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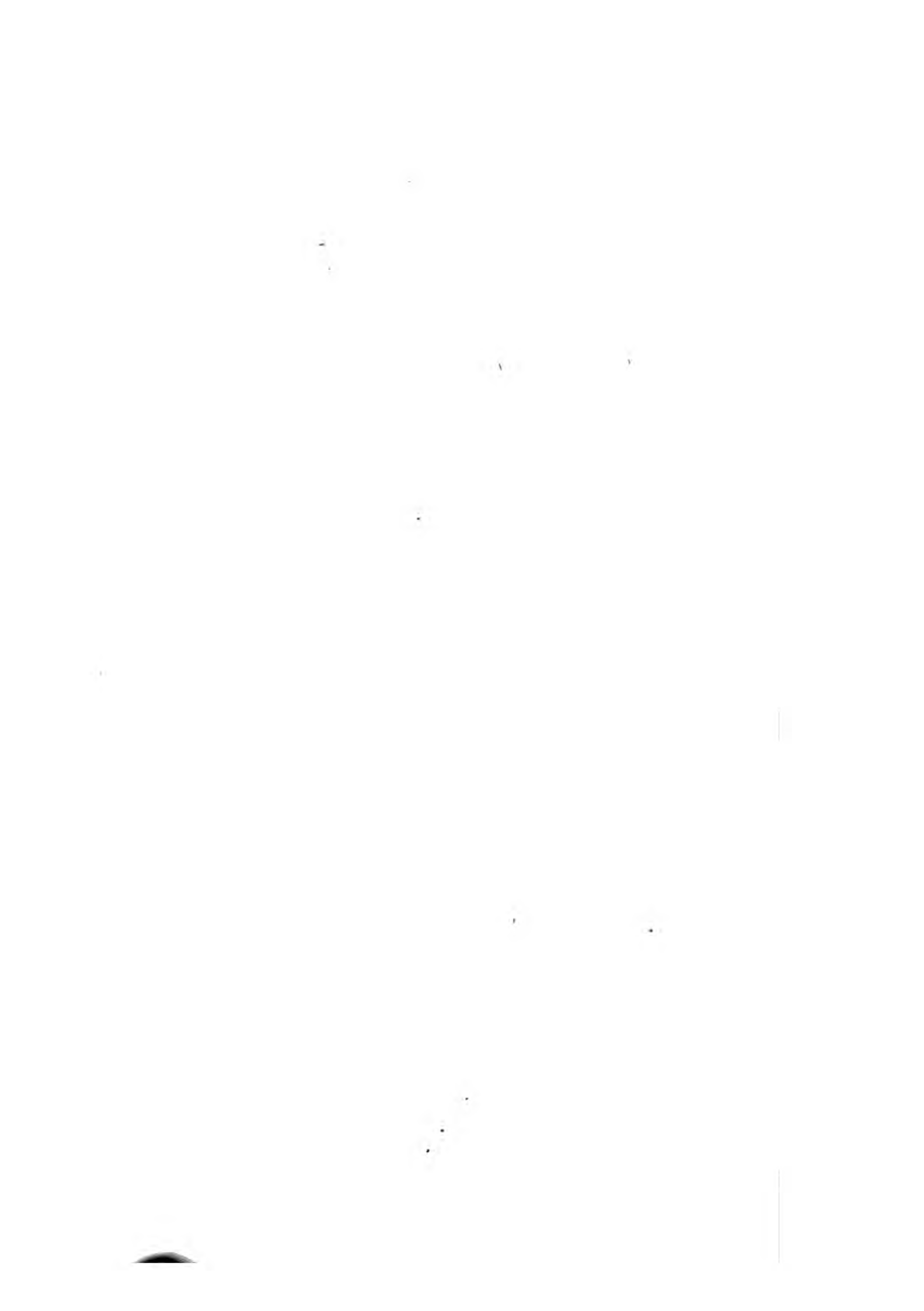


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THE
METROPOLITAN PULPIT;

OR
SKETCHES OF
THE MOST POPULAR PREACHERS
IN LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT
METROPOLIS," "TRAVELS IN TOWN,"
&c. &c.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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P R E F A C E.

HAVING in my "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," presented the public with Sketches of the most distinguished men in both Houses of Parliament; and having in my "Bench and Bar" given portraitures of all the Judicial and Forensic characters of any note in our Courts of Law, the Popular Preachers in the metropolis naturally enough next claimed my attention.

I trust the circumstance is not of unfavourable augury for the success of the book, that I have, within the last six months, been most earnestly solicited by ministers and others, of all denominations and from all parts of the country, to write a work on the most celebrated Preachers in London, on a plan similar to that

of the two books already mentioned; the parties not being aware that I had previously determined on bringing out the present volumes.

Having in my last work, "Travels in Town," devoted about two hundred and forty pages to the "Religious Denominations of London," I am spared the necessity of making any special references, in these volumes, to the existing state of spiritual matters in the metropolis. The religious statistics of London will be found in the work just named, at very great length.

In penning the present volumes, I can say with the utmost sincerity, that I have been actuated by an anxious desire to write with the greatest fairness and impartiality; and that I have most earnestly endeavoured to guard against anything which could by possibility be construed into an evidence of the book, or any part of it, being written in a bad spirit. I trust there is not a sentence in it of which any one can have just cause to complain. I should be

sorry if there were. My object has been to dwell upon excellencies and to touch but lightly on defects.

I have, I may also state, sought to divest my mind of all prejudices and partialities regarding particular topics, and to write in so unbiassed a spirit as shall render it impossible for those before unacquainted with my views on religious subjects, to ascertain from the work now presented to the public, what these are. I am sure that no one can infer from the book, either what minister I sit under, or to what denomination of Christians I belong.

If I have in some cases been minute in my descriptions, it is because I know how anxious the public are to be able to form in their own minds, as accurate an idea as possible, of the personal appearance and peculiarities of manner, of distinguished men. I have scrupulously abstained throughout from any reference to matters of a strictly private kind. I have

spoken of those whose names I have introduced into the work, only in the capacity of ministers.

In order that I might avoid the invidious task of classing the ministers of the various denominations according to my views of their respective merits, I have taken them topographically, beginning with each denomination at the west-end and proceeding to the east.

There are many ministers of great and deserved distinction, whose names I was anxious to include in the present work; but the limits to which I was restricted rendered the gratification of my wishes impossible. Should, however, the book meet with a favourable reception, I will follow it up by another volume, which shall embrace all the ministers of distinction now unavoidably omitted.

LONDON, *April*, 1839.

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THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

CHAPTER I.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Causes why the preaching of the gospel is not more generally attended with beneficial results—Errors in the conduct of ministers adverted to as bearing on the success of their pulpit labours—Importance of ministerial visitations in the time of sickness or affliction—Mode of preaching the gospel—Remarks on defects in the matter of sermons and the way in which pulpit discourses should be delivered.

IN presenting the public with a series of sketches of the most distinguished divines in the metropolis, it may be useful to devote an introductory chapter to a reference to some of the causes why the gospel ministry is not more generally attended with beneficial results.

These causes may be classed under two heads. They either arise from something that

is wrong in the conduct of the preacher, or from some defect in his matter, or in his mode of addressing his hearers.

In adverting to errors in the conduct of ministers of the gospel, I have principally in my eye those minor improprieties which are in too many cases perceptible in the demeanour of those of whose piety we cannot entertain a moment's doubt. The preacher whose conduct is stained by gross immoralities, is a person on whom it were useless to waste a word of admonition or remonstrance. Ministers, it is to be feared, are not always sufficiently alive to the influence which matters that may appear trifling to them, have in impairing the efficiency of their pastoral labours. They may sometimes do a thing by way of joke, which may be productive of very unhappy results. Permit me here to relate an anecdote illustrative of my meaning. There is a popular preacher in the country who possesses such powers of improvisation as to be able to speak fluently at a moment's notice, on any subject connected with theology. Some time ago, he

invited a minister residing at some distance, to preach a sermon for a charitable institution on the evening of a particular sabbath-day; he himself having engaged to deliver a discourse on behalf of the same object in the morning. The other agreed, and not being an extemporaneous speaker had written, with great care, and at full length, a sermon for the occasion. The two ministers breakfasted together, and he in whose chapel the sermons were to be preached, asked the other what text he meant to preach from. The unsuspecting man at once answered the question. "That's a very suitable text and a very appropriate subject, indeed," remarked the minister of the chapel. "And what are to be your heads?"

"I intend to divide the subject into four heads," answered the other, deliberately mentioning each of the heads.

"You could not have made a more natural division of the subject. Under the first head, I fancy you'll use such and such particulars?"

The other named the various particulars under the first head, and in answer to ques-

tions dexterously put, enumerated the different particulars under each of the remaining three heads.

“Your sermon cannot fail to make an impression. Of course, you’ll wind up in such a way?”

The simple unsuspecting minister told the other in what way he meant to conclude his discourse.

Judge of his surprise and mortification, when he heard the minister of the chapel give out, in the morning service, the identical text he had chosen; divide the subject into the same heads as he intended to do; subdivide it into the same particulars; and conclude in precisely the same way as he proposed winding up his discourse. In fact, between a tenacious memory and great extemporaneous resources, the former may be said to have preached the very sermon which the latter intended to deliver. The poor man was brought into a most painful predicament. He could not preach the sermon he had prepared; for the congregation, not knowing anything of the circumstances of

the case, would have accused him of barefaced plagiarism from their own minister; while, on the other hand, he had not time to prepare a new discourse. He was obliged to do the best he could, by preaching a sermon he had delivered on a former similar occasion, the leading points of which he still remembered. The result was,—and no wonder,—that the minister referred to, conceived from this moment an unconquerable prejudice against him who had tricked him in the way I have related; and that many hearers in the congregations of both, when informed of the circumstance, lost their respect for one who could so trifle with the feelings of a brother minister. Independently too of the annoyance it caused to the party who was the victim, it had to them the appearance of indulging in jocularities at the expense of religion, and as being at variance with the reverence due to the sabbath-day and to the services of the sanctuary.

Ministers ought carefully to guard against anything which could be construed into a trifling with religion, whether arising from a

desire to make an undue display of their own fancied powers, or from any other cause. There is now an aged evangelical clergyman living westward of Temple Bar, who greatly injured himself in the estimation of many of his hearers, by preaching, in early life, a sermon in blank verse. If I am not much mistaken, he himself soon afterwards saw cause to regret that he had ever committed so great an impropriety.

I know of nothing which the minister of the gospel ought more carefully to guard against, than a disposition to indulge in sarcastic observations in private. Such a spirit is not only most unbecoming in itself, and altogether at variance with the religion of Jesus, but it is peculiarly calculated to impair the efficiency of the minister who suffers himself to give way to it. A man may preach in the pulpit with the zeal of an apostle and the affection of an angel, and yet his ministrations not produce the slightest favourable impression on the mind of him who has heard that minister giving utterance to sarcasms in private, at other people's expense. I appeal, on this point, to what

every one who reads these pages, and who is acquainted with ministers in the habit of indulging in sarcastic remarks, must have felt in his own mind. I could point to instances in which persons have become so prejudiced against ministers whom they formerly regarded with the deepest affection and respect, after hearing them indulging in ill-natured observations at other people's expense, as to feel unable any longer to sit under their ministry with any satisfaction.

Among those popular preachers now no more, who were addicted to a spirit of satire and sarcasm, Robert Hall stood, perhaps, the foremost in the first rank. Who shall say to what extent that distinguished and otherwise excellent man may, in this way, have impaired his usefulness both as a preacher and a writer? That he did so to a great extent, no one can doubt who had any acquaintance with him.

Equally to be avoided by those who minister in holy things, is a harsh or haughty demeanour. The gospel affords not the slightest countenance to any thing in the conduct of those

who have embraced it; least of all in the conduct of those who undertake to be its ministers, which could be construed into harshness or haughtiness; and yet, it must be admitted, that instances are by no means rare, of preachers of the gospel conducting themselves towards others with an imperiousness of manner which the mere man of the world would, in most cases, be ashamed to exhibit. Such ministers take the most certain means they could adopt, to lay the axe at the root of their own usefulness, whether in the pulpit or when paying those private visits to their people which every faithful pastor must regard as an essential part of his official duties. Here, again, I could refer to particular instances consisting with my own knowledge, of the injurious effects produced by harshness or haughtiness of demeanour on the part of a Christian pastor. But though I abstain from any allusion to cases of the kind in so far as living ministers are concerned, I may be permitted to mention a striking illustration of my views in the matter, which occurred many years ago in the case of

parties who are now dead. An evangelical clergyman of the church of Scotland with whom I had a slight personal acquaintance, was, perhaps, one of the greatest admirers, numerous as these were, which the late Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the Commentary on the Bible, had. So great was his admiration of the works of Mr. Scott, that having occasion to come on a visit to England, he determined on going fifty miles out of his way, for the double purpose of having the gratification of seeing him, and assuring him how highly he prized his writings. He called at his parsonage in the country, and in mentioning that he wished to see the celebrated theologian, he was shown into his study, where though in the middle of the day he found him sitting with his night-cap on, at a table which groaned under a mountain of books and papers. On the entrance of the Scotch clergyman, Mr. Scott accosted him in a harsh tone, and with much rudeness of manner, with a "Well, sir, what's your business?" The northern divine replied in mild accents, that he had no particular business,

but that being in England from the north of Scotland, he had come some considerable distance out of his way for the purpose of having the pleasure of seeing a man who had raised himself to so high an eminence in the religious world, and of, at the same time, assuring him of the high gratification with which he had read his writings. I do not now remember the exact observations which Mr. Scott made in reply, but they were so harsh, and his manner altogether was so rude to his Scotch admirer, that the latter quitted the place without having remained longer than a few minutes in it. He was heard to say, that he never could read the works of Scott with any pleasure afterwards. This shows, in a clear light, how careful ministers ought to be that they never exhibit anything of harshness or haughtiness in their demeanour towards those with whom they may have occasion to have intercourse. On the other hand, it is impossible to over-estimate the happy effects of a mild and amiable manner on the part of ministers.

There is another thing which preachers of the

gospel ought most sedulously to guard against, if they would consult their ministerial usefulness : I mean a spirit of levity. Let me not be understood as here proscribing a cheerful disposition, or even innocent conversation of a playful kind. The levity which I condemn is a very different thing : it is that excess of merriment or jocularly which leads the party to forget, for a time, the ministerial character altogether, and to degenerate into a sort of temporary buffoon. To make the proper distinction on paper between undue levity and innocent playfulness, is no easy task ; but every one possessing a discriminative judgment will be able to make it in his own mind. One rule for distinguishing between the two things is this : that whenever a minister perceives that he is carrying his jocularly so far as that those around him are beginning to give unrestrained utterance to *their* fancied witticisms and real or supposed humorous remarks, he must have exceeded the bounds of propriety. There must be something wrong in a minister's conversation or conduct when his presence does

not operate as a restraint on any undue levity on the part of even the men of the world.

Of the importance to the preacher of the gospel, if he would be a useful Christian minister, of abstaining from anything approaching to laxity either of conversation or conduct, I need not speak. It must be sufficiently evident to all who have ever expended a moment's thought upon the subject. Where is the man who cannot point to cases which have fallen under his own observation, of some of the most able and eloquent ministers he has ever heard, neutralizing, in a great measure, the effects of their pulpit discourses, by looseness of conversation or laxity of conduct? Are there not evangelical ministers who can take as liberal, and seemingly as unrestrained a part in the conversation which is going on in a mixed company, as any of the other persons present? And is there not, on the very face of the thing, something wrong in this? My impression of the sanctity which ought to attach to the character of the Christian minister is such, that I conceive he ought not to be any length of

time in a mixed assemblage of individuals without something transpiring in his deportment or conversation, if not in both, which will clearly indicate to the rest of the company the profession to which he belongs.

A man, I repeat, may be a first-rate preacher; there may be a peculiar unction in all the services of the sanctuary in which he engages; and yet, if there be anything loose in his words or conduct; anything like levity in his manner, or any appearance of his having caught the spirit of the world,—the efficiency of that man's ministerial labours is sure to be impaired to an awful extent.

I was expressing a short time ago to a Dissenting minister, my admiration of the able and evangelical preaching of the pastor of a Dissenting church; and added, that I was surprised his congregation was not larger. “The reason,” said the other, “is, that though an excellent preacher there is a levity in his conduct which is most unbecoming. For example,” he added, “Mr. —— has been known repeatedly to purchase and eat apples in the

streets on the Sunday; and though never charged with any flagrant immorality himself, some of his most intimate acquaintances are very immoral in their conduct." I speak on this point from personal observation. I have known ministers remarkable for their talents as preachers, and whose doctrines were evangelical in the highest degree, but whose conduct, without being positively immoral, was not becoming the gospel,—labour for a long succession of years with but very limited success. I have heard it remarked times without number, of the ministers to whom I allude, "Oh what a pity it is that Mr. So-and-so ever comes out of the pulpit at all; how different he is in private from what he is there!" To guard against misconception, it may be proper to state, that in making these remarks I have no London minister in my eye. I make the observations in the hope that they may have the effect of causing some preacher of the gospel who may feel that they apply in a greater or less measure to his case, more vigilant in his life and conversation. And for the encou-

ragement and consolation of such ministers as may be conscious that Providence has not gifted them with those talents which acquire for men what is called popularity, let me here observe, that if they only walk holily and justly and unblameably before their fellow men, they may be made the instruments of much greater spiritual good than those of far superior talents whose conduct is unbecoming the spirit of the gospel. I am much afraid that there are many Christians, both in the ministry and out of it, who have never yet had proper views of the vast importance of a blameless example, to their usefulness in the world. Example, either for good or evil, exerts a mighty influence on the minds of those with whom we associate. I believe and am sure, that many a sinner has been converted through the still small voice of example, if there be not an inaccuracy in the expression, who have heard for years the preaching of faithful ministers without effect. It is a silent but most powerful and persuasive language. You hear not its voice, and yet the results show that it speaks with the tongue of a trumpet.

There is one part of the duty of a Christian minister which, I fear, is in many instances too much neglected in the present day, and to which neglect I attribute the limited usefulness of many of our popular preachers. My allusion is to the visitation of the sick, the afflicted, and the dying, in their own homes. I do hold that if there be one duty, out of the pulpit, which more than another has a special claim on the attention of the minister of the gospel, that duty is the visitations to which I refer. I have always observed, that the Christian pastor who is most noted for the promptitude and cheerfulness with which he visits the afflicted and the dying, proves the most useful man. So far from evincing a reluctance to visit the sick or dying, when they know that their visits will be well received, ministers ought to rejoice in every opportunity of the kind that presents itself to them; and they ought to lay aside every other occupation and engagement not of a peculiarly urgent kind, in order that they may be enabled to avail themselves of it. I could point to several preachers in the metro-

polis at the present time, whose conduct is most exemplary in this respect, and who have been remarkably successful in imparting spiritual benefit in the chamber of sickness and of impending death.

But I will not, for obvious reasons, refer to any of them by name. I may, however, mention that among evangelical ministers of the metropolis, lately deceased, Dr. Winter stood prominently forth in this point of view. He sought out cases of sickness and affliction, not only among his own people but wherever he thought his visits would be welcome. And eminently adapted was he, under the divine blessing, for turning such opportunities of access to the minds of his fellow-creatures, to the best account. He was, if I may use the expression, at home in the house of sorrow. If he rejoiced with those who rejoiced, he could also weep with those who wept. His was not only a benevolent, but a sympathising heart. He felt most tenderly for the woes and wretchedness of others. And who but those who have themselves been in deep distress, can tell

how soothing to the sorrowing soul, and how grateful to the suffering heart, are the gentle whisperings of the voice of sympathy? There is not a more effectual way of opening up an avenue to the human mind. Every word which in the season of deep distress falls from the lips of a faithful and affectionate minister, comes armed with a double, I had almost said a resistless power.

The history of the church is replete with instances in which persons whose hearts had for a long series of years been steeled against the truths of the gospel, though in the habit of attending an evangelical ministry, have at once been softened and subdued by the private exhortations, reasonings, entreaties, and admonitions of the Christian pastor,—when they were extended on the bed of sickness or of death. The hour of affliction, or the moment when the party has the immediate prospect of death before him, is indeed the season of all others when access to the soul of the sinner may be most confidently expected by a sympathising and tender-hearted visitor. The prin-

cipal obstructions to the ingress of the gospel into the human mind, are then removed. The world has lost all its attractions; the gloss and the glitter which used to captivate the party's eye, have vanished from all things around him; and those very objects which most dazzled his vision by their imaginary splendour, now appear in all their native hideousness and deformity. Secular pleasures, riches, honours; every thing, in a word, which the world can boast of, have not only ceased to fascinate but even to interest. They have at length been tried in the balance, and found wanting. The world itself, indeed, may be said to be in a great measure shut out from the individual's mind; and his heart is, if there be no impropriety in the expression, *predisposed* to the reception of the gospel.

What then shall be said of those ministers who neglect to avail themselves of such opportunities of usefulness? Well may they reflect on their dereliction of duty with fear and trembling. Awful, indeed, is the responsibility such persons incur. Happy shall I be, if I

ever learn, that any observations of mine have had the effect of awakening the minds of any Christian minister to a sense of his obligations in this respect. I shall only further add, that he who is really faithful to Him in whose service he is employed, and faithful to the souls of his fellow-men, will, instead of neglecting opportunities or being slow and reluctant to embrace them, of visiting those in distress, no matter of what kind, be constantly on the watch for such opportunities, and will cordially tender his most grateful acknowledgments to those who may call his attention to them.

In connection with the best means, humanly speaking, of preaching the gospel with effect, I would earnestly recommend to ministers the adoption of a didactic mode of addressing their hearers. It is one of the besetting sins of our modern ministers, that they are so partial to the use of generalities, and so fond of indulging in elaborately-reasoned passages. Nothing, in my view of the matter, can be more out of place, or less calculated to produce a salutary impression, than this method of addressing an audi-

ence. How different the sermon of Christ on the mount? How different the epistles of Paul and the other apostles? Nothing could be more didactic than that sermon, or those epistles. In almost every sentence they contain a sentiment which has a direct practical bearing. If the preachers of the present day would follow the pattern set them by Christ and his apostles, they would soon perceive a great difference in the results produced by their ministry.

In all preaching, too, the conscience of the hearer ought to be kept constantly in view. In the same proportion as this is lost sight of, it will be found that a ministry is unproductive. On the other hand, where the preacher addresses himself continuously to the consciences of his hearers, it will be found that he does not labour in vain. There is, I grieve to say it, a lamentable want of a searching ministry in the metropolis at this moment, considering the great number of evangelical pulpits in it.

And here let me impress on the preachers of the gospel, as being closely connected with the

enough of the preaching of the apostles, to feel persuaded that they, in this respect, followed the example of their Lord and Master. The thunders of the law, it is sufficiently clear, were largely sounded in the ears of Peter's audience when he converted three thousand by one sermon.

So far I have spoken only of those who live in open sin. There is another class of sinners who stand in equal need of being constantly appealed to, and reasoned and remonstrated with. I allude to those who only make a profession of religion, though they may be regular and even exemplary in the performance of many of its external duties. To point out the difference between such persons and those who really believe in Christ; to hold the mirror up to the hypocrite; and to dislodge from their perilous positions all who rest their hopes for eternity on any other foundation than the finished work of the Redeemer; to do this ought to be a constant part of the Sabbath-day duties of the minister of the gospel. How striking and numerous the examples of this kind which are

set them in the epistles of the New Testament!

I am unwilling to extend this chapter to any great length, and yet I cannot refrain from glancing at what I conceive to be a great want in the pulpit ministrations of many of our metropolitan preachers. I allude to that absence of fervour of manner which so extensively obtains both in the Establishment and among Dissenters. There is a coldness and lifelessness in the manner of many of our evangelical preachers, which in my judgment is greatly to be deplored. They go through their discourses with as much seeming indifference and formality, as if it were a positive sin to evince anything like warmth of feeling or interest in their subject. Such persons consider an impassioned mode of addressing their hearers as no better than a species of ranting. All I shall say in reference to this is, that if it be ranting, it were well for those who are committed to their charge, if they *rant*ed a little more than they do. My own conviction is, that ranting, in the proper acceptance of the term, relates

be delivered with the fire and fervour of manner I am recommending, and another sermon, exhibiting in every particular the highest order of intellect, be delivered in the cold and lifeless way I am condemning; I feel, I say, most entirely assured, that if two such sermons be preached in the opposite ways to which I have alluded, the first will produce the greatest, and most permanent, and most salutary impression. I have had abundant evidence of this. I have heard sermons preached by men who were pigmies in intellect and mere novices in literature, compared with certain other preachers whom I have heard about the same time; and yet the effect produced by the ministrations of the former was incomparably greater than that produced by the preaching of the latter; simply because, that while the untalented minister was energetic and impassioned in his manner, the delivery of the highly intellectual preacher exhibited no symptoms of warmth or feeling.

What but the animation, or if the term be preferred, the enthusiasm of manner which characterised the preaching of the earlier Wes-

leyan Methodists, produced such mighty effects on the minds of those to whom they addressed themselves? And to what but to the zeal and ardour with which the gospel is in so many cases preached in America, are we to ascribe the revivals of religion which have recently taken place in so many parts of that country? The doctrines were essentially the same in both cases as those which were preached in other evangelical pulpits, without producing similar results. If ministers would make an impression on the minds of their hearers, they must first show that their own minds are impressed: if they would speak *to* the heart, they must speak *from* the heart.

Let not the purport of my observations be misunderstood. I am not advocating a mode of preaching which would address itself to the feelings only. What I am anxious to witness in the ministrations of our modern preachers is, an effort to influence the feelings and enlighten the mind at the same time. And there is nothing incompatible in this. The feelings may not only be reached, but powerfully in-

It was one of the happiest and truest things that ever Horace gave utterance to, when he said, "that those who would convince others, must first show that they are themselves convinced." If this observation holds good in every case, it applies with special force in the case of ministers; inasmuch as the unbeliever or sceptic is apt to suspect them of preaching a certain class of doctrines merely because they live by the ministerial profession. When such persons see the preachers of the gospel delivering their sermons with coldness and indifference, they only become the more confirmed in their ungenerous suspicions. Let the Christian minister only evince that warmth of feeling and that earnestness of manner, which I am recommending, and neither the deist nor the sceptic will be able to resist the conviction that there is a truth and reality in religion. When a great orator of antiquity was asked what was the first requisite of effective oratory, his answer was "Action;" when asked what was the second, his reply was, "Action;" and when the question was put to him what was the third,

his answer was still the same. His meaning was, that action was everything in oratory. I cannot say of earnestness of manner, that it is everything in preaching sermons; for preaching the truth is of greater importance; but I do say, that next to sound evangelical doctrine, an earnest or impassioned manner is that from which the Christian minister may anticipate the happiest results.

Why, the majority of our preachers ought to read their own condemnation in this respect, in the conduct of those who deal in the fictions of the drama and the law. The anecdote of Garrick and the clergyman is well known. I myself have had occasion to relate it in another work.* The reason assigned by the great tragedian for the little impression produced by the preaching of the gospel, while such powerful effects were produced by the representation of mere dramatic fictions, was the correct one. "We represent fiction," says Garrick, "as if it were truth, while you preach truth as if it were fiction." The actor, in other words, throws

* The Bench and the Bar.

his whole soul into his part; he identifies himself so closely, for the time, with the imaginary character he undertakes to personate, as to forget everything else. With him all is feeling, though a feeling created and fostered by artificial means. It is the same in the case of advocates in our courts of law. Even when they know they are virtually uttering falsehood, inasmuch as they are speaking against their convictions and against the plain facts of the case, they contrive to throw so much feeling into their speeches, and evince so much zeal for their clients, as to produce a powerful impression on all who are present. And shall, then, the minister of the Gospel suffer it to be said, that while persons dealing in fiction, or in truths which are but of slight and temporary interest, exhibit so much fire and force and feeling of manner, they utter truths of infinite and undying importance without any marked indication of feeling—without any warmth or fervour of manner? Let them arouse themselves from their tameness and want of energy,

and let them speak with the zeal and animation which become their subject. Let them show that their breasts are agitated by a sense of the unspeakable importance of the message they are called to deliver. Out of the abundance of their hearts, let their mouths speak. Let them do this, and, with the Divine blessing, they may rely on a measure of success attending their ministrations, of which they have had no previous example.

If the preachers of the gospel would only make a point of meditating more frequently on the inexpressible importance of the truths they are called upon to deliver, the circumstance could not fail to conduce in a great degree to the warmth and earnestness of manner which I am so anxious to see universally exhibited by those who are called to minister in holy things. In their own minds, and in their moments of calm reflection, they are fully persuaded of the unutterable importance of the doctrines of the gospel; but the very circumstance of being called habitually to preach those doctrines, has so necessary a tendency to familiarize the mind

with them, as to render them at times, in so far as mere appearance goes, less alive to their infinite momentousness. This ought to be carefully guarded against. I would urgently press on ministers the propriety of making a point, an hour or two before ascending the pulpit, of meditating on the importance of the truths they are about to deliver, and of praying, that their minds may not only feel that importance, but that their manner may show that they do so.

Ministers dwell on the responsibility incurred by their people in hearing the gospel: they ought most sedulously to cultivate and to exhibit a deep sense of the fearful responsibility which attaches to themselves as preachers of that gospel. This would contribute in no inconsiderable degree to that zeal and fervour of manner which I am pressing on the attention of ministers.

If Cicero could say that he never began an oration, even when in the zenith of his reputation, without fear and trembling, how deep ought to be the anxiety of a preacher of the

gospel, when he stands up to deliver a message which, according as it is received or rejected, will diminish or increase the guilt of his hearers; a message, in other words, which bears most closely on their eternal destinies. If this anxiety be felt to the extent it ought, it will be sure to be evinced in that impassioned earnestness of manner which I hold to be so essential to the successful preaching of the gospel.

One word more, and I will bring my observations to a close. It would be found eminently conducive to the warmth and fervour of manner which I have thus at so much length urged on the attention of ministers, if they endeavoured to guard against forgetting that they are themselves personally as deeply interested in the truths which they deliver, as are the audience to whom those truths are addressed. I know that ministers are in the habit of overlooking, or rather not remembering, this solemn fact. They forget themselves in their hearers. Instead of doing so, they ought to reflect that they have as much need of applying to their own minds the doctrines and pre-

the kind. It is not in gesture alone that the right sort of earnestness of manner consists. The movements and glances of the eye, the general expression of the countenance, and the tones of the voice, have as much to do with the manner of preaching which I am pressing on the adoption of ministers of the gospel, as any motions of the body or of the arms. And in order that while a preacher's manner is earnest, there should be nothing outrageous or unnatural about it, I would impress on those who occupy the pulpits of our land, that they should carefully study oratory. We know how carefully that science was studied by Demosthenes, and the other distinguished orators of antiquity; and we know with what care it has been studied by all those actors who have acquired eminence in their profession. Why, then, should it not be studied with an equal if not with still greater assiduity, by the preachers of the gospel? George Whitefield was duly alive to its value; hence the great attention which he paid to it.

CHAPTER II.

LATELY-DECEASED MINISTERS.

The Rev. Dr. Waugh—The Rev. Matthew Wilks—The Rev. William Howels — The Rev. Rowland Hill — The Rev. Edward Irving.

THE REV. DR. WAUGH, of Wells Street Chapel, Oxford Street, belonged, as is generally known, to a body of dissenters from the church of Scotland, called Seceders. For nearly half a century did he preside over the church and congregation in Wells Street, with great satisfaction to his people, and, there can be no doubt, corresponding happiness to himself.

He was a man of deep and unaffected piety. His bosom ever glowed with love to God, and love to his fellow-men. The uppermost object in his mind was to promote the glory of his Creator, and the present and future happiness of mankind. Few of his contemporary minis-

ters of the gospel were so unremitting and zealous in their efforts to do good, by preaching for, and otherwise labouring to insure the success of all societies and institutions which were established with a view to advance the cause and kingdom of Christ. He was one of the fathers of the London Missionary Society. His heart was, at all times, bound up in that institution, and he had the gratification of seeing it, before he died, not only spreading itself throughout the whole of the civilized world, but carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Wherever a charitable object was sought to be gained, the good offices of Dr. Waugh were invariably solicited, and, I may add, almost as invariably conceded. Few, if any, of his contemporaries preached so many sermons for charitable and benevolent purposes; and few have been more liberal or frequent in dispensing abroad the blessings of private charity. He had a heart to feel for all; and never did he withhold a helping hand, when in circumstances to extend it, from the unhappy sufferer.

It is unspeakably pleasant as one stands over the grave of a fellow-being, to think that next to the promotion of the divine glory, the great aim of his existence was to soothe the troubled mind and to alleviate human wretchedness, in whatever aspect it presented itself. The memory of such a man is truly blessed. Compared with the reputation of having administered both to the spiritual and temporal wants of one's fellow-creatures, how worthless and insignificant is the reputation of the philosopher or the warrior!

Dr. Waugh was a highly acceptable preacher. His matter was always evangelical, and he constantly laboured to arouse the conscience and to impress the heart. There was an earnestness in his general manner which at once produced the conviction on the minds of all who heard him, that his heart was in his work, and that he was fully alive to the responsibility of the situation in which he stood as the messenger of grace to guilty men. He had naturally a playful fancy, and was distinguished for his lively wit; and though his sermons oc-

asionally afforded some indications of those qualities, yet he always took care to guard against indulging in them to such an extent as would trench on the seriousness which becomes the ministerial character. In prayer, he particularly excelled. There was a depth of devotional feeling in all his public approaches to the throne of grace, which was very rarely equalled in the prayers of contemporary ministers. Prayer is a gift which he needs no more ; it is an exercise in which he no longer engages. The language of supplication is now exchanged for the language of exclusive adoration and praise.

One of the most admirable traits in the character of Dr. Waugh, was the charitable feeling with which he was ever disposed to regard every one with whom he came in contact. Not only was he himself never known to utter a whisper with the view of detracting from the character of his fellow-men, but he never suffered it to be done by others in his hearing, when it was in his power to prevent it. His generous nature revolted at the very thought

of calumny, or even of dwelling too much on the known and undeniable imperfections of erring brethren. Would that not only all ministers of the gospel, but all christians, possessed his spirit in this respect! Oh, it is an unseemly sight to witness christians traducing and calumniating one another, or even dwelling with an evident gratification on the actual faults or short-comings of their brethren! I have almost invariably observed that those who are most disposed to be particularly severe on the characters or conduct of others, have most need to look closely at their own. If the time which some men calling themselves by the christian name, expend in either calumniating others or dwelling on their errors, were spent in praying for their forgiveness and reformation, such persons would not only, in all human probability, be promoting the happiness of the parties for whom they prayed, but great good would, indirectly, be done to their own souls.

Dr. Waugh was remarkable among his contemporary ministers for the zeal and assiduity with which he laboured to heal the divisions

which exist among Christians of different denominations, and to persuade them all to regard each other with brotherly feelings. There was nothing that caused greater pain to his generous and expansive mind, than to see the saints of God stand aloof from each other, merely because on matters of church government, or on doctrinal topics of minor importance, they happened to entertain different opinions. So, on the other hand, there was nothing which afforded him a higher delight, than to see the various sects holding evangelical views of divine truth, merging in their intercourse together all their denominational peculiarities, and co-operating with each other in a spirit of brotherly affection and esteem, in establishing and extending bible societies, missionary and other religious institutions, and in doing whatever lay in their power to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion in the world. And he was eminently successful in his endeavours to unite Christians of different denominations in the bonds of love and respect. For this he was pecu-

liarily adapted by Providence. Not only were his scholastic and general attainments such as could not fail to command the respect of all who felt disposed to do homage to intellect, but his eminent piety and singularly open and generous disposition, insured the affection of all who happened to become acquainted with him.

I know of nothing which is more unbecoming than the jealousies and heart-burnings; the cold look and the angry tone, which are, I regret to say, so common among Christians of different views on the lesser points of religion. I have touched on this topic in a former work; but I cannot help referring to it again. How many, in cases where no doubt can exist as to the personal piety of the parties, refuse to each other the right hand of fellowship. With what an acrimonious spirit are our religious controversies often carried on. Would I were not constrained to characterise the conduct of some Christians in still stronger terms. Is it not, alas! in many cases but too evident, that both parties are actuated by feelings of malevolence

towards each other? Do they not often resort to the presumptuous expedient of arraigning each other's motives? thus having the awful hardihood to usurp, in effect, the province and prerogative of the Most High. Surely Christians have trials and crosses enough, both from without and from within, without thus making new crosses and trials to themselves. The bond of union in the Christian world is sufficiently clear. Wherever men hold the great Head; wherever their hopes for time and for eternity rest exclusively on the atonement of Immanuel, they ought to be united together heart and hand. This by no means implies a compromise of principle. It is quite compatible with the most rigid adherence to what each may conceive to be the right view of divine truth. With all Dr. Waugh's allowances for those who differed from him, and with all the liberality and love with which he regarded them, no man was more ready at all times, to stand up for his own peculiar notions.

Dr. Waugh was intimately conversant with the profane literature of modern as well as of

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ancient times. He was a great admirer of genius wherever he saw it. With the plays of Shakspeare and the poems of Burns, he was exceedingly well acquainted. And such was his admiration of the beauties with which the works of these two writers abound, that he could not help occasionally quoting them in the pulpit. I need not, however, say that he was very careful as to the passages he quoted, and that he always gave them a turn which neither of their authors ever contemplated. The well known phrase in Hamlet's soliloquy, "Ay, there's the rub," was a favourite one with him, when he had, if I may so speak, pushed his hearers into a sort of corner in reference to spiritual matters; and as he used the phrase he generally accompanied it with a flourish of his right hand in the air. But perhaps of all the quotations which he ever made from profane writers, none surprised his people so much as one he made from one of Burns's songs, on a sacramental occasion. I am indebted for the anecdote to a lady who was at the time, and continued till his death, one of his members.

The communicants were seated at the sacramental table, and he, according to the custom of the Presbyterian church of Scotland, was addressing them, or as it is technically called, "serving the table," previous to the distribution of the elements. In the middle of his address he said, as nearly as my informant could remember the words, "You are all, communicants, acquainted with the popular song of your countryman, in which, speaking of the warm affection which a lassie* cherishes for her lover, he represents her as saying,

" His very foot, there's music in't
As he comes up the stairs."

A feeling of surprise at a quotation from such a writer as Burns, on such a solemn occasion as that on which they were at the time met, was simultaneously experienced by all present; and every one wondered in his own mind, how the Doctor could convert such lines to a spiritual purpose. He soon satisfied them on the point. Proceeding in his address, he observed, " Well, then, communicants, if such be the affection

* A young woman.

which one human being bears to another, as that the mere footsteps of the party loved should be as music to the ears of the lover, how sweet ought the sound of the footsteps of Jesus to be in your ears, as he comes to you in the ordinance which you are now met to observe; for in the ordinance of the Supper he does come to his disciples in a peculiar sense." I am not an advocate for quotations in the pulpit from authors of such loose moral notions as Shakspeare and Burns, but I am sure that every Scotchman must have been struck with the singular felicity of the one in question.

Dr. Waugh could enjoy an innocent joke with as much zest as any one; and few men could tell a humorous story with better effect. A reverend friend of his has told me, that he has often heard him relate a short anecdote, though at the expense of the body to whom he belonged. The anecdote was this. A worthy but blunt old man, living in the part of Scotland from which Dr. Waugh came, had been so sand-blind from his youth, as to be unable to read without the help of glasses of a

greatly magnifying power, and even then not without difficulty and pain. Being, however, a lover of the scriptures, he made one of his sons, a little boy about thirteen years of age, read a portion of them every night. The old man, I should here remark, was a most rigid Seceder. He could scarcely be brought to admit that piety could exist among any other body of Christians. One evening, before going to bed, the son was reading the usual chapter, and he happened to light on that one in Timothy, in which it is said that the time will come when "wicked men and evil seducers shall wax worse and worse." The boy, by mistake,—and we all know such mistakes will happen,—read "seceders" for the word "seducers." "Eh! fats that ye say, laddie*?" exclaimed the worthy old man, in his own hasty manner. "Just read that verse again." The boy read the verse a second time, and again fell into the same error. "Just lat me see the buik," said the honest, but blunt Seceder, and as he spoke he hastily stretched out his hand and snatched the Bible

* Anglicé, boy.

from the hands of his son. His glasses were forthwith produced, and got some half-dozen extra rubs with his handkerchief before he adjusted them on his nose. He looked at the verse, and seeing but very imperfectly, commenced spelling the word. "Se—se—se—" He then, owing to his deficient vision, mistook the three intervening letters, "duc," but read the remaining three, "ers," quite correctly. Finding that the two first and the three last letters of the word answered for the term "seceders," the poor man thought that was actually the word. His confusion on thus fancying that the denomination to which he belonged, was expressly condemned in one of the epistles of St. Paul, was inexpressible. He uttered, or rather half uttered, a significant "humph," and followed it up with the remark, closing the book as he spoke, "Johnny, lad, that 'll do for the nicht."

Another amusing anecdote, which Dr. Waugh used to tell with great spirit, has been communicated to me by one of the most distinguished literary writers of the day—a gentleman who has on

several occasions been a gratified listener while the Doctor was relating it:—A singularly pious, but exceedingly simple-minded and blunt-mannered Scotchman, named John Adams, who had been long employed about the farm-steading of the late Duke of Buccleugh, had been provided with a better situation by his Grace, in the service of George the Third, then residing at Windsor Castle. The Duke had previously mentioned to the King that John was a man of decidedly religious habits, and that therefore, though otherwise a most trustworthy and diligent servant, he would feel uneasy in his mind if he were asked to work on the Sabbath-day. The King, who had himself more correct notions regarding the sanctity of the Sabbath than usually obtains either in palaces or in the mansions of the nobility, said that he venerated the man for his religious strictness, and that he would not be asked to do anything which could do violence to his views respecting the way in which that day ought to be observed. In the course of a little time, the King and John got very familiar together,

and at length the monarch frequently gave him the key of a small cellar in which he kept some wine* of his own; desiring John to fetch one bottle, or two bottles, as the case might be. One Sabbath evening, the King called John, and said he wanted him to fetch a bottle of Madeira from his cellar. George accompanied John to the cellar, to see that the right wine was taken, and that the door was again locked. As John attempted to put the key into the lock, his hand shook in a very marked manner; so much so, indeed, that some time elapsed before he could get the door opened. The King observing this, said, "What's the matter, John, that your hand shakes so much?"

"Weel, your Majesty, I'm some thinkin' it's because this is the Sabbath, and that it's nae richt to be employed in this way on His blessed day."

"John, my good man," said the monarch, "I respect your religious scruples, and I'll never

* This monarch, though he did not drink to excess, was exceedingly fond of Madeira, and always kept for his own use a certain quantity of it in a small cellar, to which even the Queen was not allowed access.

ask you to bring me wine on a Sunday in future."

"Oh, mony thanks to your good Majesty for that," observed John with great emphasis.

Some time after this, the Duke of Buccleugh happening to be on a visit to the King at Windsor Castle, met with John, and inquired how he liked his situation.

"Weel, your Grace, I would like it unco weel if there were a pure gospel ministry in the place; but there's naething o' the kind. Oh!" he added with a sigh, "if I were but settled in Lunnon, (London) to be near good Dr. Waugh!"

"Well, John," observed the Duke, "I'll try and see whether I cannot gratify your wishes."

"It would be a great act of goodness if your Grace would but just try."

"I will," John, remarked the Duke, as he parted with his old servant.

And he was as good as his word. In about a month afterwards he got John appointed one of the porters at the gate of Carlton Palace, then the residence of the Prince Regent. In about another month, the Duke having occa-

sion to visit the Prince and having been let in by another porter, found John sitting in a dark gloomy-looking room inside the gate, reading his Bible. "Well employed, John, as usual," remarked the Duke.

"Is it your Grace I've the honour of speakin' to?" said John, raising his head, and looking up through his glasses.

"Ay, it's me, John. Well, you're quite satisfied now, I hope, when you have an opportunity of hearing your good Dr. Waugh every Sunday."

"Ah! that's a great privilege, your Grace, if I use it weel," answered John. "But," he added, "this situation is nae the thing yet, your Grace."

"What's the matter now, John? I thought you would have been quite comfortable here."

"Ah! this is a sad, sad place, your Grace," observed John, shaking his head and heaving a sigh.

"In what respect, John?"

"This way, your Grace,—that the Prince is nae better than he should be. He sometimes

gies me little rings and trinkets, as he calls them,—things that I would nae gie five sax-pences for a cart load of, and he asks me to go and leave them in a shop in the Haymarket, and bids me say I'm from the Prince, and that then they'll give me any sum of money that I ask for them. And sure enough I've gotten pounds this way, when the trinkets were not worth a white shilling."

"Is that all you've got to complain of, John?"

"Dear bless me, no, your Grace. They keep such late hours here as to turn the night into morning; and fats mair than a' that, it was only last night that the Prince came hame at three o'clock in the morning with twa uncommonly braw* leddies, one on each arm, and baith with faces as red 's a harvest-moon."

"Well, John," said the Duke; "I see you are quite out of your element here. I think we must send you back to Scotland, and see to make some provision for you there."

"Oh! will your Grace be so good," shouted

* Elegantly dressed.

John, half ecstatic at the thought of returning to his own moral and religious country. "If ye do, I'll bless your Grace as lang's I'm able to speak a word or think a thought."

In a few days afterwards the Duke returned and informed John that he had mentioned his case to the King, and that his Majesty had agreed to settle a pension of fifty pounds a-year on him in his own country, as long as he lived.

The simple-minded honest-hearted man, literally shed tears of joy and gratitude on hearing the intelligence. He immediately returned to his own country, where he lived happily for many years, and died in the full faith and peace of the gospel.

Dr. Waugh's speeches at meetings of religious societies were often droll as well as ingenious, and their drollery was greatly heightened by the profusion of words pronounced in the broad Scotch, which he introduced into them. I remember hearing him, about twenty years ago, make a speech at a Bible Society Meeting held in Spa Fields Chapel, and at which Dr. Collyer presided; in which speech there was one

passage which struck me as very odd. He was reproaching Christians for not making greater exertions, with a view to the extension of their religion throughout the world, and then went on to say—"If Mahomet were alive and in London at this moment, I could fancy that he would waylay me some Sabbath-day when going to the kirk,* and giein me a slap in the face wi' his Alcoran, would say, 'Dr. Waugh, ye Christians ocht to be ashamed o' yoursells and your religion; for here am I, who am seven hundred years younger than the Founder o' your system, and here is my Alcoran seven hundred years younger than your New Testament, and yet our religion has made far greater progress in the world than yours has done. Fie, fie upon you Christians!'" The Doctor then went on to shew that the reproof of Mahomet would be quite just, and to argue from the fact the necessity of Christians making much greater exertions for the spread of the gospel, than they had yet made.

Dr. Waugh was exceedingly kind to, and was

* Church or chapel.

at all times accessible by young men studying for the ministry; and by them he was beloved to a degree amounting to a species of idolatry. When any one was about to be examined by ministers as to his progress in his studies at either of the Dissenting Theological Institutions in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, he was delighted beyond measure when he ascertained that Dr. Waugh was to be present. And well the students might, on such occasions, wish the presence of the Doctor; for he had in many instances interposed with effect on their behalf when treated with unnecessary roughness by others. No man, perhaps, was more rigid and severe, I should indeed say positively cruel, in his examination of the students of divinity, than the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. On one occasion, four or five years before Dr. Waugh's death, he had badgered and browbeaten a young man to such a degree, that he was scarcely able to answer the plainest question. "Man," said Mr. Wilks, "you'll never be fit for the ministry. You seem to know nothing at all. Can you tell the difference between

Moses and me.” “Hoot, toot, Mr. Wilks,” interposed Dr. Waugh, unable any longer to remain a silent spectator of such harsh treatment; “Hoot, toot, Mr. Wilks, ye should na’ put such a question as that to the lad; but if ye like, I’ll tell ye the difference between Moses and you: Moses was the *meekest* of men.”

The answer was felicitous in the highest degree; all present except Mr. Wilks enjoyed the witicism. Mr. Wilks put no further questions to the young man; and those which others put were answered in a very satisfactory manner.

Dr. Waugh had a quick perception of the intellectual as well as moral qualities of those with whom he came in contact; and he was, in most cases, correspondingly happy in conveying to others, in a few words, what his opinions in this respect were. Speaking to a friend of mine, of Rowland Hill’s fertile imagination, and in many respects original mind, he happily characterized that eccentric man as one who had an inexhaustible supply of gems at command, but was incapable of stringing

them together, or so arranging them as to produce their proper effect.

He was very partial, especially in the latter part of his life, to the use of scriptural phraseology, even when conversing on the ordinary concerns of the world; but never did his use on such occasions of the words of inspiration give rise to an irreverent idea; not even when if used by other ministers under the same circumstances, they would, in a greater or less measure, have produced that effect. The last instance of the kind communicated to me occurred a year or two before his death, and the circumstances under which it did take place, showed in a striking manner his own disinterestedness and kindness of heart to others.

One day while a friend of his, a professional gentleman recently arrived from Scotland, was with him in his study, several individuals connected with charitable societies called upon him, with the view of ascertaining in what form it would be most agreeable to his feelings to receive a small testimonial

of their respect for his character and of their sense of his services to those societies,—which it had been resolved upon by themselves and others like-minded with them, to present him with. His answer was to the effect, that he felt exceedingly obliged to them for their contemplated kindness, but that he was now too old to receive any such testimonials; “but,” he added, (patting the gentleman on the shoulders) “this is a young callant, a friend of mine that has just come up frae Scotland: I shall be greatly obliged if you can in any way forward his professional views. ‘Whatsoever you do unto him, you do unto me.’”

Dr. Waugh had a very commanding person. He was about six feet in height, and stoutly made. In later years his head was in a great measure bald: what hair remained had imparted to it the silvery hue so generally caused by advanced age. His face was full; his complexion fresh, for one of his great years; and his features were pleasing. His eye had the piercing clearness of the eagle’s, and always beamed with kindness. He died in 1828, in

the seventy-fourth year of his age, and the fiftieth of his ministry.

The REV. MATTHEW WILKS, minister of the Tabernacle in the City Road, and of Tottenham Court Road Chapel, was, for about half a century, one of the best-known preachers in London. He came to town in early life, and soon raised himself to that distinguished station among the religious portion of the community, which he ever afterwards maintained till the hour of his death. In glancing therefore at some of the great and good men whose lives were chiefly spent in preaching the gospel of Christ in London, it were an unpardonable oversight did I omit to give some notice of such a man as Matthew Wilks. There were various traits of minor interest in his character which I must pass over; contenting myself with a reference to a few of the more prominent and important ones; and even to them, I must not advert at any length.

Mr. Wilks had the reputation of being a singularly shrewd man in perceiving the real charac-

ter of individuals, as well as one whose judgment might be more relied on in matters of a secular nature than that perhaps of any of his contemporary brethren in the ministry. It has been mentioned in private by those friends who had an opportunity of knowing something on the subject, that the result of the credit he had obtained for possessing an unusually sound judgment, was his being consulted, in the course of his long ministerial career, in the making of a greater number of wills, and his being appointed one of the executors of such wills, than any other man of his day. A great many cases consist with my own knowledge, derived from private sources of information, in which he was consulted by Dissenting ministers in circumstances of difficulty, in preference to any other person they knew; and, so far as my knowledge, derived from these peculiar sources of information extends, the advice he gave was in almost every instance, as the result proved, the wisest and best that could have been tendered to the parties soliciting it. I could name, but for obvious reasons I forbear to

do so, some cases in which, through his judicious counsel and friendly interposition, ministers of the gospel (some of them still living, and among the most popular preachers of the day) were enabled triumphantly to vindicate their character when unjustly and artfully assailed in a vital part; and who but for that advice and interposition must assuredly have fallen victims to the combined ingenuity and malevolence of their enemies.

Of his shrewdness in detecting hypocrisy and discerning the true points of one's character, innumerable instances are recorded in private circles. As their name is legion, I will not particularise any of them; but will, on the contrary, mention one instance in which his wonted shrewdness failed him, and he became the easy dupe of an ingenious swindler. The party in this case having ascertained that a certain old rich gentleman, lately returned from abroad, had become one of Mr. Wilks' hearers, and was sufficiently known to him by name, though Mr. Wilks was unacquainted with his hand-writing, — drew out, one

morning, a cheque for one hundred pounds, in the name of the gentleman, on a bank in which the latter had no money ; and putting on the clothes of a footman, he called on Mr. Wilks and handed him the cheque, which was enclosed in a sheet of paper, intimating the wish of the donor, that it should be given to the funds of a religious society in whose affairs Mr. Wilks felt the deepest interest. The reverend gentleman, who had a curious drawling way of forcing the words out of his mouth, owing to his keeping it in a great measure compressed while he spoke, remarked as he inspected the cheque—"This—is—a—very—handsome—donation—my—man. I'll—write—and—thank—Mr. R——— for—it." "Very good, Sir," said the rogue, with the flippant politeness of the class of persons to whom he wished for the time to be understood as belonging—"Very good, Sir," and he made a lacquey's bow, and quitted the room. In the course of five minutes afterwards he returned in breathless haste, saying he had entirely forgot that his master had particularly

desired him to pay an account of ten pounds to a tradesman in the neighbourhood, and that as he had not the requisite amount with him, and the residence of his master was two miles distant, he would feel particularly obliged, and so would his master, if Mr. Wilks would give him ten pounds out of the hundred for which he had got the cheque; assuring Mr. Wilks that the moment he went home, the ten pounds would be returned to him in a two-penny letter. Mr. Wilks at once handed him the ten pounds, and the fellow quitted the apartment, renewing his protestations as he reached the door, that in a few hours the money would be returned to Mr. Wilks. He had scarcely got to the street, when the idea flashed across the mind of the reverend gentleman, that he had possibly been duped. He mused for a moment, and then felt assured of the fact. Striking the palm of his hand on his knee, so as to suit the action to the word, he exclaimed in his own peculiar way, "I'm—done; I'm—done; I'm—done." The loss of his money he regarded as nothing; but he

never could forgive himself for being so easily duped by a lacquey-looking rogue.

Mr. Wilks' influence over his congregations was perhaps greater than that of any other minister over his flock, that could be named. They regarded him with mingled feelings of the deepest respect and the warmest affection. He was their "dear friend," as well as "beloved pastor." No one will be surprised, therefore, especially when I add that their confidence in his judgment was unbounded, on being informed that his will was, in almost every instance, a law to them. Large as were his congregations both in the City Road and Tottenham Court Road, and unwieldy as they were in many respects, Mr. Wilks preserved the greatest union and harmony among them during the long period he was their pastor. The differences and dissensions which have taken place among them since his death, are unhappily too well known, not only to the religious portion of the metropolitan community, but to the public generally.

But it was not merely as regarded the externals

of church government, that Mr. Wilks exercised a powerful influence over the minds of his people. He was eminently successful in the conversion of sinners, and in the edification of the saints of God. His influence as a preacher of the truths of the gospel, was in these respects singularly great, as hundreds who are still alive are ready to testify. His preaching was eminently calculated to be useful: he constantly aimed at awakening the conscience and reaching the heart. His views of truth were sound and clear, and feelingly though sometimes roughly expressed. His matter was spiritual, solemn, and searching. His illustrations were often homely, but his character was so highly esteemed by all who knew him, whether as a man or as a Christian, that what would not have been tolerated in others, either occasioned not a thought, or was overlooked, when coming from him.

Mr. Wilks had a most intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart. Few men have proved more successful in tracing its various windings, or in exposing the fallacies in which the saint as well as the sinner is in the

habit of entrenching himself. With thousands it was matter of surprise, how the reverend gentleman was so successful in holding the mirror up to the minds of all classes and descriptions of his hearers. To me, the thing is of easy explanation. He had most carefully studied the workings of his own mind: he had most attentively watched the operations of his own heart in every variety of circumstances in which he found himself placed; and understanding the philosophy of human nature sufficiently well to know, that it is essentially the same in one man as in another, except where grace has made the difference, he inferred from his own experience in his unconverted as well converted state, what passed in the hearts of others.

Mr. Wilks carefully prepared himself by previous study for his pulpit ministrations. His preparation, however, was chiefly confined to the matter and arrangement of his discourses. He always regarded mere style as a thing unworthy of thought in one who was called to preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Hence, his diction had nothing of polish in it. He

not only did not deal in rounded periods or euphoniously constructed sentences, but he never felt a desire to be considered eloquent, in the sense in which the world usually understand the term. He was, however, eloquent as regarded the impression his preaching made and the effects it produced. His diction was plain, but not slovenly. It was always clear from its very plainness. Much of his preaching was of a colloquial kind: he often spoke from the pulpit to the two thousand people who attended his ministry at each of his chapels, just as if he had been sitting in his own easy chair in his study, and conversing with a private friend. He scarcely ever delivered a sermon, in the course of which he did not say something pointed; something that would make an impression on the mind likely to be retained. He was exceedingly partial to the use of short quotations from our most popular hymns, in illustrating his positions. And at the conclusion of his discourses, instead of desiring the congregation, as is usually done in the chapels in London, to sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings

flow," or some other lines of a doxological character, he always gave out four, five, or six verses—now and then as many as eight—of one of the ordinary hymns, suitable to the sermon; the same as at the commencement of the services.

Mr. Wilks was remarkable for his disinterestedness. In no action of his life, during the half century he presided over the congregations in Tottenham Court Road and the City Road, was he known to have his own personal interests in view. Even though he procured an increase of salary for his colleagues in office, not only would he not solicit, but he would not accept, any addition to his own. And what is more, though his salary never exceeded two hundred per annum, upwards of one hundred of it were regularly given away in charity.

