesting conversation with Mr. Griffin. 1818.”

On Selection of Tracts.

As to Sins, half-way.

On the Trinity.

True view of Inspiration, with a reference to the canon.  
 (Twenty-six pages, quarto post.)

Intense love of Christ.

The exaltation of Christ *on purpose* to give repentance.

The Subjugation of Iniquity.

Views of sin, (eight pages, but marked “deficient.”)



- The Marriage Supper.  
 Deficient views of "the Evil of Sin."  
 About "Small Sins."  
 Connexion between Duty and Benefit.  
 View of the Freedom of the Gospel.  
 Deadness of the heart.  
 Journey to London.  
 Mr. Irving's sentiments controverted.  
 On Visiting.  
 Public Meetings.  
 Public Prayers.  
 Remarks on the Evil of Sin.  
 Of Mercies.  
 The Life of "Charles," of Bala.  
 My obscurity.  
 Of my helplessness and ignorance.  
 Solemn experiences—with references to Newport, Ryde, Cowes, Pilley, Lymington, Beaulieu, Sowley; and to various books.  
 Views of Divine kindness, contrasted with my conduct.  
 Review of *painful* and *sinful* things.  
 Consequences of telling the Lord that "I needed it, really."  
 What, after all, I ought to think of myself.  
 Unworthiness.  
 Special answer to prayer.  
 Freedom of Divine grace.  
 Lives of Rogers, Payson, Brainerd, Walsh.  
 For whom (urgency of remembrance) in prayer.  
 On preparations for trial.  
 Conduct towards God analysed.  
 On being "on the look-out."  
 Special views of Jesus as the true God.  
 Improvement to be made of the above.

The character of "Oberlin."

Life of Elymas.

Freedom of Redemption.

About doing the will of God.

About seeing the evil of sin.

About seeing and doing the will of the Lord. (This on back of papers playfully addressed to him, by some one, as Rev. R. Adams, D.D., &c. &c., and so sent to him by post, before Queen Victoria's head was on our letters.)

Answers to prayer.

Doubts. Scruples after Liberty.

Religious experience of many (then) living friends.

Conflicts in secret prayer.

Inability to repent.

Cowardice, want of hardihood, &c.

New view of Jesus.

Spiritual harvests.

Helps to Preaching—obtained in a walk to Portswood.

Citations from Bishop Hall.

Use of Newspapers.

Consideration of my deficient feelings as to God's infinity.

On the Love of the Spirit.

On Commentaries.

About Gypsies and Wayfaring men.

Season of profit in Mr. ——'s garden, after hearing a sermon at Lymington.

On discussing "the News."

Delighting in the Law of God.

Retrospects and Prospects.

Alleviations in Trial.

Sympathy,—Want of Sympathy.

On Affectation.

A Sweet Glimpse.

Lambs, and Enquirers.

- Sanctification.  
 Divine Benevolence.  
 Backsliding.  
 Liberation.  
 Thankfulness.  
 On looking at my Diary.  
 On particular state of feeling while conversing with my  
 brother in "the island."  
 About doing good.  
 Remarkable view of helplessness.  
 Propriety of rejoicing in the Lord.  
 Want of humility.  
 Rejoicing "that your names are written in heaven."  
 As to Christian perfections, and eminent holiness.  
 Liberty in Prayer.  
 Self-denial.  
 Visit to Brother Turquand.  
 Very particular view of Sanctification.  
 Tremendous views of Depravity.  
 On being kept from doing wrong.  
 On Divine Sovereignty.  
 Views of Divine Benevolence.  
 Views of the Divine Glory.  
 Note as to Divine Kindness.  
 Depravity, horrible,—but see as to Graciousness.  
 Temper in particular circumstances.  
 Remarkable view of Psalm lxxxiv. 11. This was after  
 the terrible time, mentioned ——.)  
 Sweet impression. Pilley.  
 As to what [is necessary] to a melting [sense of Divine  
 compassion.]  
 On Persuasions of Friends.  
 An increased view of Romans viii. 32.  
 Against Despondency.