His goodness of heart, no one who knew him ever questioned. A more truly kind-hearted man was not to be met with. Yet, singular as it may appear, with all his kindness of disposition, he often conducted himself in the roughest and even rudest manner

which it were possible to conceive. The law of kindness was, indeed, in his heart; but there was not the slightest trace of it on his lips. It was the remark of all who ever had any intercourse with him, that a kinder heart and harsher manner were never exhibited in the same person.

He was a most diligent reader of the Bible. In a brief memoir of him, written by the late Rev. Mr. Sharp, of Crown Street Chapel, Soho, it is stated, that he read it fairly through four times every year, and that on one occasion he read it through in the almost incredibly short space of thirty days!

His texts were often of a most curious kind, and such as none but himself would have thought of choosing. When about to preach the annual sermon in Surrey Chapel, in 1812, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, he gave out, to the astonishment of all present, the following verse from Jeremiah — “The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes for the queen of heaven, and to

drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger." And yet the Evangelical Magazine of that day, represented the sermon as the most ingenious and most effective ever preached before the institution whose cause he advocated. In 1824, Mr. Wilks preached to a crowded audience at Bristol, a most impressive sermon, from the single word, "Afterwards."

To learn that any of his people, whether members of the church or hearers only, acted inconsistently with the Christian character, was, on all occasions, the source of the deepest sorrow to him. When such information reached him, he often made use of it in his pulpit ministrations, but without, of course, making such pointed reference to the individual, as that the congregation could discover who the party was to whom he referred. An instance of this kind occurred, on one occasion, under circumstances which would cause a smile, were it not too affecting to think that any regular attendant on an evangelical ministry, should speak or act inconsistently with the Christian

character. As he was one day passing along one of the streets in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, he saw two women, in the humbler ranks of life, carrying on a most animated war of words with each other; and so equally were they matched, that it would have been difficult for those most versed in such matters, to say which of the belligerents was the most skilful and effective in wielding the weapon of singularly coarse abuse. Mr. Wilks interposed, and by dint of remonstrance and the threat of calling the police, eventually succeeded in inducing one of the "vituperative" parties to quit the scene of conflict. "Now, my good woman," said Mr. Wilks, to the remaining militant, "are you not ashamed of yourself in having made such a disgraceful exhibition?"

"It was the other woman who was the cause of it all," was the answer; the party wishing to shift the blame from herself to her antagonist.

"But *you* ought not to have followed so bad an example."

"Hooman natur, Sir, could not stand yon woman's tongue," observed the quondam war-

rior, still attempting to justify or at least to extenuate her conduct.

“But religion ought to have taught you better,” suggested Mr. Wilks. “May I ask,” he added, “what religion you are of?”

“The religion of the Tabernacle, Sir. I am a regular hearer of Mr. Matthew Wilks; and a very excellent preacher he is, Sir.”

It were easier to imagine than describe what were Mr. Wilks' feelings on ascertaining that one of the parties to the unseemly exhibition he had witnessed, was one of his own stated hearers. The woman never having seen the reverend gentleman, except in his gown and with his bands, and even then only at a distance of nearly the whole length of a large chapel, did not recognize him in his ordinary clothes. Mr. Wilks, in the excess of his grief and mortification at the discovery, alluded to the circumstance in his sermon on the following Sabbath day, and fixing his eye on that part of the chapel where the free sittings were, and where there was always a great number of women in the same rank of life as she who had

described herself as his "regular hearer," he assumed that the majority, if not the whole of that portion of his audience were as bad as she, and then read them one of the most severe lectures ever delivered, on the flippancy, the coarseness, and the venom of woman's tongue, when unrestrained by religion.

Mr. Wilks was fearless and straight-forward in the expression of his opinions on all subjects and on all occasions. He never hesitated to rebuke to their face his brother ministers, when he thought there was any thing inconsistent in their conduct. Sometimes this caused unpleasant feelings towards him on the part of the persons so rebuked. In various instances his reproofs were resented, and his right to administer them openly questioned. But the only person, so far as my knowledge goes, that ever fairly put Mr. Wilks down, when he was acting the part of a censor of other men's conduct, was the Rev. Robert Hall. Mr. Wilks, one day, in the presence of several ministers and other religious men, addressed Mr. Hall, as follows, immediately after

the latter had been indulging in those sarcasms, jokes, and ill-natured remarks at the expense of other men, to which he was so much in the habit of giving utterance:—"Mr. Hall, we all admit you are a great man; some of us think you are a good man; but I must plainly tell you, that there are many persons who doubt your Christianity altogether."

"Why so, Sir?" inquired Mr. Hall, in his usual impatient and abrupt manner. "Why so, Sir? Why should any man doubt *my* Christianity any more than *your* Christianity, Sir?"

"Because, Mr. Hall," replied Mr. Wilks, "you are so much in the habit of making acrimonious remarks and sporting jokes, at other people's expense."

"Well, Sir," returned Mr. Hall, "and what if I sometimes do? The only difference, Sir, between you and me, is, that I speak my nonsense in the *parlour* and you speak yours in the *pulpit*."

Mr. Wilks, strong as were his nerves, was completely put down, as the phrase is, by the

combined wit and severity of the remark. He was heard afterwards to say, that he would never again take upon himself the office of rebuking Mr. Hall for any improprieties of speech of which he might be guilty in his presence.

Mr. Wilks' remarks in conversation were often exceedingly laconic, though pregnant with meaning. The same may be said of many of his letters to private friends. In other instances, they were unintelligible as well as laconic, until circumstances afforded a clue to their meaning. Believing that a certain middle-aged lady of his acquaintance, who, in addition to superior talents and decided piety, had the attraction of a considerable fortune, would make a suitable wife to a minister for whom he entertained a warm friendship, he suggested to his reverend friend the propriety of having a matrimonial eye in that particular quarter; adding that he would write a letter to the lady, of which he could make him the bearer, and by that means give him an introduction to her. The other said, smilingly, not dreaming

that anything serious would be the result, that he would be happy to see the lady. Mr. Wilks then took up his pen, and wrote to the lady, what the other knew must be a very laconic epistle, though he had not the slightest conception of what were its contents. He proceeded to the residence of the lady—she had a house of her own—and delivered the letter. She had no sooner opened it, which she did in the minister's presence, than she coloured most deeply, and appeared quite overcome with confusion. He was no less astonished and embarrassed, thinking there might be something ridiculous about himself in it. After the lapse of some quarter of a minute, the lady so far recovered her self-possession as to hand the letter to the Rev. Mr. A——, remarking, that she really had not the slightest idea of what Mr. Wilks meant by one portion of it, and begging him to throw some light on it, if it were not also beyond his comprehension. The minister, to his unspeakable surprise mingled with confusion, read as follows:—
“ My dear Madam,—Allow me to introduce

to you my worthy friend, the Rev. Mr.
A——.

' If you're a cat
You'll smell a rat !' *

“ Yours truly,
“ MATT. WILKS.”

The reverend gentleman protested that the metrical part of the epistle was quite as much beyond the limits of his poor comprehension, as it was above the understanding of her to whom it was addressed. No matter ; it answered the purpose of the writer. The parties, after giving up the poetical or rather, if there be such a word, the *doggrelical* part of the letter, as an insoluble enigma, very naturally made a transition to the eccentricities of Mr. Wilks, and afterwards from one topic of conversation to another, until they became pleased with each other's company. The lady at parting assured the reverend gentleman, that she would be most happy to have the pleasure of a visit from him at any time that suited his convenience ; while

* The meaning was, that if the lady had sufficient shrewdness, she would see that the bearer would make a suitable husband.

he, on his part, declared that nothing could afford him greater pleasure than calling again at his first leisure hour. The "leisure hour" soon arrived. In the lapse of a few days he ventured to visit the lady without any letter from Mr. Wilks or from any body else; and in the lapse of a few months more, they were husband and wife.

I know of no work from the pen of Mr. Wilks which has appeared from the press. The late Rev. Mr. Sharp, as before stated, has published a small volume, under the title of "Remains of the Rev. Matthew Wilks," in which there are the skeletons of thirty or forty sermons which Mr. Wilks delivered to his people, from notes taken by one of his hearers; but they are too brief to afford any idea of his discourses when delivered at length.

Mr. Wilks occasionally wrote sacred hymns. In Mr. Sharp's "Remains" of the reverend gentleman, twenty of these are given. They discover no poetic taste, nor have they any thing else but their piety to recommend them. The following is one of the shortest; it is, perhaps,

also one of the best. It is founded on the sentence in Jeremiah, which says, "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."

"Deep are thy councils, mighty God,
Too deep for us to trace;
Most high and glorious is thy throne,
In justice, truth and grace.

"Thou dost not waver like ourselves,
Who are of mortal frame;
For ever thou dost live and reign,
Unchangeably the same.

"With stedfast confidence will we,
Unto thy throne apply;
For thou wilt not unfaithful be,
Or our requests deny."

Mr. Wilks's personal appearance was at all times commanding; in the latter years of his life, it was venerable. His countenance had a grave expression, but nothing of that harshness which any one unacquainted with him, would, from his words, have been led to regard as one of the attributes of his character. His face, though of the oval conformation, was full, and had fewer wrinkles than might be expected, in one who had attained the advanced age of seventy. He

had a double chin, which was more apparent from the circumstance of his not wearing a collar to his shirt. His brown wig contributed in some degree to make him look younger than he really was. His eyes were dark, and retained their lustre and quickness to the last. He had a high, well developed forehead, and looked altogether better than persons of his advanced age usually do. He died in 1829. The estimation in which he was held, was best shewn by the fact, that upwards of ten thousand persons accompanied his remains to the place of their interment in Bunhill Fields. Mr. John Wilks, so many years the member for Boston, is one of Mr. Matthew Wilks' sons.

The Rev. WILLIAM HOWELS, of Long Acre Episcopal Chapel, was a minister of the gospel whose memory will be cherished with the deepest affection by all who knew him, to the latest moment of their existence. Seldom has an instance occurred of an equally devoted attachment on the part of a congregation to their pastor, as that which Mr. Howels' people

cherished towards him. When he closed his earthly career, his hearers felt and sorrowed as if they had individually lost a near relative. He was not only a remarkably faithful minister of the gospel, but a singularly pious man, both in his closet and in all the relations of life. There were a spirituality in his sermons and a heavenly-mindedness in his private thoughts and public conversation, which are not often to be met with even among those most distinguished for their attainments in the divine life. Unable to restrain the holy breathings and aspirations of his soul, he was in the habit of so far transgressing the requirements of the Church, as to discard the set form of prayers which she has prescribed to be used before and after the sermon, and to substitute for them his own extemporaneous addresses to a throne of grace. His prayers in public were generally short, but they were pervaded by a spirit of fervent piety, and were, at the same time, unusually comprehensive. A little volume of Mr. Howels' prayers has been published, and has been largely circulated among pious people.

It is full of spiritual breathings: it abounds with devotional gems of inestimable value.

As a preacher, Mr. Howels had several very striking qualities about him. There was an earnestness in his manner which arrested the attention of his hearers, and made it in some measure impossible for even their thoughts to wander for many moments at a time, and which kept their eyes constantly fixed on him. I wish, in saying this, to be understood as speaking of Mr. Howels' usual manner. Like every other preacher of the gospel, but more especially those preachers who, like him, address their congregations extemporaneously, he had his moments of comparative languor and depression. These, however, were of but rare occurrence. When he did on any occasion feel himself deficient in his wonted earnestness; when, in other words, he felt his heart less cordially engaged in the work of preaching than usual, it pained his mind to a degree of which none but himself could form any conception. On one such occasion he actually brought his sermon to an abrupt con-

clusion, when not much more than half through it; not because he wanted matter or words, but because he did not feel himself at the time in a right frame of mind for preaching. His heart was not exercised as he could wish, neither did he think there was sufficient spirituality in his discourse. He mentioned this to his people before sitting down, adding that he thought it much better not to speak at all than to preach without a proper savour of godliness. In some of his more happy moments there were an unction in his matter, and a fervour and fluency in his manner, which looked like inspiration itself. I have met with some of those who were members in his church, who speak in terms approaching to rapture of the burning fervour and almost angelic spirituality, which characterised many of his addresses to his people. His style of preaching was searching and experimental. His great aim always was to reach the consciences of his hearers; and in this few ministers, it is believed, have been more successful. He was a rigid Calvinist; but he took

particular care never to lose sight of the doctrine of man's accountability.

Mr. Howels was not only deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility which attaches to those who undertake the arduous task of ministering in spiritual things, but he entertained a lively and habitual conviction of the dignity and authority of the clerical office. Hence he usually spoke as one who felt that he had a claim, on account of his Master and of the message which he was charged to deliver, to be heard and listened to. Any one could have read, from the expression of his countenance and the manner of his delivery, that he felt that his hearers were bound to yield him their attention, and that if they rejected the message he delivered, it would be at their peril. Strangers would have been in danger of attributing his appearance and manner, when these feelings were operating in his mind with their accustomed force, to a sort of haughtiness or sternness of disposition. Nothing could have been more wide of the

truth; for he was a man of great kindness of heart, and of very agreeable demeanour.

His matter was not only remarkable for the spirituality which pervaded it, but many of his ideas were exceedingly striking; occasionally they were even brilliant. He often gave utterance to things which possessed such point and beauty, as to render it impossible for those to whom they were addressed ever afterwards to forget them.

Let me give two or three detached sentences as specimens. "The Christian," says he, "has much more to contend with than Wellington had when he fought with the enemies of Europe's peace. The Christian has to fight against the world, the devil and the flesh. He must either contend with these enemies or yield to them. In the latter case he becomes a slave for life to the hardest of taskmasters, and, what is worse, eternity only adds to his torment. In the former case, though he be weaker than the worms which crawl around him, yet God, who is faithful, hath promised and assured him of victory, if he will but enter the conflict."

Again—"It will be the glory of Christ to be crowned with his church. He has a throne, a sceptre, and a crown in every particle of dust, and every created atom adds to his glory. To be crowned in his church is, however, his greatest glory: all other is eclipsed by this." Here is another passage—"There is one melting point I would wish continually to dwell upon, and may it break your hearts for ever; that is, the unspeakable love of God in the gift of his Son,—love which angels never knew, nor shall ever know; which none can know, except those who were born in the depths of iniquity, and were drawn as it were out of the fire, by that love. Let your hearts dwell on this love, and not on sin only. Dwelling always on sin will harden the heart; or, if you cannot but dwell on sin, dwell equally on the love of Christ; love sufficient for us all,—sufficient for a whole world if they would come to him. Nay, I would go farther, and say, that though all the stars and planets which revolve in yonder sky, were inhabited with sinners like ourselves, the love of Jesus would be more than

sufficient to pardon all their sins, and reconcile them all to God." Once more—"Infidels at the present day tell us there is no hell. Why, there is a hell on earth; faint emblem of the hell beyond the tomb. Wherever sin is, there is hell. Ask those who wear a smile on their faces: those worldlings who labour to exhibit a joyful countenance: ask them what is in their bosoms: ask them how many conflicts they endure every day. It costs them more trouble to go to hell, than it costs others to go to heaven. They purchase an abiding-place in hell for more than those who are snatched from its flames have ever to pay for the glories of heaven. In fact, *they purchase a hell hereafter by a hell here: they purchase a dwelling-place in hell, by the hell which dwells in their own bosoms.*"

Mr. Howels was blunt and straight-forward in his manners. He disdained to be bound by the conventional usages of society, either as a man or as a minister of the gospel. Some amusing and characteristic anecdotes arising out of this feeling have been communicated to me. He never married; and during a very

considerable portion of his life, he lodged with an old Welsh woman,—he himself was a Welshman,—on the first floor of a house in Water Lane, Fleet Street; a place which none but Mr. Howels, or such a man as he, would ever have dreamed of singling out as his home. With this old woman he regularly took his meals; both sitting down together in a little apartment, which answered the double purposes of a kitchen and sitting-room. Here he was often visited by some of the aristocracy who were partial to his preaching, and appreciated his private worth. On several occasions, Lord Roden and another nobleman, whose name at this moment escapes my recollection, anxious to have a lengthened conversation with him on religious subjects, without the interruptions which would have occurred, or the restraint that would necessarily have been imposed on them, had they invited him to either of their own houses,—visited him at his lodgings in Water Lane, and partook of his homely dinner. And on every such occasion, he insisted, to the great embarrassment of his antiquated Welsh land-

lady, that she should sit down at the table with the two noblemen ; assigning to them as the reason why he wished her to be at the table when they or any body else dined with him, that she always took her dinner and every other meal with him, when he and she were by themselves. Eventually, Mr. Howels' landlady became so infirm, as well as aged, that she felt she could not attend upon him in the way she wished, and therefore she one day begged of him from a regard to his own comfort, to seek out other lodgings where some more active person might wait upon him. He would not listen to the suggestion ; but expressed, and afterwards acted on it, his determination to continue the lodger of the old woman until either he or she should be removed by death.

A person who was present has mentioned to me another anecdote illustrative of the unsophisticated character of Mr. Howels' mind, and of his disregard of the conventional customs of society. Two or three years before his death, he was one day passing the bottom of Watling Street, when he saw a middle-aged man drag-

ging after him a heavily-laden truck. The poor man was so exhausted by the weight of the load, added to the distance he had dragged it, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could move the vehicle an inch. Sometimes, indeed, he stopped altogether from sheer physical inability to proceed. The difficulty of his task was, I should observe, further aggravated by his having to go along a street which had a marked acclivity in it. I ought also to mention, that the rain was descending at the time in a very heavy shower. Mr. Howels, after gazing for a few moments at the ineffectual efforts of the poor man to move on with his burden, ejaculated to himself, yet loud enough to be heard by the party to whom I am indebted for the anecdote.—“ Oh, sin ! thou art an evil and a bitter thing. Here is one of thy fruits— ‘ Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.’ ” And so saying, he hastily advanced to the exhausted man, and, taking hold of the truck, pulled in conjunction with the other, with all his might and this too amidst torrents of rain, until the vehicle with its load, was

dragged to within a few yards of St. Paul's Church-yard, which was the place of its destination.

As a minister of the gospel, Mr. Howels equally disregarded conventional usages. He always spoke his mind in the plainest terms which the English language could supply, regardless alike of the smiles and frowns of those who heard him, or of other persons who might be interested in what he said. I shall only mention one instance of this, out of hundreds that might be given. A few years before his death, one of our present dignitaries of the church, who is now, as he then was, a thorough Socinian, was appointed to the bishopric which he still holds. The Sabbath after the appointment had become publicly known, Mr. Howels, at the close of the morning sermon, said, addressing his people, "My dear brethren, these are times in which it behoves every honest man, and especially every faithful minister of the gospel, to speak his mind. You* have all heard the name of the individual who has been appointed to the vacant See of —. My

friends," and here Mr. Howels spoke with an emphasis and warmth of feeling, of which no idea can be given on paper ; "my friends, God has given us excellent Articles and a beautiful Liturgy, *but the Devil has got the appointment of our Bishops.*"

Mr. Howels' mind was almost constantly occupied with religious subjects. Even in the streets he often lost himself in a sort of reverie, while meditating on divine things. On repeated occasions he was so entirely absorbed with the ideas which were passing through his mind, as to become in some measure insensible to external objects. About four or five years before his death, he engaged to walk the length of Hampstead with a popular Dissenting minister who is still alive, to whom he was very strongly attached. They had scarcely set out on their journey when Mr. Howels fell into one of his reveries. For about three miles of the way, his friend could not get a single word of conversation with him ; not even an answer to any question he put to him. At last the other left him entirely to his own meditations. When

they had proceeded about the distance I have mentioned, a dog, carrying a large walking-stick, chanced to cross the road. The little incident happened, though there was nothing particularly odd in it, to strike Mr. Howels' fancy. He clapped his hands, and laughing heartily, exclaimed,—“That's capital! that's capital! it beats every thing.” He then broke off from his reverie, and entering into conversation with his friend, they proceeded very pleasantly together the rest of their journey.

Mr. Howels was remarkable for the unworldliness of his disposition. He cared not for money: all he sought to obtain by his preaching, of this world's goods, were the bare necessities of life. His indifference to money was carried to excess. It caused him to neglect the financial affairs of the chapel, and eventually led to a party connected with it, making an improper use of a certain amount of funds. Had he exercised ordinary prudence in looking after the pecuniary affairs of his place of worship, he would have had more money at his disposal for religious and charitable purposes.

Though from the number, wealth, and great liberality of his congregation, he might have derived from his chapel little short of five hundred pounds a-year, I am certain I am within the mark, when I say that the annual income he received from it did not exceed one hundred and fifty pounds.

Mr. Howels preached for some years in the metropolis before he attracted much attention. He had been accustomed to preach in the Welsh language before his settlement in London, and consequently found it very difficult, for some time, to express his sentiments in English. His voice, too, was not in his favour; it was harsh and husky, and was greatly aggravated by a strong provincial accent and a bad enunciation. The latter was, in some measure, caused by a defect in his mouth. There were some letters which he could not sound at all. One of these was the letter "i," which he always converted to an "a." Hence such a word as eternity, was always pronounced by him eternaty. It was only those, therefore, who were capable of perceiving the beauties of

his matter, though dressed up in so very unattractive a garb, that could sit with any pleasure under his ministrations. It may be truly said of him, that no one ever thought very highly of his preaching on hearing only one of his discourses; but that no pious person who perfectly understood the evangelical scheme, could hear him four or five times without being struck with his abilities as a minister of the gospel.

Mr. Howels was useful in many instances, some of which have been mentioned to me, in bringing the minds of ministers of the gospel back to the paths of truth, from which they had wandered. His own notions of the evangelical scheme were at all times remarkably clear, and he possessed a great aptitude in pointing out, and triumphantly refuting, the errors into which pious preachers of the gospel, with whom he was personally acquainted, had fallen. He occasionally referred to cases of this kind in his own quaint homely way. Speaking of one whom he conceived to have, for years, entertained erroneous views on one of the leading doctrines of the gospel, but who had been led,

partly through his instrumentality, to re-embrace his first opinions on the subject, Mr. Howels was sometimes known to say—"Ah! poor Jack has been a great wanderer in his time, but we have got him back at last to the right path." I know one minister, who is still alive, whose views underwent some change respecting the perfect co-equality of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and with whom Mr. Howels had many an anxious discussion in private on the subject, in the hope of bringing him back to the creed which he had abjured. Eventually the reverend gentleman to whom I allude was led to re-adopt his former sentiments respecting the Trinity, and became, and now is, one of the ablest and most zealous supporters of the very article of faith which for several years he laboured to destroy. What influence Mr. Howels may have had in bringing about the latter change, I am not in a condition to say. I may, however, take this opportunity of mentioning, that the doctrine which was questioned, or rather denied, namely, the entire and eternal equality of the three Persons in the

Trinity, was one to which he assigned a peculiar prominence in his public ministrations. But let me also remark, as the fact may prove a useful hint to other evangelical ministers who may have erred, or may be now erring in the matter, that Mr. Howels, while dwelling on the proper Deity of the Son and the personal agency of the Holy Ghost, delighted to expatiate on the doctrine of Christ's humanity. He often said, and I think with much truth, that this doctrine is in a great measure kept in the back-ground by some of the most evangelical of our ministers; or that, at all events, it is not brought forward in that marked manner in which it ought to be. He dwelt on it with a sort of ecstasy, because he regarded it as one of the most blessed truths in the Bible, that Jesus, in virtue of his humanity, should entertain the most cordial sympathy for, and should have a perfect fellow-feeling with, his suffering people.

Mr. Howels was exceedingly attached to his congregation. It was with the greatest reluctance that he ever agreed to preach in any

other chapel than his own; and in very few cases was he ever prevailed on to do so. Neither could he be induced, except in very peculiar circumstances, to allow any other clergyman to occupy his pulpit. His people were ever uppermost in his thoughts; they were, in one sense, a part of his spiritual being. It can hardly be necessary to add, that his consequent influence over them was great. He was so well aware of this, that when he preached a sermon for any charitable purpose, instead of dwelling on the excellencies of the charity, or the claims it had on them as men and as Christians—a thing which he much disliked, as he conceived that pulpit discourses should almost, if not altogether, be exclusively confined to men's consciences in reference to their prospects for eternity—he would sometimes content himself with two or three sentences relative to the money part of the affair. These sentences were as ingenious as they were quaint and plainly spoken. "I have," he would say, "pledged my word to the secretary of the institution in favour of whose funds we are now about to make a collection, that

you would contribute the sum of sixty pounds :* do not make me a *liar*." I need not say that such an appeal, from such a man as William Howels, made to such a congregation as his, always proved as successful as if he had spent half an hour in urging on them the claims which the particular charity had on their support.

In connection with the homely, or rather harsh term, which I have given in italics, as having been employed by Mr. Howels on the occasions in question, I may mention, that he was in the habit of using other equally harsh epithets in reference to himself. Alluding to the treachery of his heart, or the operations of in-dwelling corruption, he would often say that he looked on "William Howels as the greatest scoundrel on the face of the earth." He was thus as singular in his expressions as he was eccentric in his conduct.

In private conversation he appeared to great disadvantage, except when the subject was one

* Or it might be fifty pounds, or forty pounds, according to circumstances.

which happened at the time to press much on his mind. In that case he would display such conversational powers as to render it quite a treat to listen to him. On other occasions he could scarcely utter a word, and often looked and acted as if labouring under some slight temporary aberration of mind. On one occasion two gentlemen of great piety and large wealth, after hearing him for several successive Sabbaths, were so struck with the vigour, the brilliancy, and spirituality of his mind, as to regard him as the greatest man they had ever met with. They were consequently exceedingly anxious to meet with him in private, not doubting but they would enjoy an intellectual as well as religious treat, surpassing anything they had before experienced. Through the instrumentality of a mutual friend, they succeeded in getting him to agree to meet them at dinner. The day and the hour arrived, and Mr. Howels was punctual to his appointment. But imagine the surprise and disappointment of the two gentlemen, when they found that during the three hours they sat at table, Mr.

Howels could not be induced to make a single remark, but contented himself with a simple "aye" or "no," to any question put to him with the view of inducing him to take part in the conversation. Their surprise was heightened at the circumstance of his amusing himself for nearly two out of the three hours by throwing a round ruler up in the air, and catching it in its descent.

For many years before his death, Mr. Howels suffered much from illness. This assisted in giving a sort of sternness to the expression of his countenance. Latterly his face, which was of the angular form, lost all its colour, and became slightly shrivelled. His nose was of the aquiline shape, and rather prominent. His eye retained its lustre to the last, and indicated great intelligence. There was a partial baldness in the fore part of his head, while the hair that remained was short and of a greyish colour. He was above the average height, and of a rather slender make. He died in 1832, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Some years before his death, Mr. Howels

made his will. The preamble of the document, with a sight of which I have been favoured, is characteristic of the man. It is this:—“In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three Persons but one God, I, William Howels, minister of Long Acre Episcopal chapel, in the county of Middlesex, being through infinite mercy in perfectly sound and disposing mind: knowing the certainty of death, and yet the uncertainty of the time I shall be called by it to my long-wished for home, do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following: that is to say, in the first place, in sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, I commit my body to the dust to be buried wherever my executor may deem proper; and knowing in whom I have believed, and being persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed unto him, in the fullest assurance of faith I commend my soul into the hands of the everlasting, altogether lovely, never-failing Jesus, in whose complete and everlasting righteousness I entirely depend for the justification of my

person, and acceptance of my poor performances at the day when he shall come in the glory of his holy angels, to judge both the quick and the dead."

The Rev. Mr. Melvill preached a funeral sermon in Long Acre Chapel, on the second Sunday after Mr. Howels' death. Speaking of Mr. Howels' intellectual energies, Mr. Melvill justly said, "He possessed a mind of uncommon power. While others were passing on slowly, step by step, he could leap at once to the conclusion. He brought out truth in such condensed and concentrated forms, that less powerful minds could not receive it till broke up and expanded. One of his paragraphs would have been another man's sermon. His ideas were great ideas, and when they struggled forth in their naked and unadorned grandeur, there was a nervousness in his speech, which vastly more than compensated the want of the beauties of a highly polished diction."

Mr. Howels published nothing, so far as I am aware; but several volumes of his sermons have appeared since his death, from notes taken

in short hand by some of his hearers. I believe the last volume of his sermons, which issued from the press, was one consisting of twenty discourses, published in 1835 or 1836, by Mr. Shaw, of Southampton Row.

The Rev. ROWLAND HILL, of Surrey Chapel, was for more than half a century one of the best-known ministers among the evangelical party, either in the Church, or belonging to any of the bodies of Dissenters. Nor was his fame, like that of so many other London preachers, confined to the metropolis. He was well-known and highly popular throughout the country. His reputation arose more from adventitious circumstances than from any popular qualities as a mere preacher. His being the son and brother of a baronet; his having practically left the Church and gone over to the Dissenters, while he still professed himself a member of the Establishment; the books, some of them so much out of the beaten track, both as regarded matter and manner, which he published,—but above all, the endless eccentrici-

cities which characterised his conduct, whether in the pulpit or out of it, were circumstances which all combined to attract towards Mr. Hill an amount of attention which his mere talents would never have secured.

As a preacher, I never thought highly of the reverend gentleman. His matter, though generally sound and often brilliant, was in most cases crude and undigested. His temperament was of too ardent a nature, and his mind had too much of eccentricity in its constitution, to submit to be bound by what he considered the trammels of method. I believe he rarely knew when he ascended the pulpit what were to be the leading illustrations of his subject, which he should introduce in the course of the sermon. As for heads or divisions, his discourses were as often without these as with them. His text was in many instances lost sight of altogether, and he addressed his people on whatever topic happened to suggest itself to his mind. He never, I believe, preached a single sermon without introducing into it a greater or less number of oddities. These were sometimes

introduced in the way of illustration: at other times they had more the appearance of so many episodes. I am assured, though I cannot vouch for the fact, that on one occasion, observing his own wife come into the chapel after the sermon had commenced, he immediately attacked her, and ascribed the circumstance of her being so late to the fact of her having got a new bonnet and some other articles of dress on the previous evening; which she was anxious to display to the greatest advantage. It is certain that his oddities were so great, that nothing which can be ascribed to him can appear too ludicrous to be believed. So many of his eccentric sayings and doings have been before recorded that I forbear to relate many which have been communicated to me as original, lest they should, unknown to my informants, have previously found their way into print. I will, however, give ten or twelve anecdotes which I think may be depended on as being original.

His similes and illustrations in the course of his sermons, were often not only ludicrous in the highest degree, but they sometimes ap-

proached positive irreverence ; though of course the fact never struck his mind. I remember having heard him on one occasion, more than fifteen years ago, preach in Zion Chapel, Commercial Road, to a most crowded audience. He chose as his text the well known passage in the twelfth chapter of the Romans, " Wherefore, I beseech you, brethren, that ye present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." In the course of his sermon, he took occasion to refer to the ingratitude so generally cherished by man to his Maker ; when he went on to say, that even the canine creation ought to make men, aye, and even Christians, blush on this score. " For," he added, " every one of you knows that if you were only to give a dog a bone, the poor animal would testify his gratitude for the gift, worthless though it be, by afterwards putting his paws on your knees, shaking his tail, and looking you pleasingly in the face."

But the drollest illustration of Mr. Hill's, which has been communicated to me, was used by him when preaching about ten years ago,

in a village fifty or sixty miles distant from the metropolis. He had been pointing out the difference between the natural and renewed mind, as regards the observance of religious duties. The mere professor, he said, felt himself to be in an artificial and very uncomfortable state when engaged in the exercises of religion. The tendency of his mind was all the while towards the performance of actions that were sinful, and the moment he escaped from the restraints that circumstances imposed upon him, he would return to the world, and his wicked courses. "The mere professor," added Mr. Hill, "reminds me of a sow that I saw two hours ago luxuriating in her sty when almost over head and ears in the mire. Now, suppose any of you were to take Bess (the sow), and wash her; and suppose, after having dressed her in a silk gown, and put a smart cap on her head, you were to take her into any of your parlours, and were to set her down to tea in company, she might look very demure for a time, and might not even give a single grunt; but you would observe that she occasionally gave a sly

look towards the door; which showed that she felt herself in an uncomfortable position; and the moment she perceived that the door was open, she would give you another proof of the fact, by running out of the room as fast as she could. Follow the sow, with her silk gown and her fancy cap, and in a few seconds you will find that she has returned to her sty, and is again wallowing in the mire. Just so it is with the unrenewed man: sin is his element; and though he may be induced from a variety of motives, to put on at times a show of religion, you will easily perceive that he feels himself to be under unpleasant restraints, and that he will return again to his sins, whenever an opportunity of doing so, unknown to his acquaintances, presents itself to him."

Mr. Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him.

In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, "What's the matter there? The Devil seems to have got among you!" A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill, in reply, said, "No, Sir, it arnt the Devil as is a doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she's a very fat un, Sir, as don't seem likely to come to agin in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, is it," observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the *Devil's* too."

Mr. Hill was for a long time partial to hens, but his partiality for this species of poultry arose from his excessive fondness of eggs to his breakfast. Every one who has spent a winter in London, is aware of the difficulty of getting fresh eggs, at any price, in that season of the year. He felt this with peculiar force, and as breakfast without a couple of fresh eggs

would have been no breakfast to him, he sought to remedy the evil by keeping a number of hens himself. One Friday morning, the Rev. Dr. A——, a gentleman who is still a popular preacher among the Dissenters, breakfasted with Mr. Hill. The latter pressed his guest to take an egg. His request was at once complied with.

“Take another, Dr. A——.”

“I would rather not,” remarked the latter.

“O come, don’t say no—we’ve got plenty of them. Do you know that I have established an egg manufactory here?”

“An egg manufactory!” said the other, not exactly comprehending the import of the phrase.

“Ay, an egg manufactory. Don’t you know what that is?”

The other answered in the negative.

“Why, a rookery to be sure.”

“You don’t mean that?” remarked Dr. A——, smiling at the idea.

“Ah, but I do, though. When you have finished breakfast, I’ll take you down to see it.”

Here I should observe that there was an open space between Mr. Hill's house and the chapel, which was the seat, if I may use the expression, of the rookery. While examining the poultry, which, as may well be conceived, were duly admired by Dr. A——, one of the hens was so much disconcerted by the inspection as to make a hurried exit from the rookery altogether. In the course of two hours afterwards the usual Friday morning service commenced, and just as Mr. Hill was in the middle of his sermon, the identical hen which had so unceremoniously quitted the rest of her feathered friends some time before, suddenly made her appearance on one of the seats in the centre of the chapel, and at once attracted all eyes towards her, by an alarmingly loud and long continued "Tuck, tuck, tuck — tuckey-e-tuck, tuck," accompanied with a violent flapping of her wings. The fact was, that the hen had made a nest for herself under one of the seats, and having laid her egg, gave, according to the usages of her species, due intimation of the fact in the way to which I have referred.

Some one attempted to turn the feathered intruder out; but not liking a forcible ejection, she took to her wings, and from the centre of the area of the chapel flew, by one effort, to the front seat in the gallery, directly opposite Mr. Hill. Perched on this conspicuous spot, she renewed her "Tuck, tuck, tuck—tuckey-e-tuck, tuck," with more than her previous vehemence. Indeed, so great was the noise she caused, that the preacher's voice was in a manner drowned by it. He bore the annoyance with great good temper for some time, when, seeing there was no appearance of her henship speedily concluding her cackle, and that no one was attempting to rid him and the congregation of the nuisance, he stopped in his discourse, and said with some sharpness, "Will no one put out that hen." This appeal was responded to by five or six persons rising at once to eject the hen. With a good deal of difficulty, and after very considerably disturbing the congregation, they succeeded in their object, and the services went on as usual; but from that time Mr. Hill, though retaining all

his partiality for eggs, lost all his partiality for hens, and never afterwards, so far as I have heard, spoke to any one about his poultry.

Mr. Hill was in the habit of meeting extravagant opinions with ridicule instead of argument. The story respecting the Antinomian gentleman, who called on him for the purpose of convincing him, if possible, that the moral law is not binding on Christians as a rule of life, and who was requested to quit Mr. Hill's house, his man-servant being particularly desired, in showing the Antinomian down stairs, to keep a close eye upon him, lest with his loose theory of morals he should pick up something by the way;—this story may be known to some of my readers, as it has before appeared in at least one publication. I think, however, that Mr. Hill, in his anxiety to ridicule extravagant hypotheses, though often happy, as in the case just mentioned, sometimes verged on irreverence. At the time the views of the late Mr. Irving respecting the immediate second advent of Christ, and his personal reign on earth, were so fondly cherished by a consider-

able number of individuals, many of them of decided piety, and otherwise evincing a sound judgment on religious matters, a lady, who was thoroughly inoculated with the millennial extravagancies, waited one morning on Mr. Hill, with whom she was personally acquainted, in the hope she might bring him over to her peculiar views. The reverend gentleman listened with great attention and patience to an exposition of the sentiments of the lady, and to the arguments by which she sought to support them.

“So, ma’am,” said Mr. Hill, when his fair friend had concluded, “and you do believe that Christ will reign personally on earth?”

“I feel as much assured of it as I do of my own existence,” was the answer.

“And you expect he is to visit the earth for the purpose of residing on it, immediately?”

“We are in daily expectation of his advent,” replied the lady.

“And have you any idea as to what part of the world he will first make his appearance in?” inquired Mr. Hill.

“ We naturally expect he will first visit London, this being the place in which most of his disciples are waiting for his second coming.”

“ Very good. Perhaps, ma’am, you would be kind enough to inform me in what particular street in the metropolis he will take up his residence; as in that case I would take a house beforehand in the same street, in order that I may have the happiness of being as near to him as possible. There will be a great demand for houses in his immediate neighbourhood.”

The lady was confounded: she uttered not another word. Still I cannot help thinking that the ridicule made use of by the reverend gentleman exceeded the bounds of propriety.

Mr. Hill was often the creature of impulse. An idea struck his mind, and that moment, if practicable, it was carried into effect. On one occasion he and a distinguished metropolitan minister, now preaching in the city, were travelling together, and on coming through a small village, Mr. Hill said to him, “ John, I’ll preach here.” His friend endeavoured to

dissuade him from his purpose, by urging that in the first instance they were limited as to time, having to get back to London by a certain hour to fulfil their official engagements there, and in the second, that as it was not a Sabbath-day, and they were not expected to be in the place, he could not get a congregation to preach to. "We'll manage the first, and no fear of the last," observed Rowland Hill. "I'll have a good congregation before two hours have passed." He accordingly forthwith got the consent of the minister of the only Dissenting chapel in the place, to preach in the chapel, and then he sent round the bell-man with a notice that Mr. Hill, from London, was to preach. The name of Rowland Hill was enough. The chapel was filled in every part within a few minutes of the doors being opened. Mr. Hill ascended the pulpit, gave out a hymn, read a portion of the scriptures, prayed for some minutes, and having announced his text, proceeded with his sermon with great ease to himself and gratification to his audience, for about half-an-hour. Then he

suddenly paused, and seemed for some seconds to be lost in deep reflection. At last he exclaimed, without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, looking at his reverend friend who sat in the seat immediately below the pulpit,—“I say, John, all my ideas have disappeared; you must come up and finish the sermon.” Mr. ——, fearing that if he did not comply with Mr. Hill’s request, he would make a still more eccentric exhibition before the congregation, at once responded to his call, ascended the pulpit, and being accustomed to extemporaneous speaking, took up the subject where Mr. Hill had left it, and made a very respectable “finish” of the sermon.

This anecdote reminds me of another which has not been published, respecting Mr. Hill’s preaching in the provinces. Passing through a small town principally occupied by journeymen mechanics and apprentices, he intimated to the Dissenting minister of the place, his intention of preaching in his chapel in the course of an hour. The minister at once ex-

pressed his readiness to give Mr. Hill his chapel, but said he would have to preach to empty pews, as there was not only no time to give the villagers sufficient notice, but they could not, at the particular hour proposed, conveniently leave their employment, even though they were all duly apprised that he intended to preach. "Ah, we'll take the chance of that," said Mr. Hill. He accordingly sent the bell-man round the place, with an intimation that Mr. Rowland Hill, from London, was to preach at the Dissenting Meeting-house, at a particular hour, and that before leaving the pulpit, he would make a pair of shoes before the whole congregation. The droll intimation had the desired effect. Curiosity to see the shoes made in the pulpit, overcame all considerations of commerce and profit. The place was crowded. At the end of the service he said, "Now, my friends, I promised to make a pair of shoes before leaving the pulpit. It now becomes my duty to redeem my promise." And so saying, he bowed down, and taking in his hand a pair

of boots which he had brought with him for the purpose, he exhibited them to the congregation, saying, "You all see that this is a pair of boots." There was no audible reply, but every countenance seemed to answer in the affirmative. "Well, then," resumed Rowland Hill, pulling a pen-knife out of his pocket; and first cutting off the leg of the one and then of the other, about two inches above the soles, he exhibited his quondam boots to the gaze of the astonished congregation, exclaiming; "There, you see, I have my pair of shoes already!"

His odd ways of appealing to the pockets of people, when preaching charity discourses, are proverbial. Among Mr. Hill's last charity sermons was one which he preached, about two years before his death, in Dr. Collyer's chapel at Peckham; and on that occasion he continued for about twenty-five minutes in a strain of the deepest solemnity, and without giving utterance to a single expression which could call the risible faculties of his hearers into play; but, at the end of that time, he suddenly broke

out into his usual humorous manner, and continued for, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, to give utterance to a rapid succession of the most brilliant drolleries. When he concluded his discourse, he remarked, in tones of the deepest solemnity, that he had entered Dr. Collyer's pulpit that day with a firm resolution that he should "behave himself," and not say anything which should excite a smile; but he found that he was not able to adhere to his determination. After apologizing for what he called his want of good behaviour, he said he had just one word to say on the subject of the collection. "I am," he observed, "now far advanced in life.* This may be my last sermon; in the course of things, I cannot preach much longer. As therefore it is probable I will never again appeal to your pockets, I hope the collection will be a liberal one. Do not, I beseech you, turn your heads the other way when you are passing the plates at the door: it will be very *shabby* of you, if you do." The mingled pathos and oddity of the appeal had the

* He was then in his eighty-fifth year.

desired effect. The collection was a very liberal one. When Mr. Hill entered the vestry after the service was over, he recurred to the ludicrous things he had said in the pulpit, and remarked, that he had over and over again formed a resolution to abstain in future from the use of expressions which were calculated to create a laugh; "but," he added, "I find it's of no use. Though my very life depended upon it, I could not help myself." I mention this, partly because the latter remarks prove beyond all doubt, that Mr. Hill's eccentricities in the pulpit were not affected, but were quite natural to him.

In justice to the memory of so excellent a man as the Rev. Rowland Hill, let me here observe, that he never introduced any of his ludicrous illustrations with the view of exciting laughter amongst his audience. His was no spirit of levity. He felt the deepest reverence for everything sacred, as well as for the Being himself whom he served in the gospel. He was, I have reason to believe, often utterly unconscious that he was making use of any

thing ludicrous, until the smile he saw playing on the faces of his audience admonished him of the fact. If I am not greatly mistaken, those who knew him most intimately were not only the most forward to acquit him of all intention of saying anything in the pulpit which could cause a smile, but invariably bore testimony to the fact, that nothing was the source of greater grief to him, than to find that he had, in the course of his sermon, made use of any expressions which could have in the slightest degree disturbed the seriousness of mind and gravity of countenance, which so peculiarly become the house of God. I have been assured by one who heard him for years, that on one occasion two of his deacons called at his house for the purpose of apprizing him of the oddity of some of his remarks and illustrations, and mildly remonstrating with him on the impropriety of introducing anything into his discourses which was calculated to excite a smile. On proceeding up stairs to the door of his study, they heard the sound of his voice as if engaged in prayer. They paused and listened for a few

moments, when they had the happiness to hear him most bitterly lamenting before God, on his bended knees, the very habit of saying ludicrous things in the pulpit, for which they had come gently to rebuke him.

The *seeming* levity of spirit which Mr. Hill displayed in his remarks and illustrations, was equally conspicuous in his demeanour in the pulpit. While the congregation were engaged in singing the hymn, or part of the hymn given out immediately before the commencement of his sermon, his eye constantly wandered from one part of the chapel to the other. You would have fancied that that there was not a person present whose face he had not carefully inspected. This, I presume, must have been a habit of Mr. Hill's, without his being conscious of it himself.

He had the same eccentricities in private that he so largely displayed in public. The most laughable instance of his domestic oddities which has come to my knowledge is one which I shall presently relate. But before doing so, let me premise, that I once

saw a version of the same anecdote in a newspaper, though it was one which by no means could afford the reader any adequate idea of the thing itself. In the manner of relating it, therefore, the anecdote will be new. The late Rev. William Huntington, for so many years the celebrated apostle of Antinomianism, and who invariably appended to his name the letters "S. S." to indicate, not that he was a member of any society, or that the letters implied some personal honour, but that he was a *sinner saved*,—this Mr. Huntington had a decided aversion to all the evangelical ministers in London who did not go to his extreme length in what are called high doctrines. Towards Mr. Rowland Hill, his aversion was so strong as to amount to an antipathy which he could not repress or conceal. It may be that the reason of Mr. Huntington's unconquerable enmity to Mr. Hill was, that the latter was at the time one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of the London Dissenting ministers, and that consequently the other may have viewed him as a rival; or

it may be, that he smarted under the castigations which the minister of Surrey Chapel was in the practice of giving both himself and his creed.

Be the thing as it may, Mr. Rowland Hill was so inveterately disliked by the Antinomian preacher, that the latter, not satisfied with giving vent to his feelings on the subject from the pulpit, took occasion to make one of the most scurrilous attacks in one of his books, on the character and doctrines of Mr. Hill, that ever emanated from the press. The latter reverend gentleman read the abuse heaped upon him so unsparingly, without exhibiting any symptom of irritation. At last he tossed the volume down among the ashes below the grate, and rang the bell with a violence unheard of before in the house. The servant hurried up stairs with a celerity she had not manifested on any previous occasion, imagining that some accident or other had befallen her master. The same apprehension seized Mrs. Hill and the other persons in the house at the time, who heard the peals of the bell. It is unnecessary

to say, that the steps of the inmates were all directed towards the reverend gentleman's apartment. The servant who made her appearance first, was the only party he addressed on the occasion. "Have you got a fire in the kitchen, Sally?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Yes, Sir, a very good one," answered the latter, in tremulous accents, caused by the fright she had received.

"Well, then, take up that book," pointing to the volume by his coarse calumniator, lying beneath the grate: "take up that book, carry it down stairs, and throw it into the kitchen fire, and see that the last atom of it be consumed."

The servant was so confounded at the oddity of the command, that she hesitated a few seconds, looking all the while in amazement at the face of her master, before obeying it.

"Don't you hear me, Sally?"

"Yes, Sir," lisped out the other.

"Then why don't you at once do as you are bid?"

The servant stooped down, and was in the act of reaching her hand towards the book,

when Mr. Hill seizing her arm and forcing back her hand, said with his own peculiar voice and manner, "Stay, stay, Sally, you must not touch it with your hands; it would pollute you if you did."

The servant was still more amazed than before.

"Take the tongs to it, Sally," resumed Mr. Hill. "Carry it down stairs in the tongs, and then throw it into the kitchen fire."

The servant did as she was desired: Huntington's abuse of Rowland Hill and his Antinomian theology, were unceremoniously consigned to the fire; and beautiful and brilliant though transitory, was the conflagration which the volume made.

I will mention one more very characteristic anecdote of Mr. Hill, which was lately mentioned to me, and which is among those that have not appeared in print. Some time before his death he chanced to meet a number of ministers in the house of a friend in the country. Dr. Williams' work on the introduction of

moral evil into the world, having become the subject of conversation, one of the party touched with some animation and brilliancy on the kindred topic of the freedom of the will. His observations were either answered, or attempted to be answered; and eventually all present, with the exception of Mr. Hill, were over head and ears in the abstrusest metaphysics. There was, however, this difference between the disputants and the angels of Milton, that while the latter "found themselves in wandering mazes lost," each individual of the former, however unintelligible to the rest of the company, was either quite clear to himself or fancied himself to be so. I doubt not my readers will be prepared for the announcement, that the controversy ended just as it had begun, without any one bringing over his neighbour to his views, but all individually assured that their theory was the right one. Mr. Hill had all the while been alternately reading a book and looking out at a window which commanded a rather pleasant prospect. When the party had finished their discussion, one of them remarked

to Mr. Hill, that he had not expressed his opinion on the point in dispute. The remark was echoed and re-echoed by nearly all present, when at last one of them, who was a great stickler for the freedom of the will, asked him point blank his opinion on the subject. "Mr. R——," said Mr. Hill, turning himself to the gentleman in whose house the party were, "Mr. R——, I have been amused with a pig of yours which was running about on the green-sward below the window, while you were all immersed in metaphysics. Does your pig shave?"

Every one present looked at the other in utter amazement at the oddity of the question. Mr. R—— replied with a sort of a smile, "Shave, Mr. Hill! who ever heard of a pig shaving?"

"Then your pig does *not* shave, does she?" interrogated the eccentric old gentleman.

"No—certainly not," replied the other.

"And *why* does she not shave?" was Mr. Hill's next question.

This was confusion worse confounded. Mr.

R—— knew not what answer to return to the query, and accordingly hesitated as if thinking what he ought to say.

“Ah! you can't answer my question, I perceive,” observed Mr. Hill.

The continued silence of Mr. R——, as well as that of the company, was a virtual admission that the interrogatory was a poser.

“Then,” said Mr. Hill, after a moment's pause, still addressing himself to Mr. R——, “then I must answer it myself. Your pig does not sit up on her hind legs and shave like animals of the biped class, simply because she has not the *will*.”

It were impossible to describe the effect which this happy piece of ridicule of those who can dogmatize with so much self-complacency on matters which are utterly beyond their comprehension, had on all present. Every one felt more mortified than another, and each came to a resolution in his own mind, that if he ever again engaged in a dispute respecting the freedom of the will, it would not be in the presence of Rowland Hill.

Though a man of surpassing goodness of heart, and exceedingly kind to the poor, he often said and did things which had all the appearance of great harshness. I know one instance in which a respectable, though not a generally known minister in London, contemplated the publication of a volume of sermons; and being personally acquainted with Mr. Hill, and anxious to ascertain his opinion of the merits of the discourses, he sent the manuscript to him with that view. The latter had no sooner opened the package containing the manuscript sermons, than he closed it again, and returned it to the writer with the following brief but insulting note:—"Sir,—I return you your sermons. Do you think I have nothing else to do than to read your trash?"

The reverend gentleman was very aristocratic in many of his notions. He was no less so on many occasions, in his manners. A friend of mine belonging to one of the learned professions, mentions that he was sometimes received with great formality by Mr. Hill, when he had occasion to call at his house. He adds,

that every word Mr. Hill spoke, and every movement he made on these occasions, must have convinced the most superficial observer that his notions were quite aristocratic. His deportment was at all times, when mixing in good society, that of the perfect gentleman. To the female sex he was particularly polite. I could mention some marked instances of this kind which occurred within a few weeks of his death.

Mr. Rowland Hill's acts of charity and benevolence were great and manifold. For his kindness of heart towards his suffering brethren of mankind, he was indeed proverbial among all who knew him. Even in many of his charitable deeds, the eccentricity of his mind often shewed itself in a remarkable manner.

I shall only mention one instance of this, out of many which have been communicated to me by those who were on habits of familiar intercourse with him. A pious woman, a member in Surrey Chapel, was married to a husband, who, though very kind to her and in many respects a moral man, had no sense

whatever of religion ; but delighted in spending the hours in swilling beer which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the parties, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter-day. The consequence was that a distraint on their furniture was put into their house, and a party was employed, as the technical phrase has it, to "take possession." After turning over every scheme in their minds which could suggest itself, for extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were just about to resign themselves to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife, of submitting the whole circumstances of the case to Mr. Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of tremor, made a short and simple representation of the state of matters.

"How much would you require to save your furniture, and to get rid of the person in possession?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Eighteen pounds, Sir, would be quite suffi-

cient for the purpose," answered the poor woman, with a palpitating heart.

"I'll let you have the loan of twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience."

The heart of the other was too full to give utterance to distinct expressions of gratitude for so great a mark of kindness on the part of her minister. He was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to perceive that the broken accents, and sometimes entire absence of words, which characterised her attempt to express her gratitude, afforded a far better proof of that feeling being at once deep and sincere, than if she had been most affluent in words and most fluent in the use of them.

"Send your husband to me on your return home," said Mr. Hill, after the other had returned thanks in the best way her feelings would allow her; "Send him to me presently, and I will have two ten pound notes waiting him by the time he arrives. I wish to give the notes to him rather than to you."

Mrs. D—— quitted Mr. Hill's house, and hurried home with light foot, but with a still

lighter heart. Having communicated to her husband what had passed between herself and her minister, it is unnecessary to say that he lost no time in proceeding to the house of Mr. Hill. The latter received him with much kindness of manner.

“And so,” said he, “you are so unfortunate as to have a person in possession.”*

“We unfortunately have, Sir.”

“And twenty pounds will be sufficient to get rid of him, and restore your furniture to you?”

“It will, Sir.”

“Well, then,” said Mr. Hill, pointing to the table, “there are two ten pound notes for you, which you can repay me when you are able. Take them.”

The other hesitatingly advanced to the table, took up the notes, and was in the act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done

* A term which implies that the goods of a party have been seized, and a person put into the house to see that none of them be removed by the individual to whom they belong.

him, and expressing a hope he would soon be able to pay the amount back again,—when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaimed, “ Stop a little ! Just lay the notes down again until I ask a blessing on them.”

The other did as he was desired, on which the reverend gentleman, extending both his arms, addressed a short prayer to the Divine Being to this effect.—“ O Lord, who art the Author of all mercy and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, do thou be graciously pleased to bless the small sum of money to be given to him who is now before Thee, that it may conduce to his present and eternal welfare. For Jesus Christ’s sake.”

“ Now Sir,” said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication to the throne of grace, “ now, Sir, you may take the money.”

The party a second time took up the two ten-pound notes, and was in the act as before of folding them up, when Mr. Hill interposed, by requesting him to wait a moment, adding that he had forgotten one thing.

It may be easily supposed that by this time

the individual was a good deal confused. His confusion was increased a hundred fold when Mr. Hill remarked, "But my friend, you have not yourself asked for a blessing on the money. You had better do it now."

"Sir," faltered out the other, scarcely able to support himself, "Sir, I cannot pray. I never prayed in all my life."

"You have the more need to begin now," observed the reverend gentleman, in his own cool yet rebuking manner.

"I cannot Sir; I do not know what to say."

"Make the effort, however short your prayer may be."

"I cannot, Sir; I am unable to utter a single sentence."

"Then you cannot have the money. I will not lend twenty pounds to a prayerless person."

The other hesitated for a moment, and then closing his eyes, and with uplifted hands, he said with great earnestness, "O Lord, what shall I say to Thee and to Mr. Hill on this occasion?" He was about to begin another sentence, when the reverend gentleman interrupted him,

by observing, "That will do for a beginning. It is a very excellent first prayer. It is from the heart. I have not uttered a more sincere or fervent petition to God for the last fifty years. Take the money, and may God's blessing be given along with it." As he spoke, Mr. Hill took up the two ten-pound notes and transferring them to the half bewildered man, cordially shook him by the hand, and wished him good morning.

It only remains for me to mention, that not only did the two, husband and wife, thus so providentially and under such singular circumstances relieved from a pressure which threatened to ruin them in a business point of view, become ever afterwards prosperous in secular matters, but the incident in Rowland Hill's house made so deep an impression on the husband's mind, as to end in his conversion to God.

I will only mention two other facts illustrative of Mr. Hill's extremely charitable disposition. On one occasion, a poor person having called at his house to solicit assistance, and Mr. Hill having

the pulpit of Surrey Chapel—" Ah! Mr. —, I have had some reason for thinking for some time past, that the devil had got hold of you: now I'm quite sure of it." And so saying, he at once quitted the place.

A friend of my own, who was present on the occasion in his professional capacity as a writer of theatrical critiques for a morning journal, says that the universal impression in the house, except among the few to whom he was known, was that Mr. Hill was some gentleman labouring under insanity.

On the following morning he called on his hearer, and abruptly accosted him as follows:—" So, Mr. —, you are in the habit I find of patronising the theatres. You and I met there last night."

" I *was* there last night, Mr. Hill; but I'm not in the way of going often. When a *very* good comedy or a *very* good tragedy is acting, I do now and then go to witness its representation. And as I am in the habit of attending to all the duties of religion, not only in the sanctuary, but in my own family and in my

own closet, I do not see what harm there can be in occasionally witnessing the performance of a good play. Do you mean to say, Mr. Hill, that there *is* any harm in it?"

"It is just, Sir," replied Mr. Hill, "the same as if you were to live for six days in the week on roast beef, plum-pudding, and every thing else that is pleasant to the taste and nourishing to the body, and then were on the seventh to load your stomach with the filthiest food that is to be found."

The other had not a word to say.

Immediately after his secession from the church, Mr. Hill became a great advocate for open-air preaching. And the precepts he inculcated on other ministers on this point, he reduced to practice. He often did so at great personal inconvenience, and sometimes with no inconsiderable danger to himself. Those who know any thing of the history of the lower classes of England about sixty or seventy years ago, will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Hill's relatives and friends were often apprehensive when he was preaching in the open air, that some serious commotion, if not positive

breach of the peace would ensue ; and that they consequently did every thing in their power to prevail on him to relinquish the practice. Their arguments, entreaties, and solicitations, were, however, altogether lost upon him. He persisted in his determination to preach the gospel in the open air with as much frequency as circumstances would permit. In connection with Mr. Hill's earlier open-air preaching, Mr. Sherman, his successor in the pulpit of Surrey Chapel, related a deeply interesting anecdote, about two or three months ago, in the hearing of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for it. Having publicly announced that he was to preach at a particular hour on a particular day in one of the most public places in Bristol, his brother, Sir Richard Hill, who was a man of decided piety, felt peculiarly alarmed lest some disturbance should be created by the crowd, and Mr. Hill himself be a sufferer, as well as others. The worthy baronet and his friends tried every method they could think of, with the view of inducing Mr. Hill to abandon his intention of preaching on that particular occa-

sion. In the individual case, however, they were not more successful than when attempting to induce him to give up the practice altogether. At the time, Mr. Hill owed his brother some money; and the latter as the only means of preventing his preaching on the occasion in question, procured a warrant and an officer to arrest him for the debt. Sir Richard resolved on carrying the writ of arrest into effect the moment Mr. Hill appeared on the ground; but owing to some accidental delay, the reverend gentleman had begun his sermon before Sir Richard and the officer arrived. They had scarcely got among the crowd, when the functionary of the law, in the plenitude of his zeal to execute the warrant which he had in his possession, proposed seizing Mr. Hill at once. Sir Richard, however, being deeply impressed with the first sentence he heard from the preacher, said they would wait a little. Mr. Hill immediately recognised his brother among the crowd, and conjecturing that it was for no good he was there, he looked him eagerly and solemnly in the face, while delivering some

of the most impressive things which ever fell from preacher's lips. The result was, that Sir Richard's mind was so affected with what he had heard, that all idea of taking the preacher into custody was abandoned. Before the conclusion of the sermon, Sir Richard's feelings quite overcame him; and Rowland observed a tear in his eye as he stood among the assembled thousands; all of whom, I should observe, were as orderly and silent as any assemblage of men could possibly be. Mr. Hill had no sooner finished his sermon, than he said—"My friends and brethren, Sir Richard Hill will address you from this place to-morrow evening at half-past six o'clock." Sir Richard did so; and such was the impression which Rowland's sermon made on his mind, that he proved ever afterwards not only one of the greatest advocates for open-air preaching that ever lived, but often practised it himself.

Mr. Hill rarely missed an opportunity of condemning the practice of writing sermons and committing them to memory. He not only himself, on all occasions, preached extem-

poraneously, but advised others to do the same. In connection with his decided dislike to preaching written sermons, a very characteristic anecdote has been told me by a living Dissenting minister of great eminence, who was present on the occasion. A young man, who had just quitted a Dissenting theological academy which shall be mentioned presently, and had begun preaching, was anxious to be introduced to Mr. Hill. The reverend gentleman to whom I refer, undertook to gratify his wishes; and the parties were accordingly brought together.

“ And so, young gentleman,” said Rowland Hill, after the usual nod and ‘ how do you ’ had been exchanged between them,—“ And so, young gentleman, you have just come out as a minister of the gospel.”

The youthful preacher, who was a demure-looking person at any time, but who, disconcerted by being in the presence of Mr. Hill, looked doubly so on this occasion, answered in the affirmative.

“ One of Dr. Bogue’s men, I suppose ? ”

The young preacher again answered in the affirmative.

“Come from his manufactory of preachers, eh?” continued Mr. Hill.

The other looked more and more confounded owing to the oddity of Mr. Hill’s phraseology, but contrived to stammer out a “Yes, Sir.”

“Ah, they are bad things, these academies; don’t like the way in which young men are metamorphosed into ministers at these places. They don’t make the right sort of preachers.”

The young man was silent: he knew not what to say.

“And I dare say you write your sermons?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Ah, it’s a bad practice, that, young man: it ought not to be followed. And I suppose,” continued Mr. Hill, “you then commit them to memory?”

An affirmative answer was returned to the interrogatory.

“And then you preach them from memory?”

“Yes, Mr. Hill.”

“It’s a very bad custom, young gentleman: it’s the worst thing you could do. Why don’t you have more confidence in the gospel?”

- The gospel is an excellent milk-cow, which always gives plenty of milk, and of the best quality. I never write my sermons. I always trust to the gospel. I first pull at justification, then give a plug at adoption, and afterwards a tit at sanctification, and so on until I have, in one way or other, filled my pail with gospel milk; and if you will only do the same, young man, depend upon it you will make a far better minister than you will ever do by writing your sermons and preaching from memory."

I have before said, that his usual mode of preaching was rambling and digressive. In justice to him, let me however say, that, singular as it may appear, he became much more methodical in his sermons during the last few years of his life. A Dissenting minister who was one of his most intimate friends, and who never missed an opportunity of hearing him when he preached his week-day sermons, assures me that some of his later discourses were characterised by a strictness of arrangement which must have surprised those who had only heard him some years before. He also men-

tions, that there was a spirituality in the matter of Mr. Hill's later sermons, and a solemnity of tone and manner in their delivery, which could not fail to strike all who heard them. This may be accounted for from the fact which Mr. Hill himself mentioned to the reverend gentleman to whom I am indebted for the information, namely, that during the last three or four years of his life, he preached every sermon under the impression that it might be his last.

On some of these occasions, I should further remark, Mr. Hill repeatedly showed that his mind was singularly clear in distinguishing between nice points in theological controversy, and that he possessed a fertile fancy and the power of expressing himself in the language of true poetry.

Were it not that I have already exceeded the space to which I proposed to limit myself in this sketch of the reverend gentleman, I would illustrate this by some notes of his discourses, taken in short-hand by a distinguished living divine.

Mr. Hill had always a very strong aversion

to Socinianism. A few months before his death he was in the company of two or three private Christians, not ministers, when the subject of Socinianism chanced to be introduced into conversation.

“ I’ll tell you what,” said Mr. Hill, when beginning to take part in the conversation,—“ I’ll tell you what I consider a Socinian to be like. He reminds me of a jackass eating thistles.”

“ In what way, Mr. Hill?” asked one.

“ In what respect?” inquired a second.

“ Why, in this way, or in this respect, that the jackass spits out whatever part of the thistle it does not like, and the Socinian spits out whatever portion of the word of God is not pleasant to his spiritual palate.”

Mr. Hill deeply felt interested to the last in the success of evangelical ministers in the communion of the church, with whom he was personally acquainted. About seven weeks before his death he inquired of a ministerial friend, how a particular clergyman was “ getting on.” The answer was, that the party could not give any specific information on the subject, beyond the

fact, that the clergyman was preaching to crowded congregations.

“ I hear,” added Mr. Hill’s friend, “ that he was last Sabbath preaching up the materiality of heaven as the place of residence of the glorified saints.”

Mr. Hill heaved a slight sigh and most touchingly remarked,—“ Well, it is enough for me, when I hear of good men bewildering themselves with such speculations about the nature of heaven, *to know, that when I am done with this world, I shall be where Jesus is, and shall not only see him, but be made like unto him.*”

What an amount of sound divinity in one short sentence !

To the circumstances connected with Rowland Hill’s death, I shall not allude, as these were made sufficiently public soon after that event. But I may mention, that a medical friend of mine, who heard him preach his last sermon but one, has informed me that in the course of that sermon, he alluded to the lengthened time he had been a preacher of the gospel ; and referring towards the close of the discourse

to the circumstance of his having preached upwards of an hour, he said, with his characteristic drollery, "Is not this very well for an old boy like me?"

He died in about a fortnight afterwards, namely, on the 11th of April, 1833, in the eighty-eighth year of his age and the sixth-sixth of his ministry.

I do not remember to have seen Mr. Hill out of the pulpit, and every body knows that mistakes are often made as to the size of ministers when only seen there, especially when wearing a gown as Mr. Hill always did. He appeared to me to be rather tall, and of considerable circumference. Age, as will be easily believed, had in the latter part of his life, given to him a slightly decrepid appearance. Yet he seemed to enjoy excellent health and a great flow of animal spirits, considering his advanced years, to the last. His hair was white, and his complexion wonderfully fresh. He must in early life have had a handsome face. His eye was quick, clear, and penetrating, even after fourscore years had passed over his head. His

appearance was venerable in no ordinary degree. I need not say,—for every one is aware of the fact,—that he was regarded by his congregation with an affection amounting to idolatry.

The REV. EDWARD IRVING, of Newman Street Chapel, is the only other among the lately deceased metropolitan ministers of the gospel, whom I shall notice. He was, while he continued in connection with the Church of Scotland, or rather I should say, before he adopted those extravagant notions with which he latterly identified himself, decidedly the most popular preacher in London. More, perhaps, has been written about Edward Irving than about any other of his pulpit contemporaries, and yet much remains to be written before his character can be properly understood. Though having had the happiness of knowing Mr. Irving personally, my knowledge of him was not sufficiently intimate to enable me to speak with confidence of all the constituent elements of his character. Still, I knew enough of him, or have had enough of facts

and anecdotes respecting him, communicated to me by those who were his most intimate friends, to feel quite satisfied in my own mind, that seldom have a greater amount of unfeigned piety and a larger measure of intellectual power, been blended together in one individual.

But the limited space to which, from the plan of this work, I must necessarily confine myself, precludes the possibility of my adverting at length, in the shape of formal discussion, to the character of Mr. Irving. I must content myself with relating some anecdotes of him, illustrative of his character, which have not before appeared in print, and mentioning a few facts not hitherto stated, which will contribute to the same end.

He always felt the most entire assurance, even when an obscure country schoolmaster, that he would one day rise to distinction and importance in the world; and when appointed assistant to Dr. Chalmers, then minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, he thought his convictions would be forthwith realized. The

result, however, was not as he expected. He was regarded by the people of Glasgow, during the three years he laboured in the work of the ministry among them, as a passable preacher, but no more. The truth was, that the circumstance of preaching from the same pulpit, and to the same people, and what is more, on the same days as Dr. Chalmers, must necessarily have prevented his talents being duly appreciated. Dr. Chalmers was then, as now, regarded as the prince of preachers, and the people among whom he stately laboured, were so excessively partial to his ministrations, that they could scarcely recognize merit of any kind in any one else. But for this prejudice against every other minister, as compared with Dr. Chalmers, I am sure that a people so proverbial for their shrewdness as the inhabitants of Glasgow, could not have failed to discern and duly appreciate the talents of Mr. Irving.

But though the reverend gentleman quitted Glasgow, and came to London without the slightest reputation as a preacher, he still felt in all its force the conviction before referred

to, that he was destined, through his own talents, one day to achieve no ordinary eminence as a minister of the gospel. A friend of mine, himself one of the most popular preachers in the metropolis, has mentioned to me a fact which is strikingly corroborative of this. The reverend gentleman to whom I allude, having accidentally met with Mr. Irving in company, very soon after he came to London and before his name had appeared in any of the public journals, chanced to remark to him, that coming as he did to the metropolis, under such high auspices as those of Dr. Chalmers, there was every reason to hope he would succeed in his capacity of a minister of the gospel. "Sir," said Mr. Irving, somewhat bridling up as if his vanity had been touched,—“Sir, I do not come here under the auspices of any man; I came here relying entirely upon my own resources.” The event showed, as every one is aware, that the reverend gentleman’s reliance was not misplaced.

I think there can be no question that Mr. Irving was inordinately fond of popularity;

and I believe there can be no doubt that it was to attract attention, that, at a public meeting of the London Missionary Society, he drew out, in the presence of thousands of persons, his gold watch, and handing it to the secretary of the institution, as a contribution to its funds, said, "Silver and gold I have none; but what I have I give thee." But while thus so ardently panting after distinction, it is a fact which cannot be too much dwelt on to his praise, that when he had reached the very summit of his reputation, so far from his head becoming dizzy or his heart haughty with his unprecedented popularity, he continued the same calm, humble, unsophisticated man he was before. At the very time that the princes and nobles of the land were crowding in such numbers* to hear him preach, as to fill the whole of Hatton Garden, and a large portion of Holborn with their splendid equipages; at that moment it was his delight to visit and converse with the poorest of his people, and to

* Mr. Irving's first congregation in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, did not exceed fifty persons.

exhibit to them, and to all men, the greatest mildness and modesty of demeanour.

I may here mention a fact which strikingly illustrates the humility and kindliness of his disposition; namely, that he was never known on any occasion to pass the poor unnoticed when in company, which, in the hey-day of his popularity, he often was, with the noble or great ones of the earth, but that he always showed as much respect and attention to the poorest as to the richest and greatest of the land. At this time he resided at Claremont-square, Pentonville, and might almost every day be seen walking about the square and the adjoining streets, carrying in his arms his own child, then not twelve months old.

And here I ought to remark, that Mr. Irving was exceedingly fond of children. Perhaps there are but few fathers whose affection for their offspring is so intense as his was. I have great reason to believe that the loss of a child, to whom he was devotedly attached, so deeply affected his mind as in a great measure to prepare him, by a process which I will rather leave

to be inferred than distinctly to state it, for the adoption of the extravagant views which unhappily characterized the latter years of his life.

Mr. Irving's affection, though, of course, peculiarly strong in the case of his own children, was not confined to them. He loved children in the aggregate, and could enter with his whole soul into their innocent feelings and recreations. I may here mention an incident, which, though perfectly trifling in itself, shews how deeply he could sympathize with children in their little distresses, and how much he could enter into their feelings. A little boy, five or six years of age, the son of a friend of my own, had been one day playing at his ball against a dead wall near Exmouth-street, Pentonville, when the ball had somehow or other got fixed on the ledge of the wall. The boy, child-like, began to cry, thinking he would never get his play-thing again. Several persons passed, but took no notice of the tears of the young innocent. At last Mr. Irving came up, carrying in his arms, in the way already described, his own child, when seeing

the boy in distress, he inquired what was the matter. The child sobbed out in accents which were barely intelligible, that his ball had stuck on the wall, and that he could not get it down. "My dear little fellow," said Mr. Irving, patting the boy on the back, "don't cry; but show me where it is." The child pointed to the place. Mr. Irving advanced to the wall, and though one of the tallest men I have ever seen, it was not until after he had made two or three efforts on tip-toe, that he succeeded in reaching it. He handed it to the now-overjoyed boy, and again patting him on the head, said to him in his own peculiarly kind and gentle accents, "Do not throw it up there again." This incident may appear to most persons trifling. So it, doubtless, as before remarked, is, considered in itself; but to me it is very interesting, as illustrative of the singular amiableness of Mr. Irving's mind, and the cordial manner in which he could enter into the feelings of little children; and this too at a time when being in the very meridian of his popularity, his thoughts might have been supposed

to be occupied with matters of a different nature.

So long as Mr. Irving continued in connection with the Church of Scotland, his Sabbath-day sermons were as remarkable for their length as for their originality and eloquence. They seldom occupied less than an hour and a quarter in the delivery; frequently he preached from an hour and a half to two hours at a time. On one occasion, when preaching on behalf of some religious institution, the London Missionary Society, if my memory be not at fault, more than three hours were occupied in the delivery of his discourse. His prayers in public were not proportionably long, though usually as long as is customary among Dissenters. In private meetings, however, Mr. Irving's prayers were often extended to such a length as to occupy as much time in their utterance, as is devoted by many of the metropolitan clergy to the delivery of their sermons. The reverend gentleman's lengthened prayers at private meetings, either in his own house or at the house of friends, were sometimes attended with rather

ludicrous circumstances. Having on one occasion accepted an invitation to a tea-party, at the house of a near relative of an Alderman of facetious celebrity, Mr. Irving, before departing, proposed, as he very often did on similar occasions, to improve, in a spiritual sense, the meeting of the party together, by "a few words of prayer." Most of those present being members of his church, and all belonging to somebody of Christians or other, his proposal was at once agreed to. Mr. Irving's words, however, instead of being "few," were found to be "many." The gentleman in whose house the party were, eventually became impatient, thinking his friends who had been simply invited to drink tea, might feel so lengthened a prayer to be an infliction; and accordingly, as he chanced to be next to Mr. Irving, he gently pulled him by the tails of his coat, and whispered into his ear, "Mr. Irving, I'm quite ashamed at your continuing so long." Mr. Irving suddenly paused, and turning about on his knees towards two or three of his members who were in the same part of the room, said in his own fine

stentorian voice, "Ye servants of the Lord, I appeal to you for protection against such rude interruptions;" and so saying, he resumed praying, just as if nothing had happened, and continued for a considerable time longer.

But the most ludicrous incident which has been communicated to me, connected with Mr. Irving's habit of extending his prayers at private meetings to an undue length, occurred at his own house, when he resided in Claremont Square, Pentonville. For a considerable time, he had what he called an early prayer-meeting once a week, which prayer-meeting was open to any one who chose to attend it. The hour at which it commenced was six in the morning. Many Dissenting ministers whose duties in their own respective chapels prevented their having the gratification of hearing him preach on the sabbath-day, were induced by their anxiety to see him and hear him speak, to attend his early prayer meetings. On one occasion, the Rev. Mr. —, a popular Dissenting minister, made his appearance at Mr. Irving's house precisely as the clock struck six

in the morning. After a psalm had been sung Mr. Irving requested one of his elders to address the throne of grace. The party having done so very briefly, another psalm, of the Scotch version of the songs of David, was sung, when Mr. Irving himself engaged in prayer. The reverend gentleman continued in the exercise for about fifteen minutes without the slightest symptom of his drawing towards a conclusion. The Dissenting minister being at the time connected with a theological institution, had a class of pupils to meet precisely at seven. It was now within twenty-five minutes of the time, and as after leaving Mr. Irving's house, it would require at least a quarter of an hour of the most rapid cab-driving, to carry him to the place where his class met, so as to be in time; he became exceedingly fidgetty at the circumstance of the reverend gentleman continuing so long. Still he was unwilling to disturb the meeting by rising and leaving the room in the middle of Mr. Irving's prayer. He determined on waiting a little longer, in the anxious hope that the reverend gentleman would every minute relieve

him from the embarrassing situation in which he felt himself to be placed, by bringing his devotions to a termination. The next time he took out his watch, it was within five minutes of the latest moment he could remain. Imagine his feelings when Mr. Irving seemed still so earnestly engaged in prayer, as not to hold out the most slender hope of concluding for a considerable time to come. Two minutes more elapsed, and still no appearance of Mr. Irving coming to a close. The Dissenting minister could bear it no longer; but rising up from his knees, he escaped to the door of the room, which was partially open, and made his way down stairs in the quietest possible manner. He had just reached the street-door, and was in the act of taking off the latch, when a large Newfoundland dog, which Mr. Irving kept in his house at the time, sprang upon him, and placing one of his fore-paws on either shoulder, forced the reverend gentleman down to a crouching position, with his head against the door. The animal fortunately did not bite, or in any way hurt Mr. —, but kept him in

the position just mentioned, for at least five minutes, when Mr. Irving having concluded his devotions, one of his servants on coming down stairs released him from the exceedingly awkward and unpleasant predicament in which he was placed.

Mr. Irving was remarkable among his contemporaries in the pulpit for his correct views of the duties which devolve upon a minister of the gospel. While most exemplary in his attentions to the poor, and while ready at all times, like the Master whom he served, to be the servant of the humblest individual among his flock, he never compromised his fidelity as a "legate of the skies," by shrinking from a full and fearless proclamation of the more important truths of the gospel, to the nobles and the magnates who came crowding to hear him, and who were proud to cultivate his acquaintance. In his capacity of a preacher of the Cross, he knew no distinction of persons; he was indeed, a leveller of all the conventional differences which obtain in society. He never flattered the great. He brought them down to a footing

of perfect equality, as regarded their moral condition, with the most destitute beggar in the streets of London. And not only did he do this in general terms, but he eagerly availed himself of their presence to rebuke them for the specific sins which they were in the habit of most frequently committing, and earnestly and solemnly and faithfully warned them of the inevitable consequences of persisting in the practice of those sins. He must, indeed, have proved a Nathan to many an aristocratic conscience.

A friend of mine who was present at the time, lately mentioned to me, that on one occasion, after dwelling on the frightful extent to which the Sabbath-day was desecrated by persons moving in the higher spheres of society, he pointed to a particular part of the chapel in which were seated a number of noblemen and ladies of title, and said with great emphasis—“And you are the men and women who commit these sins. You are the persons who are in the constant habit of profaning God’s holy day.” Those only who have heard Mr. Irving

preach, can form any idea of what the effect of this apostrophe must have been. His uncompromising boldness and unshrinking fidelity as a preacher of the gospel, have often reminded me of John Knox charging Mary Queen of Scots with particular sins, when surrounded by all the splendour of her court.

A more kind-hearted man than Edward Irving never lived. I am acquainted with many persons who were for several years in habits of the closest intimacy with him, and who associated with him in private under all circumstances; and they one and all concur in saying, that not only did they never know him perform an unkind action, but that they never heard an unkind expression escape his lips. The milk of human kindness did indeed flow in copious streams in his veins. At the very time that he was bitterly assailed both by the press and from many of the evangelical pulpits of London, was he known earnestly to pray for the forgiveness of his persecutors, and to speak in terms of the greatest kindness of many of them by name.

He was a man of decided personal piety. The duties which he inculcated on others, he habitually practised himself. Those who knew him most intimately can best testify how holily and unblameably he had his conversation among men. With him it was a rule to invoke the blessing of God on every thing in which he engaged; even in matters which had no visible or immediate connection with religion. Several interesting instances of this have been furnished me by those who were his personal friends. I shall only mention one, namely, that when he had occasion to change his place of residence, he made a point of specially asking the blessing of God on the new house he had taken. In connection with this fact, I may mention that he was at all times most deeply impressed with a conviction of the close connection there exists between praying for specific blessings and the operations of a particular Providence. Need I add, after this, that he recognised the hand of God in the minutest incidents which occurred either to himself or to others?

But though Mr. Irving was a man of the most decided personal piety, his views of religion did not render him indifferent to the innocent amusements of life. It is true, that he was too much occupied with the duties of his office, to be in a condition to give many proofs that he could enjoy harmless recreations; but when the opportunity did offer, he frequently availed himself of it. A literary gentleman of distinguished reputation as an author, and himself one who can tell a humorous story as well as most men I have met with, has assured me that he never heard any one tell a laughable Scotch story with greater effect than Mr. Irving. He was also at times exceedingly happy when in a playful mood. On such occasions he would, without a seeming effort, give utterance to observations remarkable for their point and felicity. When in one of his playful moods at a Presbytery dinner, at the time he was in the very zenith of his popularity, he rose to propose a particular toast, which he prefaced with a speech that afforded the greatest gratification to all present, but which produced a ludi-

crous impression on the mind of one of the company. Mr. Irving in rising to propose the toast said, "I am sure all* present will drink it with the greatest cordiality. It relates to a lady to whom we are all under the deepest obligations; a lady who, on our coming to London, received us with the greatest kindness; a lady ——"

Here a little, country-looking, simple-minded man, considerably advanced in years, recently arrived from Scotland, and one of the elders of a Scottish church, whispered into the ears of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the amusing anecdote, an expression of his wonder as to what particular *woman* Mr. Irving could mean. He was told to wait a little and he should hear her name.

"A lady," said Mr. Irving, "to whom I feel myself under a debt of infinite gratitude; for on my first coming here she received me into her arms——"

"Dear me! fa' or what can she be?" ejacu-

* The company consisted exclusively of Scotchmen.

lated the little Scotch elder, loud enough to be heard by several of the company.

“Yes; received me into her arms, pressed me to her bosom, and has ever since lavished her smiles upon me; a lady whom I am therefore bound to love.”

“Oh! I see through it noo,” again ejaculated the hitherto perplexed elder of the kirk. “Oh, I see it noo as clear as day-light; it’s his sweet-heart he’s referring to.”*

“A lady,” continued Mr. Irving, “who is all that is amiable; and who is the admiration of the whole world.”

“Bless my heart!” once more whispered the little Scotchman into the ear of the gentleman who sat next to him, “the leddy must be a great beauty and a guid woman into the bargain, when he praises her so muckle.”

“A lady whose name has only to be mentioned to call forth an unanimous expression of your respect. The lady to whom I refer, my friends, is England. Here’s prosperity to England!”

* Mr. Irving was not married at this time.

The Scotch elder, who by this time was burning with impatience to hear the name, as he supposed, of Mr. Irving's sweetheart, looked as confounded on the toast being proposed, as if, to use his own expression, "the hoose itsel' in which they were met, had been dung doon (knocked down) about their lugs (ears)."

At the same Presbytery dinner, Mr. Irving, knowing the oddities of character as well as bluntness which the little Scotchman was in the habit of exhibiting, proposed the health of the elders of the Scottish Kirk. There was an unanimous call for Mr. B—— to return thanks. The honest unsophisticated elder rose, and after stammering out a few broken sentences respecting the honour done him, and the deep attachment he felt for the kirk of Scotland, made, to the utter astonishment of the company, an abrupt transition from a speech to a purely devotional prayer. A friend of mine who was present, gently taking hold of him by the arm, whispered into his ear that he rose to return thanks for a toast, and not to pray. He took the hint, abruptly terminated his devotions, and made an effort to say something more by

way of speech. The attempt, however, was a complete failure. The truth was, that being in the daily habit of praying, he found it an easy exercise, while, not having ever before been called on for a speech, he could not play the orator at all.

No man could enjoy with greater zest than Mr. Irving, such harmless incidents as these. But this is a point in his character on which I must not further dwell.

He was singularly quick in detecting character. All who were intimately acquainted with him, will bear testimony to this fact. A very short conversation with a stranger served, in most cases, to enable him to perceive the peculiarities of that stranger's mind.

Nor was the readiness and distinctness with which he afterwards recognized individuals with whom he once met, less a matter of surprise. I have been assured by some of his friends, that notwithstanding the vast number of persons he came in contact with when at the height of his popularity, he never met any of them a second time without recognizing them at once. I my-

self knew a striking instance of his readiness at recollecting persons with whom he had once met. A young man who had a short time before come up from the country, met with him one day accidentally, and was a short time in his company. About twelve months afterwards, this young man was proceeding along Cheapside at a rapid pace, when Mr. Irving meeting him in that crowded thoroughfare, at once recognized and noticed him.

The extraordinary quickness of his eye was often shown in another way. At the time that the average attendance at Newman Street Chapel was upwards of two thousand, he would at once miss any of his members, even poor servant girls, who were absent from worship. And if absent two sabbath-days in succession, his practice was to send one of the officers of the church to visit and pray with them.

He was a man of great generosity of mind. He was not only incapable of an unworthy action, but I am persuaded, he never even harboured an ungenerous thought. How striking the contrast between his conduct to other

metropolitan ministers, and the conduct of many of those ministers towards him! While they were regarding him with feelings the opposite of friendly, he was, though they knew it not, in many cases doing them a positive service, by urgently advising, as if it were an act of personal friendship to himself, those of their hearers who wished to become members of his church, to remain where they were. Many instances of this kind consist with my own private knowledge. Mr. Irving knew how painful to the feelings, and how discouraging to the minds of ministers it is, when their members leave them and join some other church in the same place, perhaps in the same neighbourhood; and to spare them such feelings, as far as lay in his power, was at all times his most anxious desire.

Mr. Irving had a singularly compassionate and sympathizing heart. He never witnessed human woe, no matter what party was the subject of it, without feeling most acutely for the sufferer, and doing every thing in his power to lessen, if not remove the misery.

There are hundreds alive at this moment, who never formed a portion of his congregation, who could testify from their own experience to this fact. In innumerable instances did he, by his sympathies and his tender counsel, soothe the sorrowing mind, and cause sadness to give place to joy. If ever there was one man of whom it could be said with greater truth than of another, that he could rejoice with those that rejoiced, and weep with those that wept, that man was Edward Irving. His thoughts, and sympathies, and affections were, indeed, so much occupied with others, that he almost ceased to be solicitous about himself.

Nor were Mr. Irving's kindnesses confined to mere words; they were no less strikingly exhibited in the actions of his life. He was a practical as well as speculative philanthropist. His charitable deeds were countless, and they were performed with no niggard hand. He relieved as liberally as his means would permit. It is no poetic fiction, but a sober fact, communicated to me by one who knew him well, that he often himself suffered the privation of a

meal, that he might thereby be the better able to assist in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. His heart, his house, and his hand, as has been well observed by one of his friends, were open to all the sons and daughters of want or wretchedness. It was enough for him to know that a person was in destitution, to insure immediate relief to the utmost extent of his ability. He asked no questions, with the view of ascertaining whether that destitution might not have been brought on by imprudence or crime. To show how truly charitable he was, I may mention that I know a case, and I believe it is only one of many, in which a poor woman who never saw him before, and of whom he knew nothing, applied to him for relief. He gave the astonished applicant a sovereign. All his acts of charity were accompanied by a few words of salutary and impressive counsel; often by prayer. Who shall say in how many instances the souls as well as bodies of poor persons may have been thus benefited through the instrumentality of Mr. Irving?

Incapable himself of even conceiving an unfriendly feeling, far less doing an unkind thing to any human being, he was exceedingly sensitive to the unjust treatment he received at the hands of others. I need not say that his noble but susceptible spirit, was particularly pained when he found that those whom he had, in the unsuspecting generosity of his mind, regarded as his greatest friends, turned out his most bitter and relentless foes. I remember hearing him, about six months before his death, make a very touching allusion to the bad treatment he had received from certain quarters. Oh, if those who heaped their calumnies upon him with so unsparing a hand as to embitter the latter years of his existence, had only heard the gentle terms and tender accents in which he spoke of them and their deeds of persecution, they must have shrunk into the earth at the contrast between his spirit and theirs. I have before said, and now repeat it, that he was earnest and frequent at a throne of grace on their behalf, and that the prayer of his Master, in reference to the persecutions

to which he was subjected at the hands of his enemies, "Father, forgive them!" was often offered up by him.

But I must draw my notice of Mr. Irving to a close. If I were to sum up his character according to my view of it, in the fewest possible words, I should say,—and should say it with a special emphasis,—that he was a truly great and good man. It were difficult to say whether his moral or intellectual excellence predominated. I have rarely known a more remarkable union of the head and the heart than was afforded in his case. I shall always regard him as having been one of the master-spirits of his age. It is true, that the visionary notions which he latterly adopted indicated a defective judgment, and to a certain extent obscured his intellect; but I am convinced that had he been but spared a few years longer, he would have seen his error, and renounced his extravagant opinions. I say this advisedly, because I happen to know, through a private source of information, something of the circumstances under which he adopted his

more visionary notions. On this point, however, I must, from respect to the feelings of parties who are still alive, abstain from making any specific statements.

As a speaker, Mr. Irving excelled any man I have ever heard in a pulpit. His voice was powerful and sonorous. Some of its cadences were exceedingly musical, and he had a perfect command over it. I can imagine that the mellifluous accents of the reverend gentleman's voice are still greeting my ear. His admirable elocution contributed much to display his voice to advantage. His utterance was singularly well timed, while the manifest ease with which he spoke, the originality of his matter, the beauties of his diction, and his graceful though often vehement gestures, severally concurred in giving effect to those attributes of his oratory which had more of nature than of art in them. With what rapt attention did congregated thousands, consisting of all ranks and classes of individuals, frequently hang for more than an hour and a half at a time, on the lips of Edward Irving! No one that had the gratification of

hearing him in some of his happier moods, will ever forget either his eloquence or his person. And here I should remark, that his personal appearance was as striking, or as much out of the beaten track, as his style of preaching. I never saw a more handsome man, in so far as figure went. He was upwards of six feet two in height, and proportionally formed. It is true that he had a marked squint, in, if I remember, his right eye; but his features were otherwise regular; while the expression of his countenance had so much benevolence and placidity about it, as to neutralize any unpleasant feeling which the squint in his eye would have otherwise produced. His complexion was swarthy, and his hair, which was long and of a jet-black hue, was carefully parted in the middle of his fine lofty forehead, in a manner similar to that in which the other sex usually arrange their hair. He wore large whiskers. His face was of the oval shape, and had something about it which often caused him to be taken for a foreigner when walking in the streets.

Most of the circumstances connected with Mr. Irving's death are already known to the public. There are two or three, however, which, so far as I am aware, have not appeared in print. I believe it is now ascertained to be a fact, that the illness which terminated fatally, had its origin in a cold caught on his journey to Scotland, when summoned to appear before the Synod of Annan, immediately prior to his expulsion from the Church of Scotland. He started with the mail at eight o'clock on a Sunday night, having preached up to the latest minute he could without missing the coach. Having brought his discourse to an abrupt termination, he requested some of his deacons to conclude the services of the evening, and without saying a word to any one, he quitted the chapel, to the great astonishment of his people. The sudden transition from a place which was so hot, owing to the crowds assembled, as to be scarcely endurable, to the open air in cold winter weather, would have been a perilous experiment for a man of the strongest constitution to have made. In the case of Mr.

Irving, whose frame must have suffered from the deep anxieties which were known to have preyed on his mind for some time previously,—to say nothing of his incessant labours among his people,—it could scarcely fail to be accompanied with serious results. I was about two hours with him a few days after his return from Scotland, and fancied he looked ill in bodily health as he certainly seemed depressed in spirits. I attributed both, however, to the circumstance of his being ejected from a church, towards which I knew he cherished the most devoted attachment. He continued to preach, or rather to exhort, for some time afterwards; when his indisposition began to assume a threatening aspect. Still he occasionally addressed his people for several months longer; but then he was reluctantly compelled to withdraw altogether from the sanctuary. There can be no doubt, if I be not misinformed, that before he left London, he felt assured in his own mind, that his illness would have a fatal termination; and I know it is the opinion of some of those who were his most devoted

friends, that one reason, if not the only reason, which induced him to go to Scotland, was a desire to spare as much as possible the feelings of his people when death should be seen to be inevitable and at hand. He thought that their sufferings on his account would be less acute and protracted were he to die at a distance, than if he had expired in his own house; which was next door to the chapel. In the former case they could hear but seldom and to a limited extent, of his pains and weaknesses; in the latter case, they would be anxiously inquiring, not only every day, but every hour of the day as to how he was; and he knew that every unfavourable account of the state of his health would overwhelm them with grief.

The nearer death approached, and the more he felt assured that the time of his departure was at hand, the greater did his peace of mind become. He looked forward to the change with the calm confidence of one who knew in whom he had believed,—who felt that his feet were standing on the Rock of Ages, and that all his hopes rested on the broad and immutable

basis of the atonement of Christ. The last religious exercise of any length, in which he was able to engage, was to read, in Hebrew, in conjunction with his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Martin, the twenty-third Psalm. In about six hours afterwards he passed through the valley and shadow of death of which he had been reading, fearing no ill, but realising the blessed truth, "Thy staff and thy rod, they comfort me."

Thus, in 1834, died EDWARD IRVING, leaving few if any greater or better men behind him. Who would not shed a tear upon the grave of one who possessed so colossal a mind, and who devoted all its mighty energies to the promotion of the present and eternal well-being of his fellow-men? Who would not revere the memory of one who drank so deeply into the spirit of his Divine Master, and trode so closely in His footsteps,—one whose life was as spotless as his breast was pure,—one who at a time when he enjoyed a popularity which has rarely been equalled, never surpassed, and was run after and idolized by

the most illustrious in rank and the most distinguished in literature, exhibited in all the intercourse of life, the humility, the tenderness and simplicity of a little child.

CHAPTER III.

THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY—MINISTERS OF
CHURCHES.

The Rev. Thomas Snow — The Rev. J. T. Robinson — The Rev. Thomas Dale — The Rev. John Harding — The Rev. Dr. Croly.

THE REV. THOMAS SNOW, Vicar of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, has occupied that situation for several years. It is not generally known, not even, I believe, by the evangelical party in the churches of London, that the reverend gentleman was one of the four clergymen of the Establishment who simultaneously seceded from the Church in 1815, and whose separation from the hierarchy caused so great a sensation in the religious world at the time. The circumstance of Mr. Snow's being one of the seceders, contributed much to the interest which was felt in the secession, in consequence of his being the brother of a baronet, and being

largely and most respectably connected in a family point of view. Of the Rev. Mr. Evans, of John-street Chapel, King's-road, another of the separatists, I shall have occasion to speak when I come to notice the Baptist ministers of the metropolis. A detailed reference to the remaining two, does not fall within the plan of this work. Mr. Snow, soon after he had detached himself from the Church, went to one of our fashionable watering-towns—to Cheltenham, if my memory be not at fault—where he got up a small society of Christians, consisting of persons who had embraced his newly-adopted views. The remark has been so often made, as to acquire the currency of a proverb, that individuals, in matters of religious faith especially, often leap from one extreme to another. This was the case with Mr. Snow; from the latitude of faith and laxity of discipline which are tolerated in the Church, he ran to the opposite extreme of allowing no difference of faith at all as regarded doctrine, nor any variance of opinion on matters of discipline, in those with whom he would hold church-

fellowship. What his precise views were as to the details of the constitution of a Christian church, I cannot undertake to say; but this I know, that they were of the narrowest kind—narrower, I believe, than even those of Sandemanianism itself; for not only would he not on any account sit down to the Lord's Supper with those who did not agree with him in the minutest particular in matters of discipline, even where the decided piety of the parties was unquestionable; but he would not allow such persons to attend the prayer-meetings of his little community. I may mention an affecting instance of the anomalies produced by the bigotted views which Mr. Snow at this time entertained. A very intimate friend of his own, an evangelical clergyman, of whose personal piety he never had the shadow of a doubt, happened to be on a visit to the town where Mr. Snow then resided, and during his few days' stay in the place, he lived in Mr. Snow's house. During one of the days the reverend gentleman was there, Mr. Snow had service in his small meeting-house. The other

expressed his anxiety to be present at the service ; but Mr. Snow, though treating him with the greatest friendship and hospitality, and having had a great deal of pious conversation with him, plainly told him that he could not be admitted into the place where his Christian society met ; but said, that after their meeting was over, another meeting of a promiscuous kind would take place in an adjoining room, at which he might, if so disposed, be present.

Mr. Snow did not long adhere to his newly-adopted views. In a few years after his secession from the Church, he rejoined it, and has ever since continued one of its ministers. I am not certain as to the precise time of his coming to London, but he has now been for a considerable period vicar of St. Dunstan's.

Mr. Snow's sentiments are strictly evangelical. I am aware that reports have recently been whispered about in private, that he is tinctured with the Pusey heresies. All I can say is, that though I have heard him preach with some frequency of late, I never could discover any thing in his sermons which could

justify the imputation. Of this I am certain, that if he be inoculated with the Popery of the Pusey party, he must be a very inconsistent man; for I have recently heard him preach sermons, whose entire tenor was altogether incompatible with the theology of the semi-papists of Oxford. In order to remove all doubts on the point, I think it would be advisable on the part of Mr. Snow to take an early opportunity of denouncing from the pulpit, the Popish divinity of the Pusey school. Of course, I suggest this step on the assumption, that Mr. Snow has not become a proselyte to the views of that party.

The leading characteristics of Mr. Snow's preaching may be told in a few words. It is more calculated to edify, comfort, and encourage the saints of God, than to arouse the careless or to convert the sinner. It may be a question whether he has not an excess of charity; for I have always been of opinion that a minister of the gospel may err as much in being over-charitable when estimating the character of his people, as in having too little of that

quality. It has often struck me when hearing Mr. Snow preach, that he is inclined to over-estimate the number of believers in a promiscuous assemblage like that of his own congregation, and to under-estimate the number of the unconverted. At any rate, his preaching is not only chiefly, but often exclusively, addressed to the former class of individuals. It is true that the reverend gentleman, when apostrophising persons in an unconverted state, is full and free in his invitations to them to come and accept of the mercy provided in the gospel; but what I question is, whether his remarks are addressed to them with sufficient frequency, and whether the invitations he gives to sinners to come to Christ, are prefaced as often as they ought to be, by an energetic and uncompromising denunciation of their guilt in living in that state of alienation from God, in which all are by nature.

Mr. Snow is always clear. There is no mysticism about his preaching; no attempt to be profound at the expense of the understandings of the generality of his hearers. You are not

struck with any thing in his sermons which indicates an original or vigorous mind. Neither, on the other hand, does he fall below mediocrity. He is seldom superficial. He is one under whose ministrations a believer can at all times sit with pleasure, and from which, if it be not his own fault, he may derive edification and profit. The prevailing strain of his preaching is of a practical kind. He judiciously blends the preceptive with the doctrinal parts of the Christian scheme. His sermons are all carefully written. The style is good, but without elaborate polish. He preaches on Thursday evenings, and, if I mistake not, expends as much time in the preparation of his discourses for those evenings, as in the preparation of those which are intended for delivery on the Sabbath day. His week-day congregations may average about two hundred persons: his usual Sabbath-day audiences I should estimate at seven or eight hundred.

Mr. Snow is a man of great piety. His heart is evidently engaged in the work of the ministry. His pastoral duties are manifestly a

pleasure, not a task to him. In his aspect, tone, and manner, there is a striking union of decision with mildness. In private, he is modest and unassuming in the highest degree. His benign countenance is a correct index to the goodness of his disposition. Out of the pulpit he possesses the simplicity of a child and the harmlessness of a dove. If any one, no matter though the poorest and humblest Christian in the land, happen to express an opinion on any given topic at variance with his sentiments, he will listen to that person with a patience and attention which prove, what a gentleman who knows him intimately has represented to me as one of the leading traits in his character, namely, his readiness to receive instruction from any quarter, even were it from a mere child.

Mr. Snow is an excellent speaker. Nature, indeed, has endowed him with many of the qualities of an orator. His voice is sonorous and powerful in no ordinary degree. His enunciation is distinct, and his utterance is well-timed. But though Nature has done so

much for him as a speaker, he has not cultivated her gifts so successfully as he might have done. He does not modulate his voice with the effect of which, with a very slight effort, it is evidently susceptible. He pitches, in the brief exordium of his discourse on a certain key, and seldom varies it in the course of the sermon. It is true, that in some of the more impressive passages of his discourses, he does impart more of solemnity of tone to his voice than generally characterises his delivery; but this is neither frequently the case, nor is it done with the effect with which it might be, were he to study oratory with some attention. His manner, too, wants animation; not that it is tame or spiritless, but that it does not correspond with the excellence of his voice. He uses very little gesture. When he commences his discourse, and for some time after, he rests either arm on the side of the pulpit, and stands quite still, with the exception of an occasional slight motion of his head. As he proceeds, he partially raises his right hand at short intervals. Now and then he gesticulates with both arms at the same

time, and his countenance on such occasions assumes a more earnest expression than usual.

Mr. Snow's preaching, in such cases, not only arrests but rivets the attention of all present, and causes one the more to regret that he should not be more liberal of his action throughout the discourse. I remember seeing a person come into the passage of St. Dunstan's one Thursday evening, when the reverend gentleman was in one of his more animated moods, and when he was not so niggard of his gesticulation as he usually is. The stranger, who seemed to be instantly struck with the appearance and manner of the preacher, gazed upon him with silent amazement for some time; when unable any longer to restrain himself, he observed to another individual also standing in the passage, in tones loud enough to be heard by those around him, "That gentleman," meaning Mr. Snow, "is the likeliest in appearance, voice, elocution, and manner, to John Kemble,* of any man I ever saw." This was a great compliment to Mr. Snow as a speaker, Mr.

* Meaning John Kemble, the great tragedian.

Kemble having been almost unequalled in that capacity by any of his contemporaries. As regards the effectiveness of his delivery, Mr. Snow appears to me to have fallen off of late. I see, or fancy I see, a marked difference in his usual manner now, compared with what it was four or five years ago. Then I thought the want of animation was the exception; now it is the rule.

In prayer Mr. Snow's eyes are always open. He keeps them constantly fixed on a particular spot of the gallery opposite to him. I have often been struck with the peculiar solemnity of tone and manner which characterizes the reverend gentleman when repeating the prayers of the Church. He is a close reader of his sermons, rarely delivering a sentence, except when within a minute or so of the conclusion, without the help of his paper. He usually, however, withdraws his eye from his manuscript for a single second, in the middle of every alternate sentence, and then his glance always takes one direction, which is in an angular line on the right of the pulpit.

His living is nominally four hundred and ninety pounds per annum; but in addition to this he has the endowed Thursday evening lectureship, which brings him one hundred pounds a-year. If to this be added Easter offerings, marriage and burial fees, &c. his living altogether must be worth seven or eight hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Snow has done little in the way of authorship. I am not aware of his having appeared more than twice through the press. The first work from his pen, if I be not mistaken, was a sermon which he preached at Cheltenham on the death of the Princess Charlotte. This was two years after he had detached himself from the hierarchy, and divested himself of the title of "Reverend," invariably assumed by the clergy, and by the great majority of Dissenting ministers also. Mr. Snow characterized himself on the title-page of his sermon as plain "Thomas Snow, Seceder from the National Religious Establishment." The sermon called forth, some months after its publication, a pamphlet by a clergyman of the

Church, and a very intimate personal friend of Mr. Snow's; in which pamphlet, in the form of a letter to himself, though a blank was substituted for his name, Mr. Snow was charged, along with the other seceders from the Church, with entertaining and preaching rank Antinomianism. To this pamphlet Mr. Snow replied in another pamphlet, extending to about one hundred pages; in which he complained of his views and doctrines being misrepresented, and in which he repelled the charges preferred against him, in an excellent spirit and with much ability. This was his second, and I believe his last appearance before the public as an author.

Mr. Snow's personal appearance is very commanding. He is above the average height, and well formed. His countenance has that serious solemn aspect, without being morose, which so well befits the "messenger of grace to guilty men." It wears an expression of dignity, without anything indicative in the smallest degree of pride or self-importance. His forehead is straight and broad. His features are small,

with the exception of prominent eye-brows. His face is oval, and rather large. His complexion is swarthy, and his eye-lashes are dark; but the little hair that remains on his head—for it is bald on the crown—is of a greyish hue. He has a dark clear eye, which contributes much to the intelligent expression which his countenance wears. Though seemingly close on his sixtieth year, he appears to enjoy excellent health.

The Rev. JOHN T. ROBINSON, Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is a preacher whose discourses are greatly admired by the more intellectual portion of his hearers. I do not wonder at this; for I know of few ministers, whether in the Church or among Dissenters, who prepare their sermons with greater care, than does this reverend gentleman. He is a man of superior talents; but his preaching is not likely ever to become popular, in the usual acceptance of the term. What I mean is, that his ministrations do not possess those attributes which are necessary to attract large or pro-

miscuous audiences. He is much too argumentative; a great deal too fond of preaching learnedly, to be even intelligible to the humbler and less informed classes of the community. Neither does he assign sufficient prominence in his pulpit discourses, to the leading doctrines of the gospel; nor does he deal in those close and energetic appeals to the conscience, without which it will very rarely be found that large promiscuous assemblages are drawn to a place of worship. He is an excellent reasoner; his arguments are usually sound, and they are put with force and perspicuity. He has the happy knack of knowing when and where to stop. When pursuing a train of reasoning, he rarely weakens, as many otherwise good reasoners do, his arguments, by pushing them to an undue extent. He is intimately acquainted with ecclesiastical history, and is partial to the introduction of learned facts and authorities in support of the positions he advances, or by way of enforcing the arguments he employs when seeking to establish those positions. He is fond of the discussion of topics on

which the religious world are divided: hence his sermons partake largely of a polemical character. But the most favourite theme of all with Mr. Robinson, is the evidences of Christianity. He dwells so much on this subject, that one who knew no better would be apt to imagine that he entertained some unacknowledged suspicion, that a very large part of his auditory consisted of infidels. And here allow me to remark, at the risk of being deemed guilty of a digression, that it has always appeared to me a very great error of judgment on the part of ministers, to occupy much of their hearers' attention, when those hearers, as in Mr. Robinson's case, consist of the usual Sabbath-day congregations,—with statements of facts and elaborate reasonings, in proof of the religion of the New Testament. The mere circumstance of persons stately attending the Christian ministry, is a presumptive proof that in the large majority of cases, they are at least speculative or theoretical believers in the divine origin of the religion of Jesus. The great object, therefore, of a minister of the

gospel, ought to be to enforce on his hearers the necessity of embodying in his life and conversation, the truths which he professes to believe.

Mr. Robinson's sermons, as will be inferred from what I have already stated, have very little of a doctrinal or experimental nature in them. Having never heard him on any occasion, even touch on what are called the doctrines of free grace, I cannot undertake to say with certainty what his views are on the point. He is clearly more than a merely moral preacher. My impression is, that his views of the doctrinal parts of the gospel scheme, may be expressed by a phrase which I do not remember ever to have heard made use of before, namely, a low evangelicalism.

Mr. Robinson's style is always correct, and often rises to a high order of eloquence. His sermons are well sustained throughout, and they are remarkable for being always of the same length. Half-an-hour is the average space of time occupied in their delivery. They rarely exceed or fall short of that time, even a

few minutes. I may here remark that Mr. Robinson never has more than two or three sentences by way of exordium. I have sometimes heard him give out the heads of his discourse without a single word in the shape of introduction.

As a speaker, Mr. Robinson ranks high. His voice, though somewhat gruff, is powerful, and his elocution is good. His utterance is distinct and well-timed to the ear. He is always audible, and speaks with great ease and fluency. It is true, that he closely confines himself to his paper, never withdrawing his eye from it for more than a few seconds at a time; but his reading is so good and his voice possesses so much volume, that any one who heard him without seeing him, would at once conclude that he was in the erect attitude of an extemporaneous speaker, instead of having his head chained down to a paper. I have no doubt the reverend gentleman has carefully studied elocution; for many of the modulations of his voice, the emphasis he puts on particular words, and the peculiar way in which he finishes the

delivery of particular sentences, must convince any one who has ever thought on the subject, that his oratory is the result of art or study. Though his action has nothing theatrical about it, his elocution strongly reminds me of that of some of our leading actors when delivering some of the more lengthened speeches which Shakspeare puts into the mouths of his principal characters. He is very sparing of his gesture; rarely using any other than a gentle occasional movement of either arm, particularly his right one.

The living possessed by the reverend gentleman is a very lucrative one. It is one thousand three hundred and thirty-six pounds per annum, exclusive of a free residence, Easter offerings, and fees of various kinds. It must be worth at least one thousand seven hundred pounds a year.

I am not aware that Mr. Robinson has any claim, even so far as the publication of a detached sermon would confer it, to the title of author. If any thing from his pen has issued from the press, it is unknown to me.

Mr. Robinson's personal appearance is rather imposing. He is of the middle height, and well and compactly made. His features are regular, and his complexion has a fresh and healthful appearance. But that his face is perhaps rather full, it would be called decidedly handsome. The expression of his countenance is reserved: it partakes slightly of what the French call *hauteur*. Of course, I am speaking of Mr. Robinson only in the pulpit: I have never, so far as I am aware, seen him elsewhere. His hair is rather dark, and is usually worn short. In the front it impairs the effect of an otherwise well-developed forehead, by partly overlapping it. His whiskers are large and bushy. His eyes are dark and intelligent. In prayer they are alternately open and shut. His age is, apparently, about forty-three or forty-four.

The Rev. THOMAS DALE, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and Evening Lecturer in St. Sepulchre's Snow-hill, was educated at the Blue Coat School. He intended, in the first in-

stance, to follow some secular pursuit; but what that particular pursuit was, has escaped my memory. After he had applied his mind to it for two years, he relinquished all idea of following it any longer, and prepared for entering into holy orders. He is one of the most popular clergymen in the metropolis. Nor is his popularity of recent date; it is of many years' standing. He rose into distinction, indeed, almost immediately after he began to preach; which is now nearly a quarter of a century ago. Nor do there appear any symptoms of Mr. Dale's popularity being on the wane. If, on the contrary, an increased anxiety to attend on his ministrations may be regarded as a legitimate test of his reputation as a preacher, I am justified in saying that that reputation is on the increase rather than the decline. The church of which he is the vicar, though large, is always crowded to an inconvenient extent, and were it capable of containing three thousand persons—it can only accommodate two thousand, and even then not without very great crowding—I am sure that

every sitting in it would not only be occupied, but regularly taken. Even on the Wednesday evenings, when it is understood that Mr. Dale himself will preach, the average attendance in St. Bride's Church cannot be less than twelve hundred. When it is known before hand that he will not preach the week-day sermon, I should suppose the usual attendance does not exceed five or six hundred.

I am often much surprised at the popularity of particular ministers. Mr. Dale is not one of the number. I should be surprised, indeed, if he were less popular than he is. His theology is sound; he is thoroughly evangelical; while his matter not only embodies the more vital and practical parts of the gospel scheme, but indicates a very high order of intellect. Mental excellence, blended with decided piety, is indeed displayed in his discourses with a prominence which is seldom to be met with either in our metropolitan or provincial pulpits. Mr. Dale's matter is condensed and comprehensive. The sin of diffuseness is one which I do not remember to have seen him commit,

though I have heard him at intervals, and on every variety of subject, for several years past. He is always clear. His matter cannot be said to be profound; but neither is it, on the other hand, ever superficial or flimsy. If he do not sound the depths of divinity so far as some others do, he always goes below the surface of things. His sermons are well sustained; occasionally he gives utterance to brilliant things. He is always above mediocrity. He is exceeding partial to an antithetical style of preaching. Any attempts at display he carefully avoids. Though his discourses exhibit all the traces of great care in the preparation, I never could observe anything either about them or him, which could justify the opinion, that when addressing his people he is more solicitous about what should be thought of himself as a man of talent, than about the faithful and effectual exhibition of the truth. His manner has all the appearance of sincerity about it. No one could hear him even for a few minutes without quitting the place with a thorough conviction, that his heart is in the work, and

that the conversion of souls, not the applause of men, is with him the great and primary motive to ministerial exertion.

Mr. Dale is bold and uncompromising in his addresses to his people. He rebukes with equal fidelity persons of all ranks; nor does he spare the more fashionable of the sex when he thinks the occasion calls on him to direct his reproofs especially to them. I remember hearing him a few years ago preach a sermon in aid of the funds of some charitable institution, in St. Sepulchre's, Snow Hill. The latter part of the sermon, was altogether a close, and energetic and very eloquent appeal to the consciences of his hearers generally, on the claims which the institution for which he that evening pleaded had to their support; but the observations he addressed in a peculiar manner to the ladies, were among the most searching and forcible I ever heard from the pulpit; while they were delivered with a fervour and energy I have rarely seen Mr. Dale display on any other occasion. I am sorry that I cannot give the reverend gentleman's admonitions and rebukes

as they proceeded with a burning, or rather I should say, with a withering eloquence from his lips. What called forth the severe reproof was the fact, that he had ascertained that on similar occasions some of the more fashionable and finely-dressed females in the audience, had gone out of the church without depositing so much as a single sixpence in the plates provided at the door to receive contributions. Among other remarks which he made that must have caused many a conscience to play the part of a Nathan to its possessor, was one to the following effect:—"I have no doubt there are here to-night many a fashionable female whose bosom is encased in the softest silks or satins, while her heart is as hard, when charitable appeals are made to her, as the very stones of the pavement on which she treads when retiring from the church."

I am not sure, indeed, whether Mr. Dale's anxiety to be fearless and faithful in the discharge of his ministerial duties, does not sometimes lead him to say injudicious things. One who hears him often, has mentioned to me, that

sometime ago, when dwelling on the fact that the worship of God must be spiritual in order to be acceptable, he actually insisted that all those who did not feel conscious that they were on that occasion worshipping God with their whole hearts as well as with their bodies, should rise that moment from their seats and quit the church. While thus addressing his audience, a female fell into fainting fits; which circumstance some persons present attributed to the state of alarm into which she had been thrown by the reverend gentleman's remarks; but as this could only be supposition, I think it unfair to assume it, as I have heard it assumed, to be an undoubted fact.

His ordinary manner possesses much sameness. His voice is clear and distinct, and he is always audible in every part of the church, without any appearance of effort. His chief defect as a public speaker is, that he never modulates his voice. Its tones are almost always the same. It is true, that when he comes to the more practical parts of his discourse, he raises his voice to a higher key than that in

which the greater part of it is delivered; but even when his voice is at its loudest, and he himself is most animated and impassioned, his elocution exhibits the same monotony. His utterance is rapid, yet not unpleasantly so. Considering that he confines himself closely to his paper, I have often been surprised at the rapidity with which he speaks. He never withdraws his eyes from his manuscript for more than a few seconds at a time. He then bestows a momentary glance alternately on those of the audience who are on the right and left of the pulpit, in the area of the church. He never, not even by accident, glances his eye at those in the body of the church directly before him. His action is tame. With his fine voice, his superior talents, his evangelical opinions, and his great earnestness, he would, were his elocution more varied and his gesticulation more abundant, without being ungraceful or extravagant, prove one of the most attractive of public speakers to be met with in any of the pulpits of the present day.