References to points in the Characters of Rochester, Hart, and Walsh.

Neglect of Admonitions.

A dream—containing, in long hand, the words, “Nor yet had I the wisdom to resolve not to go.”

On the best methods of acting in travelling.

Practical view of Christ’s undertaking.

About Christ, who is our Life.

Christ beginning the work of being our life, and bringing souls to himself; also Christ marrying the Church in her sins.

On Justification,—much about sin in this paper.

Visits to London,—two or three papers.

Remonstrance with shopkeepers, on the exposure of indecent prints.

Views at the Lord’s Table.

Pleading the name of God.

Backwardness to service, at Mr. Evans’s.

Hythe Workhouse.

Unprofitableness of a Want of Compassion.

A Remarkable Chastisement.

Relief in dreadful time.

Importance of keeping fast my views, even under a sense of my corruptions—the mercies I have.

Gracious Relief.

On Visiting the Sick, and visiting in general.

On Myself.

On Errors in Judgment.

On the Divine Dealings.

On the Gospel, as suited to the poor.

About the Strangeness of Loving Christ *only a little!*

47. Mr. Adams’s habits of living must have affected him.

Without a miracle, or a most amazing constitution, their not doing so would have been impossible; though it is not certain that those habits were as injurious as many supposed them to be. His long fastings, irregularity of meals, and other singularities, were considered to be, largely, occasions of depressions under which, occasionally, he mourned: but, there was another side to that question.

To the gentle remonstrance of Mr. Drawbridge, he replied, "My friend, I do not *dare* to be regular! I cannot conscientiously be regular!" He thought that some persons became so much the slaves of custom, that the least irregularity so disconcerted them, as to unfit them either for endurance or action. He doubted if such habits would help him to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

That the distinctive character of his own last illness had been occasioned by his previous fastings, and mortifications, there seems little reason to doubt:—he was, however, *an aged man*; and, unvaried habits of *another* character, might have occasioned some *other* disease. He had, certainly, treated his "brother body" too roughly; but, he was not the only man who ever thought that vigour of mind was sometimes to be attained in that way.

Even Dr. Moore—see "Use of the Body in relation to the Mind,"—writes, "Instead of submitting to custom, and regularly resorting to the table three or four times a day, for the mere gratification of the palate, the wise plan would be, sometimes to break through the habit; and enjoy the quickening power of a rational will triumphing over animal appetite. Thus health of body, and mental fortitude, which, together, constitute the best assurance of intellectual power, may be equally promoted. Apolloneus Tyaneus well defended himself from the accusation of holding intercourse



with the devil, by attributing his clear and prescient judgment to abstemiousness, and simplicity of diet. 'This mode of life,' said he, 'has produced such perspicacity of ideas, that I see, as in a glass, things present and future.'

Mr. Adams seems to have erred in being almost *always* irregular, in reference to meals; and his habits, in these respects, could be justified by no friend of order; but his occasional depressions were induced by deeper views of human sinfulness, and higher ideas of the great God, than are common to Christians. So far as the treatment of his body had an influence on his mind, it were, perhaps, as correct to attribute his *prevailing cheerfulness* as to ascribe his *temporary depressions*, to such a cause. The question of self-management is however, a large one; and, like many others, is differently viewed by various persons, and at successive periods. It is worthy the attention of believers, on Christian grounds—for Paul, who certainly was not criminally a materialist, "kept" his "body under," lest he should become a castaway.

48. The good man was not singular for singularity's sake. That he was, in some respects, eccentric, almost every one knew; but he did not wish, he did not try, to be different from other men, except in those cases in which he *supposed* he *ought* to be so. His peculiarities were neither the vagaries of a fitful genius, nor the arts of a man who desired notoriety. In pursuing the sublimest objects, he was rather incidentally remarkable than intentionally so. His mind was, indeed, in some things, very attentive to minutiae: but it was never little—for he was influenced by glorious principles, and aimed at noble objects. He had the soul of a Christian gentleman, when, externally, he made the least pretensions; and, ever and anon, he would arouse himself, under high considerations, to something like an attention to

the conventionalities of life. The Rev. Henry Griffiths has truly and powerfully said, "With an infantine simplicity of heart, and a grotesqueness of manner which it would be easy to ridicule, there was a *largeness*, an *elevation*, and a *fervour* of soul, which stamped him at once, as "A PRINCE WITH GOD!"