With the exception of the Rev. Henry Mel-

vill, of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, Mr. Dale is, I believe, more extensively employed to preach charity sermons than any other clergyman in London. His ingenuity is, therefore, as will be readily conceived, often severely put to the test to vary the nature of his appeals, and yet preserve their effectiveness, to the hearts and pockets of the congregations he addresses. I have often admired his tact in this way. I have repeatedly known him, after exhausting himself in the fervour of his appeals to their principles as Christians and their feelings as men, very adroitly "hitch in" something which he supposed most likely to influence a class of persons to be found in all mixed audiences whose pockets are not to be reached either through the avenues of their religion or their humanity. Some time ago he said, when preaching in aid of the funds of a charitable institution, that there might be certain persons present who, though able, did not mean to contribute any thing to the collection about to be made. He then appealed to their sense of decency, whether they ought not to rise at the

end of the discourse, and leave the place, so as not to interfere with those who intended to contribute, either by inconveniencing them at the door, or by setting them a bad example in passing the plate without depositing any thing in it. It is unnecessary to say, that not a person quitted his seat; this was just the way to chain his audience down till the close of the services, and to increase the chances of extracting a trifle from their pockets. The circumstance reminds me of the story related of the Rev. Rowland Hill, when he was preaching a charity sermon. As that story goes, Mr. Hill beseeched those whose pecuniary affairs were insolvent, or who were not, in other words, able to pay their creditors, not to give a single farthing towards the collection; adding, that morality as well as the gospel required that men should be just before they were generous. The result was, that as every one was anxious to be considered in solvent circumstances, and as the not contributing would, after what the preacher had said, have led to a contrary conclusion, there was not a person present who

had any thing in his pocket that did not contribute to the collection; and even those who had no money with them, borrowed some from their acquaintances in order to save their credit from so deadly an assault.

And yet, with all Mr. Dale's ingenuity and powers of persuasion, when pleading the cause of benevolence, it so happens that some of those institutions of the most meritorious kind which are connected with St. Bride's Church, are very inadequately supported by his people. Among these institutions there is a District Visiting Society, which contemplates, and is peculiarly adapted to promote, the temporal and spiritual advantage of the poorer portion of the population of the parish. To what extent, then, does the reader suppose is this most excellent institution supported by a congregation exceeding two thousand persons in number, and many of whom are very opulent? I confess that had I not heard the fact from Mr. Dale's own lips, which I did in the course of one of his week-day sermons in January last, I could not have believed, that only forty

pounds are annually subscribed by such a congregation to such an institution.

Mr. Dale is a most laborious man in the way of visiting his people, as well as in preaching to them. He also actively exerts himself in all matters connected with the parish which bear immediately on the interests of religion. It is true that he is a decided Tory, but as his views in politics as well as in religion, are doubtless sincere, no one has a right to quarrel with him on account of them. Where he conceives that a great public principle is involved, he spares no personal labour to assert what he regards as the right view of the case. Some time ago he felt the deepest anxiety to see an end put to Sabbath trading in the parish of St. Bride's; and in the hope of witnessing the desired consummation, he personally waited upon every individual in the parish guilty of a desecration of that day by attending to their usual avocations, for the purpose of using all the arguments and persuasions he could think of to induce them to give up their Sunday trading. I know an instance in which he

wrote a very long and elaborately-reasoned letter to the proprietor of one of the publications devoted to reports of sermons, with the view of convincing him that it was a desecration of the Lord's day to employ any person to take down notes of a sermon on that day, with a view to publication.

Mr. Dale has in some instances met with rather rough treatment when in the performance of what he conceives his duties, out of the pulpit. When exerting himself, as just stated, for the abolition of Sunday trading in the parish, he was most virulently and coarsely assailed by a Sunday journal. How does the reader suppose he felt under the abuse thus heaped upon him? That may be best inferred from the fact, that at a public meeting held a few days afterwards in the London Tavern, against Sabbath trading, he read to the crowded audience assembled on the occasion, every word of the article, grossly vituperative as it was. In this respect, I know of few preachers who have more of that moral courage which is so desirable in a minister of the gospel.

In St. Bride's, as in every other metropolitan parish, there are a greater or less number of Deists, or men who care for no religion. From such individuals, Mr. Dale, when applying to them through deputy or otherwise, for any small contribution for religious purposes, has often met with unpleasant rebuffs. In other instances, the answers to such appeals have been of a nature which must have excited his risible faculties, if his proxies communicated those answers to him. I know one instance in which a person, on being asked on behalf of the reverend gentleman, for an Easter offering, presented the party with a copy of Milton's "Treatise on Hirelings in the Church," particularly requesting it might be given to Mr. Dale himself. A similar application was made to another individual, and *his* "Easter Offering" was a copy of Cobbett's "Legacy to Parsons." If either or both of these works were handed to Mr. Dale, and the circumstances under which they were given were fairly stated to him, I am sure, I repeat, he

must have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the matter.

The reverend gentleman's living in St. Bride's, to which he was, unsolicited, presented in 1835, by Sir Robert Peel, is a rather lucrative one. Nominally it is 562*l.* per annum; but I should suppose that one way or other it is little short of 700*l.* a-year. This, with his salary as Professor of English Literature in King's College, and the sum he receives as Evening Lecturer of St. Sepulchre's, must render his income equal to at least 1,200*l.* per annum.

Mr. Dale is a voluminous author, and his writings embrace a considerable variety of subjects both in poetry and prose. His first appearance as an author was in the capacity of poet. This was in 1819, when he brought out his "Widow of the City of Nain;" and other poems. In the following year appeared his "Outlaw of Taurus;" also a poem. In the same volume he gave several scenes from Sophocles, the celebrated Greek dramatist. He afterwards brought out, in two volumes, the

Tragedies of the same writer, translated into English verse; which work was highly eulogised in the Quarterly Review. The success of his first poetical effort induced him to appear, in 1822, a third time in the capacity of poet. It was in this year that his "Irada and Adah," and other poems, with "Specimens of a New Translation of the Psalms" appeared. From 1822 up to 1830 the public heard nothing more of him as an author, unless indeed the publication of a detached religious lecture in 1828 could be looked on as a qualification to the remark. In 1830 he appeared as the editor of, and to a very considerable extent a contributor to, a religious Annual then projected, called "The Iris." A second volume of this Annual appeared in 1831, but the expenses of the illustrations and of the getting up generally, were found too great to justify the publication of a third volume. In 1831 he brought out a volume of "Sermons on Doctrinal and Practical Subjects." This volume was followed next year by the publication of "Five Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge."

These discourses Mr. Dale delivered before that university sometime previously.

“The Young Pastor’s Guide” proceeded from his pen in 1835, and in the following year a collection of his Poetical Works was brought out. In the course of the same year he published his “Probation for the Christian Ministry, practically considered.” This was a small volume in the form of four discourses. Last of all came, in 1837, “A Memorial of Pastoral Ministrations;” also in the form of sermons.

Of Mr. Dale’s published sermons I need express no opinion, after what I have already said in speaking of him as a preacher. His poetry is of a very superior cast. In his “Widow of Nain,” and indeed in all his larger poems, there are passages of great power; while his smaller pieces every now and then sparkle with beauties, and are deeply embued throughout with the finer feelings of human nature. Where is the father who has lost a beloved child, in whose bosom there will not be

found a cordial response to the truth and tenderness of the following lines, entitled

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek ;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak ;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

When languor from her joyless couch
Hath scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness that comes with night,
Departs not with the day ;
To mark the fond endearing smile,
That seeks with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead ;
To look unconsciously for *her*,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys,—and look *in vain*,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
 While life is ebbing fast ;
 To mark that once illumin'd eye
 With Death's dull film o'er cast ;
 To watch the struggles of the frame
 Where earth has no relief,
 And hopes of Heaven are breath'd in vain,—
 THIS is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
 And life is pain no more—
 Not when the dreary tomb has clos'd
 O'er her so lov'd before ;
 Not then does kind oblivion come
 To lend his woes relief,
 But with him to the grave he bears
 A Father's rooted grief.

For, oh! to dry a mother's tears
 Another babe may bloom ;
 But what remains on earth for him
 Whose last is in the tomb ?
 To think his child is blest above—
 To hope their parting brief,
 These, these may soothe—but death alone
 Can heal a Father's grief.

Some of my readers may be desirous of seeing a specimen of Mr. Dale's projected new translation of the Psalms. I therefore subjoin the following, only premising that I do not single it out because I deem it the most favourable to

his talents as a translator in verse, of the Psalmody of David, but because the psalm (the eighth) is one of the shortest:—

O Lord! our Lord! to thy dread name
 Through earth's wide bounds what praise is given :
 How hast thou set thy matchless fame
 Above the highest arch of Heaven !
 From infant lips at thy command
 Glad hymns of praise triumphant flow ;
 Ordained to quell the adverse band,
 And still and shame the avenging foe.

When on the bright broad heavens I gaze,
 Fram'd by Jehovah's hand divine ;
 The silver moon—the starry rays—
 And own the living glories Thine ;
 Oh, what is man, vain man ! that he
 Should thus Thy kind remembrance share ?
 Or what his race, that such should be
 The object of Jehovah's care ?

If not in angel robes of light,
 Thy hand the incarnate Son array'd—
 Another name, a crown more bright,
 His transient lowliness repaid —
 Thy love to Him unbounded sway
 O'er all thy subject works has given ;
 Bowed at his footstool, all obey ;
 Or tribes of earth, or hosts of heaven.

Mr. Dale's personal appearance is not imposing. He is under the middle stature, but

rather firmly made. In his gait he has a slight stoop. Usually when walking in the streets, his eyes look towards the pavement, as if he were lost in contemplation. I believe his mind is often occupied with some train of thought when proceeding along the streets or lanes of London. His complexion is of a dark pale, if there be not a contradiction in the expression. His face is somewhat thin; his brow is narrow, and slightly contracted. His eye-brows are prominent and projecting. His features are not otherwise marked. His hair is sandy-coloured, and "stands" as the phrase is, erect; especially that portion of it which surmounts the forehead. His light grey eye has a comparatively heavy dull appearance when out of the pulpit. In the pulpit, especially when he has fairly entered into the heart of his subject, it is clear, quick, and penetrating. The usual expression of his countenance is that of a sedateness verging on melancholy; but when he ascends the pulpit, it appears much more lively and animated. His age I should take to be about forty-seven or forty-eight.

The REV. JOHN HARDING, Rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars,* is a well-known clergyman among the

* The celebrated Mr. Romaine was many years Rector of St. Ann's. A tablet was erected to his memory, soon after his death, at the further end of the church. The tablet contains the following inscription :—

In a Vault beneath lies the Mortal Part
Of the Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE, A.M.
Thirty years Rector of these United Parishes, and Forty-Six
years Lecturer of St. Dunstan in the West.
Raised up of God
For an important Work in his Church ;
A SCHOLAR of extensive Learning ; a CHRISTIAN of eminent PIETY ;
A PREACHER of peculiar Gifts and Animation ;
Consecrating all his Talents to the Investigation of Sacred Truth,
During a Ministry of more than half a century,
He lived, conversed, and wrote only to exalt the SAVIOUR.
Mighty in the Scriptures,
He ably defended with Eloquence and Zeal,
The equal Perfections of a Triune JEHOVAH, exhibited
In Man's Redemption ;
The FATHER's everlasting Love ;
The *Atonement, Righteousness* and complete Salvation of the SON,
The *Regenerating Influence* of the ETERNAL SPIRIT,
With the OPERATIONS and *Enjoyments* of a *perfect Faith*.
When displaying the essential Doctrines of the Gospel,
With a *Simplicity* and *Fervour* rarely united,
His enlivened Countenance expressed the Joy of his Soul.
GOD OWNED THE TRUTH ;
And Multitudes raised from Guilt and Ruin to the Hope of eternal Felicity
Became Seals to his Ministry and the
Blessings and Ornaments of Society.
Having manifested the Purity of his Principles in his Life to the age of 81,
He in July 26, 1795, departed in the Triumph of Faith,
And entered into Glory.

evangelical portion of the religious community. He succeeded the late Rev. Isaac Sanders, who suddenly fell down in the pulpit and instantly died, on New Year's Day 1836; the last words he uttered being those of his text, namely, "And ye are complete in Him." There is nothing showy in Mr. Harding's style of preaching, and consequently few persons are taken with him on hearing a first or second sermon. They may be pleased; certainly they will not be dissatisfied; but they do not come away admiring him. The more he is heard, however, the more, in the generality of cases, is he liked. His own people are exceedingly fond of his preaching; some of them prefer him to any other of our metropolitan ministers. His views are clear and strictly orthodox. If he cannot be called eloquent, his sermons have the greater merit of always having a strongly practical tendency. His matter does not strike the hearer by either originality or depth, but it is for the most part well sustained. His discourses evidence, both by their arrangement and by the appropriateness of the illustrations which he

brings to bear on his positions, more than ordinary care in their preparation. His pulpit exhibitions at once impress the mind of the stranger with the conviction that his heart is in his work. There is an earnestness in his manner which can be accounted for on no other supposition. This earnestness, let me remark, is not the earnestness of vehement gesticulation; for of gesture he is very sparing; it is the earnestness of his looks and the tones of his voice. Contrary to what is usual in the delivery of sermons, Mr. Harding is as animated in his brief exordium as in any subsequent part of the discourse. Occasionally, indeed, he flags in his manner; but not often, nor for any length of time. He does not use a paper: he has a slip or two of manuscript before him, containing, I suppose, the heads and particulars of his discourse, with, very probably, a few of the leading positions he intends to illustrate. He might as well leave it at home; he makes no use of it; but gets through his sermon with great seeming ease, without hesitation and without stammering; and this, too, though his

discourses usually occupy full three-quarters of an hour in the delivery. His utterance is rapid rather than otherwise. His enunciation is distinct, but his voice is deficient both in power and variety. Here, however, I must state, that it appears to me that there is something in the construction of the church which impairs the effect of his voice. Of this, I am certain, that Mr. Harding's voice appears to greater advantage in most other churches in which he has occasion, now and then, to preach, than in his own.

I have already said that he is economical of his gesture. For a time he is quite stationary as far as his arms are concerned; but in the course of five or six minutes, he makes a moderate use of his right arm. By-and-bye a little motion is imparted to his left, and afterwards both arms are used at once, though never very liberally. One of his favourite gestures is to clasp both hands together, and to rest them in that state alternately, though at intervals of some length, on the cushion of the pulpit and on the lower part of his breast.

Mr. Harding is about the general height, and of the usual circumference. His features are small, and the expression of his countenance, though plain, is pleasing. His forehead is rather straight and low. His eyes are small and dark. The shape of his face is oval. His complexion verges on a swarthy hue, and his hair is of a jet-black colour. His lips are exceedingly thick. He has the appearance of one who enjoys excellent health. I should take him to be about his forty-third or forty-fourth year. His congregation cannot be much under a thousand persons. I cannot say what the exact amount of his income from St. Ann's is, but I am convinced it is not under six hundred pounds per annum.

The Rev. DR. CROLY, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is a gentleman who is as well-known as an author, as he is as a clergymen. To his achievements in his former capacity, I shall have occasion afterwards to refer. As a preacher, the reverend gentleman is not so generally known in the metropolis as the distinction he

has attained in literature, and the frequency with which his name, in connection with theology, appears before the public, would lead us to expect. He is exceedingly popular with many of his own parishioners, and is much admired by a certain class of hearers whenever he has occasion to preach in any other church; but still, he is not run after in the same way as are most of the other clergymen whose names will be found in this work. Dr. Croly's admirers do not belong to that portion of the community who entertain what are called evangelical views. His preaching would never do for them. His admirers are that class of persons who substitute a high order of intellect, eloquent language, and mere morality, for the vital truths of the gospel. The reverend gentleman naturally possesses a mind of no ordinary vigour, which he has carefully cultivates with all the appliances within his reach. He strikes out new trains of thought, and works them with skill and effect. His matter is unlike that of any other preacher of the present day. His modes of thinking are pecu-

liarily his own; and though an original, or I would rather prefer the term peculiar thinker, I do not conceive that he can with strict propriety of language be called a profound thinker. He is not one whose matter is of a nature to require an effort on the part of his hearers to follow him: every thing he says is of easy comprehension, provided an ordinary amount of attention be paid to him. He is not so remarkable for the brilliancy of particular conceptions, as for the sustained superiority of the entire sermon. He can reason closely and conclusively when he applies his mind to argumentation; but you at once perceive, that to indulge in refined or lengthened reasoning is not the natural tendency of his mind. Effort is apparent in every successive sentence of his argumentative passages. The leading attribute in the constitution of Dr. Croly's intellect, is his imagination, which is singularly strong. It is true, it does not run riot in the pulpit as it does in his works of fiction. It does not in his sermons, as in his novels and romances, clothe every thing it touches with a

luxuriance which dazzles and confounds.— Though it obviously requires a strenuous and unremitting effort to restrain, in the pulpit, the imaginative tendencies of his mind, that effort is, to a certain extent, crowned with success; not, however, with such an amount of success as to prevent the intelligent hearer from perceiving how vigorous and lively the reverend gentleman's imagination is. He is exceedingly partial, in his pulpit ministrations, to detailed references to ecclesiastical history; with which he seems to be very intimately conversant. Indeed, I heard him mention in a sermon he preached in St. Martin's church, one Friday in March last, that he had made all matters appertaining to church history his peculiar study. He is fond, too, of expatiating on the evidences of Christianity, and in asserting the superiority of the Church, as by law established, to all other religious systems. A very considerable part of his pulpit discourses, will be found to consist of matter of either or of all of the three kinds I have mentioned. He rarely touches on doctrinal matters. On doctrines immediately

relating to the heart or conscience, in the sense in which the terms are understood by the evangelical party in the Church, he does not, so far as my knowledge extends, touch at all. If I understand the import of the word "evangelical," he is not, as may be inferred from what I have stated in a previous part of this sketch, a preacher of that class. The man of cultivated mind unaccompanied with vital piety may at all times calculate on a treat of no ordinary character, from the preaching of Dr. Croly; and the probability is, that along with this intellectual treat he will derive no inconsiderable amount of instruction. But I should deem it the most unlikely thing in the world, that a person should come away from hearing a sermon of the reverend gentleman's, impressed with a deep conviction of the evil of sin or of his own guilt, or admiring the finished work of Christ. I should be much surprised indeed, were I to be informed that any one had, under a discourse of Dr. Croly's, been so appalled by a discovery of his culpability before God, as that he had, on his return home, entered his

closet, and, shutting the door, fallen on his knees, exclaiming in an agony of soul, "What must I do to be saved?"

Dr. Croly usually finishes his sermons quite abruptly. You may guess from the clock when he is drawing towards a conclusion; but you would not have the slightest idea from his matter or manner, whether or not he was in the middle or almost at the end of his discourse, half a dozen sentences before you hear him uttering the words—"Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," &c.—words which, I may mention for the information of those not in the habit of worshipping in the Church of England, are invariably used immediately after the close of the sermon.

Dr. Croly's style is eloquent in the highest degree, though his eloquence is of a peculiar kind. It is a style which is entirely the reverend gentleman's own: it has not only no parallel in the case of any other living orator or writer; but I know of no speaker or author of a previous period, whose style Dr. Croly could have fixed on as his model. His eloquence is remarkable

for its oriental luxuriance. It is so rich in imagery and metaphor of a striking kind, as to impart a dazzling brilliancy to matter which, if expressed in ordinary phraseology, would be regarded as of a very common-place character. Its remarkable richness, indeed, absolutely cloy the intellectual taste. Dr. Croly's works, to be read with pleasure, must be read by piece-meal. The remark would apply with equal force to his preaching, were he to preach for some hours in succession. There are ministers of the gospel whose eloquence is of that easy and delightful kind, that you could listen to them with unabated pleasure for three or four hours at a time : Dr. Croly begins to pall on the mind or the ear—I do not know which of the terms is the right one—by the time he has addressed his audience for three quarters of an hour,—just as the physical stomach sickens soonest with the richest sweetmeats.

Dr. Croly's style is generally considered artificial. I am of a different opinion. I admit that no other speaker or writer could express himself in the same phraseology, or any thing

like it, as that which Dr. Croly employs,—without the most laborious effort; but then, it is to be remembered, that not only are different minds differently constituted as regards habits of thought, but that in many cases they are equally so as respects the mode of giving expression to their ideas. Take, for instance, Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst. They are both men of distinguished talent; but their style is as different as can be. That of Lord Lyndhurst is easy, natural, and perspicuous: Lord Brougham's, on the other hand, is involved and intricate to a degree I never witnessed in the style of any other speaker of distinction. And yet Lord Brougham's diction, though no other individual could express himself without great effort, if even then, in language any thing like it, is as natural to him as the style of Lord Lyndhurst is to that noble lord. It would, in other words, be as difficult if not impossible, for Lord Brougham to make one of his great speeches in language similar to that which Lord Lyndhurst employs, as it would be for the latter noble lord success-

fully to imitate the diction of Lord Brougham. On the same principle I am quite satisfied, that Dr. Croly's style, however artificial or elaborate it may appear to others, is to himself perfectly natural. I am convinced, that to express his ideas in the easy perspicuous diction which is generally employed both by speakers and writers, would require on the part of the reverend gentleman, great and incessant labour. That his style is not affected or artificial so far as concerns himself, is a fact of which I feel the more fully assured, from the circumstance of his not only delivering the far greater portion of his sermons without referring to his paper, but also from that of his expressing his thoughts in similar phraseology when he speaks extemporaneously ; which he often does, in parts at least of his speeches, when addressing public meetings.

Dr. Croly attracts the attention of his audience the moment he commences his discourse. He has a stentorian voice, though occasionally there is a degree of huskiness in its tones ; and his first sentence is pitched on a loud key. He makes no use of his arms

until some time after he has begun his sermon ; but contemporaneously with the utterance of the first word, he throws back his head, and begins moving it with some rapidity. His exordium generally occupies about six or seven minutes in the delivery ; during which he only once or twice looks at his paper, and even then the glance is so momentary, that he who would discover it must keep a watchful eye on the reverend gentleman. Afterwards he refers to his paper ; once perhaps on an average every minute and a half ; but, as will be inferred from what I before stated, he does not then read from it, but, as it were, catches a word or part of a sentence, which suffices to enable him to get on easily and fluently for some time afterwards. In eight or ten minutes after he has begun his sermon, he calls his arms into full play ; especially his right arm, which he first thrusts perpendicularly in the air, and then conveying his hand rapidly to the left side of his head, he makes as sudden and tremendous a sweep with it in a contrary direction, as if his intention were to throw it away altogether.

If any one happened to be within reach of Dr. Croly's hand on such occasions, he would receive a blow which he would be in no danger of forgetting during the remainder of his life. At times he gesticulates to some extent with his left arm. Occasionally he raises both arms at once; but his most frequent motion in the way of gesture, is to lift his right hand as high as he can, and then to cause it to descend to his side, with all the force and rapidity he can command. His voice, though as before mentioned somewhat harsh or husky at times, is for the most part pleasant enough. It is especially so—indeed, I would say there is then a degree of softness about it,—when in a pathetic mood; or when his matter is of a consoling kind. His delivery is rather rapid, which now and then aggravates a sort of natural indistinctness that there is in his enunciation of certain words. His appearance in the pulpit is commanding, and there are an earnestness and energy in his manner which are not often to be found in preachers of the moderate or high church party. He is one

of the most liberal high churchmen I know. He admits that the Church of Scotland forms a part of the church of Christ, though the party to whom he belongs, almost to a man, unchurch every other denomination of Christians.

Dr. Croly shines on the platform as well as in the pulpit. At public meetings he has made some brilliant displays. Two or three years ago he delivered a Church-and-State speech at a Conservative dinner in the borough of Finsbury, which, I am told, threw the assemblage into ecstasies.

He appears to great advantage in private conversation, provided the right means be taken to draw him out. Few men enjoy a joke at the dinner-table with greater zest. He is generally the lion of the party. Every thing he says is listened to with the greatest attention. He loves occasionally to take advantage of the homage accorded to him in this way, by working up the expectation of something brilliant, to the highest pitch, and then saying some ludicrous thing. Some time ago he was at dinner in the house of a friend; when the

conversation of the party, which I should observe consisted exclusively of literary men, turned on the important discoveries which had of late years been made in the arts and sciences. "And now, gentlemen," said Dr Croly, "what do you consider the greatest discovery of the present day?" Some mentioned discoveries in chemistry; some in mechanics; some named the discovery of the power of steam; and some that of flying through the air in balloons. In a word, there was scarcely a discovery of any importance which has been made in the present day which was not mentioned by one or other of the gentlemen present, as the greatest discovery. "But, Dr. Croly," said one of the company, after everybody else had expressed their opinions on the subject—"but, Dr. Croly, you have not told us what *you* deem the greatest discovery of the present age."

"Oh!" said the Doctor, with the greatest gravity possible, "if my opinion on the point is thought worth anything, it is quite at the service of the company. It is certainly very

different from any opinion I have heard this night expressed."

There was a breathless silence to hear what the reverend gentleman's opinion was.

"My decided conviction, gentlemen," resumed Dr. Croly, "is, that immeasurably the most important discovery which the present age has witnessed, is that of roasting potatoes in tin canisters in the streets. A potatoe toasted in this way is the greatest luxury I ever tasted, especially if eaten on a cold night as you walk along the streets." A loud and universal burst of laughter, greeted the delivery of the odd conception. It was felt to be a new illustration of the old affair of a flourish of trumpets preceding the entrance of Tom Thumb.

There are few authors whose leading works are better known than those of Dr. Croly. His "Salmathiel, or the Wandering Jew," and his volume on the Apocalypse, are perhaps the most generally circulated of his various books. About ten or twelve years since, he conducted

the Monthly Magazine for some time. He still occasionally contributes to periodicals. He has written several articles, some of them of no ordinary brilliancy, for the Church Quarterly Review. It is understood, that he has a new work of fiction ready for the press, if not actually in it, which is intended as a continuation of, or sequel to, his "Salmathiel."

Dr. Croly is a poet. Some of his poems are of considerable length. The largest and perhaps, taken all in all, the best, is entitled "Paris in 1815." It was written immediately after a visit to that capital, while in possession of the Allies. He has written one or two dramas; but they are heavy, arising chiefly from a too palpable display of the scholar in them. All the reverend gentleman's poetic efforts were collected and published in two volumes in 1830. They are very unequal. Some are exceedingly good; others are very bad; but most of them belong to that class of merit, if merit it be, which is expressed by the term mediocrity. The following short piece, entitled "The

Genius of Death," is not without either force
or feeling : —

"What is Death?" 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality :
All alike are humbled there !
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave,
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb !

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king !
Empires at thy footstool, lie !
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore ;
Storms shall never rouse them more !

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne ?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band ;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died !

Earth has hosts ; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one ;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on

Back from the tomb
No step has come ;
There fix'd till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound !

Dr. Croly's congregation is not large ; neither is his living a lucrative one. His income is only nominally three hundred and thirty-two pounds per annum ; but then there is a free house belonging to his rectoryship, which may be considered equal to another hundred pounds a-year. Easter offerings, and marriage and funeral fees, &c. may produce about one hundred pounds more ; making his living worth, in a round sum, five hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

Dr. Croly's personal appearance is striking. He is tall and athletic. He is just such a person as one would suppose possessed of great physical strength. His face is somewhat full, and his complexion is fresh and indicative of health. His hair is short and dark, with some symptoms of a tendency towards a greyish hue. The sloping form of his forehead, which is very low, strikes the eye more on account of the

shortness of his hair in front. There is something marked in his features, chiefly in consequence of the prominence of his dark eyelashes, and the unusually large space between them. His eyes are of a dark grey, and are quick and penetrating in their motions. His whiskers are small and worn very short. The aspect of his countenance conveys the idea of great boldness and energy; attributes which are prominent in all his conduct. His moral courage is great: let him only be convinced of what is the path of duty, and he will perseveringly pursue it, without wasting a thought on the probable consequences. He wears his gown open; so that the audience are enabled to perceive that his pocket handkerchief is thrust into the breast of his half-buttoned coat. I should take his age to be above rather than under fifty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY—ASSISTANTS OR
LECTURERS.

The Rev. J. F. Denham — The Rev. M. Hobart Seymour —
The Rev. Watts Wilkinson.

THE Rev. J. F. DENHAM, curate of St. Mary's in the Strand, and evening lecturer in St. Bride's, is a clergyman whose personal appearance alone attracts many persons to hear him. He is of the middle height, but very stout. His head is large and massy, and is made to appear more so than it is, by the unusual length and abundance of his hair. His crop of hair, which is of a jet-black hue, is, I have no doubt, an object of careful cultivation. Instead of being like that of most other persons who put themselves to any trouble in the arrangement of their hair, combed to the right side of his face, he gives it an opposite

direction. It is adjusted so as to cover the greater part of his left brow, and come within a quarter of an inch or thereabout of his left eye. Thus, between the reverend gentleman's ample head and face, the quantity of his hair, and his mode of adjusting it, his appearance is not only striking, but it is unlike that of any other man I know. I have never seen any one who so nearly resembles Mr. Denham in personal appearance, as did George the Fourth. Those who have got a good portrait of that monarch, will be able to form some idea of the reverend gentleman's round face, pluffy cheeks, small pleasing eyes, and abundant hair; only that the arrangement of the hair in the case of the monarch, was different from what it is in the case of the preacher. Mr. Denham's complexion is clear, and of a healthy hue. His features are small though his face be so large. The expression of his countenance is on the whole agreeable. A physiognomist would read benevolence in it; and his science would, in that instance at least, be in perfect accordance with the truth; for the reverend gentleman

has the character of being a very benevolent and charitable man.

Mr. Denham cannot be classed among the evangelical ministers of the metropolis. He was, I am aware, looked upon for many years as belonging to that party; but he has not been so considered for some time past. What his doctrinal views are, I am not in a condition to say. Of this I am certain, that no one would be able to infer his religious creed from his sermons; or if so, his discourses must be of a widely different character from those which I have heard him deliver. He is partial to giving series after series of sermons on particular subjects; but those subjects have usually a closer connection with natural religion than with the theology of the Bible. The exhibition of the perfections of the Divine Being which is furnished in the volumes of creation and providence, is with him a favourite topic; and he often treats his subject without any reference worthy of the name, to the scheme of redemption. The last sermon I heard him preach was on the third of February of the present

year. The subject was winter, and his text was that clause in one of the Psalms, in which the "sweet singer of Israel," in ascribing all things to the agency of the Deity, says, "Thou hast made the winter." The reverend gentleman, before giving out his subject, said that he had been induced to interrupt for one Sunday, the series of discourses which he had been giving for several weeks previously on a particular subject, in order to deliver one sermon on the season. It awkwardly enough happened that the subject after all did not, in strict propriety of speech, relate to the season: for the subject, as already mentioned, was winter, while the delivery of the discourse took place in spring. The sermon consisted entirely of natural theology. It was just such a discourse as might be given by one who did not believe in revelation. There was not the remotest allusion to any of the distinguishing truths of the gospel; unless an exception should be made in favour of a remark towards the close, to the effect that Christ had by his resurrection become the first fruits of those who shall rise from

the dead. The reverend gentleman made this allusion to the resurrection of Christ on the ground of its being analogous to the revival in nature which takes place in spring, after the torpor or state of death which so extensively prevails in winter. He dwelt on such facts as that the wisdom and goodness of God are strikingly displayed in sending us the cold and inclement weather of winter; inasmuch as many noxious insects are thereby destroyed which, without such weather, would propagate so rapidly as to render an existence in Great Britain impossible. He instanced, in illustration of his views on this point, the case of the common wasp, which he said would, but for frosty weather, increase so rapidly as to render this country uninhabitable in the short space of thirty years.

In the course of the sermon to which I refer, Mr. Denham evinced an intimate acquaintance with such writers as Linnæus, Lieuenhoeck, Buffon, and other popular writers on natural philosophy. He gave copious quotations from Paley's *Natural Theology*, and from agricultural

reports; but he only in one or two instances made use of scriptural phraseology. Mr. Denham's discourse would have been very well as a moral lecture delivered at some literary or mechanics' institution; but to the character of a gospel sermon, it had not the slightest pretensions. To call it by that name, would be one of the greatest misnomers ever committed. To me it appeared a desecration of the ministerial office, to deliver such a discourse on a Sabbath-day to a congregation avowedly met for the purpose of hearing the gospel of Christ preached to them. And the prayer which followed was, I should not omit to mention, in perfect keeping with the sermon. It was not the one prescribed by the Church, but was written by the reverend gentleman for the occasion, and occupied about five minutes in the delivery.

I should not have referred so particularly to this discourse of the reverend gentleman's, were it not that sermons of a similar character are often delivered by him. Such a system of preaching cannot be expected to be blessed for

the conversion of sinners or the edification of saints. I regret Mr. Denham's departure from, or rejection of, evangelical truth the more, because he is a man of superior talent and cultivated mind, and possesses several attractive qualities as a preacher. His style is elegant without being laboured. He rarely descends to common-place; he frequently rises into eloquence of a high order. His voice is not in his favour. It is monotonous, and partakes largely of a melancholy or plaintive tone. You would be apt to imagine, from its muffled sort of sound, that it came from the bottom of the pulpit, instead of the reverend gentleman's mouth. Were his matter of a more serious or solemn nature, his preaching, owing to the peculiar qualities of his voice, would have a most impressive effect on the mind of the hearer.

Mr. Denham is not a loud speaker; but he contrives to make himself audible in all parts of St. Bride's; which is twice as commodious as St. Mary's in the Strand, where he preaches in the morning. His utterance has more than the average rapidity; and yet he preaches

nearly twice as long at a time, as the generality of the moderate or moral party of clergymen in London, do. His sermons seldom occupy less than an hour in the delivery; an hour and a quarter is not unfrequent. Perhaps the longest sermon he has ever preached, was one which he delivered in St. Mary's on a Tuesday evening about Christmas last. The delivery occupied nearly an hour and three quarters; and what rendered the circumstance of the reverend gentleman's extending his discourse to such a length, the more singular was, the fact of there being but a very small congregation present to hear it. There may have been some forty or fifty females in the church on the occasion; but the number of our sex could not have exceeded a dozen.

Mr. Denham usually confines himself so closely to the paper for the first ten or twelve minutes after he commences, and at the same time, owing, I presume, to a deficiency of sight, holds his head so near his manuscript, that you wonder that he does not find the sustained effort to be painful. Then he with-

draws his eyes from the paper altogether, and standing erect in the pulpit, addresses the congregation for four or five minutes without the aid of his writing at all. He must have an extraordinary memory; for I heard him one evening give two or three lengthened quotations from Paley's *Natural Theology*; and though these embraced a great many scientific and technical terms, he went on as fluently and with as much seeming ease as if he had been reading all the time.

Mr. Denham is not half so popular as he once was. Eight or ten years ago, he was more run after than any other minister in London, except Mr. Irving. St. Bride's church presented the appearance, every Sunday evening, of a theatre crowded to suffocation. He is still popular with a considerable number of very respectable and intelligent persons. His cultivated literary taste, and the eloquent passages with which his discourses abound, are the principal causes of whatever popularity he yet retains. He is in the prime of life; being somewhere about his forty-fifth year. I should think his income from the two churches

with which he is connected cannot be less than five hundred pounds a-year. The only work, so far as I am aware, of which he is the author, is a small volume addressed to mothers, on the education of their children. The little work is well written, and has had a fair sale. It appeared two or three years ago.

The Rev. M. HOBART SEYMOUR, evening lecturer in St. George's, Southwark, and afternoon lecturer in St. Ann's, Blackfriars, is one of the rising preachers among the clergy in London. As yet his reputation, though spreading, can hardly be said to be general; but this need not excite surprise, as he is not only a young man—being, I should think, on the more pleasant side of forty—but has only been a few years in the metropolis. By several persons in the congregations to which he habitually preaches, his pulpit ministrations are regarded as of a first-rate order of merit. Some of them, indeed, have mentioned to me that they look upon him as equal to any clergyman in London. To estimate his talents as a preacher

so highly as this, is only to play the part of injudicious friends. It is to do the reverend gentleman a positive injury; for it excites expectations which are not realised when the stranger has an opportunity of hearing him. He is more than a respectable preacher; and, considering his age, there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition, that he is destined at some future day, should his life be spared, to rank higher as a preacher than he yet does, among the evangelical clergy of the metropolis. More than this his judicious friends—I hope I may, if there be not an Irishism in the expression, include himself among the number—would not, I am sure, wish to be said of him.

One of the most prominent attributes in the discourses of Mr. Seymour, is the clearness of his ideas. Obtuse indeed, or strangely inattentive to what the reverend gentleman says, must be the mind of the person who could quit the place in which he had been preaching, with any erroneous view, or doubt, or misgiving as to what he had advanced. He is manifestly one of those who have acquired habits of clear and

connected thinking, and who possess the enviable faculty of making their views or sentiments as obvious to other people's minds, as they appear to their own. I was struck with the singular clearness of his notions respecting various circumstances connected with the Temple under the Jewish dispensation, and the explicit manner in which he expounded intricate passages of scripture bearing on the subject, in a sermon, or rather a species of lecture, which he delivered in St. Ann's, Blackfriars, one Sabbath afternoon in February of the present year. As an expositor, he appears to advantage. He throws much light on obscure passages of the scriptures, and brings the results of varied reading to his aid; but studiously abstains from wasting his own time or the time of his hearers by any thing in the form of mere critical or learned display. His mode of expounding the word of God is, on the contrary, remarkable for its plainness. It is not only appreciated by the more intelligent part of his congregation, but is easily comprehensible by, as it is intended for, all.

Mr. Seymour's sermons are, for the most part, highly doctrinal and the doctrines which he inculcates have, in their very nature, a strongly practical tendency. I have sometimes thought, however, that his ministrations would have a still greater chance of being extensively blessed, were he not, in so many cases, to content himself with the mere inculcation of doctrine, or the statement of truth, but were to give a special and direct application of the doctrines and truths he brings forward, to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. And here I must make a single passing observation. I always regret when I see a minister of the gospel satisfying himself with a simple annunciation of evangelical truth. I like to see a specific application, if not of every single or detached truth, at least of every connected series of truths, made to the minds of all present. Ministers should not leave their people to deduce inferences from their doctrinal statements, however obvious those inferences may be supposed to be; but the Christian pastor should make the legitimate and more practical deduc-

tions for his hearers, and press those deductions on their consciences.

Mr. Seymour's discourses do not exhibit much of either depth or originality. The chief merit of his matter consists in its evangelical character, and in the clearness to which I have already alluded. I ought not to omit to add, that it has the merit of being condensed. His ideas, if not of a lofty order, are numerous. He is not a wordy preacher; his style is plain and perspicuous, but wants vigour. It has seldom any of the ornaments of rhetoric; nor does it indicate any undue previous amount of labour.

Mr. Seymour's manner wants animation. It is usually tame and actionless. His arms are rarely put in requisition; but during the greater portion of his discourse, are suffered to rest on the pulpit. In his left hand you usually see a small Bible, which is the only copy of the Scriptures which he uses in the pulpit. He has no paper. He has not even a slip containing the heads of his sermon. When he has got fairly into his subject, he slowly raises his

right arm and makes two or three gentle motions with it. Occasionally, when he has warmed still further, he thrusts his right hand up in a perpendicular direction above his head. There is usually, in such cases, a corresponding alteration in the tones of his voice, which are, for the most part, very monotonous. His voice has then a depth and solemnity about it, of which there are no indications when speaking in his ordinary manner. And between the striking attitude he assumes in such moments, and the solemnity which characterises the tones of his voice, there is something very impressive in his delivery. When worked up to more than his accustomed warmth of manner, he moves about very freely in the pulpit, and looks to every part of the area of the church before him. His utterance is deliberate almost to a fault. It is to the deliberate way in which he speaks that I ascribe a peculiarity in his pronunciation, which persons who did not know him better, would be apt to ascribe to affectation. He makes wry faces when addressing an audience: the positions into which he puts his

mouth are often awkward. In other respects there is nothing peculiar about his delivery. He speaks with much apparent ease, scarcely ever having occasion to pause a moment for a word, and still less rarely using a wrong one and then having to correct himself. Towards the conclusion of his discourse, he generally clasps his hands with considerable fervour, and makes some slight motions with them in their united state.*

I am not aware that Mr. Seymour can, in strict propriety of speech, be classed among contemporary authors. I know of no work he has written; but a few of his sermons have appeared in the Pulpit, and other publications of a similar class.

He is a decided Churchman. He rarely

* It is right to state that my description of Mr. Seymour's manner applies only to his preaching in St. Ann's; not having had an opportunity of hearing him in St. George's. From some facts which have been mentioned to me by one of his hearers in the latter place, I am inclined to believe that he is more animated there. This I regard as the more likely, as I am assured that in St. George's he draws a very numerous audience. In St. Ann's, the church, though small, is but thinly attended when he preaches.

preaches a sermon in which his strong partialities towards the Hierarchy, do not more or less prominently manifest themselves. He is liberal in his denunciations both of Roman Catholics and Dissenters. I heard him preach a sermon a few months ago in St. Ann's, Blackfriars, in which he laid down the position, that the only way by which a human being could enter the church above, was by entering the church on earth; or that, to speak in different phraseology, there was no way to heaven but by becoming a member of the church below. He then proceeded to say, that the position he had laid down, or the doctrines he had advanced, led to grave and solemn reflections as regarded the case of those persons calling themselves Baptists, Anti-pædobaptists, Anabaptists, and so forth; of which class of persons many died without visibly entering the church at all. I am sure, that in his more cool and deliberate moments, the reverend gentleman would not wish it to be inferred, that he conceived that the mere circumstance of a converted or pious person dying, without having openly joined

some Christian body, would necessarily exclude that person from the mansions of glory. He could not, with the case of the thief on the cross before him, be so uncharitable. The tenor of his observations on this as on most other occasions, pointed to the decided superiority of the church over the various denominations of Dissenters.

But still more decided was the manifestation of hostile feeling towards the Dissenters, which the reverend gentleman showed in the same place, on the previous Sabbath-day. His text on that occasion was—"Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core. These are spots in your feasts of charity, when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear: clouds they are without water, carried about of wind; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots: raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame: wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

Jude 11—13.

He represented "Cain" as meaning Socinianism; "Balaam" as indicative of the Papists, and "Korah," as signifying the Dissenters. After observing that Korah, Dathan, and Abiram sought to take unto themselves the priesthood, the reverend gentleman proceeded as follows:—

"And what is this but the sin of Dissent? The spirit of liberty and equality has walked abroad through the land; and the history of our age is characterised by a contempt for all authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical. Men are resisting civil authority, and men are resisting ecclesiastical authority. Men have adopted the principle, 'that all the congregation is holy'—that they have holy men among them, that they have gifted men among them, that they have men who have got 'a call' among them—and that as they have these men, as holy and as eloquent as those who were appointed by Moses and Aaron—quite as holy and as eloquent as those ordained in the duly appointed form, therefore they will seize 'the priesthood also.' And *they have seized*

the priesthood also. These men have not only aspired to the priesthood, but they have put forth their hand to seize the ark itself; and in a spirit unparalleled heretofore, they that call themselves Christians sit in council with Soci-nians, and they that call themselves Pro- testants, sit in conclave with Papists, in order to crush the priesthood and destroy the church.

“I know it will be said, that there are a great many amiable, good, pious, sincere people among the Dissenters. To which I answer, there are a great many amiable, good, pious, sincere people in their way, among the Papists; but as notwithstanding this God said unto such, ‘Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues, for her sins have reached unto heaven and God hath remembered her ini- quities’—so we say unto these persons among the Dissenting congregations, as Moses said unto those that gathered unto Korah, ‘Depart I pray you from the tents of these wicked men,

and touch nothing of theirs, lest ye be consumed in all their sins.’”

Again,—

“These men have gained possession of too much, and too many of our people, and the population of this land have been brought up without a religious education, and, consequently, without those attachments to the Established Church, which a religiously educated population would most surely have. This is our present state; and so resolved are our antagonists, so prepared are they to sacrifice every sacred principle to carry out their purpose, that even those Dissenters (I speak of them without any mawkish affectation of respect, *for I feel no respect for them*)—those Dissenters, who affect to have withdrawn from our Church because it was too Popish for them, have not only allied themselves with Papists, but have done so in order to carry into effect the Popish principle of excluding the Scriptures from the schools of our children; and thus the awful catastrophe (‘Oh! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!’) the

awful catastrophe of re-establishing the Popish prohibition of the Scriptures to our children, is now to be achieved by the Dissenters of England!"

Once more:—

“And as for the Dissenters, we question not that they have borne fruit in the day of the Church’s silence, and the Church’s slumber; but now they are themselves ‘withered,’ and withering unto others; the deadness of religion among them, and the low standard of theology at present received among them, show that they are as ‘trees plucked up by the root;’ their sap has left them—their life, their glory, has departed.”

I am not able to mention the exact time at which Mr. Seymour changed his opinion of the Dissenters; neither do I know what were the circumstances under which the change of this opinion occurred; but I may mention, that the change is of a comparatively recent date; for only a few years have elapsed since Mr. Seymour thought so favourably of the Dissenters, that he expressed a desire to preach in

the Rev. Dr. Liefchild's chapel. Circumstances, however, prevented the reverend gentleman enjoying the gratification of preaching in a Dissenting chapel in London.

Mr. Seymour is much more popular with the audiences he is accustomed to address, than with congregations to whom he is a comparative stranger. Some time ago he was invited to preach to Mr. Tottenham's large congregation in Bath. The discourses he delivered in that fashionable place, had what is called a moving effect. The congregation experienced a serious diminution during the period he filled the pulpit. But to this point I have no wish to refer at any length.

Mr. Seymour is an Irishman; but has very little of the broad accent or brogue peculiar to the natives of the Emerald Isle. He was for several years a curate in that country. The result of his personal observation of the workings of Popery, has been to inspire him with the decided hostility to that system of faith to which I have before alluded. I should also mention, that the circumstance of his filling for some

time the office of Secretary to the Irish Protestant Association, necessarily afforded him peculiar opportunities of becoming conversant with the nature and operations of the Romish religion. He displayed to great advantage his intimate acquaintance with Popish theology, in a public discussion which he and the Rev. Mr. Page held at Guildford, in October last, with the Rev. Mr. Sidden, a Roman Catholic priest, on the leading points of difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England. He proved himself, on that occasion, to be an acute controversialist, and to be possessed of very ample extemporaneous resources. In fact, the reverend gentleman appears to much greater advantage on the platform than he does in the pulpit.

In person Mr. Seymour is tall and slender. His face is thin, and wears a sedateness of expression amounting to reserve. It has more of an angular than of any other shape. His forehead is of a slightly receding form. His eyebrows are prominent, principally from the circumstance of their protruding somewhat largely.

There is a paleness about his complexion which would lead one to infer that his health is delicate; though I have not heard anything to that effect. His hair is black, and abundant rather than otherwise. His whiskers are not large, and are of a dark-brown complexion. His eye is sharp and intelligent, and quick in its motions when he is preaching. What the amount of his income from the two churches is, I have not been able to learn; but I should think it is probably from four to five hundred pounds per annum.

The Rev. WATTS WILKINSON, lecturer of St. Mary's, Aldermary,* which is directly opposite the east end of the Bank of England, is a minister of the gospel of whom I would wish to speak with peculiar reverence. Indeed I can truly say, that I have never witnessed a more interesting sight, in so far as

* This church is supposed to have been founded in the beginning of the twelfth century. It is the church of the united parishes of St. Mary and St. Thomas. These parishes are the smallest perhaps ever heard of in a large town. The first only contains eighty-five houses, and the second ninety.

mere human objects are concerned, in a place of Christian worship, than that of Mr. Wilkinson in the pulpit. First of all, he is the father of the London ministers of the gospel, including those of all denominations as well as the clergy. I am not sure, indeed, whether he be not the father of the clergy throughout the United Kingdom. Of this I am pretty certain, that there is not one among the twenty thousand and upwards, of Church of England and Dissenting ministers in the country, who, with an equal accumulation of years on his head, preaches with the same regularity as the reverend gentleman does. Though now in his eighty-ninth year, he preaches twice every week; once on Sunday, and once every Tuesday morning. Under what circumstances or at what period a sermon first came to be preached in St. Mary's church at a time so unusual as the morning of Tuesday, I have not been able to ascertain. Mr. Wilkinson's appearance is as venerable as his years are numerous. His aspect not only inspires a feeling of profound respect in all who see him in

the pulpit, but it has something about it which one is, for the moment, apt to look upon as more than earthly. Though living in the world, he does not look like one who belongs to the world. His complexion is clear, and his face is wonderfully exempt from wrinkles in one who has reached so advanced a period of life. He is entirely bald, with the exception of a little soft white hair about either ear and at the back of his head. But it is the remarkable expression of his countenance, that chiefly imparts to him the almost heavenly appearance to which I refer. The solemn and the cheerful are strikingly blended in it. If age has stamped on his face that impression of gravity which it almost invariably makes on all who have exceeded the usual span of human existence, religion has no less visibly left on it those traces of serenity with which it inspires all who in reality feel its power and cherish its spirit. His very eye beams cheerfulness and composure of soul. No one could gaze on his countenance, and doubt for a moment that all is tranquil and happy within. I have sometimes

wondered whether an infidel could look on the reverend gentleman without being struck with the blessed effects of Christianity, as exemplified in old age. What would worlds be to a man of Mr. Wilkinson's years, and, I should add, infirmities also? What but Christianity could soothe, and solace, and support his spirit?

So great are the physical infirmities of this aged minister of Christ, that it requires an effort to ascend the stairs which lead to the pulpit; while, in descending, he is obliged always to put the same foot first! And yet, strange as it may seem, so little has his great age impaired his eye-sight, that he not only does not feel it necessary to use spectacles, but reads the small print in one of the common pocket-bibles, with the greatest ease. Equally slight is the effect which time has had on his mind. It appears as active and vigorous as ever. Instead of preaching sermons which he had delivered in his younger years, he is in the habit of preparing new ones. Whether he writes them in whole or in part before he preaches

them, I have not the means of knowing; but he has not even a note to assist his memory in the pulpit. My impression is, that in the preparation of his discourses, he does not put pen to paper. Writing, for one thing, must necessarily be a great labour to one so far advanced in the vale of life. But besides this, there is something about his manner of delivery which leads me to the conclusion that his sermons are not written. Be this as it may, he speaks with great ease—ease, I mean, as regards his matter; for the feebleness of his voice is such as to render him inaudible fourteen or fifteen yards from the pulpit. His utterance is very rapid; a circumstance for which I partly account from the fact of his heart being engaged in the work of the ministry. The affluence of his mental resources is most probably another cause of the rapidity of his delivery; for his thoughts seem struggling with each other for priority of birth. His discourses usually last three quarters of an hour; but I am convinced that there is as great a quantity of matter in them, as in those ser-

mons which in the case of a person who speaks at the ordinary rate, would occupy a full hour in the delivery.

The church in which Mr. Wilkinson preaches is very small. I am not sure whether it be not the smallest in London. It has no gallery, except at the end where the organ is; and its dimensions are so limited, that more than thirty or forty persons cannot be accommodated with seats in it, with any degree of comfort. The whole place has not sitting room for more than four hundred individuals. It is always full, except two or three pews at the back of the pulpit, where Mr. Wilkinson is not only inaudible, but where the sound of his voice would scarcely be heard. The necessity of being close to him in order to hear what he says, always causes the passages to be densely crowded. Immediately before and beside the pulpit, the crowd is so great, that one can hardly move an arm. In the seats, again, which are eight or ten yards distant from the preacher, the hearers, in their anxiety to catch his feebly-uttered words,—made more difficult to catch from an indistinct

enunciation, caused, I believe, by the loss of most of his teeth,—stand almost all the time in an attentive listening attitude, stretching their heads forward, and, in many instances, with their hands to their ears. Poets have often sung and others have often spoken, about persons hanging on the words which proceeded from the lips of some esteemed friend or accomplished orator. I question if ever an assemblage of persons evinced a greater anxiety to hear what fell from the lips of any uninspired man, than do many of those who attend the ministry of Mr. Wilkinson, to catch what proceeds from his mouth. I have sometimes fancied that the scene which is witnessed in his church on such occasions, must have resembled that which was exhibited when some of the patriarchs of whom we read in the Old Testament, called their children and children's children around them, to pour their parting blessing on their heads. It is a truly touching sight to witness the grave yet serene countenance of this aged minister of Christ when addressing his people, in conjunction with the eager atten-

tion and profound personal regard, with which they listen to his tender though feeble accents. They deem every word which proceeds from his lips to be precious: I had almost said sacred. I have reason to believe that for some time past he has delivered every sermon under the impression that it might be his last; and I am sure I may say with equal confidence of a majority of his audience, that they hear every discourse of his, under the same impression. He loves to dwell on the happy death of believers. He scarcely preaches a sermon in which he does not make some reference, which every one can at once perceive applies to himself, respecting the closing scenes of a believer's existence, and the exceeding and eternal weight of glory which follows. There is, indeed, a singular sweetness in his sermons generally. They are largely impregnated with a high-toned spirituality. He, evidently, declares to others what he himself has felt, and does daily and hourly feel, of the workings of grace within him. All his discourses are full of the Christian's privilege; the Christian's duties, which

he represents to be but another word for privileges; the Christian's consolations, aids, and prospects. No one could hear him for many minutes, without being impressed with the conviction that he is habitually living on the truths which he preaches to others. Out of the fulness of his heart his mouth speaketh. Nothing but the warmth and vigour of his piety; nothing but the firmest conviction of the truth and importance of the doctrines of the gospel, could induce a man of his age and physical frailties thus habitually to labour in the work of the ministry.

Mr. Wilkinson's views are strictly evangelical. After the remarks I have already made, I need not say that his preaching is highly practical. Neither can it be necessary I should mention, feeling as he does with a force of persuasion rarely experienced by others, that he has already one foot in the grave,—that there is nothing in the shape of ornament in his ministrations. The desire of display, if it ever did fire his breast, has long since ceased to exist. His style is plain and perspicuous. If it be not

polished, neither is there any thing in it to offend the most fastidious taste. That it should, indeed, be so accurate in the case of one on whose head so great an accumulation of years rests, and who, besides, speaks without the aid of notes, is truly surprising. In a sermon which he delivered about two years ago, he explained his views of the way in which the gospel ought to be preached; and those views he practically exemplifies in his own ministrations. His words on the occasion to which I allude were these:—“ I do not know that those sermons are always the best on which the labour of a whole week has been bestowed, and which might be committed to the press just as they fall from the lips of the preacher. Those sermons are often the best *which come warm from the heart*, and are in strict accordance with the word of God; *plain and simple* addresses, such as any, however plain and simple, may *comprehend and feel*.”

When Mr. Wilkinson wishes to lay particular stress on any truth or expression, he usually repeats his phraseology. For example—“ It is

our joy, my brethren, that Christ has abolished death—that He has abolished death.” In repeating the closing sentence of the Lord’s Prayer, he lays the emphasis on the article “the.” “For thine is *the* kingdon, *the* power, and *the* glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

His knowledge of the Scriptures is extensive and minute ; and the accuracy and facility with which he quotes such passages as tend to illustrate his positions, prove that the tenaciousness of his memory, any more than the powers of his mind, has not been affected by the vast number of years which have passed over his head.

The venerable gentleman’s manner in the pulpit will, I am sure, be in some measure anticipated. Any thing like gesticulation could not be expected in one of his years and bodily infirmities. He slightly reclines on the cushion of the pulpit when he begins his discourse, and in that position continues till he has brought it to a close. He sometimes raises his right hand six or seven inches from the cushion ; but his elbow all the while rests on it.

He usually clasps the pocket Bible he uses in the pulpit, in both hands : he scarcely ever lays it down entirely. He fixes his eye on a part of the area of the church a few yards from the pulpit, and never, not even for a moment, withdraws it until he has finished his sermon. His head and body remain all the while as motionless as if he did not possess the power of moving either.

Mr. Wilkinson's authorship, so far as I am aware, is limited to the occasional publication of a detached discourse ; and even on this small scale, nothing has issued from the press, under his own superintendence, for many years past. Sermons by the reverend gentleman, taken down in short-hand when in the course of delivery, have frequently appeared of late in those publications devoted to reports of pulpit discourses.

Mr. Wilkinson's congregation is exceedingly respectable. The pews are almost exclusively occupied by persons in affluent circumstances. Several aristocratic families from the West-end, are to be seen in his church every Tuesday morning.

The reverend gentleman has preached from the same pulpit for the long period of sixty-two years. I question if there be another such instance on record. What repeated changes in the aspect of the congregation, must he not have witnessed in the course of that long period! How affecting the thought that all those—the supposition is at least exceedingly probable—who heard the first sermon he preached there, are now in the eternal world! Of his personal appearance little remains to be said. His face has more than the usual breadth in it; while its profile exhibits the angular form. He is much about the average height, full made, with high round shoulders. As Mr. Wilkinson is only lecturer in St. Mary's, I should suppose his income from that source does not exceed three hundred pounds per annum; if indeed it be as much.

CHAPTER V.

THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY—MINISTERS OF
CHAPELS.

The Rev. Sanderson Robins—The Rev. Dr. Dillon—The
Rev. H. H. Beamish.

THE Rev. SANDERSON ROBINS, of Christ's Chapel, St. John's Wood, has acquired considerable distinction as a preacher within the last few years. When one of the ministers of Baker Street Chapel, which he quitted two or three years ago, he was greatly run after, especially by the female sex. Whenever he preached, the chapel was crowded in every part. His ministrations, in the new sphere of his labours, are still attended by a numerous and respectable audience, though, his present chapel being in a less densely-populated neighbourhood, his congregation is not so large as that which he was in the habit of addressing in Baker Street Chapel. Whether it be that I have heard the reverend gentleman

under disadvantageous circumstances, I cannot say ; but I must confess that I am unable to discover any thing either in his matter or manner as a preacher, which would lead me to assign him the high rank in this respect, which is claimed for him by his more ardent admirers. But let me, on the other hand, guard against any one running away with the impression, that I think poorly of Mr. Robins' talents as a minister of the gospel. So far from this, I look upon him as above mediocrity, though not reaching that degree of excellence which some others,—and, in justice to the reverend gentleman, let me add, pious and intelligent persons,—ascribe to him. His views of divine truth are highly scriptural ; and his expositions of those views are always clear, if not on all occasions forcible. I know of few ministers in the metropolis, whether in or out of the Establishment, whose preaching I would deem more calculated to instruct the mind in the truth as it is in Jesus. What has struck me as chiefly wanting in his pulpit ministrations, is that sort of preaching which is most likely to arouse the

conscience, alarm the guilty, and detect and expose the false refuges in which the hypocrite, or merely nominal Christian, is in the habit of entrenching himself. If one could carry his charity to such an undue and unjustifiable excess, as to assume that a promiscuous assemblage of persons, such as Mr. Robins is in the habit of addressing from Sabbath to Sabbath, were all Christians in deed as well as in name,—then I should say that they could hardly have a more suitable minister; but knowing as every one who has ever bestowed a thought on human nature as constituted since the fall, must know, that a very large proportion of every congregation are in nature's bondage and nature's blindness; knowing this, I hold it to be an essential part, I am not sure whether it be not the *most* essential part, of every Christian minister's duty, to address a very large portion of his sermons to sinners in their unconverted state. If my conviction be, that Mr. Robins does not besiege the consciences of those who are in an unregenerate state, with that closeness and perseverance and energy which I would deem desirable, it is due

to him to say, that he is not in this respect peculiar among his brethren in the evangelical ministry.

Mr. Robins is a pleasing preacher. There is something very soothing, perhaps I should rather say persuasive, both in his matter and manner. He loves to dwell on the privileges of believers, and on the happiness, even in this life, of walking in the ways of spiritual wisdom. And the winning tendency of his matter is greatly aided by his manner. Using no paper—having none indeed before him, unless a few detached notes may be dignified with the name—he leans on the cushion of the pulpit, clasps his hands, and fixing his eye on that part of the congregation in the area of the church immediately before him, he, as it were, beseeches them in accents of tenderness, to listen to the truths which he is proclaiming. His voice is clear and soft; it is never raised to a high pitch; but he always speaks in sufficiently loud tones to be distinctly audible in all parts of the chapel. His countenance wears an expression of mingled cheerfulness and placidity which

it is exceedingly pleasing to witness, and which is in admirable keeping with the mild and encouraging character of his preaching. His small, dark, lustrous eye, also indicates the benignity of the reverend gentleman's disposition. He usually speaks with some quickness, but is easily followed and is always understood. In the more impressive parts of his discourse, his delivery is so deliberate, that you would sometimes fancy he was hesitating for a word. Such is not the fact: he only pauses in order to impart an emphasis to what he is saying. His manner is exceedingly quiet. He scarcely ever puts himself into any other attitude than that I have alluded to; or if he do raise himself to a perpendicular position, it is only to resume again in a few moments his favourite posture of reclining with his breast on the cushion of the pulpit. His arms are rarely pressed into his service: when they are so, it is but one at a time, and it is only raised a few inches from the pulpit when it is kept in an almost stationary posture for some few moments. There is an earnestness or aspect of deep sincerity about Mr.

Robins, which answers in a great measure as a substitute for physical energy or animation. No one who hears him speak for two or three minutes, could have the smallest doubt of his personal piety.

I am not aware that Mr. Robins has yet appeared before the public in the capacity of author; except indeed the publication of some of his sermons, at considerable intervals of time, could entitle him to the name of author. As, however, he is yet but a young man, not I should think exceeding his fortieth year, there is every probability that he may yet make himself known beyond the limits of the metropolis, through the medium of some published work. The quality of his matter and the character of his style, which is perspicuous but not vigorous, will be inferred from the following extract which forms the peroration of a sermon he delivered on "The Strait Gate and Narrow Way," at St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, one Sunday morning in May last:—

"It is no subject for pride, that we believe ourselves to be of the small number, and look around with self-congratulation that we are not

as other men ; but the man of God has a large and a liberal heart. Having himself ‘tasted that the Lord is gracious,’ there is nothing which he desires so earnestly, or for which he prays so unweariedly, as that God would extend the knowledge of his truth—that he would make known to others, as he has made known to him, ‘the unsearchable riches of Christ;’ and so far from rejoicing that he himself possesses a treasure not communicated to his neighbours, he will strive continually, by every lawful means, to make them acquainted with this treasure, to bring them also to seek it, to obtain it, to preserve it ; and he will hold it for the greatest blessing that God confers upon him, that he is permitted in any sort to help forward the extending of Christ’s kingdom—the advancing of that border line, which divides light from darkness, the dominion of Jesus from the empire of Satan. And his heart will be consoled by the promises scattered up and down in his Bible. For although the flock of Jesus is a small one, and though there are few that pass through the ‘strait gate’ and walk in

the 'narrow way,' yet there are promises for the latter-day glory, unto which, in seasons of despondence, his heart will turn for encouragement and consolation—promises made unto Jesus, that he shall have 'the heathen for his possession'—promises made unto the church, that God's word 'shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleaseth, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto he hath sent it'—promises to the missionary, that 'the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' And the believer, when his heart is the saddest, and when his hopes are the lowest because of abounding iniquity, when he returns to his home, having marked how the streets are filled with ungodly men, who blaspheme God, and pollute the sanctity even of his holy day, though he might be utterly in despair, and his hopes be all beaten down unto the dust, looks again into that blessed volume, out of which come the treasures of all consolation and encouragement, and he remembers how Jesus Christ visited his

exiled servant, and unfolded to him mighty promises of the latter fortunes of the church; he remembers how it was told unto John in the mystic visions of the isle of Patmos, that there should be gathered about the throne of Jesus, such a throng as would be beyond all power of arithmetic to number, and how the Lord communicated that glorious assurance concerning the final triumph of the cause of his Master, which made him write those blessed words—
‘ I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!’ ‘ Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!’ ”

Mr. Robins is slightly above the general height, and rather slenderly made. His hair is black and somewhat abundant. He is evidently at some pains with it, for it is always combed to the left side, and exhibits other traces of studied arrangement. His whiskers are small, and are of a dark-brown colour. His complexion is sallow. The form of his face is

angular. The expression of his countenance is that of intelligence ; some persons would consider his face handsome. He seems to enjoy good health ; but I should not suppose his constitution to be particularly robust.

The REV. DR. DILLON, of Charlotte Street Chapel, Pimlico, and evening lecturer at Clerkenwell Church, is one of the most popular among the Church of England divines, in the metropolis. His father was a minister of the Establishment in Ireland ; of which country Dr. Dillon is a native. His father having died when he was quite a boy, his mother came over to England, and settled at the east end of London. She was for many years an attendant on the ministry of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, of Finsbury Chapel, then preaching at Mile End Road. Mr. Dillon regularly accompanied his mother to the same place of worship, until he left London for the University of Oxford. When he first came out as a clergyman,*

* He only received the degree of D. D. two or three years ago.

Mr. Dillon was by no means an acceptable preacher. His manner was not attractive, and his matter was still less so. Either his doctrinal notions were then low—though now he is one of the most ultra-Calvinists in London—or he did not assign a due prominence to them. At all events, he was hardly considered evangelical for some few years after he appeared in the pulpit. His first stated ministrations were in St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, at that time under the pastoral care of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, now Bishop of Calcutta. Mr. Dillon was for some time Mr. Wilson's curate in that chapel. The reverend gentleman, shortly after he began to dwell habitually and with earnestness on the doctrines of free grace, rose to a very high reputation as a preacher of the gospel. His appointment to Charlotte Street Chapel followed, and subsequently he was chosen evening lecturer in Clerkenwell Church. In these two places he has stately laboured for a number of years, with great acceptance, and, I believe I may add, with great success. In Charlotte Chapel, he preaches in the morning and afternoon of

every Sunday; and in the evening of that day he discharges the ministerial functions in Clerkenwell Church. The former place of worship is filled in every part: and though large enough to accommodate fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred persons, I have no doubt it would be filled were it enlarged to such an extent as to contain a third more. Clerkenwell Church is crowded in every part when Dr. Dillon preaches. I would compute the average attendance to be at least eighteen hundred. If there were sufficient accommodation, I doubt not it would be fully two thousand five hundred.

Dr. Dillon thus preaches three times every Sunday. In this respect he stands alone, so far as I am aware, among the Church of England clergy in London. For several months, during the summer of 1836, the reverend gentleman regularly preached four times every Sunday, having on that occasion accepted the office of early morning lecturer in a church in the city, situated, I think, in Cannon Row. These lectures were delivered at six in the morning.

A course of lectures, lasting for three months is, I believe, given every summer, in accordance with some arrangements made by the parties by whom the church was founded. Though Dr. Dillon had thus preached three times before in the course of the day, and gone through, in his own chapel at Pimlico without the assistance of a reader, all the services of the church, morning and afternoon, I have heard him deliver the evening sermon in Clerkenwell Church with as much energy as if he had not opened his mouth, or performed duty of any kind, during the day. His constitution must be as vigorous as his energy of character is great.

I have just remarked that Dr. Dillon has no clerk in his own chapel. He reads the whole of the service himself, without any other assistance than that afforded him by twelve or fourteen Sunday-school girls, who are ranged immediately before the pulpit; and the utmost extent of assistance they give him, is to pronounce the "Amen" in those cases in which that word requires to be pronounced in the services of the day. And as if to show that he

does not feel the multifarious duties he has to perform on the Sunday, to be laborious or irksome, he reads over the whole of the psalms or hymns which the congregation are to sing, before the singing commences. And here let me observe, that a more graceful or effective reader of sacred poetry, I have scarcely ever met with. His fine, clear, powerful voice, here appears to great advantage, while his elocution is in excellent taste. His practice of reading over the whole of the psalms or hymns to be sung, before the congregation engage in the exercise of praising God, must, I think, have originated in the reverend gentleman's having in early life seen Mr. Fletcher follow it; for it is the universal practice of the Scotch church; while I do not remember to have seen it adopted by any minister, but Dr. Dillon himself, of the Church of England.

The very beautiful and impressive reading of Dr. Dillon during the preliminary services, inspires the stranger with a strong impatience, apart from the reverend gentleman's reputation as a preacher, to see how he will acquit himself

as a speaker, when delivering his sermon. In the latter case he is also a good speaker; but certainly he does not appear to the same advantage after he has ascended the pulpit as when in the desk. He begins with a slow and measured utterance, while you are at once struck with the absence of that cadence in his voice which is so pleasing to the ear when reading the service. As he proceeds, he sometimes speaks in a tone so subdued as to deprive his matter, in a great measure, of the effect which it is otherwise so well calculated to produce. At other times he raises his voice so high as to give it a degree of sharpness; but the animation of his manner in such cases, coupled with the impressiveness of the truths he is inculcating, not only reconciles his hearers to any defect in his elocution, but renders them in a great measure insensible of it. His utterance is not equal: in some parts of his sermon it is rather deliberate; in others it is too hurried. He rarely mistakes the word or hesitates or stammers in any way; but then, it is right to remark, that he trusts exceedingly little

either to his memory or to his powers of improvisation. He confines himself pretty closely to his paper. His sermons are always short. The average time they occupy in the delivery is half an hour; and they very seldom, indeed, exceed or fall short of that period more than two or three minutes. His exordiums are so brief as to be scarcely worthy of the name. They are commonly comprised in eight or ten short sentences. His perorations usual occupy four or five minutes, and are for the most part exceedingly searching and solemn. In the course of his sermons he repeatedly says striking things, which are likely to be remembered; while his applications towards the conclusion, generally consist entirely of matter which forcibly appeals to the conscience, and which is calculated to make a deep and permanent impression on the heart. There is always substance in what Dr. Dillon says. He never, or at least very rarely, commits against his audience the sin of palming upon them a high-sounding sentence without meaning in it. While many preachers, and popular preachers too, deal more in words

than in ideas, he deals principally in ideas; using no more words in their expression than is really necessary for giving such expression effect. He studiously abstains from refined or elaborate trains of argument. His sermons are largely impregnated with doctrinal matter. He never overloads his illustrations. His forte consists in no small measure in establishing or making his positions plain in a very few sentences. He never seems to lose sight of the great truth, that the grand object of the christian ministry ought to be, to give a practical direction to everything advanced.

To impress more distinctly on the minds of his hearers the heads and particulars of his sermon, he recapitulates those heads and particulars towards the close of the discourse, immediately before improving the subject. This is quite a common practice among the Scotch preachers; but I do not know any Church of England clergyman, except Dr. Dillon, who adopts it.

I have not, on the occasions on which I have heard Dr. Dillon, been struck with any ine-

quality worthy of the name in his matter ; but I am sure every one in the habit of hearing him will concur with me when I say, that he is far from being uniform in the delivery of his discourses. In every instance he will be found to deliver a greater or less number of passages in his sermon with animation and energy ; but in some cases an impassioned delivery will be found to be the exception, while in others it will be found to be the rule. Comparing the sermons he preaches in Clerkenwell church with those he preaches in Charlotte-street chapel, I would, taking them as a whole, give the preference in so far as the delivery is concerned, to the former. It may be that the densely-crowded state of the church may stimulate to increased exertion in the case of his evening sermons ; or it may be that the same amount of energy tells with greater effect on the mind of the hearer, owing to the evening being a more favourable period of the day for religious worship, than the morning. Some of the discourses which I have heard him preach in Clerkenwell church, were remarkable for

their solemnity of tone and feeling. He excels in the pathetic. I have known him to be listened to with a breathless attention, by full two thousand persons, from the commencement to the close of his discourse, when in his more pathetic moods.

The reverend gentleman is, if I mistake not, a great admirer of the theological works of the English Nonconformists and Scotch Covenanters of the seventeenth century. At any rate, he uses in many instances the same mode of address as they were in the habit of doing, but which is very rarely employed in our day, namely, that of "Sirs" when specially apostrophising his people.

Dr. Dillon is very sparing of his gesture. He stands almost stock-still during the greater part of the time he is in the pulpit. His usual action consists of a very moderate occasional motion, up and down, of his right arm. In his more impassioned moments, he extends both arms. On such occasions he causes his powerful voice to resound through the house, and to reverberate again from its walls.

The reverend gentleman preaches, I believe, a greater number of funeral sermons than any other clergyman in the Establishment in London. It is a rule with him, if I am not misinformed, to improve, by means of a sermon specially referring to the event, the death of every person of any prominence in the congregation. This I know, that a short time ago, three of the female teachers in the Sunday school connected with Charlotte-street chapel, died in the course of eighteen months, and that he preached a funeral sermon on each of the occasions.

From his sermon on the death of George the Fourth, I make the following extract, illustrative of his manner of preaching, only premising that I select a passage from that particular sermon, not because I think it better than others of his published funeral sermons, but because it is the only one on which I can lay my hand at the moment :—

“To you, O men, I speak, and my voice is to the sons of men. And I ask you whether the death of your Sovereign does not tell you, in

language of which the force cannot be explained away, that verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity? Whether it does not teach you more of the littleness of the world and the vanity of titles, than all the volumes in your library? ‘O, put not your trust in princes, nor in any son of man, in whom there is no help.’ ‘His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.’ If then there is no exemption from the ravages of the unsparing spoiler, if it is appointed unto all men once to die, are you, brethren, prepared for death? You can surely, none of you, permit yourselves to doubt for an instant that you must die. God has been too good to his creatures to leave any of them without witness as to the certainty of death. The whole path of every man’s existence, and the whole circle of every man’s acquaintance, is strewed with the memorials of man’s mortality. And have none of you ever had particular and affecting proof of this? Have the agonies of a death-bed never been presented to the eye of your experience; and

thus brought down irresistibly on your minds the conviction of your own mortality? And is it not the end of every private and public bereavement to strengthen this conviction? I charge you then not to flinch from the view of that which will, ere long, certainly befall you. Living as you are, in the land of dying men, do not think ‘all men mortal but yourselves.’

“Have not the many sick chambers which you have visited, with all their noiseless accompaniments, their mute attendance, and their watchful assiduities; and the many sick-beds over which you have hung; and the deaths you have witnessed, and the tears you have shed over them,—have not all these, I ask, been long ago enough to loosen you from earth, and to break that accursed spell which binds you to its lying vanities? O! how comes it then to pass that though thousands have died before you, and are dying around you, you are to this hour unmoved out of your dark and obstinate carnality? And though you profess to believe the Bible to be the word of God,

you can treat it as a tasteless and insipid book ; you desire it not as the aliment of your souls ; and can suffer it to be unread for days together, and miss no necessary food, and feel no hunger, and experience no thirst, for spiritual sustenance ; thus giving undoubted evidence that you have no spiritual life. O, let me call upon you to shake from yourselves this awful unconcern, and to awake from these destructive slumbers. Arise, this day, and call upon that God whom you have so long despised ; think of your guilt before Him, and of your utter inability to help or redeem yourselves. But look at the same time to Him who is able to help, and who died to redeem.”

Dr. Dillon published a volume of sermons, of a purely practical and doctrinal nature, in 1831. The sermons were twenty in number. At the request of his congregation in Charlotte Chapel, he also brought out in 1835, a small volume consisting of Lectures on some of the “ Articles of Faith of the Church of England.” These lectures were seven in number, and were delivered on Wednesdays during Lent, in the

year just mentioned. Both volumes met with a very fair sale. The reverend doctor has published various detached discourses, chiefly funeral sermons, some of which have reached a third or fourth edition. Beyond these, I am not aware of any other occasions on which he has appeared in the capacity of author.

It is a fact which may strike some persons as not a little curious, that though, as before mentioned, his doctrinal views are those of the highest grade of Calvinism short of Antinomianism, the Rev. Mr. Gathercole, a name well known to the religious world, regularly officiated, before imprisoned* in the Queen's Bench for a libel on certain Roman Catholic Priests, as Dr. Dillon's clerk in Clerkenwell Church. When I was first informed of the fact, I thought, knowing that Mr. Gathercole's notions on matters of doctrine are as low as Dr. Dillon's are high, that there must be some mistake or misapprehension in the matter; but I find the fact to be as stated to me. The

* Mr. Gathercole is in prison at the time I write.

doctor's name also figured a few weeks ago at the head of a subscription for Mr. Gathercole.

Dr. Dillon is distant in his manner, and inaccessible by his hearers. Some ascribe this to reserve, others to a certain degree of haughtiness. It is said, though I know not with what truth, that he is impatient of opposition or contradiction, in the conduct of the religious and benevolent institutions which are connected with his chapel; and that a desire to have everything his own way, induces him in most cases to give a preference to committees of ladies, they being more pliable and in every respect more easily managed, than persons of a different gender. It is deeply to be regretted that a man of Dr. Dillon's zeal, and with his means of usefulness, should not be more accessible by his people and more kindly in his deportment. In that case, he might reasonably expect to be made the instrument in the hands of the Divine Being, of effecting a far greater amount of spiritual good than can be looked for from the labours of one whose manner is harsh or haughty.

Having adverted at some length in my introductory chapter, to this point, I will not dwell upon it anew; but I may be permitted to refer to a case which I have reason to believe is not unknown to Dr. Dillon himself, illustrative of the unhappy effects which are produced on the minds of hearers, by anything harsh or unamiable on the part of ministers. For some years, a gentleman had been a regular attendant on the ministry of a popular preacher, and not only heard him with delight—it is to be hoped with advantage also—but felt the greatest attachment to him personally. Circumstances occurred to render it impossible for the gentleman in question to be in the chapel at the commencement of the service, for several Sabbaths in succession. The minister being popular, and there being no doubt of the seat letting as soon as it was known to be vacant, the reverend gentleman one morning wrote to the party referred to in the following terms:—

“ Sir,—I beg to inform you that you have forfeited your right to your seat in consequence of coming to the chapel at so late an hour.

Your seat has been let to another party. Your obedient Servant, ————.”

The gentleman called on the minister next morning, for the purpose of explaining—and the explanation must have proved perfectly satisfactory to any candid mind—the circumstances which had led to his being late in his attendance at chapel for several Sabbaths; but imagine his surprise, regret, and mortification, at the minister refusing to see him. From that moment the party in question felt that he could not profit by the ministrations of the reverend gentleman, even were he to preach like an angel from heaven. A similar effect, I may add, was produced on the minds of others who were made acquainted with the circumstance.

Dr. Dillon's friends attribute whatever of harshness there may be in his manner, to the trials he has had to endure. Though not married, he has had much to try him in the case of relatives. But I will not draw aside the veil. He lives in a great measure out of the world. His residence is a very humble one, abutting, or rather forming a part of his chapel in Charlotte-street.

His whole soul is said by those who know him, to be absorbed in the performance of his clerical duties. The schools connected with his chapel have always been the object of his deepest solicitude; and perhaps they are the best regulated schools connected with any church or chapel in the metropolis. The scholars are examined before the whole congregation, either quarterly or half-yearly, I am not sure which, and in the great majority of cases, almost indeed in every case, display an acquaintance with divine truth which ought to put many Christians of a larger physical growth, to the blush. Dr. Dillon lives very plainly and abstemiously, and contributes, I am assured by those who ought to be acquainted with the fact, though the majority of his congregation may not be aware of it, a very large portion of his annual income to the funds for the support of those schools.

Dr. Dillon's hearers are exceedingly partial to his preaching. They are unwilling to admit that any other minister in the metropolis is equal to him. Some of them follow him about

wherever he preaches, if in town. I know one family who live in the neighbourhood of the City-road, who regularly, in all weathers, walk to Pimlico to hear him in the morning and afternoon in Charlotte-street chapel, and then follow him to Clerkenwell in the evening;—thus cheerfully submitting to be absent from their home the whole of the Sabbath-day, and making a sandwich or two answer the purposes of dinner and tea.

The reverend Doctor's personal appearance is imposing. He is slightly above the middle height, and well formed. He has a lofty well-developed forehead, highly indicative of intellectual attainments. His features are handsome, and would appear still more so but for a certain sternness which there is about the general expression of his countenance. His face is of the oval form. Notwithstanding his arduous and multifarious labours, his complexion is tinged with a rosy hue; while his general appearance is that of one who enjoys excellent health. His hair slightly inclines to a darkish colour, and stands erect on his brow and at either side of

his head. His age, judging from his appearance, must be about forty-three or forty-four.

I ought not to close my sketch of Dr. Dillon without mentioning that his chapel in Pimlico was built by subscription for the excellent but unfortunate Dr. Dodd. The funds were raised and the chapel erected under the special patronage of the then Queen-consort, after whose name it was called. Who could enter Charlotte-chapel without feeling his mind revert with painful regret to the melancholy fate of poor Dr. Dodd?

The Rev. H. H. BEAMISH, of Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street, Hanover Square, occupies a highly respectable station among the evangelical clergy of the metropolis. His own congregation are very partial to him: they think that he is not to be surpassed by any contemporary minister. Upon a first or second hearing, he is not, in the majority of cases, thought so highly of as he is afterwards. This may be accounted for in a great measure from the rapidity of his delivery. He speaks at a railway speed. I am

convinced that sermons which take him only three quarters of an hour to deliver, contain as much matter as those which in the case of a preacher who speaks at the ordinary rate of utterance, would occupy a full hour. I ascribe to the reverend gentleman's rapid delivery, the circumstance of strangers sometimes coming away with a very imperfect recollection of what they have heard. His own people, being accustomed to his rapidity of utterance, are not so sensible of it as the casual hearer, and consequently often perceive excellencies in his matter which others do not.

Mr. Beamish is a wordy as well as a hurried speaker. He has the most perfect command of a fluent phraseology of any preacher I know. The wordiness of his diction, in conjunction with the rapidity of his delivery, often prevent persons from perceiving good ideas when his sermons contain them. He does not give his hearers time to think. He has no sooner awakened one train of thought in them, than he disturbs, if not interrupts it, by the sudden-

ness of his transition to some other position or idea.

Mr. Beamish's doctrinal creed is moderately Calvinistic; and his preaching has uniformly a practical tendency. He is at all times clear, notwithstanding the wordiness of his composition. Let me add, that he is also always sound. He loves to dwell on the distinctive doctrines of the gospel. He aims to enlighten the mind and to reach the heart at the same time. Assuming the sermons I have heard him deliver to be fair specimens of his pulpit ministrations, I should think his usual preaching more adapted to edify the Christian, and to strengthen him in the faith, than to awaken the spiritual slumberer from the sleep of death. Not that I mean that Mr. Beamish does not address himself to sinners in their unconverted state, or that his ministry has not been blessed in turning men from darkness to light and from the power and service of sin to the service of the living God; but that as most, if not all men, are more successful in one thing than another; so Mr. Beamish's preaching is more

likely, as far as my apprehension goes, to be followed by the former than the latter result.

His manner is earnest and lively without being, strictly speaking, impassioned. His heart is manifestly in the work of the ministry, and his congregation are always forward to bear testimony to the zeal and cordiality with which he discharges the various duties of his office.

Mr. Beamish is a man of cultivated mind. All his pulpit exhibitions afford proofs of this. His arrangement of his subject is usually lucid, and he applies himself closely to the positions he advances. The connection between the various parts of his sermon is so intimate, that to take away one part would be to impair the effect of the whole. His style, though wordy, has nothing gaudy or meretricious about it. He studiously avoids fine writing. He scrupulously abstains from the use of tropes or figures.

In the manner of Mr. Beamish there is considerable sameness. Before he has uttered many sentences of the exordium of his discourse, you are sure to see his left hand, with

his fingers as far apart as he can conveniently put them, resting on his breast. It is not, however, suffered to remain long in that position. In less than half a minute it is withdrawn, most probably for the purpose of taking up his pocket-handkerchief. Shortly afterwards the reverend gentleman crosses his arms while adjusting the right sleeve of his too ample gown; but it is only for a moment. By and by he places his right hand on his breast, as he had before done his left, and having allowed it to continue in that posture for some seconds, he withdraws it for the purpose of resting it on the right side of the pulpit. While his right hand thus reclines quietly in this locality, the tips of the fingers of his left hand are employed in beating at short intervals on the left side of the pulpit. The motions I have thus described are repeated without any variation worthy of the name, to the end of the reverend gentleman's discourse. He often looks up to a sky-light which is above the pulpit; sometimes to the gallery in front; but never to the area of the chapel. His voice

is not powerful, but it is clear; and though it has a peculiar quality about it which I cannot well describe, it is far from being unpleasant. His stated hearers, indeed, whose ears are accustomed to it, think it has an agreeableness approaching to cadence in some of its tones. It wants flexibility; or if it naturally possesses that quality, the reverend gentleman does not furnish any proof of the fact.

I know few preachers who are more successful than Mr. Beamish in keeping up the attention of an audience. All eyes are fixed on him the moment he announces his text, and seldom are they withdrawn—in many cases not at all—until he has concluded his discourse. Though in preaching he dispenses with a paper, his sermons have all the appearance of being carefully written. So well are they committed to memory, that he never has occasion to hesitate for a moment, and if he mistakes the word two or three times in the course of a sermon, he corrects himself so instantaneously, and, I should say, so cleverly, that the mistake can hardly be said to be perceptible.

Mr. Beamish's chapel is very small. I should not deem it capable of containing more than five hundred persons with any degree of comfort. It is always full; for the most part, inconveniently so. Were it twice the size it is, I believe it would be filled; for, as I before stated, though the casual hearer does not see any striking superiority in his preaching, there are many of those who have had frequent opportunities of sitting under his ministrations who concur with his own congregation in regarding his sermons as far above the average excellence. It certainly does speak much in favour of the reverend gentleman's pulpit performances, that his congregation, taken as a whole, are amongst the most intelligent Episcopal congregations in the metropolis, and that the most intelligent of their number are, in the majority of cases, his greatest admirers. His congregation is in some small degree aristocratic. Among his members and stated hearers are the names of several of the highest individuals in the land.

In the services of Mr. Beamish's chapel, there

is one thing which I have never observed in any other Episcopal place of worship in London, although it is to be witnessed in a few churches belonging to the Establishment, in the country. I allude to the reverend gentleman's prefacing his sermon by an extemporaneous prayer of considerable length. I think I have heard Mr. Beamish pray for at least five minutes on such occasions; while every one knows that the form of prayer prescribed by the church at this particular part of the service, does not, with a speaker of the average rapidity, occupy much more than half a minute.

Mr. Beamish has been made the instrument of much good. I will only refer to one of the more prominent cases which have been communicated to me. Within the last eighteen months, the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort,*

* This pious and excellent lady has been the means of much spiritual good among the higher ranks of society. I happen to know that she carries on an extensive correspondence with persons in her own station of life, on the subject of evangelical and experimental religion. Among her Grace's correspondents on purely religious topics, is the Queen Dowager Adelaide. I can state with certainty, that since the Queen Dow-

who is a great admirer of the reverend gentleman, prevailed on a distinguished Duke who had never before attended on an evangelical ministry, to go and hear Mr. Beamish. His Grace was so pleased with the reverend gentleman's preaching, that he went a second time on the following Sabbath. The impression produced on his mind by Mr. Beamish's first sermon was deepened by the second; and the result was, that the Duke felt more and more anxious to hear him again. He accordingly attended for several consecutive Sundays, until such were the effects produced by the truths which he had heard, that he felt, as the first step to a religious life, the indispensable necessity of having family worship, morning and evening, in his house. The intention of his Grace in this respect had no sooner transpired in ——— House, than the whole of the inmates were surprised beyond measure, and

ager left this country, twelve months ago, for Naples, for the benefit of her health, she has written her Grace a series of letters which indicate a remarkable spirituality of feeling, a most intimate acquaintance with the scriptures, and the clearest views of evangelical truth.

remarks, were made by some of the pampered menials, respecting what they termed the religious craze of his Grace, which I will not here repeat. Two of the male servants carried matters with so high a hand, as to make what they called a determined stand against the innovation. His Grace, who is an exceedingly good-tempered man, on meeting with this unlooked-for opposition to the introduction of family worship into his house, wrote to Mr. Beamish, soliciting his advice as to the particular course which he ought to pursue in reference to the two refractory varlets. The reverend gentleman returned the Duke the very proper answer, that as he was master in his own house, he had a right to insist on the presence of the parties in question at family worship. His Grace acted on the opinion given by Mr. Beamish, and the malcontents were fain to acquiesce, in appearance at least, in the new arrangement. From that time to this, the nobleman referred to has regularly read prayers, or caused them to be read in his presence and before all his domestics, in his house, morning and evening. He has also, I

believe, been since then exemplary in his attendance on an evangelical ministry. Nor is this all; the change in his outward conduct has been correspondingly great. It was soon, indeed, made so manifest to all the aristocratic and fashionable circles, in which he was not only accustomed to move but of which he was one of the most distinguished leaders, that a sort of panic, if I may so express myself, at once spread among them, and the universal exclamation, when any two of them met together was,—“Oh, have you heard that the Duke of ——— has turned methodist?” The sensation produced by the circumstance at Almack’s, exceeded anything ever before known among the members of that body. He was one of their leading patrons; and the ladies’ patronesses and others who identify themselves in a special manner with the fortunes of that fashionable and exclusive institution, fancied they saw in his renouncing “the pomps and vanities of the world” its immediate dissolution; and they were horrified at the thought. The virtual secession of his Grace from all connection with

Almack's has given it a blow under the effects of which it is now staggering, and from which it is doubtful if it ever will recover. Both morals and society would be great gainers by its utter extinction—a consummation which, I learn from various sources, is likely to be realized at no distant day. The change that has been effected in the way I have described, in the religious views of the nobleman alluded to, accounts for the circumstance which was last season so generally remarked by persons not moving in the higher circles of society, and which was so unintelligible to them,—the circumstance, namely, of his only giving one ball during all that season, though formerly in the practice of giving every season a series of the most splendid balls ever given in the aristocratic world. Should the change prove deep and permanent in his Grace's views, as there is reason to hope it will, who can tell what influence it may have on society, both among the nobles and mighty of the land and among all the intervening orders of the community, down to the humblest; and what extensive and blessed

results may thus indirectly flow from the effect of Mr. Beamish's preaching on the mind of one individual?

I know of nothing which has appeared from the pen of Mr. Beamish, with the exception of two sermons "On the Human Nature of our Lord Jesus Christ." They were preached and published in 1833, with the view of guarding the minds of his hearers against what he conceived to be the unscriptural views of Mr. Irving and his disciples, respecting the peccability of Christ's humanity. They are clear and forcible discourses, and may in some cases have proved a preservative against the notions controverted; but they do not go sufficiently into the subject, nor do they meet with the requisite fulness the arguments of those who hold the opposite opinions,—to make much impression on their minds. Here I may be permitted to remark,—and I do so without expressing an opinion on the question either way,—that Mr. Beamish unconsciously misrepresents the notions which Mr. Irving and his followers held respecting the human nature of Christ. Mr.

Beamish assumes that Mr. Irving was in the habit of making use of the expression, "the sinfulness of Christ's humanity." I have conversed in private with Mr. Irving on this very point, as well as heard him preach in public on it; and can most positively affirm that not only was the idea which the words convey, foreign to Mr. Irving's heart, but he never, on any occasion, made use of such antisciptural language. I speak advisedly, when I say, that never did there live a man who more thoroughly believed in the entire sinlessness of Christ's humanity, or attached more importance to the fact of his being without sin. What Mr. Irving asserted was, that though the humanity of Christ was, from his first breathings in the manger to the moment at which he heaved his expiring groan on the cross, entirely untainted by sin, yet that his human nature felt the same tendencies to sin that our nature feels, though those tendencies were counteracted by the abundant indwelling of the Holy Spirit. He maintained that but for this; it could never have been a merit on the part of Christ, that he

triumphantly resisted the numerous and powerful temptations with which he was constantly assailed, that he could not otherwise have been said in strict propriety of speech to have taken upon him the nature of man; and that he could not, on the generally received hypothesis, have been represented as a High Priest who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and who sympathises with us in all our spiritual sufferings, having himself been tempted in all points like as we are.

Of the personal appearance of Mr. Beamish, I have as yet said nothing. Having only seen him in the pulpit, I cannot speak positively on the point, but I should take him to be above the usual height, and to be well and compactly formed. His face is full, with a marked oval shape. His complexion is fresh and indicative of health. His features are regular, and convey by their general expression, the idea of shrewdness and intelligence. His eyes are small rather than otherwise, and their colour is a sort of light blue. His brow is amply developed, and is surmounted by a quantity of dark-brown

hair, which is always so arranged, in the perpendicular way, as to impart additional comeliness to a face which is naturally handsome. I would guess the reverend gentleman's age at between forty and forty-three.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY—MINISTERS OF CHAPELS
(*continued*).

The Rev. Henry Melvill—The Rev. T. J. Judkin—The Hon.
and Rev. Baptist W. Noel—The Rev. Thomas Mortimer—
The Rev. James Hambleton.

THE Rev. HENRY MELVILL, of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, is the most popular preacher in London. I am doing no injustice to other ministers, whether in the Church or out of it, in saying this. The fact is not only susceptible of proof, but is often proved in a manner which all must admit to be conclusive. When a sermon is advertised to be preached by Mr. Melvill in any church or chapel in the metropolis, the number of strangers attracted to the

particular place, is invariably greater than is ever drawn together in the same church or chapel when any of the other popular ministers in London, are appointed to preach on a precisely similar occasion.

Nor need any one feel surprised at the circumstance of the reverend gentleman surpassing all his clerical brethren and all our Dissenting ministers, in the article of popularity; for, first of all, while all our other evangelical preachers are in the habit of delivering two sermons every Sabbath, and one in the course of the week, he only preaches one sermon on the Sunday, and does not preach at all during the week. That his discourses should therefore be much more laboured, and of a higher order of excellence than those of other preachers, need not surprise any one. And not only does Mr. Melvill thus secure to himself as much time to prepare one sermon, as others have to prepare three, but he actually expends *more* time in the preparation of every discourse he delivers, than the generality of his brethren in the ministry do in preparing their three

sermons. His discourses ought to be finished compositions; for I am assured by those who know him, that on an average he devotes from seven to eight hours each day, during six days of the week, to the preparation of the sermon which he delivers on the Sabbath evening. He shuts himself up in his study, refusing to be seen by any visitors except in very peculiar circumstances, for the above length of time every day, from Monday till Saturday. And when thus as completely shut out from the world, as if buried in one of the cloisters of some monastery, he presses all the powers of his mind and all his varied reading into his service, while preparing for his pulpit exhibition on the following Sunday evening. He displays as much solicitude about the composition of each successive sermon, as if that sermon, instead of being heard by only two thousand five hundred persons, were to be preached to the entire population of the kingdom. Virgil bestowed infinite pains on his style, assigning as a reason that he wrote for eternity. In so far as mere style and illustration go, Mr.

Melvill, of course, dreams of no such protracted existence for his discourses; and yet he could not expend more care in their preparation, nor display greater fastidiousness as to his diction, though every sentence he writes were penned under a perfect persuasion, that his sermons, as sermons, were to be co-enduring with the world itself. Not only does he most anxiously and patiently turn the matter of his discourses over in his own mind before putting pen to paper, but he always writes them twice, in many instances three times, before he is satisfied with them. And after he himself has done with them, they are usually transcribed in a legible and beautiful hand by a female relative of his own; and from this lady-manuscript, which is remarkable for not having a single break in it from beginning to end, he generally addresses his admiring audience.

That Mr. Melvill's preaching should attract a large intellectual audience, so far from being a circumstance of surprise, is just what I should have expected; but that he should be, as I

know he is, run after and almost idolized as a minister, by hundreds of the humbler and least intelligent classes of society, is, I confess, a matter which does occasion me no little astonishment. To follow him closely, usually requires the greatest and most continued attention of persons of cultivated mind. That he should, therefore, be so popular among individuals who are but indifferently informed, is one of those facts which laugh my philosophy to scorn. His matter is often abstruse; it is for the most part of a highly speculative character. There is a marked union of the imaginative with the argumentative in every sermon he delivers. With the workings of a highly intellectual mind, he blends superior powers of reasoning; and the combined result is the production of a greater or less number of splendid passages in every discourse he preaches. Mr. Melvill's eloquence is, it is true, of a very artificial kind. Every one must at once perceive that it is entirely the result of intense and continuous study; but still there is no denying, if the true test of eloquence lie

in the impression produced, that it *is* eloquence of a high order; for the minds of the audience are frequently worked up into so wrapt a state as to render them for the time insensible to everything around them. They appear as if they were afraid even to breathe—a fact which is made more apparent by the sort of commotion which takes place in the congregation, when the preacher has reached the conclusion of one of his more eloquent and spirit-stirring passages.

Mr. Melvill is partial to the use of a figurative phraseology. He is certainly the greatest rhetorician among our metropolitan preachers. His figures are often bold and happy, and give an effect to his matter which it would not otherwise produce. He clothes the most common-place ideas in language which is so rich in the ornaments of rhetoric, that they are often mistaken for conceptions of the most brilliant character. He is much too ample as well as too laboured in his illustrations. If he hit on a striking idea, the chance is that in the plentitude of his anxiety to exhibit that idea in every possible light, he will

so far overwork it, as to weaken the impression which a less ample illustration could not fail to have made. He is exceedingly partial to the use of analogy in addressing his hearers. He illustrates and enforces the truths of religion, by the incidents and occurrences of ordinary life. And his analogies are often exceedingly happy ; at times they are particularly striking. I heard him preach a beautiful sermon one evening in March last, on the lawfulness of a desire on the part of the Christian minister, that he should be held in remembrance after his decease, by those among whom he had broken the bread of life. In the course of this sermon he dwelt at great length on the analogy that exists between the Christian pastor and the general of an army. The comparison between the two was conducted with great skill, and told with remarkable effect on the audience.

Mr. Melvill's views are evangelical, though for the reasons already stated, there is not that savour of experimental or practical piety in his pulpit ministrations, which could be desired. His appeals to the conscience are not sufficiently

frequent; and even when made they are not at all times sufficiently close or searching. When, however, he does bring the powers of his eloquence to bear on the conscience of the open sinner, or the hypocritical professor, and when such appeals are made with his wonted fervour of manner, the effect produced on the minds of the audience is greater than I ever witnessed in the case of any other preacher; not even excepting Dr. Chalmers himself. About five years ago I heard him deliver a sermon which, taken altogether, was the best I have heard him preach. It was delivered throughout with an earnestness and animation and energy of manner, I have never known him exhibit since that time. The impression produced on the minds of the congregation by the following passage, which constituted the peroration of the discourse, was such as to defy the power of description:—"We do not," said the reverend gentleman, "idolize means. We do not substitute the means of grace for grace itself. But this we say,—and we beseech you to carry with you the truth to your homes,—

when God has made a channel, he may be expected to send through that channel the flowings of his mercy. Oh! that ye were anxious; that ye would take your right place in creation, and feel yourselves to be immortal! Be men, and ye make an advance to being Christians. Many of you have long refused to labour to be saved. The implements are in your hands, but ye will not work at the tent-making.* Ye will not pray; ye will not shun temptation; ye will not renounce your sin; ye will not fight against evil habits. Are ye stronger than God? Can ye contend with the Eternal One? Have ye the nerve which shall not tremble, and the flesh which shall not quiver, and the soul which shall not fail, when the sheet of fire is round the globe, and thousand times ten thousand angels line the sky, and call to judgment? If we had a spell by which to bind the ministers of vengeance, we might go on in idleness. If we had a charm by which to take what is

* The text was,—“And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought, for by their occupation they were tent-makers.”

scorching from the flame, and what is gnawing from the worm, we might still continue careless. But if we can feel; if we are not pain-proof; if we are not wrath-proof; let us arise and be doing, and with fear and trembling, work out our salvation. There shall yet burst on this creation a day of fire and of storm and of blood. Oh! conform yourselves to the simple prescriptions of the Bible: seek the aids of God's Spirit by prayer, and ye shall be led to lay hold on Christ Jesus by faith."

Mr. Melvill seldom makes any formal division of his subject. You seldom hear of first, second, or third places in his discourses. His arrangement has much of the essay form in it. His exordiums are much longer than is common among the clergy of the Church of England. They usually occupy from five to seven minutes in the delivery. His sermons altogether do not occupy more than three quarters of an hour; but such is the rapidity of his utterance, that he speaks as much in that time as another preacher,

speaking at the average rate, would do in a full hour.

Mr. Melvill is often charged with plagiarism ; and the party whose matter he is represented as chiefly borrowing, is Dr. Chalmers. I have read most of Dr. Chalmers' more popular works with some care ; but I have not been able to detect any plagiarisms from them on the part of Mr. Melvill. That the reverend gentleman has chosen the Scotch Doctor, as the model of his pulpit ministrations, no one who knows the two divines can for a moment doubt. Neither is it to be denied that Mr. Melvill is a most successful imitator of Dr. Chalmers, in the character of his illustrations and the construction of his phraseology. The difference between the two is this—that while the conceptions of Dr. Chalmers are more striking, and his eloquence more sustained, than those of Mr. Melvill, the diction of the latter, artificial though it be, is far more correct than that of the northern theological giant. I can conceive it quite possible, that the minister of Camden Chapel

may be an imitator of the theological professor of the University of Edinburgh, without committing a felony on his ideas. Others, however, assure me that they have detected numerous plagiarisms on the part of Mr. Melvill from the works of Dr. Chalmers.

The reverend gentleman's manner is as artificial as his language. His delivery is a species of acting throughout; but it is a most impressive delivery. He arrests the hearer's attention the instant he commences, and carries him with him, a willing captive, to the close of his sermon. So far, indeed, from the audience being pleased at their restoration to liberty; that is, at Mr. Melvill's concluding his discourse, they are sorry he does not continue longer. They would willingly listen to him for another three quarters of an hour, or even for twice that time, were it not that they would know the effort must be physically exhausting to himself. They would even most cheerfully—a thing which can be said of few preachers and few sermons—sit to hear the same discourse delivered to them a second time. There is a sustained earnest-

ness and animation of manner in Mr. Melvill's pulpit-ministrations which are not to be found in that of any other metropolitan preacher which can be named; and yet the fervour of his manner does not consist in any thing peculiar in his gesticulation.

Of gesticulation, indeed, in the sense in which the term is usually understood, he is very sparing. During the exordium of his discourse, his hands hang as motionless by his side as if they had never been in any other position. When he advances a little into his subject, he moves his right hand, not from his shoulder, or even from his elbow, but from his wrist. The motion is very rapid and continuous; but from the circumstance of his never raising his hand to a level with the breast of the pulpit, no one in the area of the chapel would ever imagine he was making any motion at all. By the time he has got about half through his sermon, he raises his hand sufficiently high to be seen by all the congregation; but not higher than his breast. His head and body are also pressed into his service in the way of

gesture, when he has got fairly into the heart of his subject. Their motions, like those of his hand, are rapid and continuous: but they are not, by any means, violent. The only instance of extravagance, in the shape of gesticulation, of which the reverend gentleman is guilty in the course of his sermon, is when he concludes one of his most highly-wrought passages. He then makes a quick and violent flourish with both his hands, and a vehement though momentary motion with his body which I cannot well describe,—accompanied by a peculiar shake of the head. It is chiefly the tones of his clear and flexible though not powerful voice; the emphasis of his pronunciation; and the hurried manner of his speaking, that impress the hearer with a conviction of his earnestness and fervour. To understand what impression may be produced, or how earnest a minister may appear in the pulpit without having recourse to anything like preposterous or even liberal gesticulation, it is only necessary to hear Mr. Melvill. And here I may be allowed to remark, that to hear the reverend

gentleman to the greatest advantage, it will be necessary to go to his own chapel. He has always appeared to me to be far more at home, and far more impressive there, as a preacher, than in any other church or chapel in which he may chance to deliver a particular sermon.

Mr. Melvill is not only a violent politician, but occasionally carries his politics into the pulpit. I have heard him deliver sermons in which there were passages of so ultra political a character, that had a stranger been conducted blind-folded into the place in which he was preaching, and it had been at a time when Parliament was sitting, he would have been in danger of mistaking the sermon of the reverend gentleman, for a speech of the Earl of Winchilsea in the Lords, or of Sir Robert Inglis in the Commons.

The reverend gentleman is rather fickle in some of his religious principles. In the year 1831, he suddenly embraced some of the peculiar opinions of Mr. Irving. It is due to him, however, to state, that he as suddenly

renounced them and returned to his former faith. If I am not misinformed, he did not adhere to his new creed more than four or five weeks. In the change which some of his opinions then underwent, he was not peculiar among the more popular of the metropolitan ministers of the Church of England. The Rev. Hugh M'Neile, now of Liverpool, but then of Charlotte-street chapel, Fitzroy-square, experienced a precisely similar change much about the same time. He embraced some of the leading views of Mr. Irving; and, what may appear a curious coincidence, he also suddenly abjured his new creed, and re-adopted the principles from which he had departed. I have been assured—but do not wish to be understood as vouching for the fact—that so very sudden was his re-conversion, if that be the correct term, to the faith which he had abandoned, that he preached one Sunday in favour of the notion that the gift of speaking with tongues and the power of working miracles, is still possessed by the church, and preached the next against it; and that in his sermon on the

subject, on the one Sabbath-day, he exposed with a masterly hand and in an unsparing manner, the fallacies he had made use of in his sermon on the other. This, I repeat, has been mentioned to me as a positive fact; but I am inclined to think there must have been a larger interval than eight days between his embracing and renouncing Irvingism. Mr. Melvill, it is generally known by the more intelligent portion of his congregation, lately evinced a leaning to, if he did not positively adopt, the semi-popish theology of the Oxford Tract party. I am happy to be able to add, that he has seen the unscriptural and dangerous character of the Pusey heresies, and that it is expected he will forthwith deliver a series of sermons in refutation of them.

I have heard a great variety of opinion expressed as to whether or not Mr. Melvill is in the habit of visiting his people, in the capacity of their minister. Some affirm that he is most indefatigable in visiting his flock; others maintain that he only visits a select portion of them; while a third party assert with equal confidence that he pays no pastoral visits at all. The real

fact of the case is, that the reverend gentleman's people being so numerous and scattered, he does not profess to pay ministerial visits at all, in the ordinary sense in which the words are understood; but it affords me pleasure to state, that he is most exemplary and indefatigable in his visits to the sick and dying, and that in such cases he is as prompt in visiting the poor as the rich. I have reason to believe that he has been eminently useful in this way. It is highly to his credit, that in order that he may have the more time to devote to his visits to the sick and dying, he declines innumerable invitations of a most pressing nature, to dinner and other parties.

One circumstance has been mentioned to me respecting the reverend gentleman, which though it may seem to some of a very trifling kind, appears to me to be of no small importance; inasmuch as it bespeaks the possession of much kindness of feeling. Some time ago, while the passages of his chapel were most densely crowded by strangers anxious to hear him preach, he observed an old and frail man

among the number. He immediately opened the door of his own pew, in which there was just room for one more person, and desired the aged infirm man to step into it and take a seat. What made the act more kind and condescending, was the circumstance of there being so many ladies and gentlemen in the crowded passages. The reading of the service had but just commenced, and Mr. Melvill turned up the various parts of the prayer-book which the clerk referred to, and shared the book with the old man. The latter was so overcome with a sense of Mr. Melvill's condescending kindness, that he could not refrain from shedding tears while he thought of it.

The reverend gentleman has done nothing in the way of authorship, so far as my knowledge extends, with the exception of two volumes of sermons; both of which, though at different times, have been published within the last few years. He has, it is true, also brought out two or three detached sermons, but these are hardly to be considered now-a-days as establishing a claim to the title of author.

His place of worship is not, as some persons imagine, a Chapel of Ease; it is private property. It belongs either to his brother-in-law or father-in-law; but I am not sure which. His income has been for some years £1,000 per annum; but one of his members has stated to me within the last few weeks, that it will be henceforth raised to £1,200.

I never saw a more crowded place of worship than that in which Mr. Melvill preaches. It is only seated to contain about two thousand persons; but from four hundred to five hundred are always to be seen standing in the passages. It is often impossible to effect an entrance at the door after the service has begun. Were the chapel sufficiently large to accommodate four thousand individuals, I have no doubt it would be constantly filled.

The personal appearance of the reverend gentleman is far from being striking. He has a small thin face, with features which are by no means calculated to inspire the spectator with an impression of his being a man of superior intellect. His eyes are less than the aver-

age size, and are of a light blue. His forehead is straight, but not very high. His complexion is of a darkish hue, and would at times lead to the conclusion that his ardour in the discharge of his ministerial duties, or some other cause, had to some extent affected his health. He wears small, dark whiskers. His hair is abundant, especially on his brow, and, at a distance, looks of a darkish colour; but on a nearer view, there are symptoms not to be mistaken of coming greyness. His age cannot exceed forty-two or forty-three.

The Rev. T. J. JUDKIN, of Somers Town chapel, is a gentleman whose appearance is so striking, that once seen, the visitor to his place of worship is sure to remember it ever afterwards. Though only between his forty-second and forty-fifth year, he is as grey-headed as if sixty or seventy summers' suns had shone upon him. And not only is his hair grey, but I do not recollect to have seen any one's hair stand so erect, considering its length. His upright hair, coupled with his very low,

broad, and straight forehead ; and his round and full though not fat face, give a sort of massiveness to his head, of which it is impossible to convey a sufficiently distinct and vivid idea to the minds of those who have not seen the reverend gentleman. His eye-lashes are among the most marked, owing partly to their unusual size, and partly to their strongly-revealed semi-circular form, which I have seen. His features altogether are large and plain. His complexion is wan, and his general appearance would lead one to infer that he is not in the best of health. I am not aware that the conclusion would be one which the facts would warrant. So far as I know, the reverend gentleman is blessed with good health. The fact of his preaching three times every Sunday, once on week-day evenings, besides superintending, twice every week, a large number of the children belonging to the Sabbath school connected with the chapel, while they are practising sacred psalmody,—all these efforts, to say nothing of various others of a more private nature, afford at least presumptive proof,

that not only does he possess an ardent and energetic mind, but that his tall, compact frame is capable of enduring great physical labour without any inordinate fatigue.

Mr. Judkin ranks high as a popular preacher among the evangelical clergy of London. He is greatly admired by his own people, and thought favourably of by strangers. Several members of his congregation, which I should think cannot be under fifteen hundred, come a great distance in order that they may sit under his ministry. I know one highly respectable family, that comes every Sunday all the way from Blackheath; which is a distance of at least seven miles coming, and as much returning.

Mr. Judkin is a protégé of the late Sir William Curtis, of aldermanic and somewhat eccentric memory. He is the son of a respectable, but not opulent tradesman in Bishopsgate-street. The facetious civic authority took a fancy to him, and after showing him certain acts of kindness in London, sent him down to Oxford or Cambridge—I do not at this moment remember which of the two places—

with a view to his receiving all the advantages which a university education could confer on him. The present position of the reverend gentleman, whether as regards the esteem with which he is regarded by his numerous and respectable congregation, or the status he holds among the evangelical clergy of the metropolis, shows that the baronet did not lavish his patronage on one unworthy of it.

But in saying this, let me not be understood as concurring with those of his congregation—and there are many such—who look upon him as a first-rate preacher. His matter is always good, but those who speak of it as of surpassing excellence, greatly over-rate its merits. I never heard him—and I know of no instance in which he has done so, as far as his published discourses are concerned—strike out any original or profound train of thought. His sermons consist of sensible and solid matter, and his positions are, as I think all sermons ought to be, largely supported by quotations from Scripture. He is never flimsy nor superficial, but he often hovers on the margin of me-

diocrity. His preaching is, for the most part, practical. He has accurate views of divine truth, and states those views with precision and force. His style possesses considerable vigour; it has often the appearance of being laboured. Now and then there is a dash of poetry in his phraseology; which is to be accounted for from the circumstance, to which I shall afterwards have to refer, of his paying court to the muses.

Mr. Judkin appears to greatest advantage when the subject is of a pathetic nature. On such occasions he produces a deep impression on the minds of his auditors. He is also happy in drawing moral pictures, which he usually executes in quite a Rembrandt style: being himself an artist, he will understand the import of this expression. Let me give a specimen. Preaching a few years ago from the words, "Stand in awe, and sin not," he said, "But not to dwell severally on these things, give me your hand, young man, and as we walk the world together, we shall find a too mournful illustration of these truths. That poor creature,

pale and sunk, wasted and miserable, who sells her soul to-night for the price of to-morrow's bread, was once as happy to all appearance, as life could make her; was the life and hope of her parents; was her father's joy and her mother's pride. What is she now? The forsaken, the abandoned; an object of scorn and reproach,—only in her sex a woman. What are her own feelings, as she communes with her heart in her sick-chamber, while the images of the past come over her: of parental watchings, of parental attention and care: of her father's protecting love, and of the mother's anxious tenderness? What her hopes and feelings if she casts up strange events of death? Surely her cries are all in vain, while her fears become stronger and stronger. 'Stand in awe, and sin not.'

“Another form is sitting in the gloom of the prison-house. He was caressed and flattered by many; the idol of fortune, it may be; but in early life he mixed with the profligate and vain, fell into bad habits and courses, and insensibly grew worse: till at length he resorted

to fraud and violence to repair his broken fortunes, and he was given over to a reprobate mind; and at last, it may be, the sin of a brother's blood was on his soul, and he meets an ignominious end. 'Stand in awe, and sin not.'

"That grave is the grave of a suicide. Instead of finding consolation from the promises and religion of Jesus, and cultivating through prayer and through obedience, the virtues of Jesus' blessed life, walking humbly before God, and receiving the chastisements of his hand with meekness and resignation, as wise and merciful, he minded earthly things; he brooded over his troubles, till disappointment worked itself into the frenzies of despair; and shrinking from the lesser evils of life, he put in peril the safety of his immortal soul, rushing into the presence of God with an infuriated eye, and with the crime of blood on his own head. Oh! 'stand in awe, and sin not.'"

Mr. Judkin has a fine, sonorous, powerful voice, which fills the whole of the place without any seeming effort on his part. I know of no minister in London, with the single exception

of Mr. Mortimer, of Gray's Inn Lane, whose voice possesses greater capabilities than that of Mr. Judkin. He attracts the attention of his audience the instant he commences his discourse. His exordium, which usually lasts four or five minutes, is, in most cases, delivered with as much animation as any afterpart of his sermon. He generally invokes the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the truths he is about to deliver, immediately after announcing the division of his subject. His utterance is deliberate; it is often so to a fault. The result frequently is, that he does not keep up the attention which he excited in the outset. When about the middle of his discourse, his manner becomes more animated, and his delivery more rapid; but this only lasts for a few minutes. If he were equally animated throughout, he would be one of the most popular preachers in London. He is much too quiet in the pulpit. His arms are but seldom called into requisition, and even when they are, he makes but little use of them. He seems to have a decided objection to any thing which could appear like liberal

gesticulation. The little he does use, is chiefly the result of an occasional limited motion of his left arm. His right hand usually rests itself on the pulpit. At intervals he brings about a meeting of both hands on his breast; but they have no sooner embraced each other, than he separates them again. He reads closely. It is true, that at almost every alternate sentence, he raises his eye from his paper, and directs in rotation a glance at the audience in the gallery immediately before him, and on either hand; but the glance is only momentary: in a second or two, you see his eye fixed on his paper again. There was one peculiarity, on every occasion on which I have heard the reverend gentleman, in his mode of concluding his sermons, namely, that he finished with great seeming abruptness, and did not give the usual intimation of his having concluded, by saying, "Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," &c. His first intimation of the fact of his having concluded, is furnished by his engaging in a closing prayer.