49. Be it also remembered that, if the Rev. Richard Adams had infirmities, no one was so sorry for them as he was. Perhaps, there never was a man who would more deeply have lamented, if he should have put a stumbling-block in his brother's way. So long as his peculiarities only provoked the criticisms or the pleasantries which it was not uncommon for others to expend on him, he had little concern, except for the waste of so much time;—and even that concern was never expressed in the temper of a Cynic;—but, that any should be led astray by his example would, indeed, have been a grief to his sensitive heart. I do think that he would have mourned, and humbled himself before God, as though he had himself been the offender, (had he even been without *other* occasions of self-humiliation,) if he could have imagined the amount of time employed by others in gossiping about him. That his mind would otherwise have been "hurt" by such gossip, is not very probable, for he had strong nerves, and his aim was to please God rather than to please man: but, even to have left, however unintentionally, for his neighbour, the temptation to such an error, would have been one of the reasons why he should not sleep till he had "fled for refuge to the hope set before him in the Gospel." Nor would he have been satisfied with a mere sense of pardon. Purposes, prayers, and plans of amendment, would have followed his humiliation—his *Diary* would have received some addition to its admonitory hints for his future life—and, though his intermingled long and short hand might have perplexed the

comprehension of the reader, some safe and profitable guesses might have helped the imagination of any who wished to follow him, as he followed Christ.\*

50. He tried to "live in the Spirit," and to "walk in the Spirit." In private life, and in public, to honour the Spirit, was as eminently his endeavour, as to glorify the Father and the Son. Devout recognition of the dependence of the church on the aid of the Holy Ghost, was the employment assigned to him in almost every meeting at which he was invited to speak; and, if he was ever successful as a public speaker, he was so when advocating that eminently Christian doctrine. It is pleasing to remember how habitually he seemed to be prepared for that sacred employment—whatever obstructions the commotions and temptations of an excited assembly might present to other minds—to minds, perhaps, scarcely less serious than his own, in the hours of retirement, though too liable to be moved by surrounding influences. He was not always equally prepared for that exercise; but, he seldom failed to produce some impression favourable to his object; and, even down to his old age, he sometimes communicated an impetus, especially on "The *love* of the Spirit," which some of his brethren will not easily forget.

They are grave words, and should not lightly be written; but the hand which closed his eyelids does not tremble to write them: "The fruit of the Spirit" was manifested in his daily walking with God, and with man. The deepest grief he ever knew was, that he should ever have grieved the Holy Spirit of God. His greatest happiness was, "joying in the Holy Ghost." To be "strengthened by the Spirit's

\* "Danger of death . . . . all the night . . . . exhausted . . . . What, I say, . . . . *What would assist me to do better?* . . . . Love . . . . sorrow . . . . Views of Christ . . . . *Pity others.*"

SEE DIARY—page 161 *supra*.

power, in the inner man," was the daily subject of his "supplications in the Spirit;" and this turned to his salvation, through "the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ."

*Nature* made Richard Adams a remarkable man,—*circumstances*, in some respects, modified his character; but GRACE saved him.

For *some* reason, several times, during his last illness, with much solemnity, he said to the writer, "MIND! *I lay it upon YOU*, whoever may be there, to preach my funeral sermon at COWES;"—and, in that connexion, repeatedly, with almost *awful* emphasis, enjoined that its *principle* must be, "By grace ye are saved." "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost," were, indeed, the sources of his hopes of pardon—the fountains of his spiritual life—the mysteries of his deep experience—the motives to his holy practice—his guiding influences through the Christian pilgrimage—his supports in dying hours—and his prospects for immortality.