Mr. Judkin's studies have not been confined

to theology, or to those matters which have a more immediate relation to the clerical profession. I have before stated that he is an artist. He is a skilful painter. Some of the achievements of his pencil are said to be so meritorious, as that they need not shrink from a comparison with the works of professed artists. In music too he has the reputation of possessing an excellent taste. Nor has he, as may be inferred from a previous observation, neglected to cultivate the art of poetry. On the contrary, he has, amid all his other studies, and all his professional avocations, cultivated it to so great an extent, as to be the sole author of the hymn-book used in his own chapel—a book containing about five hundred sacred pieces, embracing every conceivable variety of topic. That both the piety and poetry of Mr. Judkin's metrical compositions are thought favourably of by persons beyond the pale of his own congregation, may be inferred from the fact, that his hymn-book is used by Mr. Mortimer's large and intelligent congregation. It may be used in other episcopal chapels,

though I am not aware of the fact. For my own part, however, I must confess, that I decidedly prefer the reverend gentleman's appearances in the pulpit, to his exhibitions in the hymn-book; in other words, I like his prose much better than his poetry. But as it is no part of the plan of this work to play the professed critic, I pass over Mr. Judkin's hymns, simply remarking, that accidental circumstances have commanded for it an unusually extensive sale among his own congregation. I refer to the fact of his first causing a limited number of copies to be printed, and then, when these were disposed of, bringing out a new edition, "with alterations and additions." The consequence was, that those who had the first edition were obliged to purchase the second also; that is to say, if they were able to afford it. The second edition being also in time exhausted, a third was printed, which likewise contained more "alterations and additions." In many cases, therefore, those who had copies of both the first and second editions found it desirable to possess themselves also of the

third. At length a *fourth* edition made its appearance; boasting likewise of a certain number of "alterations and additions;" so that there are many persons in the reverend gentleman's congregation who have no fewer than four copies of his hymn-book.

Among the various tastes unconnected with the clerical profession, which Mr. Judkin cultivates as occasion offers, is a taste for angling. In the summer season he frequently gets up at four or five in the morning, and, well furnished with the requisite tackle, sets out on his piscatory pursuits. The principal scene of his slaughter of the finny tribe, is a well-known water at the north of the metropolis; a water which is very conveniently situated for him.

Mr. Judkin's duties as minister of Somers Town chapel, are arduous and varied. When he became pastor of the place, he was only expected to preach twice on Sunday—in the morning and afternoon. And in so large a chapel, and to so large a congregation, most men would think that the two services would

prove sufficiently fatiguing for one day's labours. Not so thinks Mr. Judkin; for about two years since, he established a service in the evening, in addition to the services in the morning and afternoon. The evening service is called the reverend gentleman's own service. He pays the expences of lighting the chapel, providing a clerk, and so forth, and receives, in return, the proceeds of the seats for the evening; none of those who occupy them through the day being entitled to do so during the third service, unless they pay for them specially for that service. As the chapel is crowded at night as well as in the day, I have no doubt that Mr. Judkin has found the evening service a good speculation, even in a pecuniary point of view. I should think it must be worth to him, after paying all the expenses, at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which, added to the salary of four hundred pounds which he receives for his labours in the morning and afternoon, would make his aggregate returns from the chapel to be five hundred and fifty pounds per

annum. In addition to his Sabbath-day labours, Mr. Judkin has imposed on himself other duties which he performs on week-days in the chapel; such as setting apart, as before mentioned, two days every week to instruct the children of the schools in sacred psalmody.

Mr. Judkin is said to display, at times, some slight eccentricities as a preacher. A young man, himself preparing for the ministry, mentioned to me a few months ago, that he heard the reverend gentleman, a short time previously, commence his sermon without giving out his text. He added that it was not until after he had finished his exordium, which occupied eight or ten minutes in the delivery, that he gave his hearers any idea of what his text was, or where it was to be found. He concluded his exordium with a particular verse of Scripture, observing that such was the text he had chosen for his present discourse, and adding that they would find it recorded in a particular part of the Bible.

Mr. Judkin is said to have laboured much with a view to the conversion of Jews, with

whom accident, or rather Providence, has brought him into personal contact. Nor have his labours in this respect been in vain. A few years ago, he had the happiness to baptize seven converted Jews on one day. It is right, however, to add, that my informant, who, I should mention, was present on the occasion, is unable to say whether or not they were all proselytised to the Christian religion through his instrumentality. He has also had much discussion in private with Roman Catholics, several of whom—and a priest among the number—he has been the means of bringing over to the Protestant faith.

Mr. Judkin is what is called a lady's preacher. He is greatly run after by the sex. Even when he preaches in any church or chapel in the neighbourhood, there is always a marked preponderance of ladies among his hearers. I heard him preach one Friday in March last, in St. Pancras church, and I am sure that for one male there were seven or eight females present.

With the exception of the hymn-book al-

ready referred to, I am not aware of anything which has proceeded from Mr. Judkin's pen. He is, however, the author, if that be a correct expression, of a portrait of himself, which has been published. In other words, he took a likeness of himself, got it engraved, and duly published. He is said to have sold a great many copies in the vestry of the chapel.

The Hon.* and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL, of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, has for several years been one of the most distinguished ministers, of any denomination, in the metropolis. With the chapel itself in which Mr. Noel officiates, there are associated many interesting recollections. It was built for the celebrated Sacheverell. The situation was at the time considered part of the suburbs of London. Scott, the author of the Commentary on the Scriptures, laboured in St. John's Chapel for several years in the capacity of curate. The excellent

* Though Mr. Noel's father was only a baronet, his mother was a peeress in her own right; which accounts for his possessing the title of "honourable."

Cecil, whose daughter is still the organist, preached in it for a considerable period, and only closed his pastoral connection with the congregation meeting within its walls, when called by his Master to join the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven. In connection with the ministry of Cecil in St. John's Chapel, I may mention an interesting fact which I heard from the pulpit, but have never seen in print. The late Mr. Wilberforce, who was not only, as every body knows, a man of distinguished piety, but was regarded with feelings of the warmest personal friendship by some of the most celebrated senators of his day, prevailed on one occasion on William Pitt to accompany him to St. John's Chapel to hear Mr. Cecil, under whose ministry Mr. Wilberforce at the time sat. The worthy preacher delivered a most striking and luminous sermon on some of the leading points of Christian faith and Christian duty. It was a discourse which struck Mr. Wilberforce himself as being unusually imbued with a spirit of fervent piety and evangelical truth. When the

service was over and they quitted the chapel, Mr. Wilberforce asked Mr. Pitt what he thought of the sermon. The answer of the great statesman was—and in that answer consists the point of the anecdote, affording as it does an affecting proof of the truth of the Scripture statement, that the natural man receiveth not the things of God, neither can he *know* them, for they are *spiritually* discerned,—the answer, I say, of the illustrious statesman was, that he did not understand one word of all he had heard; and that he could not, indeed, have been more ignorant of the preacher's meaning, if, instead of addressing his audience in plain English, he had spoken all the time in an unknown tongue.

Mr. Noel's preaching is eminently evangelical. The distinctive doctrines of the gospel are the topics on which he almost invariably dwells. The fall of man,—man's entire depravity,—his utter inability to help himself,—the perfect worthlessness of the sinner's fancied works of righteousness,—the freeness, the fulness, and sufficiency of the finished work of Christ,—the

necessity that exists for the agency of the Holy Spirit in order effectually to apply that work to the soul,—and the claims of the gospel to holiness of heart as well of life, on all who profess to embrace it,—are the grand themes of his ministry. There is an unction in Mr. Noel's preaching which is not often to be met with in the sermons of other popular ministers in the metropolis, whether ranging themselves under the banners of the Church, or identifying themselves with the destinies of Dissent. His is emphatically the preaching of the heart. No one whoever heard him deliver two consecutive sentences, could resist this conviction. The bearing which every successive sentiment or statement he delivers has on the heart and life, is perceived the moment he has given it utterance.

Mr. Noel is not a man of masculine mind : he is rarely either original or profound ; but his matter is always above mediocrity, and its excellence is more equally sustained than that of the great majority of other popular preachers. If he never dazzles by brilliancies, he never suffers the attention to flag by de-

scending to common-place observations. Mr. Noel is singularly clear in his pulpit ministrations. While there is a sufficient amount of intellect in all his sermons to please the most cultivated taste, the plainest and most unlettered person who knows any thing of his Bible, may not only understand, but follow him without an effort. Sometimes he wanders a little from his subject; or perhaps I should rather say becomes diffuse in his anxiety to illustrate it with sufficient amplitude.* I think, however, that this fault has not of late been often visible in his pulpit addresses. This I can say, that I have heard the honourable and reverend gentleman with some frequency, within the last few years; and that so far from discovering anything like wandering from his immediate subject, I have been repeatedly struck with the closeness

* The late Rev. William Howels, of Long Acre Chapel, to whose eccentricities I have referred at some length, bequeathed to Mr. Noel a work which was written for the express purpose of recommending to ministers closeness and condensation in the matter of their sermons. Mr. Noel, who at once perceived the object of his eccentric friend, laughed heartily at the idea.

with which he confined himself to it. If I were disposed to be critical, I should say specifically what I have before hinted, namely, that the chief fault of Mr. Noel's preaching, is, that he sometimes over-illustrates his positions. This arises from a desire specially to impress particular truths on the minds of his hearers. I know of no preacher in the metropolis or out of it, whose discourses are more adapted to instruct the mind while they impress the heart. No man could sit any length of time under the ministry of Mr. Noel, without becoming conversant with the leading truths of the gospel. These truths may be, and doubtless in many cases are, rejected by those who stately attend the preaching of Mr. Noel; but no one shall be in a condition to urge at a future period, in extenuation of his guilt, that he was kept in ignorance of the leading points of the Christian scheme. I am convinced there is not a congregation in the metropolis, that, taken as a whole, have a clearer or more accurate conception of the distinctive doctrines of the gospel, than the congregation meeting in St. John's

Chapel, Bedford Row. And let me add, that their knowledge is not inoperative: it is not the knowledge of the head only; their hearts are influenced, and their conduct is regulated by the truth as it is in Jesus. Mr. Noel's people, in other words, stand prominently out among the congregations of London, for their sincere and unaffected piety.

No one can have heard the honourable and reverend gentleman without being struck with the happy blending of faithfulness with affection, which is visible in his preaching. He emphatically "warns every man;" but not in that stern spirit which has so strong a tendency to steel the heart of one's hearers against the warnings given, or against the reception of the truth; but in the spirit of meekness and of love. The hearer, as already remarked, may, and doubtless often does, disregard his warning voice; but he cannot bar his breast against the conviction, that the preacher is not only in earnest, but that he is speaking from a heart overflowing with affection and compassion for sinners. There is something in the

manner of many preachers which excites a prejudice against them, and consequently against the truth as spoken by them, in the minds of the hearer. It were impossible for any such prejudice to exist in the case of Mr. Noel. His appearance, his manner, and his mode of handling his subject, are all so prepossessing, as necessarily to prevent the growth of any other feeling in the mind, than one of friendship and esteem for the preacher.

Mr. Noel's matter, as may be inferred from what has been already stated, is always spiritual and practical. He never amuses either himself or his hearers by anything in the shape of speculative theology. Nor, though proofs of a cultivated intellect are visible in every successive sentence that falls from his lips, does he ever betray the slightest symptom of a wish to make a display of any kind. He speaks as one who is deeply alive to the responsibility which rests on him as a minister of the gospel, as well as of the responsibility which is incurred by those who hear that gospel from his lips. He knows that every sermon he delivers

will exercise an influence, either for good or evil, on the eternal destinies of all who hear it. If there are among his congregation, as there are in all congregations, individuals who have never been impressed with a sense of the worth of an immortal spirit, Mr. Noel is so much alive to its unspeakable preciousness, that he cannot do or say anything in the pulpit which could be regarded as trifling in any way, or to any extent, with the soul of a sinner. Every sentence he utters tells on the spiritual state of his hearers: its bearings on the solemn transactions of a judgment-seat must be manifest to all. I have already said there is an unction about his preaching which is not often to be met with in that of our modern divines. His matter is richly impregnated with divinity of the soundest, the most salutary, and the most sanctifying kind. He excels in guarding his hearers against mistakes of a fatal kind, in the momentous matters of the soul and eternity. He holds, as it were, a mirror up to the eyes of all,—some of them, it may be, making a great profession of religion,—who are still in a state

of estrangement from God, and living therefore without any well-grounded hope for eternity. If the hypocrite, or mere professor of any kind, does not discover the perils of his position under the preaching of Mr. Noel, he must indeed be blind and stupified by sin in a very extraordinary degree.

The honourable and reverend gentleman's discourses are largely interspersed with scriptural quotations. He brings every position he advances to the law and to the testimony. I wish this were more generally done by our modern metropolitan ministers, than it is.

Mr. Noel is not in the habit of introducing anecdotes into his sermons; but when he does, they are not only exceedingly appropriate and strikingly illustrative of the point under consideration; but are told by the honourable and reverend gentleman with great effect. I shall not soon forget one which I heard him relate three or four years ago, respecting a young man who had been one of his own hearers. Mr. Noel's object in making the relation, was to show the danger of neglecting the ordinances of

religion. In print, the anecdote is comparatively nothing; as told by Mr. Noel it produced a deep impression on the minds of all who heard it. It was substantially as follows:—The young man was the son of pious parents, and had for several years been most regular in his attendance on Mr. Noel's ministrations. All of a sudden he contracted an acquaintance with some young men of infidel principles, or who, at least, were scoffers at all religion. He imbibed their pestilential views; and the first result was, that he entirely absented himself from the house of God. But this was not the only effect of his newly adopted principles; he forthwith commenced a career of unrestrained dissipation and of criminal indulgence of every kind. This, as so generally turns out to be the case, laid in a few weeks the foundation of a fatal illness. He only lived three short months after he had forsaken the public sanctuary, though then in the enjoyment of perfect health. When all hopes of recovery had vanished, and his relatives anticipated his immediate dissolution, Mr. Noel was called to visit him.

At first, and for some time, the dying young man refused to converse with, or even speak to Mr. Noel; but wrapped his head up in the bed-clothes. After several ineffectual attempts to induce the unhappy youth to enter into conversation about that Being before whose judgment seat he was about to appear, and that eternity on whose verge he was standing, Mr. Noel offered up a prayer for him, and was about to quit the apartment. Just as he had his hand on the latch of the door, the wretched young man made an effort to sit up partially in his bed, and asked his former minister to stay a moment. Mr. Noel of course returned to the bed-side of the dying youth; on which the latter, as if making an effort beyond his physical strength, reached his face in towards the ear of the reverend gentleman, and whispered into it, in accents of so sepulchral a character that they must have saddened if not appalled the stoutest heart,—“I’m damn’d.” The moment he uttered the awful words, he dropped down in his bed, and again enveloping his head and face in the blankets, refused to utter another

syllable. He died in the course of the night, or early next day,—I am not sure which,—in a state of utter despair. I am the more induced to relate this anecdote, because I know that when any person has once come to the determination to absent himself entirely from the public worship of God, he is prepared to go any lengths in moral criminality. Who knows, therefore, but the anecdote, imperfectly as it is here told, may operate as a warning to some?

Mr. Noel's style is smooth and elegant, but has nothing rhetorical about it. He very seldom makes use of figures or metaphor of any kind. It has more of perspicuity than of power. It reminds me much of the style of Dr. Doddridge; and therefore I need not characterize it further, as every one in the way of reading works on theological subjects, must be acquainted with the writings of the author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

Mr. Noel's manner is in happy keeping with his matter. He is earnest and impassioned, without anything in the shape of extravagant

gesture. There is much of earnestness in his dark piercing eye, and the expression of his countenance generally; while the impression produced by his aspect is greatly deepened by the tones of his voice. His voice is, I think, without exception, the sweetest and most musical I ever heard, either in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the senate. It is to be regretted that he does not impart greater variety to its tones; for I have known him so modulate and controul it on particular occasions, as to prove that he has a perfect command over it, if he only chose to exercise the power which he possesses. He always speaks in a sufficiently loud tone to be distinctly heard without an effort by the eighteen hundred or two thousand persons who constantly sit under his ministry. His enunciation is distinct, but his utterance is rather hurried. The truth is, he is always full of his subject. You can at once perceive that the circumstance of his occasionally stuttering slightly, and having at other times to substitute a right word for any wrong one which may have escaped him, arises from his ideas crowd-

ing too fast on him. They are occasionally so impatient to be ushered into the world, that they are unwilling to wait until they are clothed in the covering of a correct and appropriate phraseology. I am satisfied that with Mr. Noel's rapid delivery and lengthened sermons,—for they always exceed an hour,—one of his discourses contains as great a quantity of matter as two of the sermons delivered by the generality of our metropolitan Episcopal clergy. But, unusually lengthened as are the honourable and reverend gentleman's discourses, his hearers, so far from thinking them too long, always regret when he brings them to a conclusion. He is a most pleasing as well as instructive and impressive preacher. He is one of the few ministers whom one could hear for hours in succession, without wishing they were done. The moderate gesticulation which Mr. Noel uses, principally consists in raising his right arm to a height parallel with his face, and then making a gentle motion with it. At times he lifts both arms contemporaneously. On such occasions his attitudes are usually both graceful

and striking. His eye moves alternately from right to left of the area of the chapel, and his head now and then leans very slightly to the left side. He uses no paper; neither does he write his sermons. He turns over the leading points in his own mind before entering the pulpit, and then trusts to his extemporaneous powers which never yet, let me remark, failed him.

Mr. Noel is one of those ministers of the gospel—would that all in this respect were like him—who practise what they preach. His own life furnishes a delightful commentary on the precepts he inculcates on others. He is emphatically a pious man; one whose heart is not only in his work when in the pulpit, but who labours with an untiring perseverance to do all the good in his power when associating with his people, or mixing in society generally. He is a practical Christian in a double sense: his is a diffusive religion out of the chapel as well as in it. I am sure I shall be borne out by all who know any thing of the state of religious matters in London, when I say, that he has

done more good than any other man of his years. Not only has he instituted, and still takes a deep interest in, various religious and benevolent societies, in his own congregation, but he actively supports by his purse, his prayers, his preaching, and his speeches at public meetings, every institution established on a scriptural basis and having for its object the promotion of the Divine glory and the good of man. It will be said of him with a special emphasis, when he has closed his earthly career, as it was said of his Master when He sojourned here below—"He went about doing good." I know indeed of no more appropriate epitaph that could be inscribed on the stone which may be placed over Mr. Noel's grave—though it is hoped his life will long be spared, for the sake of the church and the world—than that which the words just quoted would furnish.

I do not know what is the precise amount which Mr. Noel receives from his congregation ; but I am confident I am not far from the mark when I assume it to be about eight hundred pounds a-year. I am assured that the whole,

or very nearly the whole, of the amount so received, is expended on charitable and religious purposes. The honourable and reverend gentleman lives on his private income, and may consequently be said to preach gratuitously. Oh! it is a delightful thing to see a man whose rank and fortune and accomplishments, would insure his ready admission into the very highest circles of society, and whose nearest relations constantly associate with the *élite* of the land,* choosing rather to be the humble self-denying minister of Christ, than to enjoy the fascinating though, in a moral sense, too often fatal pleasures of fashionable life! While others in the same rank in society are running the round of worldly amusements; wasting their hours at the opera, the theatre, or in the ball-room, he is visiting the sick, praying by the bedside of the dying, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and otherwise administering to the exigencies of the poor and wretched.

Mr. Noel is a man of lofty principle. He

* Lord Farnham, his brother, and Lady Farnham, his sister-in-law, form part of the household of the Queen.

abhors the very idea of expediency in religion. With him principle is every thing: he leaves consequences to that Being who presides over the affairs of the universe. Of his adherence to principle and his opposition to expediency, he has lately furnished a remarkable proof in the case of the London City Mission. Every one knows that that institution has become the object of most deadly hostility on the part of the Bishop of London. It is also equally well known, that intimations not capable of being misunderstood, were conveyed to the various London clergymen who belonged to that society, that if they did not forthwith relinquish all connection with it, they would be ejected from the Church. They have all to a man, with the exception of Mr. Noel himself, taken the hint and withdrawn from the City Mission. But he, utterly regardless of consequences, because he conceived a great principle to be involved in the matter, not only continues the zealous and efficient friend of that institution, but has expressed himself to the effect, that no power on earth shall compel him to

withdraw from it. He has thus deliberately set at nought the displeasure of the Bishop of London, in whose diocese he is, rather than sacrifice one iota of principle. I speak advisedly when I say, that were he sure the result of his adherence to the City Mission were to be his excommunication from the Church, he is prepared to submit to that alternative, painful as it might be to his feelings, rather than yield to that expediency which has entailed so much evil on the church of Christ, and which has proved so hurtful to the souls of so many ministers of the gospel.

I am aware there is a general impression among the religious part of the metropolitan community, that though Mr. Noel ostensibly continues in communion with the Church, he is a Dissenter at heart. This is a mistake; and it principally arises from the circumstance of his mixing so largely with the various evangelical denominations belonging to the Dissenting body. He is a man of truly Catholic spirit; he loves all, no matter by what name they are called, who love the Lord Jesus

Christ in sincerity and truth. And he is always ready cordially to co-operate in every good work, with all who hold the Head and preach the doctrine of justification through faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ. What a happy spectacle would the religious world present, were all Christians to lay aside their denominational differences and unite together, heart and hand, in one great and holy brotherhood, for the purpose of promoting the cause of their common Lord and of advancing the everlasting interests of their fellow-men!

When I say, that though Mr. Noel associates so largely with Christians of various denominations, yet he is no Dissenter; I speak from what must be admitted to be undoubted authority, namely, his own. A few years ago, I heard him make a speech at a meeting of the friends of the City Mission, held in Store Street; when referring to the state and prospects of the Church of England, he said that the time *might* come when he should deem it his duty to secede from the Church; but that not only

that time had not yet come, but he did not see any probability of its speedy arrival.

Mr. Noel is the author of several pamphlets, and of one small work in duodecimo entitled, "Notes of a Tour through Ireland, in 1835." The latter work gives a faithful and affecting picture of the moral and religious state of that country. Of his pamphlets, his "Letter to the Bishop of London," on the spiritual destitution which exists in the metropolis, is the most generally known. It has been eminently useful in awakening the minds of the religious community to a sense of the awful state in which so many myriads of immortal souls, within a radius of a few miles of St. Paul's, are, and of the claims which these perishing souls have on the prayers and the exertions of those who have themselves been made partakers of divine grace.

Mr. Noel is a poet; but is too much absorbed in his pastoral pursuits to pay much court to the Muses. Some of his poetic effusions are full of feeling as well as piety, and would do no discredit to many of his contem-

poraries who have acquired a reputation as poets. The following Sonnet, which he wrote when dedicating to his congregation a selection of psalms and hymns which he made a few years ago for their use, shows that the honourable and reverend gentleman has much of the poetic vein in him:—

“ Not in the church alone (though there 'tis sweet
 To hear the swelling notes of praise ascend,)
 But in all scenes, to our Almighty Friend,
 Let us with constant love our hymns repeat ;
 When by our hearths our chosen friends we meet,
 Round our domestic altars meekly bend,
 Retire an hour in solemn prayer to spend,
 Or walk, in tranquil thought, the crowded street ;
 For He is worthy of unceasing praise,
 To whom in all vicissitudes we cling ;
 Whether the hours flit by on joyous wing,
 Or gathering sorrows darken all our days.
 His love in heaven angelic myriads sing,
 And we, not favoured less, our humbler praise will bring.”

I could give still more favourable specimens than this, of the poetical talents of the honourable and reverend gentleman, but they are too long for my purpose.

Mr. Noel is about the middle stature ; if anything, he is under it. He is proportionably formed. He usually dresses with great plain-

ness. His face is of the oval shape, slightly tapering at the chin. His complexion is something between dark and sallow. His eyes are rather deeply set, and, as before mentioned, are clear and penetrating. His forehead is straight and of the average height. His features have nothing striking in them; but the general expression of his countenance, like his disposition, is mild and amiable. His hair, which is usually long, especially in front, is of a moderately darkish hue. His age I should suppose to be from forty-two to forty-four.

The Rev. THOMAS MORTIMER, of Gray's-Inn-lane chapel, has upwards of a quarter of a century been one of the most popular clergymen in connection with the Establishment in London, and his popularity is still undiminished. The circumstance of his father having been a member of the Wesleyan Methodist connection, has led, in some quarters, to an impression that he himself was brought up to the ministry in that body. This is a mistake. The truth is, that, in the first instance, he was in-

tended for trade, and worked, I believe, for a few years at some business; when becoming seriously impressed with the great truths of religion, he relinquished the secular calling to which he was apprenticed, and resolved on devoting himself to the work of the ministry in connection with the Church of England. What the considerations were which induced him to detach himself from the body with whom his parents were connected, and with whose members he had hitherto associated, I have never heard.

Though Mr. Mortimer has attained the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, he did not regularly matriculate at either of the universities. When young, as those who know him now will readily believe, his flow of spirits was so great, that his father thought he would make much greater progress in his studies under a private tutor than at the university, where there would be so many objects to divert his attention from them. Accordingly a private tutor was provided for him, and he was left in his father's house in the city of London, while one of his

brothers, also intended for the Church, but who was of a more sedate disposition, was sent to the university of Cambridge. By having his name, however, for a certain number of years—ten, I believe—on the books of this university, and going through certain examinations for a few days once a-year, Mr. Mortimer qualified himself for receiving the mark of distinction to which I have just alluded.

Mr. Mortimer has been connected with many of the metropolitan churches, and there can be no doubt, from the zeal and fidelity of his pastoral labours, that in all the spheres in which Providence has placed him, he has been a highly useful minister of the New Testament. He was for some years evening lecturer at St. Olave's Southwark, where his preaching attracted such large auditories as not only filled every corner of the church, where a seat could be had, but all the passages and other open spaces within reach of his voice. Not less attractive was he as afternoon lecturer of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. During the several years he officiated as minister of the

district church of St. Mark's, Myddleton-square, Islington, people flocked to hear him from all parts of the north of the metropolis. But what, of all other things, most conclusively shows his great popularity as a preacher, is the fact, that when, owing to some differences he had with the churchwardens of the last-mentioned place of worship, he, two years ago, threw up his situation as its minister and opened his present chapel, he was followed by an audience of upwards of two thousand persons.

It does not come within the scope of this work to enter into any details of a private nature, otherwise I might refer more particularly than I have done, to the causes which induced the reverend gentleman to relinquish his living in St. Mark's church, Myddleton-square. He is a man who from constitutional temperament is impatient of contradiction or opposition; and he met with enough of both, or imagined he did so, in the last-mentioned church, to make him desirous of having a chapel of his own, in the management of whose

affairs he should not be interfered with, far less thwarted in any of his wishes.

The services in Mr. Mortimer's chapel are shorter than at any other place of worship in connection with the Church of England, with which I am acquainted. In the evening, the average length of time, including the sermon, they occupy, is an hour and a half. Whether they are more protracted in the morning, I cannot tell, not having been present in the morning since he opened his present chapel. The reverend gentleman usually occupies half an hour in the delivery of his sermons. But if thus very short, (for he does not speak with undue rapidity) they have the merit of being comprehensive. He does not employ ten or twelve sentences, as is often done, to express one idea; on the contrary, almost every second or third sentence contains a new idea. I never knew him attempt a course of close or refined argument in the establishment of any speculative truth. So far from this, he studiously abstains from that system of preaching which merely amuses, or it may be, enlightens his

hearers. I am greatly mistaken if he be not deeply impressed with the responsibilities of the Christian ministry. I know of few clergymen whom I think more happy in the clear statement of divine truth,* and in the exposition of those passages of scripture where the meaning may be doubtful; but while every one must admire his talents in this department of his clerical office, he is, probably, still more to be commended for the care he takes that the truths which he proclaims and the expositions he offers, shall not only be such as admit of a practical application to the consciences or hearts of his hearers, but that such application be given them as he proceeds. The Cross is one of his favourite themes: he dwells much and with great earnestness on the wondrous exhibition of divine love made to sinners in the mission of Christ into the world, and in his

* I find the impression is general among intelligent persons who have repeatedly heard Mr. Mortimer, that he is an Arminian in his creed. This is probable enough, from the circumstance of his having received his first serious impressions from the Wesleyan Methodists. I must, however, say, that I never could discern any traces of Arminianism in the reverend gentleman's sermons.

obedience, sufferings, and death. Death and eternity also frequently form the subjects of his discourses ; and when on such topics, he usually appears peculiarly solemn and impressive. The contemplation of death has of necessity been much familiarized to his mind, owing to the number of near relatives who have been summoned to another world since he became a preacher of the gospel. About five years ago, when delivering a sermon on occasion of the death of a relation who had been snatched away in the prime of life, he took an opportunity of making the following touching remarks :—“ I am not, I trust, the person to intrude upon the notice of an affectionate people any family details, in which, of course, they cannot be supposed to feel any interest ; but,” he adds, “ I do consider myself at liberty to mention, what I confess, has made a very deep impression on my own mind, connected with the present bereaving providence, that the worthy and amiable man whose removal has furnished us with the subject of our present consideration has, by his decease, left him,

who now addresses you, in a situation at once peculiar and solemn. Of eight grandsons on his maternal side, the preacher of the present discourse this day alone remains. Thus do the families of men pass away to the grave! Thus does it sometimes please God to take away a number of young men as they reach the flower of their age. For let it be remembered that of the beloved brothers and cousins of whose removal I have spoken, one only—the subject of the present discourse—died at the age of forty-five. The rest, with one exception, (my youngest brother, a youth of seventeen) were removed between the ages of twenty and thirty. Yes, all young men, and men as likely to live as any of those by whom I am surrounded. I trust that this circumstance, together with others which I shall have presently to mention, may plead my apology, if any be necessary, for my present attempt, in humble dependence upon the Lord's blessing, to take, as it were, of the ashes of my departed relatives, and sprinkle them over the flock committed to my charge, as solemn me-

mentos of their own mortality, and as a solemn call to prepare themselves to meet their God.”

But Mr. Mortimer's feelings were more recently called, in the dispensations of Providence, to sustain a far greater shock than they could have experienced by any of the instances of mortality to which he here refers. Some time ago he was deprived by death of a wife to whom he was most affectionately attached, and who was at once a blessing to his home and an ornament to the Christian profession. I should not here allude to this painful bereavement, had not Mr. Mortimer done so himself, some time after it took place, in a sermon which he preached on behalf of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, in St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. His words were these : “ O never go to wine or strong drink for comfort in the day of trouble. Since I last put foot in this holy place, it has pleased God to call me to pass through the deepest affliction that can possibly happen to a mortal man, in

the loss of one of the most devoted and saintly* of woman-kind; but, blessed be God! I knew where to go in trouble. O, my fellow Christians! we are not deserted in the night of our affliction. While worldly men may go to worldly sources of support and comfort, the Christian goes to his Saviour, and he finds, to his joy and delight, a mighty Saviour, full of pity, full of power.”

Mr. Mortimer is in the habit of improving, in the form of sermons to his people, any public event which excites a deep and general interest in the minds of the community. He preached a very impressive sermon on the commercial crisis of 1825. He also improved the death of the late Mr. Wilberforce, in a sermon to his flock. Both discourses have been published.

Mr. Mortimer is in the habit of introducing anecdotes into his sermons, which anecdotes he tells with much feeling and effect. In every

* Mrs. Mortimer—I speak on the authority of those who knew her—was a remarkably pious, excellent, and devoted lady.

instance in which I have heard him relating anecdotes, they have referred either to individuals who belonged to his own congregation, or to circumstances which occurred under his own eye. One Sunday evening in January last, I heard him state, while seeking to impress on the minds of his auditors the importance of an immediate attention to divine things, that a short time previously his thoughts had been much occupied about a young man belonging to the congregation, whose life, though at the time the party was in perfect health, he had been led to believe,—he did not know how,—was on the eve of its close. “For most of the week,” said the reverend gentleman, “this young man was the subject of my thoughts and prayers. I saw him on the following Sunday in the chapel as usual; but before another Lord’s day, his spirit was in the eternal world.”

From various incidental observations I have heard escape the lips of Mr. Mortimer, I should infer, that not only are his congregation in their collective capacity much in his thoughts in the hours of his retirement, but that particu-

lar individuals in that congregation are often the subjects of peculiar solicitude to him. He appears to regard his flock with the strongest attachment, and to be deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibilities which attach to the situation in which he is placed. A few months ago, I heard him, when preaching from the words of St. Paul,—“I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling,”—make some very touching allusions to himself in his capacity of a minister of the gospel. He referred to the anxiety of mind he felt respecting the way in which he discharged his pastoral duties when out of the pulpit, and feelingly said, that little did the hearers imagine how much anxiety their ministers experienced about them, when shut up in the retirement of their closets.

Mr. Mortimer has very decided notions on the subject of the character of the kingly,—perhaps I should now say,—queenly office. I am convinced he goes the full length in the “divine right” notion. He undertook to prove, some time before the death of William the

Fourth, that that monarch was what the Church service represented him—as it does all sovereigns—to be, namely, a “*most religious King.*” And how does the reader suppose the reverend gentleman made out his case? Why, by pulling from his pocket a copy of the Times newspaper, and reading a passage from the King’s speech, in which the doctrine of a national providence was admitted.

Mr. Mortimer is an ultra Tory and a most zealous churchman. I should not mention the former fact, were it not too often visible to all who hear him in his ministrations. His best friends have deeply regretted that his zeal for his politics should be suffered to clash with his character as a Christian minister. They have reasoned and remonstrated with him on the subject, but never with any satisfactory result. He is doubtless most sincere and honest in his opinions; and whatever he thinks, he never shrinks from expressing. However much, therefore, any one may question his judgment, let no one impugn his motives. A few years since, during the contest between Mr. Pownall and

Mr. Thomas Duncombe, for the representation of Finsbury in parliament, Mr. Mortimer preached an excessively violent political sermon one Sunday, in St. Mark's Church, in which he made a furious personal attack on Mr. Duncombe, one of the present members. Mr. Duncombe wrote to Mr. Mortimer, demanding to know whether certain expressions which had been communicated to him as having been made use of in the pulpit in reference to him (Mr. Duncombe), had really been so used. Mr. Mortimer's answer was brief. He neither denied nor admitted their accuracy; but contented himself by saying, that he held himself accountable to no man for *what* or *how* he preached; and that he only regarded himself as responsible to the Master in heaven, in whose service he was engaged. Before quitting this point, let me, to the credit of Mr. Mortimer's judgment, state, that he has not been nearly so frequent within the last few years as he used to be, in the expression of his political feelings, from the pulpit.

His church notions, however, are gradually,

if I be not much mistaken, becoming more and more exclusive. In 1825, he attended the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, held in Great Queen Street Chapel, when he strongly urged a spirit of union among Christians of all denominations. He also, with great emphasis, expressed his regret at having so long stood aloof from his Dissenting brethren, and especially at having refused to preach an annual sermon on behalf of the London Missionary Society. He added that his conscience would no longer allow him to separate himself from those who were so signally countenanced by God; and that should he be again solicited to preach an annual sermon for the Society in question, he dared not hesitate a moment in engaging to do it to the best of his ability.

Soon after this, he made the following fearless reference, in a sermon delivered in St. Olave's, Southwark, to the disapprobation which his having associated on this occasion with Dissenters, had caused in a quarter which can be readily guessed at without being named:—

“It has,” says the reverend gentleman, “been intimated to me, that my having appeared upon a platform with my Dissenting brethren, to unite with them in the glorious work of diffusing the gospel among the heathen, has been very offensive *in certain high quarters*. What! am I required to stand aloof from my beloved Dissenting brother in *such* a cause! No—rather than do so, I would suffer this right arm of mine [stretching it forth] to be severed from my body.”

In the following year Mr. Mortimer complied with the request made to him to preach the annual sermon on behalf of the London Missionary Society, when he chiefly dwelt on the unity of the church. Would he make such a declaration as the above—would he act such a part now? I fear not. From 1826 to the present time, I am not aware of any instance in which he has associated or co-operated with Dissenters. He walked, and, if I may be allowed to add a word to holy writ, he *acted* no more with them.

The reverend gentleman, I may here remark, has a certain degree of eccentricity about

him. He has a strong aversion to seeing his sermons reported in the Pulpit, or in any similar publication. One Sabbath-day, observing a young man taking notes of his discourse with a view to publication, he stopped in the middle of it, and pointing to the young man, exclaimed—"See! there's a thief!"

I have alluded to the fact of Mr. Mortimer's present place of worship having been filled as soon as it was opened by him. Before he had been many weeks in it, the chapel became so crowded during both services of the day, that it was impossible for those who were late in coming to it, to force their way in at either of the doors. The consequence of this great pressure was, that strangers, instead of waiting as in most other places of worship, until they were directed by the pew-openers to some seat, at once planted themselves in any place where there was but the appearance of sitting-room. Persons who paid for their seats, finding there was no chance of being able to make their way to them unless they took care to be in the chapel before the commencement of the ser-

vice, began to make loud complaints on the subject. In order to obviate the inconvenience arising from this, it was resolved, that no person should be allowed to enter the chapel who had not a ticket to present, showing he was a seat-holder. Strangers are now admitted by paying "a gratuity," a printed notice being affixed to the gate to that effect. The "gratuity," I may mention for the information of those who may be unacquainted with the fact, means a sixpence. It is right to state, that on applying for a ticket of admission, on a particular day in the week to the chapel on a Sunday, it will be given without any charge being made; but it is expected that persons in a respectable way of life will not apply for a ticket without giving something in return. The gates leading to the chapel—for it is some yards off the street—are, I should also observe, regularly shut half an hour after the commencement of the service; so that it is impossible for any one to get in after that time. The effect of these arrangements is, that the chapel though formerly crowded to suffocation, is now in

many parts, especially in the gallery, so indifferently attended, that whole pews capable of containing ten or twelve persons are to be seen quite empty ; while others are not half filled.

The chapel is kept up at a very great expense, which accounts for the high price—twelve shillings a quarter for each sitting—of the better class of pews, and the demand of a gratuity from strangers who attend on the Sunday. It was formerly the chapel in which the late Rev. William Huntington, the celebrated Antinomian minister, preached for so many years before his death. It was purchased by Mr. Mortimer, assisted by his friends, for four thousand pounds. I should think the repairs and alterations which have been since made on it, must have cost at least an additional three thousand pounds. This I can state with confidence, that between the interest on the money sunk, taxes, gas-light, and other necessary expenses, nearly five hundred pounds per annum have to be paid away out of the proceeds of the seat-rents, before Mr. Mortimer receives any remuneration for his ministerial

labours. I should think that the remainder of the proceeds does not amount to more than three hundred and fifty or four hundred pounds. I heard Mr. Mortimer say a few months ago, that he had felt more sensibly the anxieties and responsibilities of his situation as a minister of the gospel since he came, two years previously, to that chapel, than he ever did at any former period since called to the clerical office. I believe in making this remark, he had the great expenses connected with the chapel particularly in his eye. He added, however, that he would go on as before in the strength of the Lord, preaching the doctrines of the Cross.

I do not know that it is necessary I should add anything to what I before stated respecting the matter of Mr. Mortimer's sermons. His language is at once forcible and correct. It is a sort of compromise between the Addisonian and that of Dr. Johnson: occasionally the hearer recognises evidences of effort in it. In his manner, however, there is nothing which has the appearance of being the effect of study. He preaches with the greatest seeming

ease: though not using a paper, his sentences flow from his lips in one continuous stream; just as if it were a positive relief to him, instead of an exertion, to address his hearers. I do not remember to have ever seen him evince the slightest hesitation, or to stammer in the smallest degree, or even to have to recall a single word. His elocution is good: his delivery is neither too rapid nor too slow. His voice is decidedly the most powerful I ever heard, either in a place of worship or anywhere else. Without any more seeming exertion of his lungs, than if he were talking in a small room to a few private friends, his voice peals, as it were, on the ear, even in the most distant part of the large chapel in which he preaches. Were Mr. Mortimer preaching in an ordinary-sized place, and were to give full play to his lungs, there would be something almost terrific in the tones of his voice; which, I ought to remark, is clear and flexible as well as powerful.

Mr. Mortimer's appearances as an author have not been frequent. I believe he has not

published anything but sermons or lectures. His best known work is his "Sixteen Lectures on the Influences of the Holy Spirit." He published a small volume of sermons in 1826, and another, considerably larger, in 1834.

Mr. Mortimer's gesticulation is liberal without being theatrical. When he commences his sermon, his general habit is to rest his hands on either side of the pulpit, and stand stock-still, with the exception of a slight motion he gives to his head. This is his favourite attitude throughout those parts of his discourse in which he is in a quiet mood; but when he warms with his subject, which he often does, he first extends his right arm at nearly its full length, then his left in the same way; and in a few moments afterwards both are called into simultaneous action. When peculiarly energetic in his manner, he strikes the cushion on the breast of the pulpit, with his clenched hand, with tremendous force. This, however, seldom occurs more than once or twice in the course of one sermon.

Mr. Mortimer's personal appearance is very

striking. He is of a large muscular frame of body, and evidently of a strong constitution. Though under his fiftieth year, his hair, which is exceedingly short, is of so light a grey as to approach a perfectly white colour. His eyebrows, which are very large, give to his face a peculiar appearance, owing to their being dark, while the hair of his head is white. His face is large and of the oval shape. His features generally are prominent. His mouth, which exceeds the average dimensions, appears larger than it is when speaking, owing to his opening it wider than most speakers do. He always wears glasses in the pulpit. His complexion has somewhat of a ruddy hue. The expression of his countenance is in accordance with the well-known ardour of his temperament and the boldness and decision of his character.

The Rev. JAMES HAMBLEDON, of St. Mary's Chapel of Ease, Islington, has for twelve or fourteen years laboured with great acceptance and success among the people meeting in that place of worship. He is not a showy preacher.

He possesses none of those qualities which dazzle the mind ; none of that genius which charms by its brilliant or beautiful creations ; nothing of that intellectual vigour which successfully grapples with great principles. But he has attributes of infinitely higher value as a minister of the gospel. He is devoted to his pastoral duties. He is impressed with a deep conviction of the unutterable worth of an immortal spirit ; he estimates aright, as far as it is given to man in the present state to estimate aright, the amount of eternal bliss which the sinner may forego, and the amount of never-ending misery to which he may subject himself. And deeply affected with the consideration, and at the same time alive to the responsibility which attaches to himself as a preacher of the gospel, he is most fervent in his desires, and most zealous in his efforts, to win souls to Christ. His sermons are always sound, and richly impregnated with a savour of evangelical truth. His style of preaching, though exceedingly plain and simple, is by no means superficial. He often strikes out interesting trains

of thought, and invariably carries his hearers along with him. He blends, in judicious proportions, the doctrinal with the preceptive parts of God's word. He at once instructs and impresses. His whole aspect shows that he is convinced himself, and consequently, according to the remark I have before referred to, he finds a correspondingly greater facility in convincing others. His preaching is peculiarly affectionate. It reminds me of a father addressing his family. He is also a faithful minister of the gospel. If any of his hearers deceive themselves, the blame will not attach to him. He clearly and with much frequency, points out the difference between the actual possession and the mere profession of true piety. He is partial to the use of scriptural phraseology wherever he can press it into his service. With the Bible he must be intimately conversant, otherwise his discourses would not be so largely interspersed as they are, with passages and sentences of scripture. I need hardly say, after what I have already stated, that his style has none of the graces of rhetoric ;

but, though plain, it is accurate and perspicuous.

Mr. Hambledon's manner is, like his matter, full of affection and tenderness. The calm, placid, benevolent expression of his countenance, is in happy keeping with the soft and soothing accents in which he addresses his people. His voice is not only pleasant, but clear. Though he does not speak in a loud key, he is always audible—and this, too, without any visible effort—throughout a chapel sufficiently large to accommodate one thousand seven hundred, or one thousand eight hundred persons. The chapel, let me here remark, is well filled. A very large majority of the audience, I may further add, consists of young persons, mostly females. This circumstance, it is unnecessary to say, increases the probability of a faithful and affectionate minister of the gospel, proving the instrument of spiritual good; for the youthful mind, it is admitted on all hands, is much more susceptible of serious and saving impressions, than that of a person who is more advanced in years.

But this is a slight digression. I was speaking of the manner of Mr. Hambledon. His voice has no flexibility; its tones are the same from the beginning to the close of his sermon. He is one of the most actionless preachers I have ever heard. When I say this, I mean as regards the motions of his head, his body, or his arms. You scarcely indeed perceive any motion in his body at all; and all you observe in his head is his occasionally withdrawing his eye from the paper from which he reads, and looking alternately at the ceiling and the gallery. His right hand has hold of his paper from the beginning to the end of his sermon, while his left one rests on the cushion of the pulpit. His elocution is not good. It is not only defective on account of the monotony to which I have just referred, but is seriously marred by a too deliberate utterance, and by his inability to pronounce the letter "r," without a very marked burring sound. His manner of speaking is exceedingly easy; there is no effort about it. It looks as if it were a positive pleasure to him to perform the duties of a Christian teacher.

Mr. Hambledon enforces the precepts he inculcates on his people, by his own practice. He is most exemplary in all the relations of life. He is unwearied in his attentions to the spiritual wants and wishes of his flock. He is accessible by all, and affable to every person with whom he comes in contact in the discharge of his parochial duties, or in the ordinary intercourse of life. Would that I could say as much of all our evangelical ministers! But, alas! there are many in the ranks of the Dissenters as well as within the walls of the Church, of whom the reverse holds good.

Mr. Hambledon is not a voluminous author; but he has written two works which have been well received by the religious public. His first work, consisting of a volume of sermons on the Beatitudes, appeared in 1831; and shortly after, he brought out "A Brief History of the Soul, in Six Sermons." The latter has met with an extensive sale, having gone through several editions. It is a little work of great excellence, equally commendable for the soundness of its views—the tone of fervent piety

which pervades it—and the touching simplicity of its style.

Mr. Hambledon is about the middle stature, rather stoutly and compactly made. His face has a marked appearance, chiefly owing to a prominent aquiline nose, and the unusual distance there is between his dark intelligent eyes. His face has more of the angular than of any other form. His ample brow is of a swarthy hue, and his hair is of a jet-black, and tolerably abundant. His forehead is low, and straight; but the combined expression of his features is pleasing in no ordinary degree. His age cannot be under forty-five.

CHAPTER VII.

MINISTERS OF THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. Brown—The Rev. John Cumming—The Rev. Dr. Crombie.

THE Rev. Dr. BROWN, of Swallow Street Church, Piccadilly, has been eight or nine years minister of the congregation over which he now presides. He was first brought into notice in the metropolis from the circumstance of his acting as moderator of the Scotch Presbytery here, during the trial of the late Rev. Mr. Irving. I was not in London at the time, but am informed that his brethren in the ministry gave him credit for having acted with much good judgment on that difficult occasion. It is understood, that to the circumstance of having presided at the trial of Mr. Irving, the reverend gentleman is indebted for his degree of D.D. At all events it was conferred on him

very soon after that trial closed. The reverend gentleman had been previously, for a number of years, minister of a chapel in connection with the Church of Scotland, in Berwick-upon-Tweed.

It is not generally known, not even by his own congregation, that Dr. Brown, though now one of the most decided opponents of the Dissenters, was himself brought up amongst them. And not only did the reverend gentleman receive his education among the Dissenting body, but he was even brought out as a minister under Dissenting auspices. The first sermon he ever delivered, was preached as a Dissenter, and in a Dissenting place of worship, namely, in the Rev. Alexander Fletcher's chapel. And Mr. Fletcher, I should here remark, was, to use a homely phrase, taken to task, by the United Associate Synod, for having allowed Dr. (then Mr.) Brown to preach, contrary to the rules of that body, before he had gone through certain forms required by them prior to students in their communion being permitted to "open their mouth," as the professional ex-

pression has it. The reverend gentleman had for many years been one of Mr. Fletcher's regular hearers. Under what circumstances, or for what reasons, he left the Dissenters and joined the established religion of Scotland, I am unable to say.

Dr. Brown does not rank high as a preacher. His matter is not of an attractive quality; but even were it more so than it is, his manner would be found to operate against him. He is slow and lifeless in prayer. His prayers usually occupy about fifteen minutes, but his utterance is so slow that a person speaking at the ordinary rate would say as much in eight or nine minutes as he does in the quarter of an hour. His usual attitude in prayer, is to stand moderately erect with clasped hands. Now and then he slightly raises his right hand, and at times both hands. In their clasped state, his hands are sure to attract the eye of the stranger, owing to his having the glove off his right hand while the left hand is covered. Whether it be the invariable practice of Dr. Brown, to have one glove off and another on, while engaged in prayer, I

cannot say, but so it has been on any occasion in which I have been in his church.

After giving out his text, Dr. Brown pauses for a considerable time; not, as a stranger might be apt to suppose, from any difficulty in making a commencement, but for the purpose, I presume, of impressing the text more distinctly on the minds of his hearers, and also of giving them time to take it up and read it with deliberation. The reverend gentleman begins his discourse in as high a tone of voice as he afterwards reaches in the course of his sermon, except on two or three occasions; when he gives to his voice a sort of screeching tone. In some of its intonations there is considerable depth, if not power; but he seems to keep it under a very bad system of government. Art with him, instead of improving his voice, only impairs its efficiency. His utterance is more rapid in preaching than when engaged in prayer; but still it is too deliberate. He makes much use of the muscles of his face in the delivery of particular parts of his sermons; but these featural motions are by no means pleasing.

He often contracts and knits his brow in a very marked manner ; and thereby imparts a peculiarly stern expression to a countenance which has at all times more of a frowning than of a smiling aspect. The expression of the reverend gentleman's face resembles at times that of a man speaking under the influence of bodily pain. Such, however, it is right to mention, is not the case with Dr. Brown. He is in the enjoyment, so far as my information goes, and certainly so far as appearances go, of excellent health. His gesture is not abundant. As far as his body is concerned, he may be said to be a quiet speaker: in the use of his arms he is more liberal. When more animated than usual, he raises his right arm : at other times he thrusts it out before him, and then brings down his hand with considerable force on the Bible. This he does perhaps four or five times in the course of a sermon. On such occasions, he speaks much more rapidly than usual. Though his action is far from graceful when in these his more animated moods, he would make a more attractive preacher than he is, were his

manner equally impassioned throughout. As a whole, his manner is languid. There is, too, a want of that mildness and affection about him, which are so essential to the successful preaching of the gospel.

Nor are the defects in Dr. Brown's manner redeemed by any thing in his matter. His theological principles are strictly evangelical; but his sermons lack that savour of true piety which ought at all times to characterise the preaching of the gospel. He neither sufficiently arouses the fears of sinners, nor draws out the affections of saints. He contents himself too much with the bare annunciation of abstract truths; forgetting that every thing he utters ought to be specially aimed at the hearts of his hearers, and to have a practical direction given to it by himself.

Until within the last few years, Dr. Brown regularly used a paper in the pulpit, and not only had it before him but read it with considerable closeness. Now he has no paper, not even a single note, before him. His congregation have not been gainers by the change.

When he read his sermons they usually displayed intellectual merit, though wanting the unction which ought always to characterise the preaching of the Cross : now they seem as if the same amount of care were not expended in their preparation. But the reverend gentleman, though thus speaking without the aid of a paper, does not seem to labour under any difficulty. He rarely hesitates for the proper terms, neither does he stutter above twice or thrice in the course of a sermon, and even then only slightly. His sermons usually occupy from forty to forty-five minutes in the delivery.

Dr. Brown's congregation is not large. I should estimate the average attendance as being under four hundred in the winter season, and as not exceeding three hundred in summer. But his income is much greater than the appearance of his congregation would lead one to suppose. Though the numbers which compose it would not in a Dissenting place of worship bring the preacher more than two hundred pounds a-year, his annual income as minister

of Swallow-Street Church, is four hundred pounds. The disproportion of the reverend gentleman's salary to the extent of his congregation, is to be accounted for from the circumstance of there being several Scotch families of distinction who attend it, and pay liberally for their sittings. The Marquis of Breadalbane, for instance, pays twenty guineas a-year for his pew, and Mr. Fox Maule, I believe, pays ten guineas per annum for the seat which he occupies.

With the exception of a pamphlet on the Apocrypha Controversy, which Dr. Brown wrote nine or ten years ago, when that controversy raged so violently in Scotland, I am not aware of any substantive work which has proceeded from his pen. The pamphlet in question was a very able production: perhaps it was written with too much asperity towards the Directors of the British and Foreign Bible Society, against whom it was professedly levelled. It was certainly at once caustic and acute.

But though Dr. Brown is not much known

as an author, it must not be inferred that his pen has consequently been always idle. I happen to know that for upwards of three years past, it has been kept in a state of constant motion, though its progeny have been ushered into the world without carrying any thing along with them which could enable the public generally to affiliate them on their parent.

Dr. Brown is considerably under the average stature. He is stoutly and compactly made, and is, I doubt not, of a robust constitution. His countenance has something of that complexion which is between dark and sallow. His face is full; but can scarcely be said to be fat. His features are small and regular. But for the distant, frowning expression to which I have before referred, the reverend gentleman's face would be called handsome. His brow is straight, and hardly of the usual height. His eyes are dark and small. His eyebrows are moderately prominent. His hair is dark and bushy: in front it is abundant; but on the crown of his head there is a small circle which is entirely bald. I should think from his

appearance that he must have turned his fortieth year.

The Rev. JOHN CUMMING, of Crown Court Church, Little Russell Street, Covent Garden, is one of the most rising preachers of any denomination in the metropolis. When he accepted the pastoral charge of the church and congregation in Crown Court, five years ago, the number of his stated hearers did not exceed eighty: now the average attendance is between four hundred and fifty and five hundred. The number of members has, I believe, increased in a still greater proportion. Among his regular hearers are to be found, Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists, Wesleyan Methodists, and members of the Secession; a body of Christians who have separated from the Church of Scotland. It is worthy of observation, and is a circumstance which is highly complimentary to Mr. Cumming as a preacher of the gospel, that a considerable number of the late Mr. Howels' hearers, have permanently settled down under his ministry.

Mr. Cumming is a most engaging preacher. His matter is deeply embued with evangelical truth; and always evinces decided intellectual superiority. It has the somewhat rare merit of being of easy comprehension to the humblest of the reverend gentleman's hearers, while it gratifies and instructs those of his audience possessing the most cultivated minds. I never yet heard Mr. Cumming deliver a sermon in which I did not perceive proofs of varied reading, and habits of close and continuous thought. His preaching is well sustained. I do not mean to say that he does not appear to greater advantage on some occasions than on others; but the inequality, so far as my judgment goes, is less marked in his case than in that of most other ministers I have heard. With regard to particular sermons, again, the equality of one part with another part, must strike every one who has ever been in the reverend gentleman's church. He does not soar at one time and then sink at another; but maintains throughout, with very little variation, the order of excellence which he reaches after

he has got fairly into his subject. His preaching is for the most part searching; it has always a practical bearing. In his reasonings, remonstrances, and entreaties with those who are strangers to the grace of God, there is often an earnestness, a solemnity, and power, which I have rarely seen surpassed. On such occasions he is listened to with an intensity of attention not often to be observed in places of worship. Not only is every eye fixed on the preacher, but an unbroken silence pervades the church. Robert Hall used to say of Dr. Chalmers' preaching, that it stopped people's breath: the same may be said of Mr. Cumming's, in his more solemn and energetic moments.

There is something, too, in the aspect and manner of the reverend gentleman which imparts an additional force to his matter, great as its intrinsic excellence usually is. I have seldom seen a more felicitous union of the grave and the pleasant, the serious and the cheerful, than is exhibited in the countenance of Mr. Cumming. The tones of his voice are likewise in happy keeping with the pathos and impres-

siveness of his matter. His voice is at all times soft and sonorous; in some of its intonations, especially in his more solemn moods, there is something singularly yet pleasingly plaintive.

One of the most obvious attributes in the manner of the reverend gentleman, is its persuasiveness. He is an exceedingly winning preacher. Instead of dragging his hearers along with him, he draws them, if I may use the phraseology, with the silken cords of affection. They are not only his willing captives, but they delight in the thralldom in which he holds them. He enlists their feelings so completely in his favour, that their judgment, even were there occasion for its playing the rebel, would, for the time, be unable to assert its supremacy. If it be necessary I should speak in plainer terms, I would say, that so firm is the hold which Mr. Cumming has on the feelings and affections of his hearers, that should he chance to advance any position, the tenability of which any of them might be disposed to question, they would only feel that disposition after they had returned to their homes, and begun, in the

secrecy of their retirement, and when the fascinating tones of his voice were no longer ringing in their ears, to think over what they had heard.

Mr. Cumming is an eloquent preacher. His style is highly polished. I have sometimes thought it so to a fault; inasmuch as excessive polish is generally found to be incompatible with vigour. Whether the reverend gentleman cultivates an acquaintance with the muses, I have not the means of knowing; but, judging from the imagery and the poetical turns of expression which are so frequently to be met with in his discourses, I should be led to infer that he possesses many of the qualities of a true poet. If, indeed, there be any blemish in his style, it is that it is sometimes overloaded with the phraseology of a flowery rhetoric.

Mr. Cumming is one of the most fluent speakers I have ever heard, either in the pulpit, in the senate, or at the bar. His sentences flow from him in one copious continued stream. He never hesitates nor falters. He has a most

abundant command of words ; and though he speaks, in his more animated moments, with great rapidity, he very rarely employs the wrong term. He usually writes his sermons, or, at any rate, a considerable portion of them ; but his extemporaneous addresses at public meetings display the same polish and propriety of diction, as his most carefully prepared sermons. His gesticulation is abundant, without being ungraceful. He is all life and animation in the pulpit. He speaks with an earnestness and warmth of manner which show that he is impressed with the importance and truth of the message which he is called to deliver. He speaks *from* the heart : I need not therefore add, that he speaks *to* the heart.

As a platform-speaker, Mr. Cumming appears to still greater advantage than he does in the pulpit. With the exception of the late Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, I have never seen a minister display greater readiness or variety of resources in debate, than Mr. Cumming exhibits. He is not to be taken by surprise ; neither is he to be dis-

concerted by interruptions, or by any other circumstance which may occur in the course of the discussion.* And not only is he affluent in language; he is equally ready in argument; or, if not in what an opponent would consider legitimate argument, with a string of sophisms of so exceedingly specious a kind, as to wear all the semblance of sound reasoning.

* Mr. Cumming is not only not to be disconcerted by interruptions, but he is often exceedingly happy in turning to account any incident which may chance to occur in the meeting while he is addressing it. A striking instance of this occurred at a meeting held a year or two ago at Manchester, relative to the spread of Popery. I give the incident, and Mr. Cumming's felicitous observations thereon, as I find them reported in a small pamphlet containing an account of the proceedings of the meeting. "He (Mr. Cumming) said, that the Chairman had very properly observed that they contemplated no political objects; they only vindicated the truth of God, which had been eclipsed by an apostate community. [Here a child began to cry, and several persons called, 'Take it out.'] Mr. Cumming requested they would not do so. He hailed the cry; it reminded him of Hannibal when he brought his child to swear on the altars of his country; and he trusted that there was some Spartan mother bringing forward her child to fight in a nobler than Spartan cause—to handle the sword which a Latimer, a Ridley, and a Cranmer had wielded." The loud applause of the audience showed how highly they appreciated the beauty of the conception, though formed on the spur of the moment.

His dominion over the minds of his auditory is complete; he carries all triumphantly before him. So entirely does he "wield them at will;" so unreservedly do they yield themselves up to him, that I am quite sure that were he in sheer playfulness to give utterance to some downright absurdity, but clothed in his usually eloquent language, they would not detect it at the moment, but would greet it as they greet almost everything he says, with loud and universal plaudits. His speeches in Exeter Hall, the Freemason's Tavern, and other places where religious meetings are mostly held, often produce electrifying effects. They afford a remarkable proof of the influence which impassioned eloquence, in the hands of a skilful person, exercises over the human mind.

I can express my opinion of Mr. Cumming's talents both as a preacher and as a platform speaker, the more unreservedly, because I have not only in a former work,* freely pointed out what I conceive to be faults in the reverend

* Travels in Town.

gentleman, but because a short controversy which he and I had in a public journal a few months ago, shows, that on many topics his views and mine are "wide as the poles asunder."

Mr. Cumming's mode of conducting the services of religion in his church, differs in one respect from that observed in the Church of Scotland. He begins with singing; then he offers up a prayer which occupies ten or twelve minutes in the delivery. A few verses of a psalm or hymn are next sung; when he reads a chapter, and briefly expounds it. His expositions of Scripture, I should here observe, are luminous and comprehensive. When the expository part of the service is finished, Mr. Cumming says the Lord's Prayer, and then preaches from some particular text in the usual way. When praying, contrary to the usages of the Church of Scotland, he kneels; and when singing, the congregation stand up.

Mr. Cumming being only in his thirtieth year, it could not be expected that he should yet have done much in the way of authorship.

He has published several detached sermons, and one or two pamphlets on theological subjects. His largest work, if I be not mistaken, is a treatise on "Apostolical Succession;" which is referred to in terms of high commendation, and also quoted from, in Mr. Gladstone's recent volume on "The State in its Relations with the Church." In the treatise in question, Mr. Cumming claims an apostolical succession for the clergy of the Church of Scotland. The reverend gentleman, I should also mention, conducted the "Protestant Journal" during the three years of its existence.

Mr. Cumming's salary is, I believe, four hundred pounds; but as his congregation is so rapidly increasing, and contains several individuals of title and many who are in affluent circumstances, there can be no doubt, that it will soon be considerably augmented. As Secretary for the Reformation Society, he receives one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

In person he is about the middle height, and slenderly made. His features are handsome as

well as pleasing. His face has more of an oval than of a round conformation. The expression of his countenance is full of intelligence. His eye is dark and lustrous. His complexion is tinged with paleness. He has a well-developed forehead, straight rather than receding. His hair is of a jet-black hue, and is usually ample in quantity.

From the footing Mr. Cumming has already gained in the metropolis, and with the advantages of youth and energy and enterprise on his side, he has the prospect before him, if his life be spared, of a lengthened career of extensive usefulness.

The REV. DR. CROMBIE, of St. Andrew's Church, Commercial Road, is the father of the London Presbytery of Church of Scotland ministers. It is many years since he was chosen pastor of the church in which he still preaches. He is not only the father of our metropolitan ministers in the Scotch Church, in respect to priority of settlement in London, but he is so as regards the homage paid to him

by the majority of his brethren. He is held in the highest esteem by them, and is recognised as their leader at all their Presbytery meetings. And in justice to the reverend gentleman, let me here mention, that he is worthy of all the respect and affection with which he is regarded by his brethren in the ministry. He is a gentleman of great kindness of disposition: a better-hearted man, indeed, is not to be met with among ministers of any denomination; while his manners are so amiable and unassuming, as to render it impossible that any one could regard him with an unfriendly feeling.

As a preacher, he is not showy: he has few of those qualities, either in his matter or manner, which are necessary to the attainment of a general popularity. He is a sound and sensible, rather than a striking preacher. If he does not start new trains of thought, he states clearly and illustrates with considerable force, those ideas which would naturally occur to any well-informed man who applies his mind to the study of a particular subject. If he has no claims to originality or depth in his pulpit

discourses, he is never tame or feeble. If he does not dazzle by the brilliancy of his conceptions, neither does he fall below mediocrity. His matter is remarkable for its equality; his sermons are well sustained throughout; and what is more, there is not in Dr. Crombie that inequality between one sermon and another, which is so general a characteristic of our modern ministers. Drop in to St. Andrew's at any time during the sermon, and you will hear as much in two or three minutes as will enable you to form a very correct opinion, not only of the particular discourse he is then delivering, but of his merits as a preacher generally.

Dr. Crombie's sermons indicate habits of close and careful thinking. He is a clear and convincing reasoner, when he applies his mind to a purely argumentative style of preaching. This, however, he seldom does: his matter is for the most part of a doctrinal character. It is always pervaded by evangelical truth, though I have now and then thought that he impairs the effect of his doctrinal inculcations, by

dwelling at some length on positions which needed only to be named to command the assent of every one's judgment within the walls of the place. The arrangement of his matter is usually natural, and because natural, it is good. He equally avoids the modern practice, now I regret to say becoming so general, of either having no heads to his discourses, or if having them, seeking in a great measure to conceal them; and the custom which was formerly so common among preachers, of overloading their sermons with endless subdivisions. His diction is good; if it be not polished, there is nothing in it to offend the taste of the man of cultivated mind. It is always accurate and sometimes forcible, though never eloquent in the strict meaning of the word.

Dr. Crombie's manner is too staid. You would infer from the aspect of his countenance and the tones of his voice, that he is impressed with a sense of the truth and importance of the doctrines he inculcates, and the positions he advances; but you would not arrive at any such conclusion from his action. He is much

too quiet in the pulpit: his ministrations would make a much deeper impression, and he himself would considerably add to his reputation as a preacher, were he to infuse more life and animation and energy, into his delivery. His body is, for the most part, motionless; while very little use is made of his arms in the way of gesticulation. His articulation is good; his voice is clear, pleasant, and audible, and his utterance equally avoids the extremes of rapid and slow speaking. I am satisfied his voice might be turned to excellent account in speaking, but he does not himself seem to be aware of its capabilities. There is a great deal too much of sameness in its tones.

Dr. Crombie, though a man, as before stated, of great general kindness of heart, feels a peculiar interest in the well-being of his own countrymen. He is a true Scotchman; he still regards his native land with the fondness of a first love. This feeling prompts him to take a lively interest in every scheme, or project, or institution, which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of his countrymen. He made

very great, and to a certain extent, successful exertions a few years ago to arouse the public mind of England to a feeling of sympathy for the inhabitants of the Highlands and islands of Scotland, when suffering the horrors of famine. The result of the sympathy so excited, was the raising a subscription in this country of many thousand of pounds, on behalf of the sufferers.

Dr. Crombie is but little known as an author. The only production of his with which I am acquainted, is an octavo volume which he wrote some years ago. It is a treatise on the Types of Scripture. It has only met with a limited circulation.

Dr. Crombie's congregation is not wealthy, though there are several highly respectable families in it. The average number of his hearers is between two hundred and fifty and three hundred and fifty. His salary, — in Scotland it is called stipend, — is three hundred pounds.

Dr. Crombie is of the middle height, and proportionably formed. He has an open pleasing countenance. His face is of the oval

form, with small regular features. His forehead is high and straight. His complexion is fair, and his hair of a sandy colour. Judging from his appearance, I should take his age to be under forty-five.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINISTERS OF THE SCOTCH SECESSION CHURCH.

The Rev. Robert Redpath—The Rev. Thomas Archer—The Rev. John Young—The Rev. Alexander Fletcher.

THE Rev. ROBERT REDPATH, of Wells-street Chapel, Oxford-street, was chosen pastor of the congregation meeting in that place, two or three years after the death of Dr. Waugh. Since the death of the Doctor the congregation has fallen off. In saying this, it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Redpath is an inefficient pastor; for it is to be remembered that Dr. Waugh was a minister of unusual popularity; and consequently no man of merely respectable talents as a preacher, could be expected to draw equally great numbers to hear him. But besides, many had quitted the chapel and connected themselves with other places of worship, before Mr. Red-

path was appointed the successor of Dr. Waugh. The present average attendance in Wells-street Chapel does not, if my estimate of numbers be correct, exceed three hundred; and as many of Mr. Redpath's hearers are only in humble circumstances, it need not excite surprise that his income should be but small. If my information be accurate, it does not exceed two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Mr. Redpath, however, has very materially bettered his circumstances, and at the same time added to the number of the pleasing reflections connected with being the minister of a chapel hallowed in no small measure by its having been for nearly half a century the scene of the pastoral labours of Dr. Waugh,—by his recent marriage with the grand-daughter of that great and good man.

Mr. Redpath is very zealous in the discharge of his ministerial duties; and his own people are partial to his preaching. Other congregations, when he preaches in the chapels of any of his Dissenting brethren, do not think quite so highly of him. He is a plain, sensible, and

I would add, useful preacher; but he has nothing showy or attractive about him. He possesses none of those qualities, either of mind or manner, by which large masses of men are drawn together. His preaching is always evangelical. He assigns the requisite prominency to the peculiar doctrines of the gospel; but he does not present them in new or particularly striking lights. He does not enter deeply into his subject; but contents himself with the statement and enforcement of such views as could not fail to suggest themselves to any intelligent mind that applied itself to the consideration of the particular subject. You discern no traces of the close or vigorous thinker in his discourses. But with the simple, unsophisticated Christian, who loves truth for its own sake, and to whose mind the gospel carries its own letter of recommendation, whatever may be the garb in which it is clothed,—Mr. Redpath will always be an acceptable preacher. What he lacks in intellectual display, he makes up by the fervour and animation of his manner. He is always lively; often energetic. His

action is not vehement; but it is constant. He never becomes languid. It is true, it is monotonous, but it is so well sustained that you have not time to find fault with it. He makes good use of his arms; sometimes the one, sometimes the other; often both at once. The motions of his body, especially of his head, are not great, but they are rapid. The most awkward thing in the manner of the reverend gentleman, is the extent to which he opens and the rapidity with which he moves his mouth. This defect is the more readily observed, because it is exhibited in the delivery of every successive sentence; especially when he has warmed with his subject, and is in his more animated moments. His utterance is at all times rapid, and yet he seldom stutters or uses the wrong word. The perorations, or what in Scotland is called the conclusions of his discourses, are not only usually delivered with more than his accustomed warmth, feeling, and energy; but they appeal so closely to the conscience, as to prove well calculated to make a permanent and salutary impression on the minds of his hearers.

Mr. Redpath's voice is not strong, but it is clear and by no means unpleasant. There is a great sameness in it. The only variation I could ever observe in it, was when, on his entering into the more important parts of his subject, he raised it to a louder key.

I know of nothing which the reverend gentleman has published. In some of the publications before referred to as being devoted to the reports of sermons immediately after being delivered, a discourse of his has occasionally been inserted; but I am not aware of any other instance of his appearing in print.

Mr. Redpath is about the ordinary stature, and of the usual proportions. He is of a sallow complexion; small dark eyes, and with dark hair. He is a plain-looking man, without any marked expression of countenance. His face is small, rather than otherwise; with more of an oval than of a round form. He is somewhere about his fortieth year.

The Rev. THOMAS ARCHER, of Oxenden Chapel, Oxenden-street, Haymarket, succeeded

the late Rev. Mr. Broadfoot* in 1832, in the pastoral charge of the congregation meeting in that place. It is unnecessary to say that he is a Scotchman; there never having been, so far as I know, a native of any other country in any of the Secession pulpits of London. He is short in stature, compactly made, and seemingly blessed with an excellent constitution. His face is round and full; his features are regular, and the expression of his countenance is agreeable and good-natured. His complexion is moderately sallow. When he warms with his subject, it frequently becomes partially flushed. His eyes are dark and penetrating. His hair, which is ample and bushy, is of a jet-black. His appearance in the pulpit, when enveloped in his gown, is imposing; and the favourable impression created in the minds of

* Mr. Broadfoot was obliged to resign the pastoral care of the congregation meeting in Oxenden Chapel, owing to an affection in the throat, which incapacitated him for public speaking. He died in 1833. He was in the habit of preaching three times every Sabbath. I believe there were not then, as there are not now, above two or three other Dissenting ministers out of the three hundred and fifty and upwards in the metropolis, who did the same.

the stranger when he first stands up to commence the services of the sanctuary, is in most cases justified both by his matter and his manner. He has clear views of divine truth. He loves to dwell on the peculiarities of the gospel scheme; and if, in his illustrations of particular positions, he sometimes takes a rather discursive range, he makes amends for it by his close appeals to the consciences of his hearers when he approaches the conclusion of his sermons. I have been repeatedly struck with the energy of the perorations of his discourses. And here let me remark, that I think it were highly desirable that some whom I could name of the most popular of our metropolitan preachers, were to pay a little more attention to this point than they do. Many of them are in the habit of closing their discourses with the simple statement of a doctrine, or the laying down of a position. My view of the matter is, that every sermon ought to wind up with as forcible an appeal to the conscience as the preacher is capable of making. I have always thought that at least the last five minutes during which

the minister is occupied in the delivery of his discourse, ought to be employed in giving the warnings, administering the rebukes, and making the exhortations, which the previous portions of it naturally suggested. This was the practice of the most distinguished Non-conformist divines of a previous period; while the Guthries, the Grays, the Flavels, the Bostons, and the Erskines of Scotland, were in the habit of devoting about a third part of their sermons, to a close application of the subject to the consciences both of sinners and of saints. So important, indeed, did this feature in their pulpit ministrations appear to them, that they, usually, in the division of their subject, made what they called the "application" a regular branch of the discourse. Even, at this day, many of the Scotch divines, both in the Establishment and among Dissenters, systematically announce, when giving out the heads of their discourse, the "application" as the "lastly" of those heads; and it is quite common to see them devote eight or ten minutes towards the

conclusion of the sermon, to this practical improvement of the subject.

But this is a digression. Mr. Archer's manner is well calculated to arrest the attention. No sooner has he given out his text, than he starts off into a fluent exordium. He does not, like most preachers, proceed through the introduction, to his discourse, with slow and measured steps; but he speaks as rapidly and with nearly as much animation in its delivery, as he does in any after part of the sermon; excepting, of course, those passages in it which consist of earnest appeals to the consciences of his audience.

Mr. Archer is affluent in language: sometimes his style is so much elaborated as to approach the inflated: at other times, you would describe it as being wordy. His ideas are occasionally lost amidst a multitude of terms. Its usual characteristics are copiousness and accuracy. His voice possesses considerable compass: generally it is pleasant to the ear, but, in some of its tones, there is a slight, and but a very slight, degree of harshness. His deli-

very though animated, partakes of sameness. This remark applies equally to his elocution and his action. Did he possess a greater command over the tones of his voice, he would be more than a good speaker: he would have some pretensions to be considered an orator. There is nothing in his matter indicative of a great or powerful mind: he does not strike out original trains of thought; but I know of few preachers whose sermons are better sustained. Not only does he plunge into his subject, both as regards his matter and manner, immediately after the announcement of his text; but the interest excited by the way in which he commences his exordium, is kept up to the close of his discourse. In some portions of it, indeed, especially in his applications of the leading points on which he has expatiated, to the consciences of those present, the interest is greatly heightened. On such occasions, there is an earnestness and animation in the reverend gentleman's manner, which could not fail to arrest the attention of the most listless hearer. With these exceptions, the tones of his voice are continued in much the same

key as that in which they were begun. His utterance is rapid; and yet he scarcely ever has to recall a word. His sentences flow from him in a continuous torrent. He looks as if he were hurried away by his subject. His gesture is liberal: he makes an abundant use of both arms, but, as will be inferred from what I have already stated, their motions are for the most part monotonous. He moves his body pretty freely; first to one side of the pulpit and then to the other. In his more energetic moods, one of his favourite attitudes is to stand erect in the pulpit and to raise both arms above his head.

Mr. Archer is a man of great moral courage and decision of character. I remember hearing him, on one occasion, about two years ago, remark, after announcing that he meant to give a series of week-day lectures on particular subjects, that he would persevere with the intended course to the end, however thin might be the attendance; adding, that if he were to be disheartened by a thin attendance, he must on many similar occasions have long before, been led to abandon his purpose. Mr.

Archer not only possesses great energy of character in this respect, but is one of the most laborious in his weekly ministrations of our metropolitan preachers. Last winter he gave a course of lectures on the Prophecies, on week-day evenings, which, though delivered to limited audiences, had all the appearance of being as carefully prepared as if they had been intended for the press. These he followed up by a series of lectures on the Oxford Tract Theology. Both courses of lectures were attended by large and numerous audiences. In many instances the chapel was crowded. The result of his great exertions in this and other ways during the week, has been materially to increase his congregation. About fifty more seats were taken last quarter, than on any previous one since he became minister of the chapel; while about thirty new members joined the church. The average attendance in Oxendon Chapel cannot now be much under four hundred persons. The reverend gentleman's salary, if my information be correct, is three hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Archer was so seriously indisposed last summer, that fears were entertained, by his friends, as to the result. His congregation think that they perceive a marked improvement in the spirituality of his mind and preaching, since his recovery from that illness.

I am not aware of any thing which Mr. Archer has published. As, however, he is yet but a young man, being, I should suppose, only about forty, it is not unreasonable to expect that something may yet issue from the press, which has emanated from his pen.

The Rev. JOHN YOUNG, of Albion Chapel, Moorfields, has been about ten years minister of the congregation assembling in that place. There are several peculiarities in the mode in which the reverend gentleman conducts public worship. Instead, for example, of only reading one chapter, as is the practice among the body to which he belongs, immediately after the congregation have sung the first psalm or hymn given out,—he invariably reads three, sometimes four, short chapters, or parts of chapters. Mr.

Young has also of late regularly concluded his first prayer, with the address to the throne of grace which Jesus taught his disciples, namely, "Our Father which art in heaven, &c." Not only is this never done by the Seceders in Scotland, but the reverend gentleman himself never used the form of prayer in question, until within the last few months. He is a tasteful reader of the Bible, and of the psalms and hymns used in his chapel: the only thing to be regretted is, that he does not raise his voice a little louder. When he commences his prayer, he speaks in so low a tone as to be inaudible, or, at any rate, but very imperfectly heard by those in the remoter parts of the gallery. It is only when he has got to the middle of his address to the Divine Being, that he speaks in tones sufficiently loud to be heard with pleasure. His prayers are unequal: they are sometimes characterised by great variety and much of true devotional feeling: at other times they seem more vague and somewhat artificial.

His sermons have all the appearance of being

well digested and carefully prepared in his study, before their delivery from the pulpit. They exhibit proofs of close, if not of deep thinking. If they afford no evidence of proceeding from a masculine mind, they abound with indications of emanating from a cultivated intellect and a sound judgment. They contain nothing of a dazzling or striking kind; but neither, on the other hand, do they ever exhibit any thing shallow or feeble. Occasionally, the reverend gentleman deals too much in abstract truths; at other times, the most obvious characteristic of his sermons, is their practical tendency. His application of the subject on which he has been discoursing, usually consists of a close and earnest appeal to the conscience.

Mr. Young's style is unequal. It always evinces traces of labour; and that labour is often expended to good purpose; for the result is a forcible and correct diction. At other times, however, Mr. Young's sentences are so involved, as in some measure to obscure his meaning. He varies much in the matter of his discourses as well as in his composition. You

hear him at one time preach entire sermons without introducing a single anecdote; at another time, his discourses are full of anecdotes to overflowing. On the Sabbath evening of the 10th of last month, the day on which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, Mr. Young's discourse consisted chiefly of anecdotes, which he read from a book instead of relating them from memory. He reads or relates an anecdote with much effect.

For some time after the reverend gentleman begins his sermon his action is of a quiet kind; but as he proceeds he becomes more lively, and less sparing of his gesticulation. His arms are pressed into his service, and the motions of his head and body are rapid, if not violent. When he has worked himself into the highest pitch of animation which he usually reaches, he raises his right hand above his head and imparts a very liberal motion to it. At times, but not often, both arms are pressed into his service. His voice has something of a deep tone in it. His delivery is for the most part rather slow, but in the peroration of his discourses, in which

he is generally most animated and energetic, he speaks with considerable rapidity; and yet he rarely hesitates, or stutters, or mistakes the word. He is serious and earnest at all times. He evidently preaches truths which he himself feels in all their importance and reality; but there is a peculiar force, earnestness, and solemnity in his look, his tone, and manner generally, when applying to the consciences of his hearers, towards the end of his sermons, the subject on which he has been addressing them; and the impression produced is correspondingly great.

Mr. Young's congregation is considerably larger than either Mr. Redpath's or Mr. Archer's. Judging from a glance of the eye, I should take the average attendance to be between six and seven hundred. I cannot say what the exact number of members is at present, but two years ago it was four hundred. Since then there has been an increase in the congregation. This increase is to be ascribed to various causes. About that time the reverend gentleman delivered a course of lectures on

Popery, which attracted some attention and had the effect of inducing some persons, not before in the way of hearing him, to settle down under his ministry. Among others, who attended his lectures on Popery, were several Roman Catholics; and at least one of their number, was brought over to the Protestant faith through means of Mr. Young, and is now one of the members of his church. About the end of December, 1837, Mr. Young publicly advertised his intention of preaching a sermon on the first Sabbath in 1838, which should be exclusively addressed to "Young Women." The novelty of the thing drew so large a number of both sexes, old as well as young, that the reverend gentleman was induced to preach another sermon to young women on the first Sabbath of the present year; and it is understood that he intends annually to preach a similar discourse in future. A few weeks ago, he held meetings in his chapel, morning and evening, for four successive weekdays, with the view of furthering a revival in religion. His people say that they discern a

marked increase of seriousness both in his preaching and appearance, within the last few months, arising from the sudden death, under very affecting circumstances, of a medical friend to whom he was strongly attached, and with whom he had, ever since they were at college together, maintained a most intimate intercourse.

Mr. Young's annual income from his congregation, is three hundred pounds; but he generously returns one hundred of the amount every year, for the purpose of assisting to liquidate the debt on the chapel. He is fortunately enabled to do this without thereby subjecting himself to any inconvenience, having some years ago united himself in marriage to one of the daughters of Dr. Waugh; with whom he received a handsome fortune.

Mr. Young published the course of lectures on Popery to which I have alluded, in one half-guinea volume. With this exception, I know of nothing which he has done in the way of authorship.

In person, Mr. Young is short and stout

without being corpulent. He has a small but full face. His eyes are dark and little. His complexion is sallow; and his hair, which is bushy and abundant, has more of a brownish than of any other hue. It stands erect on his high but narrow forehead, and slightly overlaps either temple. In his countenance there is a mingled expression of melancholy and sternness. He is about the fortieth year of his age.

The Rev. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, of Finsbury chapel, has now for the long period of a quarter of a century, occupied a distinguished place among the popular preachers of London. And that popularity has suffered no diminution from the lapse of time, or the proverbial mutabilities of the public taste. A congregation consisting of from one thousand eight hundred to two thousand persons, is a proof of popularity which will not be questioned. I know of few ministers who have started so suddenly into distinction as did Mr. Fletcher. When he originally came to the metropolis, which was

either in 1810 or 1812—I do not remember which—he came simply in the capacity of what in Scotland is called a “probationer;” a term which, I may mention for the information of those who have not before seen it used in this sense, means a candidate for the situation of minister of any vacant place of worship. Mr. Fletcher came from Scotland, as did a number of other preachers about the same time, in the capacity of a candidate for the pulpit of a small chapel in Mile-End-road. Though the chapel was small, it was much too large for the congregation, which did not exceed two hundred persons. As is usual in Scotland among preachers in connection with the Scotch Se-cession body in that country, Mr. Fletcher, during the eight probationary weeks allowed him in Mile-End chapel, gave a connected course of lectures on the mornings of every Sabbath. He chose as the subject of these, a portion of the first epistle to the Thessa- lonians, taking a certain number of verses for exposition on every occasion. Mr. Fletcher being but a very young man at the time, and

being unknown to metropolitan fame, preached four Sabbath-days without any visible increase in the number of those who attended. The precentor of the chapel, an old shrewd man from Berwick-upon-Tweed, imagining that Mr. Fletcher was wearying the people by constantly expounding one part of the New Testament, and yet afraid to offend the reverend gentleman by saying so in so many terms,—whispered to him one day in his own “canny” way, “Ots, Mr. Fletcher, do you mean *always* to lecture on the Thessalonians?” Mr. Fletcher intimated that he intended to continue his lectures on the same portion of Scripture for a few weeks longer. The other shrugged up his shoulders, and looked as if he meant to say, “Well, if you do, you’ll never be the minister of this chapel; that’s clear.” By this time, however, Mr. Fletcher’s talents as a preacher began to be discovered by the more intelligent part of the congregation, and they were not slow in expressing their admiration of him to their respective acquaintances. The result was, that in a Sabbath or two more, a number of

strangers came to hear the reverend gentleman, and they were, for the most part, so struck with his powers as a preacher, that, in their turn, they brought others to hear him. In a word, before Mr. Fletcher's probationary term had expired, all those persons in the east end of London in the habit of frequenting any place of worship, had heard of his ministerial talents, and the chapel became crowded to excess. Now comes the gist of the story. The Scotch precentor, seeing the great popularity, as testified by the crowds who attended the chapel, to which Mr. Fletcher had suddenly raised himself, went up to him one day in the vestry, and said, with a significant look and tone, "Ots, Mr. Fletcher, I think we must *prent* (print and publish) the lectures on the Thessalonians." How many, like this Scotchman, form their opinion of the talents of preachers, not by the intrinsic merits of their sermons, but by their popularity with others!

Mr. Fletcher is a didactic and doctrinal preacher. As I have in the introductory chapter strongly recommended this mode of preach-

ing, I need not again press it on the adoption of ministers of the gospel generally. The reverend gentleman's discourses are largely impregnated with evangelical truth. He loves to dwell on the vital doctrines of Christianity; the universal and utter depravity of man—the boundless love of God as exhibited in the incarnation, sufferings, and death of Christ—the necessity of the influences of the Holy Spirit to renew the heart of the sinner, and to sanctify the soul of the saint—the sufficiency and freeness of the atonement—the intercession* of Christ—the duty and privilege on the part of believers, of embodying in their lives and conversation the preceptive parts of the gospel scheme—are topics to which he assigns a special prominence

* It is deeply to be regretted that the doctrine of the intercession of Jesus, one of the most consolatory and sanctifying truths in the Word of God, should be so much lost sight of by our evangelical ministers. I thought to have a peculiar prominence assigned to it by all who preach the gospel. I know a minister who lately died, and who deeply regretted in his last moments that he had not given this doctrine a more marked place in his ministrations, and whose farewell advice to a brother-minister who attended him on his death-bed was, that he should more frequently and earnestly dwell on that doctrine.

in his pulpit ministrations. The reverend gentleman rarely deals in anything abstruse or speculative. Nor does he waste the time, or distract the attention of his hearers, by elaborate argumentation. He wisely prefers—would that all ministers of the gospel, when addressing promiscuous assemblages did the same—preaching the simple doctrines of the Cross. These he clearly states and earnestly and powerfully enforces. He constantly aims at the hearts of his hearers, knowing that if the heart be renewed and made right with God, the result will be a holy life. He excels in pointing out the blessedness, even in the present world, of walking in wisdom's ways. He clothes religion in attractive garments, and proves that it is not that gloomy repulsive thing which the world represents it to be, and which persons unacquainted with it, would be but too ready to infer it is, from the injudicious statements of not a few evangelical preachers. Mr. Fletcher not only insists on the important fact, that Christianity is not incompatible with cheerfulness or innocent enjoyment in the present life ;

but he demonstrates, that there is no happiness worthy of the name, without vital Christianity. The reverend gentleman is, in a word, a winning preacher. His matter and manner are equally calculated to draw out the affections of his auditory towards the Saviour, and to enlist their sympathies in favour of holiness.

In his pathetic or more solemn moods, I have rarely heard him surpassed. His matter, his looks, the tones of his voice, and his action; all concur on such occasions to produce a powerful impression on the minds of his hearers. I remember hearing him, six years ago, deliver a sermon on the eternity and extremity of the punishment of the lost; and I think I never heard any thing more solemn or impressive proceed from either the metropolitan or provincial pulpit. His complete mastery over the more tender feelings of the human breast, is often displayed when preaching funeral sermons. I have seen, on such occasions, from three thousand five hundred to four thousand persons in his chapel, and yet scarcely a breath be heard during the delivery of the more

touching passages of the discourse. I may add, that I have on these occasions, seen many attestations to the power of the preacher, in the concealed face and in the frequent application, in the course of the sermon, of handkerchiefs to the eyes of persons not accustomed to the melting mood.

A very remarkable proof of the impressiveness of Mr. Fletcher's preaching came under my knowledge a few weeks since. Through the merest accident, I then met with a gentleman who, ten or twelve years ago, chanced to be passing the late Rev. Rowland Hill's chapel while Mr. Fletcher was preaching on some public occasion. Though not in the habit of attending any place of worship, the gentleman was, on that occasion, induced from mere curiosity to enter the chapel. His mind was at once arrested by the preacher, and though he only intended to remain in the place a few minutes, he did not quit it until the conclusion of the services.

The first proof which the gentleman afforded of the effect which Mr. Fletcher's

discourse produced upon him was, his waiting on the reverend gentleman next day and handing him twenty pounds to be appropriated to any religious or charitable purpose which he thought fit; but the best of all evidences as to the profit he derived from Mr. Fletcher's sermon on that occasion, were furnished by the change which took place in his habits and conversation in the world. The anecdote may remind some of my readers of the circumstance of the celebrated George Whitefield having, by his powerful preaching on behalf of some charitable institution, extracted twenty pounds from the pocket of Benjamin Franklin; though that eminent philosopher went to hear the "fanatical Methodist" with a full determination not to give a sixpence.

I have said, that Mr. Fletcher studiously avoids any thing in the shape of laboured argumentation when addressing mixed audiences. When, however, he has occasion to preach before a congregation, chiefly consisting of a particular class of individuals, who are only to be reached through argument, he can reason

with great closeness and with much power. A few years ago, I heard him deliver a sermon, addressed principally to mechanics, in Dr. Bennett's chapel, on the immortality of the soul; which position he undertook to demonstrate from natural religion alone. The chapel was crowded, and every one, I am sure, must have come away with the highest admiration of the reasoning powers of the preacher.

Mr. Fletcher's sermons are unequal. While thus assigning so high a rank to some of his discourses, I have heard him deliver others which I would simply characterise by the term good.

In preaching to young persons, Mr. Fletcher stands alone among the ministers of the day. As I have remarked in my chapter on the "Religious Denominations of London," in the work to which I have had occasion two or three times to refer, he is in prose, in addressing the youthful mind, what Dr. Watts was in verse. Every one who has heard him preach his annual sermon on Christmas mornings, to the five thousand children who invariably assemble in

Finsbury Chapel on the occasion, will agree with me in this opinion.

It will be inferred from what I before stated, that Mr. Fletcher's manner is in keeping with the matter of his discourses. Every word he utters has all the appearance of proceeding from the depths of his heart. He at once convinces the stranger that he speaks because he feels. His whole mind is manifestly engaged in the performance of his pulpit duties. Preaching is no task to him; it is evidently a pleasure. His manner as well as his matter is exceedingly affectionate. The tones of his voice, the glances of his eye, and his open, cheerful, benevolent countenance; concur in producing this conviction on the minds of all who hear him. He is an easy and fluent, though not a rapid speaker. His utterance would appear less slow, were he not occasionally to pause longer between his sentences than is usually done. This is a defect in his speaking. He is a very correct speaker. Every word appears in its proper place as it proceeds from his lips: if the particular sermon were to

be printed, you would vote for its being sent to the press forthwith, feeling assured that the language could not be improved by any alterations which the reverend gentleman could make. Though he uses no notes, he is never at a loss for words; and few and far between, indeed, are the instances in which he falters or stutters in the smallest degree. His extemporaneous resources are abundant. You can never take him by surprise. He is ready to speak at a moment's notice, and, what is more, on any subject. His voice is clear, soft, and powerful; and he can modulate its tones at pleasure. It fills every part of the chapel, though the largest place* of worship in London, perhaps in the country, without any visible special exertion on the part of the reverend gentleman. Mr. Fletcher still retains, in the pronunciation of particular words, a strong Scotch accent, which may slightly grate on the English ear unaccustomed to his voice. His gesticulation is liberal

* The size of Mr. Fletcher's chapel may be inferred, when I state that on every Christmas morning five thousand children, and three thousand adults are to be seen in it.

without being extravagant. He usually raises both arms as high as his head, often above it, accompanying the motion with a moderate moving of his face from one part of the chapel to the other. When his manner is particularly warm and animated, he occasionally applies his hand with some force to the Bible.

Mr. Fletcher is most exemplary in the performance of the out-door duties connected with the pastoral office. Though the members of his congregation are scattered over nearly the whole of London, he is always ready to visit those who are disposed to receive him in his ministerial capacity. Nor does he confine his visits to his own people. He is at all times ready at the call of the sick or the afflicted, without bestowing a moment's thought as to whether the parties were in the habit of attending his ministry or not. A deeply-interesting circumstance connected with his promptitude in complying with the wishes of sick persons, to see and converse with him, occurred about two years ago. A lady, living at the time in Southwark, sent a message to him to the effect,

that she was on her death-bed and wished particularly to see him. Notwithstanding the distance from Finsbury Circus, which is the place of his residence, he hastened to the bedside of the dying woman. They entered into conversation together: he found her fully resigned to the event which she hourly expected to occur.

On inquiring into the grounds of her resignation, her peace of mind, and her hopes of future glory, he found they rested solely on the finished work of Christ. She then came to the incident to which I wish specially to refer. She mentioned to the reverend gentleman, that about ten years previously she was not only a stranger to the knowledge and the power of true religion, but that she laughed at all religion, and regarded those who troubled themselves about it as so many pitiable fanatics. In this state of mind, she and another young lady were one Sabbath evening passing Albion Chapel, of which Mr. Fletcher was minister at the time; when she said to her companion—
“Just do let us go in a moment, and have a

laugh at the popular minister who preaches here."* The other assented, and in they went. The first was at once struck with the earnestness and solemnity of the reverend gentleman's manner, as well as with the truths which he was inculcating on his hearers. The other young lady, not being equally affected by what was proceeding from the preacher, requested her, after remaining four or five minutes, to come away; but she expressed a wish to remain a little longer. The more she heard, the more she was affected. A second intimation of the wish of her companion to leave the chapel, was made to her; but she was now chained to the spot, and only left when the services were concluded. Though she only heard a portion of Mr. Fletcher's sermon, that portion proved the means of her conversion. From that evening she felt herself a new creature; she joined a Christian church, and adorned the Christian character from that time up to the hour of her death, which took place

* Mr. Fletcher's name, as a popular preacher, had been known to her.

in two or three days after Mr. Fletcher's visit to her. It was then he learned for the first time the short but deeply touching story. Was there ever a more striking illustration, than was afforded in this lady's case, of the well-known line of Goldsmith —

“ And fools who went to scoff, remained to pray.”

A lady who was often present with her, when on her death-bed, mentioned to me the interesting particulars of the case within a few weeks of her dissolution. And I mention them in this place, as being peculiarly adapted to encourage the hearts of ministers who may be apt to be cast down, because they may not always have clear proofs of being made the means of many conversions to Christ. Who shall venture to compute the vast number of similar disclosures which are in reserve for the great day on which every thing that is now hidden shall be revealed; a day in which the light of eternity shall burst on the darkness and mysteries of time? Let every minister who preaches the gospel with simpli-

city, affection, and faithfulness, feel assured of this, that though it may not now be given him to see the fruit of his labours, yet those labours are not in vain in the Lord.

Mr. Fletcher is full of the milk of human kindness. It may sound anomalous, but I am convinced I only speak the truth when I say, that he carries his good nature to excess. Incapable himself of any thing ungenerous or unjust, you can hardly persuade him of the improper conduct of others. I never knew a man in the whole course of my experience of mankind, who had more of that charity which thinketh no evil.

Perhaps a greater number of young men who have afterwards entered the ministry, have been brought up, if I may use the expression, in Mr. Fletcher's congregation, than in any other congregation in London. The number is thirty-three or thirty-four. Some of them are now clergymen in the Church, and the remainder are pastors, in all parts of the world, of congregations belonging to the various bodies of evangelical Dissenters.

Mr. Fletcher has repeatedly appeared before the public in the capacity of author. He has published several detached sermons; and two or three small volumes, if I be not mistaken, intended for children. But his greatest work is his "Guide to Family Devotion," a large quarto volume, published at twenty-four shillings. The plan of this work is peculiar, and the execution is as happy as the conception is original. It contains a prayer for the morning and evening of every day in the year, with an appropriate hymn, and a suitable portion of the word of God. The best proof of its merits is to be found in the fact, that though it is only five or six years since it appeared, the extraordinary number of twelve thousand copies of it have been disposed of.

Mr. Fletcher is slightly above the middle height, stoutly made, without being corpulent, and has high round shoulders. His complexion has something of ruddiness in it; and he has all the appearance of one who has a good constitution, and who enjoys excellent health. His face

is round and full, and his features are regular and pleasing. His hair is an iron grey, and though now in his fifty-first year, is as abundant as if he had not reached half that age.

CHAPTER IX.

INDEPENDENT MINISTERS.

The Rev. Dr. Morison — The Rev. Dr. Leifchild — The Rev. Dr. Collyer — The Rev. Caleb Morris — The Rev. James Sherman.

THE REV. DR. MORISON, of Trevor Chapel, Brompton, has now been nearly a quarter of a century minister of the congregation meeting there. In February last, he preached a sermon on the occasion of the twenty-fourth anniversary of his appointment as their pastor. I was not present at the time this discourse was preached, but am assured by those who were, that the reverend gentleman made many felicitous and touching allusions to the ravages which death had made in the congregation during that protracted period—to the fact of there being so very few, comparatively speaking, then before him, of those who regularly met in the place for

divine worship, when he was first called to break among them the bread of life—to the wrinkled face, grey hair, decrepid appearance, and other symptoms of advanced years, of some who were then in the prime of life, with all the health, and spirits, and physical vigour about them, which are the usual accompaniments of a recently-attained manhood—to the cheering proofs which had been afforded him in the course of his ministry, that his labours had not been in vain in the Lord—and, lastly, to the most affecting reflection of all, that he had had to attend the death-bed of persons expiring amid all the horrors of the darkest despair, who had for years and years and years, been regular in their attendance on his ministry. Such were some of the touching topics to which the reverend gentleman alluded on this interesting occasion. Need I add that he was listened to throughout with the deepest attention.

Dr. Morison's introductory prayer usually inspires the mind of the stranger with a favourable opinion of him, and leads to the expectation of a good sermon. He pauses some

seconds, after he has stood up, before commencing. This I think exceedingly proper, as it gives time to the noise to subside which is caused by the congregation standing up, putting down their heads, or assuming some other position from that in which they were while he was reading the Scriptures. His addresses to the throne of grace are devotional, varied, and comprehensive, as will be inferred from all who have read his published volume of prayers.

When commencing his sermon, Dr. Morison speaks rather slowly. As he advances, he increases in the rapidity of his utterance, though taking one part with another, his delivery is too deliberate. He is a clear distinct speaker; and not only is his articulation good, but his voice possesses considerable power, and is often pleasant in its tones. At other times his voice has a degree of hardness about it. His attitudes and gestures are exceedingly varied. His head is kept in constant, though rather gentle motion. His body, too, is always active: he throws it into various positions, especially in his more animated moments, when

he also extends his right arm, shakes his open hand with considerable quickness, and now and then strikes the side of the pulpit, with some force. In a few moments afterwards, he raises both arms and makes a moderate motion with them. Occasionally, he puts the tips of his fingers together, and now and then presses his side with his open hand. I am told that this last motion of the reverend gentleman's hand, is caused by a pain he frequently feels in his side. His manner is on the whole good, though very unequal. At times it is at once energetic and graceful; at other times, though this is but comparatively seldom, it is not only languid but somewhat awkward. He writes his sermons at full length, and instead of trusting to his memory, reads them from his manuscript. He does not confine himself closely to his paper, but at the end of every two or three sentences withdraws his eye from it, and looks successively at various parts of the chapel. When he wishes to impress any particular fact on the minds of his hearers, he purposely repeats it in the same phraseology. For example

when preaching one evening a few weeks ago on the subject of death being abolished and life and immortality being brought to life by Christ, he said—"The resurrection of the body is a pure doctrine of revelation: it is a pure doctrine of revelation." This partial repetition, however, never occurs above once or twice in the course of a sermon.

Dr. Morison is a man of superior, though not of the highest order of mind. His sermons always afford proofs of close and accurate habits of thought. There is stamina in every discourse he delivers. He is not a diffuse preacher; one who gives fifteen or twenty sentences for every tolerable idea. His ideas, on the contrary, are numerous. With those who would prefer a sermon instinct with thoughts of that order of merit, indicated by the phrase "more than respectable," to one in which there are a few striking, or brilliant, or felicitous conceptions, while the other matter is common-place; with such persons, Dr. Morison must be a favourite preacher. At times he introduces carefully-reasoned passages into

his sermons; and on such occasions, let me add, his arguments are usually clear and conclusive. His views of divine truth are not only strictly evangelical, but he makes a point of grounding all his sermons on the more doctrinal and practical parts of holy writ. I could have wished, on the occasions on which I have heard him, that instead of contenting himself, in a great measure, with the simple annunciation of particular truths, and leaving his hearers to make the application to themselves, he had specifically brought such truths home to their hearts and consciences, and impressed upon them, that they were personally as much interested in what they had heard, as if the gospel scheme had been exclusively intended for them, and the Christian revelation had been made solely on their account. It were well, too, if he did not conclude his sermons so abruptly as he sometimes does.

Dr. Morison's discourses display an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, both in its unconverted state and after it has felt the transforming power of divine grace. He is

a shrewd observer of mankind, and is quick in his perceptions of the leading points in the characters of those with whom he has occasion to come in contact.

I have said that Dr. Morison's sermons are carefully written. It is but justice to him to add, that the labour he expends in their preparation is not in vain. They are always creditable as literary compositions; they rise at times to true eloquence. The style is at once correct and vigorous. He is sparing in the use of tropes and figures; when he does employ that sort of phraseology, he generally displays good taste in the selections he makes.

I am assured by those who know him intimately, that he devotes himself, heart and soul, to the performance of his pastoral duties; not in the pulpit merely, but in the way of visiting his people, aye, and seeking out those who are not of his people; in being at all times accessible to those who call upon him in his capacity of a minister of the gospel; in forming and promoting schemes for religious or benevolent purposes; and in attending all the

week-day meetings held in his chapel. At the Wednesday prayer-meetings, he appears, I am assured by some of his hearers, to peculiar advantage when addressing the Supreme Being. His prayers on such occasions are characterised by great simplicity, fervour of devotion, and affection to the saints of God.

He is not only courteous, but kind to all who call upon him to solicit his counsel or aid in any case of difficulty or need. A Congregational minister from the north of Scotland, who has been here for three months collecting money, or rather in many instances only *trying* to collect it, to assist in liquidating a heavy debt on his chapel, mentioned to me that he met with more kindness from Dr. Morison than from any other metropolitan minister he had met with; and I need not say, that making it his constant business to come into contact with as many ministers as possible, he must in that time have met with some few of their number. "Not only," said he, "did Dr. Morison contribute himself to the sum I am endeavouring to raise, but he gave me introductions to those of his

people whom he deemed most able and likely to assist me, and the result was, that I succeeded in raising a considerable amount from persons connected with Brompton chapel."

Dr. Morison is favourably known as an author, as well as a preacher. He has written several works, all on theological subjects, which have been well received by the religious public. His largest and best and most successful work, is a "Commentary on the Psalms." His volume of prayers, before alluded to, has also met with a good sale, and is held in high esteem. I should think that between what he receives for editing the *Evangelical Magazine*, and what he gets for his other literary labours, the annual average produce of his pen, cannot be under two hundred pounds; which sum, added to the four hundred pounds he receives from his congregation, would give him a yearly income of six hundred pounds. His congregation consists of from eight hundred to one thousand persons, and many of them being wealthy his allowance would doubtless be still more liberal, were it not that they have to pay seventy

pounds of interest yearly for money borrowed on the chapel.

Dr. Morison's personal appearance in the pulpit, is commanding. He is tall and well made, and seemingly possesses a strong constitution. He is a gentlemanly-looking man, with regular and pleasing features. His face is rather full. His complexion is dark, and so are his eyes. His eye-brows are large and prominent, and his hair is of that colour called mixed grey. His age must be bordering on fifty.

The Rev. Dr. LEIFCHILD, of Craven chapel, has for some years been admitted by universal consent, to occupy a place in the first rank of the popular preachers of London. When he first came to the metropolis, more than a quarter of a century ago, he soon attracted attention, and his popularity instead of having suffered any diminution from the lapse of time, is perhaps greater at this moment than it ever was at any previous period. Dr. Leifchild commenced his career as a metropolitan minis-

ter, as pastor of Hornington-street chapel, Kensington, now under the care of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan. There Dr. Leifchild preached with great acceptance to a numerous and respectable audience until, if I remember rightly, 1824, when he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of a large and influential congregation in Bristol. In the latter place, the reverend gentleman at once acquired as great a popularity as he had so long enjoyed in London. Circumstances induced him to return to London, and to become the minister of Craven chapel a short time after the opening of that place of worship in 1827. There Dr. Leifchild still preaches to one of the largest congregations in the metropolis. The average attendance on the reverend gentleman's ministrations, cannot be under two thousand three hundred persons.

When Dr. Leifchild first came to London, some of his more intelligent hearers used to remark, that he often used words which were either invented by himself, or were so entirely obsolete as to be unknown to every body else. They also observed a habit he had of quot-

ing Scripture incorrectly ; incorrectly, I mean, as to the mere words, not as to the sense. That these faults should have characterised the pulpit ministrations of a preacher who enjoyed so great popularity among the more intelligent portion of the religious public, excited very general surprise ; but that surprise was increased in no small degree when the first volume of sermons which he published after his settlement in London, was found to contain the same blemishes, in great abundance. This was upwards of twenty-five years ago ; and the *Evangelical Magazine*, which was never at any period of its history distinguished for harsh criticism, pointed out in a review of the volume some of the faults in question, in very decided terms. It enumerated various words in the volume which the reviewer said he had never heard of before, but which he ascribed to the creative powers of Mr. Leifchild's mind. I cannot lay my hand at this moment on the volume of the *Evangelical* containing the notice of Mr. Leifchild's work ; but in the volume for 1811, in reviewing a sermon of the reverend

gentleman, headed, "The Salvation of all Infants," the critic still harps on the defects of the preacher's style. "The modest and humble pretensions," says the reviewer, "with which this production is presented to the public eye, serve to disarm the severity of criticism on some of the unguarded expressions it contains. Good sense prevails in every page; but we recommend the author to *discipline his mind*, and *chasten his style*, to render the next discourse he prints more worthy of publicity." When Dr. Leifchild reflects on the eminence he has enjoyed for so many years as a minister of the gospel, and also as an author of theological works, I am sure he will smile as he looks back on the way in which his earlier efforts as a writer were thus spoken of.

Dr. Leifchild, in so far as his matter is concerned, is one of the most equal preachers in London. I do not say that he always appears to precisely the same advantage. A difference of subject, to say nothing of other adventitious circumstances, must necessarily make at times some difference in the interest

or intrinsic quality of the discourse. But what I mean to say is, that all other things being as nearly as possible equal, Dr. Leifchild will be found to exhibit less of inequality in the matter of his pulpit ministrations, than almost any one that could be named, of his contemporary preachers. In every sermon he delivers there are a greater or less number of brilliant or sparkling ideas. In no instance, or at least very seldom, does his matter descend below mediocrity. Almost every sentence he utters indicates previous meditation. Though he speaks with an ease which I have never seen surpassed, no intelligent person could for a moment doubt that his discourses have been most carefully prepared before hand. The arrangement of his subject into branches, the various particulars into which those branches are subdivided, and the close and natural connection there is not only between his leading points, but between every two successive sentences; all show that the preacher must have been industrious in his study, before he ventured to ascend the pulpit. Everything about the

reverend gentleman's sermons, seems finished beyond the possibility of improvement, as it comes from his lips. The arrangement is natural, and you see nothing in the construction of his sentences which you would be disposed to alter. His periods are rounded, without being wordy. His style is something between the Addisonian and Johnsonian. It is perspicuous and expressive, while there is nothing meretricious about it. It is evidently laboured, but the labour has been so skilfully expended on it, that no traces of the workmanship are perceptible. His matter is always close and condensed. He is not the man to wire-draw an idea; nor is there any need he should. His ideas are plentiful; and the object with him seems to be, instead of spinning out, to give as many thoughts as he can in the most limited number of words and the shortest space of time. His matter is often analytical, and it is perhaps in analysis that his forte lies. He strips a topic or question of its extraneous or unimportant relations, with a ready and skilful hand, and presents to your view every part

of it which is intrinsically interesting. No man of judgment would think of abridging even a solitary passage in any of Dr. Leifchild's sermons; though some men would, in certain cases, suggest the propriety of somewhat amplifying his illustrations.

The reverend gentleman is always clear. I never yet heard him give utterance to a mystical phrase, far less a passage of difficult comprehension. The most illiterate person of ordinary mental capacity, may follow and understand him without an effort; whilst the most intellectual mind cannot fail to be interested and gratified with his expositions and illustrations.

And this leads me to observe, that Dr. Leifchild's matter exhibits a felicitous union of the expository with the practical. He excels in throwing new light on the particular passages of Scripture he introduces into his discourses; but he never enlightens the mind at the expense of the conscience or the heart. His rule is to follow up his expository observations, with a direct personal appeal to his hearers, in order that they may individually benefit from

his elucidatory remarks. He seeks to keep the important truth constantly before them, that the great end of all hearing as well as preaching, is that the heart may be affected and the conduct influenced. Hence it is no uncommon thing for Dr. Leifchild, to make direct appeals to the consciences of his hearers within a few minutes of his giving out his text.

If the reverend gentleman's manner were as good as his matter, or even if his delivery were generally as good as it is in particular parts, his reputation as a preacher, would be much higher than it is,—though now equalled by the reputation of but few of our modern ministers of the gospel. For the first twenty minutes after he has given out his text, his manner is not only tameness itself, but he speaks in so low a tone, as to be only audible at intervals in the remoter parts of the chapel. One cannot be present during the delivery of the first part of Dr. Leifchild's sermon, without feeling a positive regret of a painful kind, that his excellent matter should be lost on so large a portion of his audience. This feeling of painful regret

is greatly heightened by the deep anxiety which all present evince to catch the words which fall from the preacher's lips. You see every eye attracted towards him; you witness every one around you in a listening attitude. I have often wondered in my own mind, whether the reverend gentleman is himself aware of the fact, that so great a portion of his discourses is lost on so large a number of his auditory, solely from the want of a little more exertion of his lungs. I am sure if he were aware of the extent to which the evil prevails, he would lose no time in applying the proper remedy. In his introductory prayer, which is usually varied and comprehensive, Dr. Leifchild is much better heard than during the first part of his sermon. He is then audible in all parts of the chapel, though in some parts he can only be said to be barely so. How different as the reverend gentleman advances towards the middle of his discourse! Then his eye, which was before comparatively heavy, lights up and looks round the chapel with a piercing glance; and the arms which before rested on the

cushion on the front of the pulpit, are put into requisition and made to assume various though not extravagant attitudes. His body, too, which stood all but motionless as a statue, is now made to move about in the pulpit. From having his face to the gallery in the farther end of the chapel, he suddenly turns himself to that part of the audience immediately on the left of the pulpit, and addresses himself to them for about a quarter of a minute. Then he again alters his position, and turns his face either to those in the gallery at the opposite end of the chapel, or to those who are sitting directly on the right of the pulpit. These movements of Dr. Leifchild's body are accompanied by a liberal use of his arms; both of which he sometimes raises at once, and otherwise puts into interesting attitudes. The force of these is greatly heightened by a corresponding improvement in his voice. The stranger can hardly persuade himself that he is now hearing the same person he heard a few minutes previously. The tame and feeble tones which then with difficulty reached his ears at all, have now given place to a voice

which resounds through all parts of the chapel. Every eye is now immovably fixed on the preacher. It is a positive delight to hear Dr. Leifchild in his more animated and energetic moments. The only source of regret is, that you have no sooner begun to enjoy both the intellectual and the religious treat, than it is at an end. The reverend gentleman rarely continues above a minute and a half or two minutes in this lively strain. All of a sudden his voice loses its loudness of tone : his hands are either suffered to hang motionless by his sides, or are restored to their old quarters on the cushion of the pulpit ; while his eye loses its lustre, and his body becomes as quiescent as before. He continues in this comparatively languid and uninteresting way for a few minutes, when his audience are treated to a repetition of the animated and effective delivery which I have just been attempting to describe. He thus goes on, alternately energetic and tame in his delivery, to the end of his discourse ; only that about two minutes before the conclusion, he works himself up to a much higher pitch of

animation and energy than in any previous part of his discourse. The result is, that he finishes his sermon just when his audience are specially delighted with him, and when they are led to expect that he is about to present them with a treat of the most exquisite kind. His conclusions, as I had occasion to remark in a former work, are always most abrupt; and strangers, unacquainted with his manner in this respect, can hardly believe the evidence of their eyes and ears, when he has brought his discourse to a close. They see him make a pause; but they also see him standing for some seconds looking eagerly at the audience as if he were about to begin again; and they do actually fancy that he will do so, until their expectations are all dissipated by his resumption of his seat. His own people know at once, before he makes any pause, when his sermon is ended, from the circumstance of his almost invariably concluding, by quoting a few lines from some popular poet.

In his less lively moods, Dr. Leifchild's delivery is deliberate; but when he warms with his subject, it exceeds the average rapidity of

utterance. His voice is clear, and in some of its tones is soft and musical. He pronounces some words, especially towards the end of a sentence, with a peculiar breadth and emphasis. His manner in the pulpit is confident, without anything like presumption or conceit. In reproving sinners and in denouncing sin, he is bold and uncompromising. In his very aspect, indeed, there is every symptom of his being a fearless minister of the New Testament.

The leading attributes in Dr. Leifchild's character as a preacher of the gospel, will be inferred from the observations I have already made. His pulpit ministrations are well calculated to enlighten the mind and touch the heart at one and the same time. He is solicitous that his people should be first of all well grounded in the truth; but he knows too well the deceptions and depravities of the human heart, to rest satisfied when he has succeeded in that. He warns his audience against resting in a mere notional religion: he admonishes them of the possibility of having a sound creed while the heart retains all its pristine

hardness. He dwells at length on the indispensable importance of the heart being softened, subdued, and sanctified; and of the fruits of religion being produced in the daily habits and ordinary intercourse of life.

Dr. Leifchild's moral courage is great out of the pulpit as well as in it. There are many excellent ministers who are fearless and uncompromising in their rebukes of ungodly professors, in the pulpit, who have not a word of reproof for those who act inconsistently with the Christian character, in the private walks of life. With Dr. Leifchild the case is otherwise. If some instances which have been communicated to me of his conduct in this respect, be fair specimens of what that conduct usually is, he is as faithful in the private intercourse of life as he is in his pulpit ministrations. He can rebuke with fidelity, and yet avoid an offensive manner. I shall only mention one of the instances of the kind which have reached me through private channels.

Some time ago, when walking along Piccadilly, he accidentally met a distinguished bar-

rister whom he had not seen for years, though when the legal gentleman was young, he was one of his constant hearers. I should here remark, that in the interim the barrister had embraced Unitarianism, and, like most of the professors of that creed, attached no great importance to the more spiritual requirements of the Christian religion—if he did not, indeed, regard vital piety as synonymous with fanaticism. Mr. Leifchild—he had not then received his degree of D.D.—was at once recognised by his former hearer, who ran up to him, and with all the cordiality of feeling and kindness of heart which are so characteristic of Mr. —, seized and cordially shook the reverend gentleman by the hand. Mr. Leifchild was happy at thus accidentally meeting, after an interval of so many years, with one who had so long sat under his ministry, and with whom he had had much pleasant intercourse. “I’m delighted to see you, Mr. Leifchild,” said the professional gentleman.

“I’m no less gratified at meeting with you,” returned Mr. Leifchild.