But, Reader! Mark!

"*The grace that was bestowed upon*" him "*was not in vain!*"

## CHAPTER IV.

### REFLECTIONS.

I. *There may be more piety in the Church of Christ than even its members have supposed.* The best qualities of some believers have scarcely been known to their friends ; and the further publication of what *was* known has depended so much more on circumstances than on the intrinsic value of their graces, that Christians may not only hope to meet some in heaven whom they little expected to see there, but also learn that God has done more *for* and *by* some of his people than they had imagined.

II. *Servants of God are not useless, even in comparatively obscure circumstances.* Bees and birds profit by flowers which have been supposed to “waste their sweetness on the desert air.” Whether all Christians should pray that they may be kept in obscurity—and if not, *who* should be the exceptions—may be questionable ; but some of the most eminently *useful* persons have never lived to emerge from comparatively hidden positions. The man



whose labours are recorded, Acts ix. 10—17, is not, before or afterwards, mentioned in the Holy Scriptures; and probably lived and died in as much obscurity as Richard Adams—yet, while the world stands, good will result from the work of ANANIAS. His special mission, it seems, was to explore a city, find one street called “Straight,” and then attend to one convert; but, in doing that, he did what proved to be of as much eventual consequence as the aggregate labours of many who, at that time, attracted some public attention. “The Lord, even Jesus,” sent him, that SAUL might “receive his sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost;” and in comforting and blessing his new “brother,” he has comforted and blessed the church through all succeeding generations.

III. *For believers to be disappointed in certain hopes of usefulness, does not imply that they will fail in every endeavour to glorify God.* Mr. Adams did *not* become what the promise of his first sermons at Gosport and Birmingham induced some to suppose he would; and yet he *did* become eminently useful. His truest friends have been obliged, however unwillingly, to admit that, for some reason or other, he was often utterly unable to do justice to himself; and by some it was deeply lamented that so good a man should have

done so little. Whether it really *was little* that he was privileged to accomplish, may, however, be worthy of inquiry.

It were *absurd* to pretend that all Christian ministers should, in every respect, be like Richard Adams. *His* piety and usefulness could never have proved an *immediate* substitute for the piety and usefulness of his respected neighbour, the Rev. DANIEL GUNN!—no, nor for the piety and usefulness of many other servants of the most high God. It was one charm in the character of the dear old man, that he could intensely appreciate the gifts and successes of those whose distinguishing excellences were as different as real graces ever can be from those for which he was remarkable; but, on the other hand, admiration of other kinds of goodness does not compel indifference to *his*.

It may be doubted if providence, or grace, intended all good men to be precisely alike. LUTHER and MELANCTHON—WHITFIELD and FOSTER—WESLEY and HERVEY—HALL and TOP-LADY—FLETCHER and HILL, could never have been entirely assimilated by any process of mental culture. The question would be—“Was entire assimilation desirable?” Men can be good, and do good, in their way, so long as that way does not involve departure from

the spirit and principles of the word of God. The several elements in varying characters may be profitably observed and imitated by Christians of dissimilar mental habits, but it is as conducive to the well-being and the well-doing of the church, that she should include, among her true sons, some innocent varieties of the Christian family, as it is that the world should be inhabited by men of various temperaments and endowments.

That ministers of another stamp (in *some* respects) than the Rev. Richard Adams, are necessary for the church and the world, it were *worse* than useless to deny; and yet such men as he can be of remarkable use. They can enlist individuals for the service of Immanuel, THE KING! They can pick up the wounded, and reclaim deserters; and heal both for future campaigns. They can spread plasters, apply them, and administer cordials which may save lives that shall be more obviously useful than their own. They can pray for all. They can help men who will do work that has never been in their own power. They can whisper words of wholesome caution. They can give *occasional* impetus, which shall not cease to be effective for many years to come. They can diffuse a spirit, and an unction, which, though not substitutes for

other graces, shall operate for the improvement of all; and promote “glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will towards men.”

Every one saw deficiencies in this man; and yet, to many, he was *the man* for whom they never could find a substitute! He could not rule well — nor always preach well; he could not write for the public; he could not conduct a charitable society; he could not, efficiently, preside at a public meeting; might add little or no impetus to a philosophical, scientific, or even economical institution. He would have been inefficient as a legislator, a statesman, or a civilian; and, had he been compelled to wear the uniform of a warrior, might have been shot, hung, or flogged and drummed out, for “disobedience to orders,” whenever those orders should have become offensive to his conscience. It is not only improbable that he would have become a successful tradesman, but doubtful if, even as the head of a family, he could have sustained the wear and tear of life with much advantage to any who might have been dependent on him.

“For what, then, was he fit?” would be the natural inquiry; and an answer is ready.

He certainly did not do all he wished; nor all that others desired he should accomplish.



He was an "unprofitable servant," and that he deeply lamented. If some of his fellow-servants may be witnesses, he did, however, more for his Master, and for *them*, than many Christians, and ministers, of higher pretensions; and, probably as much, on the great scale, as some who have very effectively laboured in vocations which *his* character of mind did not permit him to pursue. He was fit to render services of a very high order, to many who, but for the blessing of the Lord on *his* piety and labours, would either have found *no* friend to comfort and strengthen them; or have remained unable to do that amount of good to others, for which some of them have even become *celebrated!* He was fit to perform acts of benevolence for which no organization of society had provided sufficient help! He was a fit illustration of the principle that, without being *of* the world, a Christian may prove as the salt of the earth—for the benefit of his own generation, and of many who will come after him. He was especially fitted, in the history of his living and dying, and in the measure of usefulness he really did attain, to remind Christians that they should not despise, as utterly useless, even those servants of the Lord, of whom no one thinks as examples in *every* point.



When shall we rejoice that "there are diversities of gifts by the same Spirit?" When shall we cease (not merely to *be* of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, but) to *undervalue* all who, however religiously they think and act, have any peculiarity which prevents their success in what, it is admitted, should be the more common departments of Christian endeavour? The trees in the garden of the Lord are not all of one height, or age, or hue. The fixed stars do their work; and it is well that they are fixed: the planets fulfil the Lord's designs; and it is well that they revolve in their appointed order: and yet there is room for the comets, under the influence and direction of the Ruler. That the latter move in a more *eccentric* orbit is no proof that God did not make them; nor, that He did not make them what they are. That they perform their services for the good of the whole, and without injury to any, is a proof of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator, whether their magnitude be of the first order, or otherwise. A malignant comet were a scourge indeed; but such was *not* the loving Richard Adams. If there be one sentence in this book which suggests that the *schismatic* spirit was that in which *his* eccentricity could work, for that sentence the writer should blush and repent

when he recals the memory of his friend. No bad-tempered man can justly plead the singularities of Richard Adams as his apology for *wicked* waywardness; but, if any determine, by God's help, to be *good*, whether they can be great or not, they will do as he did.

His memory may be especially useful to persons who experience difficulty in finding their appropriate sphere of Christian labour. It was forcibly said of Mr. Adams, that he always "seemed to be *going* to do something:" meaning, that he never appeared to have *quite* found *the* position in which *his* gifts would be of all the service which he and his friends desired they should be. In lamenting his want of self-management, the dying minister probably acknowledged the cause of his failure in some endeavours at Christian usefulness; but it was well that *he had not been idle because he could not work in the most pleasing fields!* That he did not live in vain is *certain*; and, if only *one* person (shall it be *you*, Reader?) be encouraged by this book to follow him, as he followed Christ—if only *one* be inclined to care as he cared, for the happiness and holiness of men—if only *one*, through his example, be faithful to Jesus; and thus continue, *whatever* be the character of external circumstances, *unto death*, his removal itself will have been sancti-

fied for great purposes. Then shall it be increasingly seen that, whether he lived, he lived unto the Lord, and whether he died, he died unto the Lord, that living or dying he might be the Lord's.

IV. *Various modes of usefulness are open to Christians.* Many will have been suggested by the papers presented in the second chapter of this book. The dusty heap, of which a partial analysis has already been given, suggests, however, many more. For instance, the heap referred to contained—

1. Rough copies of letters of encouragement to persons who, Mr. Adams had learned, were endeavouring to do good.

2. Letters of remonstrance to the writers of irreligious or immoral publications.

3. Letters to some who had evinced an improper spirit, uttered bad language, or done wicked acts.

4. Letters to accompany tracts, or books, which he supposed might be useful.

5. Letters to his physician, and to others, requesting counsel for the relief of poor neighbours, afflicted friends, or distressed strangers.

6. Notes for the aid of memory, in reference to certain employments which he considered imperative on himself.

7. Endeavours to remove severe impressions from the minds of some individuals concerning certain others, their fellow-Christians, or neighbours.

8. Notes of the characters and habits of gypsies, and other classes, whose peculiarities he was studying for their good.

9. Appeals to friends for their attention to the sick, the unfortunate, or the guilty.

10. Prescriptions appropriate to the afflicted poor.

11. Endeavours to console the bereaved, and those who had met with sudden or oppressive cares.

12. Hints to friends about special opportunities of usefulness, either actually thrown in their way, or likely to be so.

13. Remonstrance with printsellers, and with friends, on the exposure of pictures and works of art, the tendencies of which he supposed to be indelicate.

14. Cautions to parents, heads of families, and tradesmen, on the influence of their position and habits; and on the tendencies of certain arrangements, on the good or the evil of those around them.

15. Inquiries concerning the behaviour of certain prisoners in the public gaols—with obvious views to his own guidance in his endeavours for their benefit.

16. Addresses to friends whom he believed to be eminently pious, requesting their prayers on behalf of persons in affliction.

*V. People should not be eccentric if they can righteously help being so!*—In some things a man *must* differ from the customs of society—otherwise he can neither glorify God here, nor be saved hereafter. There is, however, no resisting the impression that to some persons Mr. Adams would have been more useful, and to all sober-minded persons as acceptable, if he could have blended with his great excellences a little more conformity to some of the inno-

cent conventional usages of society. His failure in this respect was obviously one reason of his want of success in some places, and an obstacle to his introduction to others. The BARRISTER was right when he said that "his foibles and weaknesses had in them more of excellence—more of the love and fear of God, and of a higher aim to glorify him—than the consistencies and regularities of walk of most Christians;" and yet the Rev. JOHN BRUCE was also right when he wrote, "Had his personal habits been different from what they were, he would have been more generally esteemed." Double-petalled flowers would be valued by botanists—only they are so commonly abortives in some other respect;—and it is well that there is no law of *grace* which ordains that strength in some points must necessarily be associated with weakness in others of real importance.

VI. They who cannot do apparently great things to advance the interests of Zion, should try to do what some consider to be the less.

VII. That which in its *first* effects may seem to be a trifling kind of usefulness, may yet, in its ultimate results, bring the Christian labourer to a high standing, as a successful philanthropist.

VIII. The Lord, sometimes, in a very re-



markable manner, brings the righteousness, and the goodness, of his people "to the light," even in this world.

IX. The graces in which Christians have thought themselves to be most deficient, and concerning their imperfection in which they have most humbled themselves, have, in some instances, proved to be those in which they have been most enabled to exemplify the abounding mercy of God.

X. "God Almighty does not hang all the bells on one horse"\*—nor on only one *kind* of horses.

XI. "The best of men are but men at the best."†

XII. God will take care of his servants, although they have *very* low views of themselves, and are lightly esteemed by some others.

XIII. God can put great honours on his servants, without placing them on earthly pinnacles.

XIV. Position in society does not always fully indicate the character, or endowments of the man. Position in the church does not always denote the qualities of the Christian, or the minister.

\* Anon.

† Matthew Henry.

XV. *Trifles* may be of importance to comfort, character, and usefulness !

XVI. *Infirmity* does not, necessarily, extinguish grace.

XVII. Ministers who have been little valued by some, have been rendered great blessings to others.

XVIII. Often-removed ministers have not always proved useless.

XIX. Really good men are, essentially, the same, wherever they sojourn.

XX. Minds which in many respects are dissimilar, if each love the Lord Jesus, may have strong affinities for each other ; and many and diversified Christians have strong love for one.

XXI. In the firm of " Extenders and deepeners of vital religion in the hearts of men " there are some partners whose names do not always appear on the invoices.

XXII. Precious seed, sown for God, sometimes springs up after many years.

XXIII. It is a great privilege to begin to work for God in early life ; and so to render it possible to spend " a long day " for Jesus Christ.

XXIV. A much and long-tried Christian may be " kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation."

XXV. The Christian life is a pilgrimage, even to the most eminent saints.

XXVI. Men should "work while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

XXVII. *Incidental* efforts for God may *tell!*—even when a man cannot do his regular work as he could wish.

XXVIII. They who are not examples in everything, may be examples in some.

XXIX. It is a fine thing when a man's *most lamented mental diseases* do not touch the *vitals* of his religion.

XXX. Most eminent saints have most felt the necessity of continued communion with God.

XXXI. They who have been best kept, have passed through great tribulation; and when outward trials have been presented, have sustained the deeper conflicts within.

XXXII. The work of grace, in fitting those who *have been* pharisees, to dwell in the kingdom of heaven, has often been especially directed to their unusual mental subjugation to the Lord Jesus Christ.

XXXIII. One of the best methods of provoking the love of others, is to behave with sincere and disinterested love to them. If this ever fail, it leaves the soul unharmed, and able to hold communion with God. Adams tried this on the large scale; and seldom failed.

XXXIV. "A walking library" is good, when

its shelves are filled with only *good* books ; and when these not only *open* freely, but may be easily *read*.

XXXV. They who “ sow beside all waters ” are likely, at least, to reap from *some*.

XXXVI.

“ Honour and praise, from no *condition* rise ;  
*Act well thy part !—there* all the honour lies.”

XXXVII. They who most sincerely, and earnestly, try to serve God, have, commonly, the deepest sense of their own unworthiness.

XXXVIII. The most refined and delicate perceptions of the morality of the Gospel, have been possessed by those who have most entirely cast themselves, for salvation, on the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ.

XXXIX. The men of this age, *improving* on the *inventions* of those of the *last*, have surpassed their fathers in science, and the arts :—will those who belong to a kingdom which is “ not of this world,” reap as much advantage from the *piety* of those who have preceded *them* ?

XL. If “ the spirits of just men made perfect ” retain a remembrance of their religious history on earth, what glorious facts may be elicited in heaven !

XLI. There must, even now, be a considerable number of persons left here, who have much to answer for, for having been privileged with the friendship of Richard Adams—if it have not more thoroughly led them to Jesus Christ.

XLII. That which the world most readily observes in a good man, is not always that which is most worthy of remembrance.

XLIII. History and biography seem to be characteristics of *man* as distinguished from other creatures on the earth—they *ought* to be used for some good purpose.

XLIV. Those who have taught us both how to live, and how to die, are eminently worthy of remembrance.

XLV. If, in dying circumstances, the mind, in sympathy with the body, have occasionally appeared to fail; and yet, even amidst such failures there have been indications of the spirit turning earnestly to the Lord; and such appear to have been the result of previously fixed habits of the soul; then is it of tremendous importance, (even with regard to what may be the character of our last hours *on earth*,) how we spend the time of health and perfect reason, here!

XLVI. Much sacred communion with God



may have been permitted to dying believers under circumstances which they have never been able to communicate to their friends.

XLVII. "How complicate—how wonderful is man!"

XLVIII. How gloriously wonderful, for life, death, and eternity, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost!"

XLIX. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints."

L. *Servants of Jesus Christ should have SUCCESSORS!* WHO will follow Richard Adams, as he followed Christ?

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