“It’s a long time since we saw each other,” remarked the barrister.

“It’s a good many years, now,” observed Mr. Leifchild.

“I’m glad to see you looking so well,” continued the other.

“And I’m happy to find that you have risen to such distinction in your profession and in the world,” said the reverend gentleman.

“I have certainly great reason to be thankful for my success. It far exceeds anything I could ever have anticipated,” remarked the other, with great modesty of manner.

“But how does the *soul* prosper, Mr. — ? that’s the important point after all.”

The other showed signs of embarrassment at the question ; on observing which Mr. Leifchild suddenly relieved him from any unpleasantness of feeling, by saying, half-jocularly and half in earnest, “When will you come and hear me preach, Mr. — ?”

“I’ll come soon, and with the greatest pleasure.”

“Will you come next Sunday morning ?”

The other hesitated a moment, and then answered, "No, I'm sorry to say I cannot come next Sunday; for I have engaged to go into the country on Saturday, and will not return to town till Monday."

"Will you come on the Sunday following?"

"I will."

"In the morning?"

"In the morning."

After the interchange of a few commonplace observations, the divine and the barrister bade each other adieu. Farther than this my information does not extend; but those who know anything of the legal gentleman will feel thoroughly persuaded, that he kept his appointment, and those who know the character of Dr. Leifchild will be equally ready to believe, that when thus certain of having the other as one of his auditors at a particular time, he would not suffer the opportunity to pass, of addressing to him, it might be indirectly, but not the less effectually, some observations bearing on the case of one who had abandoned the evangelical creed in which he had been trained

up, and embraced the cold and cheerless system of Unitarianism. Neither was it likely that the reverend gentleman would omit to make some allusion to the influence which great and sudden prosperity in the world has, in making those who are the subjects of that prosperity, neglectful of those matters which appertain to the soul and eternity.

Dr. Leifchild is as great a favourite on the platform as he is in the pulpit. Indeed, I do not know of a Dissenting minister in London who, on his rising to address the promiscuous assemblages which meet in Exeter Hall, or at other places where religious meetings are wont to be held, is more cordially greeted. His face, which has naturally a laughing appearance, and which is often lit up with a sort of smile even in the pulpit, responds to the plaudits with which on such occasions he is received, by assuming an aspect peculiarly indicative of "a laughing mind." And throughout the whole of Dr. Leifchild's speeches on these occasions, it will invariably be found, that a marked smile plays on his countenance.

Nor ought I to omit to mention, that he not only, when delivering his platform addresses, constantly exhibits a smiling face himself, but that he elicits many a burst of hearty laughter from his audience. He has a fine taste for the humorous, though, happily, he never indulges in it in his pulpit ministrations.—I never yet heard the reverend gentleman make a platform-speech, without having his hat in his hand, and making very liberal use of it in the way of gesture.

But it is not on the platform alone, that the reverend gentleman indulges in humorous observations. There is something pointed and witty, which last, after all, is essentially synonymous with being humorous, in many of his observations in the ordinary intercourse of life. One of the best things which have been communicated to me as having been said by Dr. Leifchild, was the remark with which he one day accosted the publisher of one of the "Pulpits," as he entered the office. "You ought," said the reverend gentleman, "to put up a small

board outside the door, with the words written on it—‘*Mangling* done here.’”

“I don’t understand what you mean, Dr. Leifchild,” said the other, after hesitating a few seconds, as if trying to find out the purport of the observation.

“You don’t?” said Dr. Leifchild.

“No.”

“Why, don’t you *mangle* our sermons, in the incorrect and absurd reports you so often give of them in your publication?” The other smiled.

What the amount of Dr. Leifchild’s salary is, I cannot undertake to say with certainty. I am convinced, however, I am not far from the mark, when I give it at six hundred pounds per annum.

The reverend gentleman has published several works, mostly in the department of sermons. I have already referred to some of his earlier efforts as an author. Several of his works have met with a large sale. A volume of “Lectures on Christian Doctrines and Duties,” published eight or ten years ago, was very successful. So, also, was his “Help to the Private and

Domestic Reading of the Holy Scriptures," which he brought out in 1830. Dr. Leifchild is likewise favourably known as a biographer. His *Life of the Rev. Mr. Hughes*, many years Secretary to the Bible Society, which appeared in 1835, is admitted by all to be a highly respectable biographical performance.

Dr. Leifchild's personal appearance is very striking. His features are large and plain; while his face is round and flat. A broad cocked-up nose contributes much to give his face a very marked appearance. The distance between his eyes is greater than in ordinary cases. His eye-lashes are large, while his eye-brows slightly protrude. His high straight forehead, which is surmounted by a somewhat ample crop of dark-brown hair, has something about it strongly indicative of that boldness and moral courage, which I have already referred to as being among the more prominent features of Dr. Leifchild's character. His complexion is something between dark and sallow. He is apparently in excellent health, and of a robust constitution, though verging on his six-

tieth year. He is about the average height, but of more than the usual circumference. He is, indeed, rather stout, with shoulders of more than the general rotundity.

The Rev. Dr. COLLYER, of Hanover Chapel, Peckham, has been forty years pastor of the congregation meeting in that place. He was ordained minister of Hanover Chapel when only twenty-one years of age; a circumstance which has but few parallels any where, and which, so far as I know, is unprecedented in the annals of metropolitan Dissent. The reverend gentleman may indeed be said in one sense, to have been born a preacher; for at the early age of fifteen, he was in the habit of addressing large promiscuous assemblages met for religious worship, at as great length as if he had been delivering a regular sermon to them; though dispensing, on such occasions, with the formality of a text. The singular ease and fluency and effect with which Dr. (then Master) Collyer spoke on the occasions to which I refer, taken in conjunction with his boyish

years and boyish appearance, created a great sensation in the religious world at the time. There were those who felt apprehensive that this extraordinary precocity of intellect, and of talents as a public speaker, would, as has so often proved the case in similar instances, be followed by comparative dulness when the party attained a maturer age. The result showed that the apprehension was groundless. Though the congregation only consisted of forty or fifty persons, when the reverend gentleman undertook its pastoral charge, he soon raised it,—and this, too, be it remembered, in a thinly-populated neighbourhood,—to upwards of one thousand. The increase rendered it necessary in the first instance to enlarge the chapel, and afterwards to erect a new one. Dr. Collyer's chapel now contains room for one thousand two hundred persons, and is usually filled.

The reverend gentleman received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh, when only twenty-five years of age. I am not aware that the annals of the pulpit furnish another instance of any person being

able to boast of the appendage of a D.D. to his name, at an equally early age.

The popularity to which Dr. Collyer so suddenly raised himself, has not suffered any abatement with the lapse of time. It is true, that ill-health has for some years past prevented his taking that active part in what may be called religious public life, which he had before been accustomed to take ; and consequently his name has of late appeared less frequently than formerly, in newspapers and religious journals. His preaching, however, is still as much admired, his mind is as strong, and his position is as high in the religious world as before.

Dr. Collyer is a man of highly-cultivated intellect. His information is varied and accurate on general topics ; while with some branches of learning he is specially conversant. No one can hear him for any length of time, without perceiving that he blends the scholar with the theologian. He carefully guards, however, against any thing like display in the pulpit. If there be more than the usual elegance in his style ; if every thing he says prove him to be

a man of refined intellect, he never suffers his mental attainments to shut out from view, or obscure, the grand peculiarities of the gospel scheme. His sermons are highly evangelical: they are largely impregnated with the spirit of true piety. He scrupulously abstains from the introduction of speculative points into his discourses. He dwells on the distinctive doctrines of the Christian system. His preaching has a strongly practical tendency. It is peculiarly calculated to edify, and nourish, and build up the saint of God, in his most holy faith. He delights to bring before the minds of his hearers the rich consolations of the gospel. It is probable he dwells on these with greater feeling and frequency, from the circumstance of having, at a time when he most needed them, and needed them more perhaps than most of his brethren in the ministry, felt them to be the support and solace of his own soul. What but the abundant communication of present grace, and the glorious prospect which the gospel opens up in another and future state, could have sustained his spirits under the pressure of the trials which,

at the hands of graceless men, he had to endure at a previous period of his life?

The reverend gentleman's preaching is principally addressed to believers. On their duties and privileges, he is copious in his statements and abundant in his illustrations. A sense of the solemn obligation under which he lies to be faithful to all, induces him to conduct his hearers at times to the foot of Mount Sinai, that sinners may hear and be alarmed at the rolling of its awful thunders; but it is evident that when engaged in the performance of this part of his duties as a minister of the gospel, he feels less in his element than when dwelling on the blessedness of a saving faith in Christ.

Dr. Collyer's discourses are instinct with ideas of a superior order, though not of that class which bears the impress of genius. He rarely utters anything which forcibly strikes or dazzles the mind. If it were possible to characterise the reverend gentleman's matter in a few words, I should say his conceptions are beautiful but not brilliant. He rarely sinks from the man of talent to the man of medio-

crity. He is, for the most part, an equal preacher. In his discourses there is always something at once to gratify the intellectual taste, and to please the man of warm and vital piety. His ideas follow each other in rapid succession. I know few ministers in whose sermons, regard being had to their length, there is a greater number of ideas. If he have not that masculine mind which grapples with and triumphantly masters great principles, you cannot fail to be struck with a happy union in his person, of acute perceptive powers, a sound judgment, close habits of thinking, and a fertile imagination.

His style will be inferred from what I have already stated. It is always tasteful; it frequently rises into simple eloquence. It is too polished to be vigorous: it is often defective in power. It bears in many cases a marked resemblance to the Addisonian model. Now and then there is a good deal of poetry in it.

Long-continued ill health has impaired to some extent the effectiveness of the Doctor's delivery. When I first visited the metropolis, which

was in 1820, he appeared to me to be one of the finest speakers I had ever heard in the pulpit. I first heard him speak in the year just mentioned, when presiding at a Bible Society meeting held in Spa-fields' chapel. I was on that occasion much struck, and so was the meeting, with his accomplishments as an orator. The effect of his graceful and accurate elocution, was much heightened by his commanding person. Latterly, however, though still a respectable and pleasing speaker, physical indisposition has, as just remarked, considerably impaired both his elocution and his action. He does not vary, as he used to do, the tones of his soft and dulcet voice. Neither does he ever give full scope to its powers. He speaks in a comparatively quiet and subdued tone; while he uses very little gesture. He often leans over the pulpit, and stands quite motionless. His delivery, though easy and fluent, is rather slow. There is no appearance of effort in his preaching. It does not seem a task to him; indeed, I know it is not; for his extemporaneous resources are so ample, that without the slightest

previous meditation, he can at any time deliver an address to his audience, which shall be faultless as a composition, and be spoken without the slightest hesitation. In fact, the reverend gentleman is in the habit, Sabbath after Sabbath, of taking up his Bible when he enters the pulpit, and expounding particular portions of the Scriptures without any previous writing, or even anything which could merit the name of premeditation. Let me, however, here observe, that he can only do this in his own chapel. The illness to which I have referred has so seriously affected his nervous system, that when he goes to a strange place of worship to preach, he is obliged to write his sermons at full length before-hand, and to read every word of them from the manuscript. This is the great reason why Dr. Collyer has felt himself under the painful necessity of declining, of late, the many urgent invitations sent him to preach for charitable purposes, or on particular occasions, in other chapels. Nothing but some special urgency in the case, can prevail on him now to enter the pulpit of another minister.

He mentioned to me a short time ago, that he has only preached three times out of his own chapel for the last four years.

Had not Dr. Collyer possessed in no ordinary degree the gift of improvisation, he could never have gone through the vast amount of public speaking which devolved upon him, from his entrance into the ministry until ten or twelve years ago. I speak advisedly when I say, that the reverend gentleman has preached a greater number of sermons in his time, than any other minister alive; no matter of what denomination. For many years he was deputed by the directors of the London Missionary Society, and various other religious institutions, to make a tour of the country on behalf of the funds of such institutions. And on these occasions, he almost daily preached once, often twice, and in not a few instances three times. Then, when he was at home, he was for several months of every year engaged in preaching for the funds of local religious societies or presiding at their meetings, ten or twelve times every week. His great popu-

larity, and the weight he had among the Dissenters, led to his being constantly applied to for such purposes. The circumstance, too, of his being for so many years known to be the bosom-friend of the late Duke of Kent and the present Duke of Sussex; brothers of the then reigning monarch, contributed in no small measure to invest his various public movements with a more than ordinary interest.

Dr. Collyer's congregation is one of the most respectable and intelligent in London; and, let me add, they are exceedingly attached to him. They furnished him, two or three years ago, with a substantial proof of their affection and esteem, by presenting him with a splendid silver salver worth one hundred guineas. The delicate manner in which the matter was managed, greatly enhanced the value of the gift. The whole of the money was raised, and the piece of plate prepared, during his usual annual visit of five or six weeks to the country. He heard not a whisper of what had been done until, on his return, he was waited upon by a deputation

from the congregation, to see what time would be convenient for him to receive the gift. It was presented to the reverend gentleman on the thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh anniversary of his pastoral labours among his people. The high estimation in which Dr. Collyer's congregation hold him, may be farther inferred from the fact of their making his income from the chapel five hundred pounds per annum.

In private, the reverend gentleman is one of the most agreeable men I have ever met with. He blends the manners of the gentleman with the feelings and conduct of the Christian. He is exceedingly well-informed, and possesses great conversational powers. He not only talks with the utmost ease and fluency, but his language is as correct, in many instances as polished, as if he were delivering one of his most finished pieces of composition.

Though Dr. Collyer is usually ranked among the Independents, and has, indeed, all his life long, identified himself with that body, he calls himself an "English Presbyterian," and on all important occasions he appends the words to

his name. He is the only minister, so far as I know, in London, who claims to be considered an "English Presbyterian;" the successors of the English Presbyterians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, having, in almost every instance, renounced evangelical truth and degenerated into Socinians. Dr. Collyer's members have no control, as members have wherever Congregational principles are recognised, in matters connected with the church or congregation. Everything is decided by himself. His supremacy is entire and undisputed. Members are admitted without even the deacons being consulted, except where the reverend gentleman may have doubts as to the moral character of the parties, and may therefore deem it necessary to institute inquiries. When additions are made to the church, Dr. Collyer intimates the fact to the members on the first Sabbath afterwards on which they sit down to the Lord's Supper, by remarking, that two, three, or four new members, sit down with them for the first time. He does not even mention the names of the parties who have

joined the church. Dr. Collyer mentioned a short time ago to another Dissenting minister and myself, that he once tried the experiment of allowing his members to adjudicate on church matters, and that it turned out so badly; the members differing from each other so much and disputing so violently, that he determined on never repeating it. And he has kept his word.

Dr. Collyer's published works are so numerous and well-known, that I need not even enumerate them. I do not know that he has published any poetical pieces in a separate form; but he has successfully paid his addresses to the muses. As I had occasion to state in a former work, he prepares a hymn to be sung by his congregation after the conclusion of every sermon he preaches; the hymn being in unison with the tenor of his discourse. He reads the hymn himself, two lines at a time; so that all his congregation can join in singing it. I have been pleased with the poetry as well as the piety of these metrical compositions by the Doctor. They usually extend from twelve to twenty lines.

I have alluded to the ill-health which Dr. Collyer has suffered for some years, and to the extent to which his nervous system has been impaired. The former chiefly arises from an affection of the heart. It is one of the unhappy results of the reverend gentleman's illness, that he not only cannot sleep for any length of time, but cannot even remain in bed during the night, without suffering very acute pain. He is obliged to rise about three every morning. In the summer season, when Dr. Collyer can walk out in the beautiful neighbourhood of his house, he does not feel the necessity of rising at so early an hour as three, to be so unpleasant, but in the long, dark, dreary mornings of winter, he does feel the necessity to be a painful one indeed. There can be no question, I understand, that the foundation of Dr. Collyer's present illness was laid by the anxiety of mind which he necessarily felt when he had to vindicate his character from the deadly attack which was made upon it some years since. It pleased Providence to spare him utterly to put the calumny down,

and to confound his calumniators ; but though his character so signally triumphed, his bodily health has thus been made the victim.

It is a curious fact, that though Dr. Collyer has suffered so much illness for some years, he has all the appearance of a man in the possession of perfect health. His face is full, and though in his sixtieth year, is without even an incipient wrinkle. He has a clear, fresh, healthful-looking complexion. Though he were only in his thirtieth year, he could not look better than he does.

In personal appearance, Dr. Collyer bears a remarkably strong resemblance to the Duke of Sussex ; who was for a long series of years, as already intimated, his most intimate friend. The only difference between the two is, that Dr. Collyer looks much better than his Royal Highness. In figure and the conformation of their faces and heads, they are as like as can be. Dr. Collyer is of a full make, above the average stature, and has high round shoulders. His features are small, and are remarkable for a blended dignity and cheerfulness of expression.

He has a broad lofty forehead, highly indicative of intellectual excellence. His hair is not abundant: it is of a partly flaxen and partly light-greyish colour. The whole appearance of Dr. Collyer is that of the perfect gentleman, and his manner, as I before stated, justifies the impression created by his appearance.

The Rev. CALEB MORRIS, of Fetter-lane Chapel, succeeded the Rev. George Burder as the pastor of that church, on the death of the latter venerable minister of the gospel, in 1832. For some time previous Mr. Morris had been Mr. Burder's assistant in the pastoral office; and it is due to both to state that the greatest cordiality and good feeling uniformly characterised their intercourse with each other, whether as ministers or as private individuals. The several years' experience which the church and congregation of Fetter-lane had of Mr. Morris as the assistant of Mr. Burder, only served to attach them the more to him when their aged pastor had been summoned to a brighter and better sphere, and when Mr. Morris, according

to previous agreement, became the sole occupant of the pulpit from which Mr. Burder had for a very long period of years ably and faithfully proclaimed the truths of the gospel.

Mr. Morris' congregation is select and intelligent. It is respectable in point of numbers, consisting of about five hundred persons, about three hundred of whom are members; but it is chiefly noted among the Dissenting congregations in the metropolis for its general information, for its secular respectability, and what is immeasurably the most important of all, for its piety and its efforts to diffuse the blessings of the gospel among those who have never enjoyed them. I believe there are few churches in London, which, in proportion to the number of members, have done, or are doing more good, than that meeting in Fetterlane chapel. The congregation would, I am convinced, be considerably larger were the chapel capable of accommodating a greater number of persons. It is quite full; but from its situation in one of the closest and most populous parts of the centre of the metropolis,

there is not, I believe, any possibility of enlarging it, except at a very great expense. It is the narrowest place of worship, in proportion to its length, I have ever seen. The side galleries only consist of two ranges of pews.

That Mr. Morris' congregation should be distinguished for their intelligence, will not surprise any one who has been in the habit of hearing him preach. It requires a person of a well-informed mind as well as of close habits of attention, to follow and fully understand him. I do not mean to say that the reverend gentleman is in the practice of preaching what are called learned sermons; he has too much good judgment,—is too deeply imbued with the spirit of true piety,—and is too much impressed with a sense of the responsibility which attaches to a minister of the gospel, to be guilty of that. What I mean is, that his sermons are most carefully prepared, — at any rate, they have the appearance of being so, — and the various parts display so intimate a connection with each other, while the impress of a superior intellect is stamped upon the whole, that he whose mind

is but imperfectly informed, or who does not surrender his entire and continued attention to the preacher, is not likely to become one of Mr. Morris' stated hearers. There is a system or method visible in his sermons which proves, that the retirement of the study is principally spent in preparations for the pulpit.

Mr. Morris is partial in his sanctuary ministrations, to the syllogistic form of reasoning; and in this I have often thought him exceedingly happy. If I be not mistaken, he has carefully studied logic. At all events he proves himself master of the leading principles of the science. His reasonings, as may be inferred from what I have just stated, are condensed as well as usually conclusive. It has often struck me, that he also excels in clearly laying down certain admitted facts, and then ingeniously deducing certain incontrovertible consequences from them. The consequences so deduced from the facts he has stated, he is skilful in turning to a practical account. Sometimes I have thought, that if he were to intersperse a certain amount of what is commonly called

declamation, but which I would term appealing to the feelings of his hearers, with his reasonings and his facts, he would greatly add to the effect of his discourses; impressive though they usually are.

Mr. Morris' style is generally chaste. He is sparing in the use of rhetorical phrases. But though he does not deal largely in metaphors, he is for the most part happy in his choice of those he does employ. His diction rarely exhibits any signs of elaboration: though sufficiently correct to please the most fastidious taste, it seems as natural as if it did not cost him an effort.

In parts of some of his sermons, I have occasionally fancied that I recognized evidences of a disposition to be speculative. I have not, however, often detected the speculative spirit in the reverend gentleman's ministrations; and when I have, it has only been in comparatively small portions of them. I have mentioned in my "Travels in Town," one or two instances of the purely speculative opinions I have heard him advance.

As an expositor of Scripture, I am disposed to rank Mr. Morris very high among the ministers of London; whether in the establishment or out of it. I need not here repeat what I have stated in the work just named, respecting his devoting twice as much of his time to the preparation of his Thursday evening lectures, as he does to his usual Sabbath-day sermons. If, therefore, he occupies a high place among our metropolitan preachers, considered as a sermonizer, it is but fair to expect that with double the amount of study, he should particularly excel in his expositions of the scriptures. Though intimately conversant with the Bible, his references to it in proof of his positions, are not very frequent.

In his religious creed, Mr. Morris is a moderate Calvinist; but he does not often introduce into the pulpit matters of a controversial nature. He is not only an original thinker himself, and one who fearlessly gives expression to his views, however opposed they may be to those which generally obtain among the parties with whom he chiefly associates, but

he cherishes the most unbounded liberality towards all who differ from him.

Mr. Morris has, for several years past, laboured under a greater or less measure of indisposition. About three years ago, his friends were not without apprehensions as to the result. His own impression too was then, at times, that the issue of his illness was problematical. I rather think, from certain expressions I heard him make use of at the period in question, in the pulpit, that he leaned to the belief that he should not recover. Some of his prayers about that time, breathed a remarkably resigned and heavenly spirit. His illness often, for eight or ten months, interrupted his ministerial labours. He is now much better, but is by no means well. He is frequently obliged to get some of the more gifted members of his church to commence the services for him, by giving out a hymn, reading a chapter, and offering up the first prayer.

Mr. Morris is of retired manners. He mixes but little even among the religious portion of the community. He seldom takes an active

part in the proceedings of those societies which the Dissenters have formed. He is still more rarely to be seen on the platform at any public meeting. He is naturally reserved, and his protracted illness has, no doubt, in this respect, increased what is constitutional. In the pulpit or in private, any one would at once infer from the mere expression of his countenance, that he is of retiring habits. There is something pensive as well as reserved in that expression; and the tones of his voice are in accordance with it. Though clear, they are of a plaintive and melancholy kind. His utterance is timed with judgment to the ear. He equally avoids the extremes of slow and rapid speaking. His delivery is easy, and he seldom has occasion to recall a word. In the commencement of his sermons he is quiet and calm: the same may be said of his speaking, during the greater part of his discourse; but occasionally he raises his voice to a pitch of which you would think it incapable. On such occasions, his gesture becomes proportionably energetic. He withdraws himself a foot or so from the front of the pulpit,

and assuming a more erect attitude than he usually exhibits, stretches out both his hands in a horizontal position, or raises them above his head. I have seldom known these more animated displays last more than half-a-minute at a time. If they were more frequent and more sustained, Mr. Morris would be one of the most popular of our metropolitan preachers. In commencing his sermon, and during the delivery of the exordium, his favourite practice is to lean over the pulpit, and to speak in a rather low and subdued though audible tone of voice. As he advances in his discourse, he turns first to those of his hearers on the left of the pulpit, and then to those on the right; his gesture all the while consisting chiefly of a slight movement of the right arm. It is only when he has got into the heart of his subject, that his action becomes energetic, or that he speaks with the animation I have endeavoured to describe.

In person, Mr. Morris is about the middle height. He is of a rather firm and compact make. His shoulders are of more than the average breadth; and altogether there is an in-

clination to the athletic in his figure. His face has more of the rotund than the oval form. His features are regular and pleasing: they are expressive of much goodness of disposition as well as of the reserve and pensiveness to which I have referred. He has a dark, quick, and penetrating eye. In his more animated moments his brow, which is partly concealed by the protuberance of his black bushy hair, has a contracted appearance. His complexion is dark, though I have imagined I have on some occasions seen it look very pale; most probably owing to physical illness. His age is about forty.

The Rev. JAMES SHERMAN, minister of Surrey Chapel, was set apart to the pastoral charge of the church and congregation meeting in that place, in September, 1836. The circumstances under which the reverend gentleman became the minister of Surrey Chapel, are curious. In about twelve months after the death of their late pastor, the Rev. Rowland Hill, the congregation gave a unanimous call to Mr. Sherman to become the successor of Mr. Hill.

Mr. Sherman at once declined the invitation, urging as his reasons for so doing, that he was then labouring in a sphere, in Reading, of great usefulness,—that his people were most affectionately attached to him,—and that being also in ill health, and feeling a sense of incompetency otherwise, he could not contemplate for a moment the acceptance of so extensive and responsible a charge as that of Surrey Chapel. The church and congregation meeting in the chapel, were greatly grieved and much disappointed at the resolution to which Mr. Sherman had come; and began to look about them in other quarters for a suitable pastor. Candidates came from all parts of the country, and no doubt preached their best sermons, and in their best manner, in Surrey Chapel: still the people could not agree in their choice of any one. Parties were formed in favour of various preachers; but nothing like a majority of the congregation could be got to support any particular individual. Eighteen months had intervened, matters all the while remaining in this state, since Mr.

Sherman had declined the invitation given him to undertake the pastoral care of the church and congregation of Surrey Chapel; and even at the end of that time there was not the slightest prospect of their being able to fix on any one else as a suitable successor to Mr. Rowland Hill. In this very painful state of matters they determined to send a second and most urgent invitation to Mr. Sherman to become their pastor. The invitation was perhaps one of the most unanimous which ever a Christian minister received from any people. Mr. Sherman, having consulted with many of his friends, and made the matter the subject of frequent and fervent prayer for the divine direction, came to the conclusion that he clearly recognised the hand of God in his receiving the renewed invitation, and that consequently it was his duty to hesitate no longer, but cheerfully, and at once, to accept it.

Mr. Sherman was for sixteen years the pastor of the Independent Church in Reading; and, in return for the innumerable marks of attachment which his people had shown him,

had, after being some time amongst them, assured them of his full determination to live and die their minister. When reminded of this pledge, after it was understood that he had accepted the second invitation to become pastor of Surrey Chapel, he stated that circumstances had so materially altered since he made the promise, that he no longer considered it morally binding. At that time he said there was a great want of the gospel in Reading; but since then many devoted clergymen in the church had been settled in the place, and other events took place which rendered his labours less necessary there, than they were when he was set apart to the work of the ministry among them. Mr. Sherman alluded to these matters in the first sermon he preached in Surrey Chapel after he was ordained the pastor of the church and congregation there.

From private sources of information, I am justified in stating, that seldom has a Christian minister entered on the discharge of the duties of the pastoral office, with a deeper sense of the arduousness of those duties and the respon-

sibility which attaches to that office, than did Mr. Sherman, when he was appointed to Surrey Chapel. I believe I may say with truth, that it was with fear and trembling that he undertook the pastoral care of the people assembling in that place of worship. Hence there was a peculiar propriety in the text from which he preached his first sermon after his public connection with them. That text was this—"I will go in the strength of God, the Lord."

In the course of the sermon, he dwelt with great feeling on his own incompetency for the office he had undertaken, and stated that all his dependence for success in it, rested on the strength which He who had called him to it had promised to communicate.

Mr. Sherman is a very attractive as well as able preacher. His manner is mild and prepossessing. His countenance wears an expression of fixed serenity. Its cheerfulness, when dwelling on the more gracious features of the Christian system, or the more precious promises of the gospel, is so marked as to have

sometimes the appearance of a smile. The tones of his voice, too, are pleasant in no ordinary degree. In some of their intonations they are highly musical. His elocution is, on the whole, good. Its chief defect consists in giving a particularly broad pronunciation to occasional words, and in imparting a slight occasional twang to his voice. His utterance is easy ; it does not seem to be a work of labour to him to express his views. Occasionally, but not often, he very slightly stutters ; and now and then recalls a word to substitute a better for it. I have observed that this chiefly occurs in the delivery of the reverend gentleman's discourses on the Tuesday evenings. I have very rarely witnessed it in the course of his Sabbath-day ministrations. The circumstance may be easily accounted for. The claims on Mr. Sherman's time are so numerous and urgent, that he is unable to bestow the amount of preparation he could wish on three sermons every week ; and therefore, as a matter of course, he is more careful in the preparation of the two intended for the Sunday than in the one in-

tended for the Tuesday evening. Mr. Sherman avoids the extremes of hurried and slow speaking. He pitches his voice at the commencement on such a key as to make himself sufficiently audible in all parts of the chapel; but as he proceeds, he occasionally speaks in louder tones. He usually warms with his subject, and then he becomes very animated and impressive. Generally his action is subdued. A gentle motion of his right arm is the most observable thing in his gesticulation. When he works himself up to more than his accustomed animation, he somewhat liberally uses both arms. When speaking of heaven, he almost always raises his eyes to the ceiling, and points with extended arm in an upward direction. He scarcely ever looks towards the gallery, and rarely to any other part of the chapel than that part of the area which is directly before him. His manner is always earnest; it is frequently impassioned. When engaged in prayer, one of Mr. Sherman's favourite attitudes is to rest both hands on the pulpit, while his head is put into a slightly drooping posi-

tion, as if he were looking at the Bible. At intervals, he stands more erect, raises his hands from the pulpit, moderately extends his arms, opens his eyes, and gently moves his body as if occasionally standing on tiptoe. His prayers, which are fervent, spiritual, and comprehensive, are in most cases more lengthened on the week nights than on Sundays. The average time he occupies in his first prayer on the Tuesday evenings, may be about a quarter of an hour; on the Sundays I should think it is always under ten minutes. Perhaps the reason of the difference is, that on the Sabbath-days, the chapel being still nominally in the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, though actually Independent, the Church service is read, which necessarily trenches on the time allotted to Mr. Sherman's pulpit duties; while it is dispensed with on the week-day evenings.

Mr. Sherman's preaching is always clear. There never is any thing mystical or even of difficult comprehension in it. It scarcely requires an effort to understand or to follow him. If he seldom starts any strikingly original ideas,

he as rarely falls below mediocrity. If he scarcely ever soars, neither does he ever sink. His matter is almost uniformly good. He is one of the most equal preachers I know; and not only is he equal in one sermon as compared with another, but there is a marked equality in the various parts of the same sermon. He who hears Mr. Sherman once,—always assuming that it is when preaching one of his Sabbath-day discourses,—may safely enough conclude that he has been furnished with a fair specimen of his pulpit talents. He seldom deals in ratiocinative reasoning. Indeed, except when urging on his hearers the claims which the interests of eternity have on their attention, he can hardly be said to deal in reasoning at all. His forte, and not only his forte, but delight, evidently consists in bringing before his audience the leading doctrines of the gospel, and in applying those doctrines in their various bearings, to the consciences of all present. A large portion of Mr. Sherman's sermons consists of purely practical matter. His style is always good; it is often eloquent. It

is natural and correct. He rarely meddles with tropes or figures. It exhibits no signs of effort; it is consequently in unison with his easy mode of speaking.

Mr. Sherman's whole heart and soul are evidently in his work. Though, physically, his pulpit duties may be felt to be in some measure a burden, owing to a constitution not over robust at any time, and which has been less strong for some years past than formerly, I am sure that, mentally, his happiest moments are those which are spent in the services of the sanctuary. He seems to have in a special manner dedicated himself to the work of the ministry, and to the performance of those other duties to his congregation which are connected with the pastoral office. This will account for his being less frequently to be seen on the public platform than many others of his brethren of the ministry. The desire of his heart appears to be to labour with and for his own people; and in a great measure to limit his labours to them. As an illustration of this desire, and as showing at the same time how devoted he is to the

work of the ministry, I may mention that about six months ago, he instituted a series of consecutive week-day services in his chapel, besides protracting those of the Sabbath-day, for the purpose of bringing about a revival of religion, similar to the revivals which took place some years since in many of the American churches. Mr. Sherman stated publicly several months since, that in the course of a few weeks after he and the church had thus begun to make these additional efforts for the conversion of sinners; for an increased sanctity of heart and life on the part of the saints; and for the reclaiming of backsliders, about sixty persons, hitherto entirely careless about their souls, had conversed with him on the subject of their salvation, either in the vestry after the close of the services, or at his own house; and that the intercourse which he or his deacons had with them afterwards, left no room whatever to doubt that, with one exception, all these individuals were converted to God.

Mr. Sherman, I should have before remarked, is partial to the introduction of illustrative

anecdotes into his discourses. I have seldom heard him preach without relating two or three anecdotes. On some occasions I have heard him introduce five or six. His anecdotes, I should observe, refer for the most part to circumstances which have come under his own observation, or which have been verbally communicated to him by friends: they are not often taken from books. And in his pulpit relation of anecdotes, Mr. Sherman excels most ministers I know. He relates them with great artlessness and effect.

While in Reading, Mr. Sherman was for a considerable time disabled from preaching, through serious indisposition. This was several years ago. When thus confined to his closet, and unable to minister from the pulpit or with the living voice, he occupied his time, when his illness would allow the use of his pen, in writing a small work for the benefit of his people. It is entitled, "A Guide to Acquaintance with God." It has gone through several editions; nor has its success been greater than its merits. It is pervaded by a spirit of

fervent piety, ably enforces the duty and advantages of a close walk with God, and is entitled to high commendation viewed merely as a literary composition. With the exception of a few detached sermons preached on particular occasions, I am not aware of anything else which has proceeded from Mr. Sherman's pen; and giving up, as he now does, almost his whole time to the discharge of his pastoral duties, the presumption is that he will not, at any rate for a considerable period, again appear in the capacity of author.

It is not generally known that after he had been some time settled at Reading, Mr. Sherman had serious thoughts of abjuring Independency and entering the Church of England. Obstacles which he did not in the first instance anticipate prevented the completion of his purpose. There are some ministers in the metropolis who still think that he has even yet a marked liking for the Hierarchy. I have reason to believe that such is not the fact. I think I speak from good authority when I say, that he has now very strong conscientious objections

to an established church of any kind, and that he particularly disapproves of Episcopacy. I may add, unless I am greatly mistaken, that he is now thoroughly convinced that the Congregational form of church government is the only one which has the slightest sanction in the Scriptures.

Mr. Sherman's congregation is the largest in London. Perhaps it is the largest in the kingdom. I should think it cannot, on an average, consist of much less than three thousand persons.* Even on Tuesday evenings, the usual attendance cannot be under one thousand three hundred, or one thousand five hundred. With such an extensive sphere of labour before him, and as he is yet in the prime of life, being not, I should think, more than forty-four or forty-five years of age, there

*The reverend gentleman's salary is not so great as one would be apt to suppose from the number of his hearers. It depends in some measure on the amount received for the sittings in the chapel. Including the free house attached to the chapel, Mr. Sherman's income is under five hundred pounds per annum. The truth is, that though there are many wealthy people in his congregation, the majority are poor.

are grounds for supposing, especially as he is so devoted to the work of the ministry, that he will be made the instrument of a vast amount of spiritual benefit in that part of the metropolis in which Surrey Chapel is situated.

CHAPTER X.

INDEPENDENT MINISTERS—(*continued.*)

The Rev. John Burnet—The Rev. John Blackburn—The Rev. Dr. Bennett—The Rev. John Clayton—The Rev. Thomas Binney—The Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed—The Rev. Dr. Fletcher.

THE Rev. JOHN BURNET, of Camberwell, is very often supposed to be an Irishman. The mistake arises from the circumstance of his having been many years the minister of a chapel in Cork; from which place he came to London seven or eight years ago, having been chosen the successor of the late Rev. William Orme. Mr. Burnet is by birth a Scotchman, and remained, I believe, in his native place, Perth, until he had passed his twentieth year. There is a marked mixture in his speeches, of the Scotch and Irish modes of pronouncing particular words. I could easily

imagine a Scotchman and Irishman, after hearing the reverend gentleman preach or speak, having a very animated war of words together, as to which of them could justly claim him as a countryman.

When Mr. Burnet first came to London, he excited extraordinary attention as a platform speaker. It was enough for the Exeter-Hall-going part of the public, to know that Mr. Burnet was to speak on any particular occasion, to insure their attendance in thousands. The cheers with which he was always greeted on his presenting himself to address any meeting, were deafening in the most emphatic sense of the word. And many were the instances in which, in the course of his address, the speaker's voice was literally drowned amidst thunders of applause. Nor were these unequivocal proofs of the reverend gentleman's popularity as a speaker, undeserved; for he certainly did make many brilliant speeches on these occasions. Almost every alternate sentence contained some sparkling idea, or strikingly ingenious illustration; while the infinite good

humour, and the utter absence of all affectation and conceit, which characterised their delivery, made the reverend gentleman's speeches tell with peculiar effect.

Hitherto I have spoken in the past tense, of Mr. Burnet as a platform speaker. Let not that circumstance lead to any erroneous conclusions. Let no one infer from it, that Mr. Burnet has fallen off, or that he has exhausted himself by the numerous speeches he was called on to make in the course of the first few years he was settled in the metropolis. Nothing of the kind. Mr. Burnet still makes exceedingly felicitous speeches; but he does not now "draw" to the same extent as before; neither would an address equally good and equally well delivered, now, elicit the same thunders of applause as formerly. "Why is this?" I may be asked. Simply, because the novelty of the thing has worn off. Every body has heard the reverend gentleman speak, and, therefore, he now addresses an audience under less advantageous circumstances than formerly. No one who has been any time in London can be un-

acquainted with the influence which novelty, or the want of it, has in such matters.

As a preacher, Mr. Burnet never ranked particularly high. In saying this, however, I must again guard myself against being misunderstood. It is only as an experimental preacher, that I think Mr. Burnet comparatively fails. His sermons want that savour of vital religion to which I attach so much importance. They are not sufficiently calculated to arouse the careless, and to show the sinner, as in a mirror, his own utter vileness. Neither does he track with sufficient closeness, the various vagrancies of the believer's heart. In short, Mr. Burnet appears to me to fail in dealing adequately with the consciences of the unconverted, or with the feelings and experiences of the believer. But if viewed in reference to his own knowledge of the scope and evidences of the Christian scheme, or his manner of vindicating against scoffers, or sceptics, or infidels, or whatever else they may choose to call themselves, the grand peculiarities of that scheme, then I should say at once, that he is entitled to a place in the

first rank of Christian preachers. He possesses a mind of great acuteness; is extensively informed; and can conduct an argument with the enemies of our common faith, with surpassing ability. He attacks them in their own strongholds, and dislodges and routs them in the most triumphant manner. He is a clear and conclusive reasoner: he has an eagle eye to the weak points of an adversary, and pounces upon and exposes them at once. He is exceedingly skilful in following out his own arguments, and turning them to the best advantage. In this way he has been of essential service to the cause of Christianity.

His manner of preaching is not attractive. It wants warmth. It is comparatively cold and lifeless. He has very little action. I have never heard him in his own chapel, and, therefore, cannot say whether he uses a paper when preaching to his own people; but on any occasion on which I have heard him in other chapels, he not only had his paper before him, but read from it very closely. I am the more surprised at this, because I have repeatedly seen him, at

public meetings, display extemporaneous resources of no ordinary kind. His voice is clear, and his articulation is distinct. At public meetings his gesticulation is often vehement, and his manner altogether is animated in no ordinary degree. Not only does he impart an ample motion to his arms, but he also liberally moves his body from the left to the right.

Mr. Burnet's congregation is respectable both in point of numbers and wealth. Perhaps the average attendance in his chapel may be about eight hundred. I cannot speak with certainty as to the amount of the income he derives from his chapel; but I believe it is four hundred pounds per annum. He possesses private property which brings him in about another four hundred pounds a-year.

Mr. Burnet has taken a most active part in all the plans which have for some years past been adopted by the Dissenters in opposition to the principle of religious establishments. And no one who has heard him speak on the subject, could help admiring his talents, however much they may have differed from his

views. My own conviction is, that he has come forward with too much frequency and promi- nency on these occasions,—inasmuch as persons are too apt to conclude, however unjustly, that there is more or less of the partizan in such exhibitions.

It was proposed some time ago by the Dis- senters, to endeavour to get Mr. Burnet re- turned to Parliament, for the purpose of advo- cating their interests there. The reverend gentleman, when the views of his Dissenting friends were first communicated to him, ex- pressed great reluctance to concur in the pro- ject, on the ground that his heart was too much engaged in the work of the ministry to think of relinquishing the pastoral office for the legis- lative character; but on its being represented to him of what benefit to the cause of religion generally, he might be made the instrument, in such a place as the House of Commons, he event- ually signified his readiness to become a candidate for the first vacancy in the representation of the country, where the Dissenting interest may be

sufficiently powerful to hold out a probability of his success.

Mr. Burnet would make a most efficient representative of the Dissenting interest in Parliament; for, in addition to his great ability and his varied information, he possesses an indomitable moral courage. Not only would an adverse House of Commons find it impossible to put him down by the approved methods of coughing, laughing, ironical cheering, hooting, braying, &c.; but they would not, even in the slightest degree, disconcert him. He would make himself as much at home on the first night of his introduction to the House, as among his own friends at Exeter Hall. He is one of the few men who are the same in the most altered circumstances in which they can be placed. His conduct is always grounded on lofty principle, and no earthly consideration will divert him from his purpose when he sees the path of duty to be clear.

In private, Mr. Burnet is an exceedingly agreeable man. He is greatly esteemed by his people, and by the Dissenting body generally.

He has a kindly heart and a most obliging disposition.

There is one peculiarity, and only one, so far as I am aware, in his religious views. He holds, that in private, Christians ought not to pray in the presence of unconverted persons. This is a Sandemanian notion, though various persons not professing Sandemanianism have entertained it. In conformity with it, Mr. Burnet, I am told, does not observe family worship in his house, in the broader acceptation of the phrase. He calls his servants to hear a chapter of the Bible read morning and evening, but does not pray in their presence.

I do not know of any work of any importance which the reverend gentleman has written. Particular sermons of his occasionally appear in the Pulpit, and other similar publications ; which, though for the most part defective in the respects before-mentioned, evince the man of superior talent, and of a high order of intellectual cultivation.

In person, he is short and stout. He has a broad pleasing-looking face. His countenance

when on the platform is always lighted up with a smile. His complexion is fair, slightly tinged with a ruddy hue, and his hair, which is usually short, and exhibits no appearance of receiving much attention at his hands, is of a reddish colour. His appearance may be described in two or three words; he is a plain, homely, good-natured-looking man. His age must be between forty-five and fifty.

The Rev. JOHN BLACKBURN, of Claremont Chapel, Pentonville, had not quitted Hoxton academy many months, before he acquired considerable distinction as a preacher. He was first settled in a small town in Essex, the name of which at this moment escapes my remembrance. He was settled in the place in question in 1815, and in the following year was invited to undertake the pastoral care of the church and congregation over which he now presides. How far the congregation has improved both in a pecuniary point of view and in numbers, will be readily inferred, when I mention that his salary is now about double what it originally

was. At first it was only three hundred and fifty pounds per annum; now it is six hundred pounds, and a free house; making it as near as may be equal to seven hundred pounds. That Mr. Blackburn's congregation is respectable as well as large, is a fact which I need not state, after mentioning the amount they pay him for his pastoral labours.

The reverend gentleman occupies a distinguished place among the popular preachers of London. Wherever he officiates in his ministerial capacity, he draws a large concourse of hearers. By his own people, he is particularly liked. It is to them a great disappointment when any other minister has occasion to occupy his pulpit. His discourses exhibit marks of great care and much study in their preparation. There is a closeness in the connection of the various parts with each other, which could only be the result of a great expenditure of previous thought.

In all Mr. Blackburn's sermons you discover manifestations of cultivated intellect, and varied information, as well as of decided piety. In-

stead of falling into the besetting sin of being too diffuse in his illustrations of particular positions, I have sometimes thought that he erred on the opposite extreme, of not extending those illustrations to a sufficient length. He is affluent in ideas to which the adjective "good" may at all times be applied: in many cases they are of an order of merit which may perhaps be more fitly characterised by the term "happy," than by any other that could be employed. I am not sure whether he does not at times give particular parts of his sermons too much of a disquisitionary character. I have sometimes thought, too, that he expended ingenious arguments where no argument was needed. A certain amount of it is, doubtless, occasionally needful; but I must here repeat what I have before said, that care ought to be taken that well-reasoned passages do not occupy too much of the time of the preacher. Close and earnest appeals to the conscience; admonition, reproof, exhortation, and entreaty, are things which I should always like to see forming the largest proportion of every address

delivered to persons assembled in a place of Christian worship.

The matter of Mr. Blackburn's sermons is of a nature eminently calculated to enlighten the mind. He has evidently an intimate acquaintance with theology, in all its bearings; and the knowledge which he possesses himself, he is happy in communicating to his hearers. If they are not an intelligent people, the fault must rest with themselves, not with their pastor.

The reverend gentleman's manner is not so good as his matter. His stated hearers being accustomed to his manner do not, of course, so readily perceive any defect in it as a stranger does. It is wanting in variety. There is not only a considerable sameness in his voice, which has something of a melancholy, though by no means unpleasant, character in its tones, but his gesticulation is not sufficiently abundant or energetic. He usually commences with his hands resting on either side of the pulpit. As he proceeds, he makes a moderate motion, first with one arm, and then with the other. At

times, especially when he has got fairly into the heart of his subject, he clasps his hands together, and slightly moves them above or beside the cushion of the pulpit. In a few seconds they are again separated, and are seen resting, as before, on either side of the pulpit. Usually he stands as close as is practicable to the front of the pulpit, and sometimes partially leans over it; but when he warms with his subject, he draws himself back, and becomes somewhat liberal of his gesticulation. He seldom directs his eye to that part of his audience in the area of the chapel; but causes it to range over the whole of the gallery, especially those parts which are on his right and left. A considerable number of his hearers are, owing to the situation of the pulpit, seated in a part of the gallery behind him: he occasionally turns himself about in the pulpit so as to be able to bestow upon them a transitory glance. His eye is exceedingly quick. The least motion of any person in any part of the chapel, is sure to be at once perceived by him; and he usually shows that he recognises it, by

looking in the direction in which it occurs. Not less acute in its perceptions, is his ear. The slightest sound which is made in the chapel is heard by him, and he seems to be, not disconcerted but annoyed by it. I have no idea that the unpleasantness he feels in such a case is on his own account. My impression is, that it is on account of his hearers whose attention is in danger of being diverted from the truths he is delivering, by noise of any kind.

I remember about two years ago seeing him pause in the middle of his sermon, in consequence of the frequency with which the audience were coughing, and hearing him beg, as a special favour, that they would endeavour to refrain from coughing. He urged this on them, on the ground of the tendency which so much and such continued noise had to distract the attention of others from the worship of God. The appeal, or the rebuke, whichever it should be called, had only the effect of making matters worse. Not that any one forced a cough: he is held in too high estimation, and regarded with too great an affection by his people, for

that ; but that the more they tried to prevent their coughing, the more did they feel that irritation of the throat which is the cause of coughing.

Mr. Blackburn, though he can hardly be called a hurried speaker, expresses himself with more than the average rapidity. And yet he never hesitates a moment, as if at a loss either for ideas or words. His mind seems well-stored with the former, and of the latter he has always an abundant supply at hand. He seldom uses the wrong word ; not perhaps on an average above four or five times in the course of a sermon, and even then he checks and corrects himself so promptly, that the hearer scarcely discovers the slip which has been made. His favourite term in addressing his people is, "Brethren;" but he occasionally uses the old-fashioned epithet of "Sirs."

Mr. Blackburn's style is good. It has nothing stilted, or artificial, or affected in it. It is always perspicuous ; sometimes it is polished without any appearance of elaboration. On repeated occasions, I have heard the reverend

gentleman in his pulpit addresses, rise to what I deemed a superior order of eloquence. The only regret on such occasions was, that his discourses were not more sustained.

Mr. Blackburn, contrary to the practice which prevails in our metropolitan chapels, always gives out the hymn or psalm himself with which the services commence. He also reads the first four lines. During about one-half of the time of singing he stands, and his voice may often be heard above that of others, in singing the praises of God. When about half the hymn is sung, he resumes his seat in the pulpit. In giving out the hymn or psalm which follows the sermon, he repeats the whole of the lines meant to be sung, before the vocal exercise begins. I confess my decided partiality to this practice of the minister himself giving out the psalm or hymn, and reading it over, before the congregation engage in the praise of God. This is the custom in all the places of worship in which I have been in Scotland, and it also prevails to a great ex-

tent among the provincial congregations in England.

Mr. Blackburn is one of the very few Independent ministers of any note in London, who do not wear the gown and bands, when in the pulpit. Indeed, I can hardly call to mind more than one other Independent preacher in the metropolis, who does not patronise these usual badges of the ministerial office.

As an author, the reverend gentleman is not much known. He has published several detached sermons, delivered on particular occasions, and also some small works, chiefly, if my memory be not at fault, in the pamphlet form. He has, however, written more extensively than most persons are aware. In the course of the ten or twelve years during which he has been editor or co-editor of the "Congregational Magazine," he has written a great variety of papers in that work, which have not been known beyond the circle of his private friends—perhaps I should rather say his family—to have proceeded from his pen. The circumstance of his devoting much of his attention

to the management of the periodical just named, and at the same time presiding over a congregation of one thousand seven hundred or one thousand eight hundred persons, without any complaint on their part of neglect of duty, proves him to be a man of active habits.

Judging from Mr. Blackburn's appearance in the pulpit, I should take him to be a man of middle size and well-made. He uses an eye-glass, which for the sake of convenience when in the pulpit, is always to be seen dangling on his breast. Let no one infer from this that he pays anything like undue attention to his personal appearance. On the contrary, I should rather say that he dresses with much plainness. He wears no collar to his shirt; or if he do, it is not visible; while, instead of the stocks which are now so common, he patronises the good old-fashioned neckerchief, tied in the "good old-fashioned way." His face is of a somewhat angular conformation. His hair is of a dark brown colour, and his complexion is clear. His forehead is straight and broad. In his eye-brows there is nothing pro-

minent ; but his dark blue eyes are piercing in their glances, and quick in their movements. The use he makes of them forms, if I may so speak, a very important part of his action. The features of his face generally are, I should also say, pretty liberally pressed at times into his service. He occasionally contracts his brow, and looks unusually grave when his matter is of a more than ordinarily solemn nature ; while, on the other hand, when he is expatiating on the promises or consolations of the gospel, or dwelling on the glorious prospects which the saint has before him in that immortal state to which he is rapidly posting, his countenance is lightened up with an expression of joy. His age, unless his appearance be deceptive in this respect, must be between forty-six and forty-eight.

The Rev. DR. BENNETT, of Silver Street Chapel, Cheapside, has been the pastor of the congregation meeting there, for ten or twelve years. For a long period before his settlement in London, the reverend gentleman was Theo-

logical Tutor of Rotherham Academy, and also minister of the Independent chapel in that town.

I spent some days in Rotherham last autumn, and had many proofs furnished me of the high estimation in which he is held in that place. His reason for quitting a sphere in which he had been eminently useful, and where he was so much respected, was the circumstance of the conjoint claims which his people and his students had upon his time, proving too much for a constitution not, seemingly, over robust at any time, but which an accumulation of threescore years on his head, had rendered still less capable of enduring much physical fatigue.

Dr. Bennett ranks high as a preacher. There is stamina in all his discourses. His matter is judicious and evangelical, and has always a strongly practical tendency. I know few men who have more accurate views of the gospel scheme, or who are happier in placing its grand peculiarities clearly before the minds of their hearers. If his conceptions are not of

a lofty order; if you are never struck by anything profound or masterly in his illustrations of divine truth, you are delighted and instructed by the number, and in many cases, the beauty of his ideas. His matter is instinct with thought, though not of the highest order. He is also very pointed, and to the purpose. He never digresses, neither is he ever diffuse. There is an unction in his preaching which renders him a special favourite with all who have sounded the depths of Christian experience, or made considerable progress in the divine life. He is peculiarly adapted for edifying and comforting believers. As an expositor, he is particularly happy. His elucidations of difficult passages of scripture are often extremely felicitous. He usually throws new light on such passages, and makes his interpretations of them so exceedingly clear, that every one wonders how it could have happened that he should not have before seen the matter in the same point of view. He is a sound critic, and an excellent scholar; but he scrupulously abstains from any thing in his

ordinary pulpit ministrations, which could have the appearance of display.

His style is perspicuous and terse; like his ideas it is compressed. It is sufficiently polished to be entitled to the praise of being chaste, and yet not so polished as to impair its strength. There is often a beautiful simplicity about it: on some occasions it rises to true eloquence.

The reverend gentleman's manner is mild and winning. There is something in his aspect which invariably inspires a feeling of veneration in all who chance to be in his presence. His countenance has a kind, affectionate, and benignant expression, and the tones of his voice are in happy accord with it. They are always soft and pleasant; they are often of a touchingly plaintive kind. He speaks with much ease and considerable rapidity. He is never at a loss either for ideas or words. He can never be taken unprepared. Give him a text at any time, and he will give you an appropriate sermon. His gesture is not vehement, but it is continued. His hands are

almost always in use, while his head is constantly turning from one part of the chapel to the other. His manner altogether is agreeable. He keeps up the attention from the beginning to the end of his discourse. There is much warmth in his manner, without anything like extravagance. No one can hear him preach without feeling assured that all he says emanates from the fountain of his heart.

Dr. Bennett gives his people a lecture or address of about forty minutes' duration, every Thursday evening. I have not been in Silver Street Chapel on a week-day evening in the summer time; and therefore cannot say whether it be in the body of the chapel or not that the meeting then takes place; but in the winter season, those of his hearers who can make it convenient to attend on the Thursday evenings, assemble in the vestry, where he prays with, and for, and preaches to, them. It is a most interesting and delightful sight, to see the reverend gentleman, with his silvery hair, his partially wrinkled face, his intelligent, kindly, and venerable coun-

tenance, standing up in the midst of his little flock, and expounding to them, in affectionate accents, the Word of God. No one could witness the lovely scene, without comparing it in his own mind to that of a father calling his children, his relatives, and domestics around the family altar, there to worship that Being whose they are and whom it is their desire to serve.

In his usual pulpit ministrations, as will be inferred from what I have already stated, Dr. Bennett abstains from any thing of a speculative or argumentative kind. But let no one conclude from this, that he has not applied his mind to the study of the abstruser points of theology, or that he is not gifted with argumentative powers. On the contrary, he is intimately conversant with the former class of topics, and greatly excels as a reasoner. He has proved himself an able champion of Christianity and signally routed the Infidel hosts, after allowing them to choose their own ground. In 1831, he delivered a series of lectures on Infidelity and in defence of Christianity,—

which lectures were afterwards published,—in his own chapel. The lectures were attended by crowds of infidels of various kinds; atheists, deists, sceptics, and so forth. At the close of each lecture, Dr. Bennett expressed his willingness to answer any objection which any rejecter of Christianity might think fit to urge against any of the positions he had advanced. Mr. Robert Taylor, who had shortly before left the Church of England, and embraced Deism or Atheism,—I believe he himself hardly knew which,—accepted the challenge, and for several successive lecture nights, started various learned and specious objections to what Dr. Bennet had advanced. The answers of the reverend gentleman evinced a most intimate acquaintance with the whole controversy between the friends and opponents of the Christian system, and remarkable readiness and felicity in demolishing the arguments of his Infidel antagonist; as the lectures themselves proved him to be a man of a vigorous and richly cultivated mind. Only see how conclusively, and in how few words, Dr. Bennett on this occasion refuted

the infidel notion that man is not accountable for his belief. Mr. Taylor had mooted the point in this way: "But I suppose the lecturer (Dr. Bennett) will admit what was asserted by Dr. Whitby, that man is not accountable for his belief; our belief is the necessary result of what appears to be evidence of truth." To this Dr. Bennett replied, "I utterly deny that man is not accountable for his belief. If he be not accountable for his belief, he is accountable for nothing; for all his actions spring from his belief. Is it not notorious that a man's belief is influenced by his moral character? According as he likes or dislikes a thing, he turns his attention towards it, or away from it. When any sentiment presents its evidences to the mind, if the heart is averse to it, we look askew at its evidences, and turn instantly towards those things which seem to contradict it; till at length, we acquire that distorted position which makes us lose sight of an unwelcome truth, and keep nothing in view but that which suits our taste."

Nor is it with infidels only that Dr. Bennett

has had to enter the controversial lists. He has had to contend with Christians; with Christian ministers; with ministers of his own denomination; aye, and his personal friends too. A few years ago he carried on a very animated controversy through the medium of some of the religious periodicals of the day, with Dr. J. Pye Smith, in opposition to that reverend gentleman's learned endeavours to show, that the Song of Solomon is not an inspired book, and has consequently no right to be placed among the canonical books of scripture. In maintaining the opposite opinion, and in grappling with his antagonist's arguments, Dr. Bennett proved himself to be at once a man of varied information and of acute and vigorous mind. Dr. J. Pye Smith has since acknowledged that he was in error on this point, as he had done previously in reference to the opinion he so long entertained, that after the soul quits the body, it remains in a state of sleep till the morning of the resurrection. Whether the arguments of Dr. Bennett, or his own maturer thoughts on the subject, were the means of in-

ducing Dr. J. Pye Smith to renounce the opinion that the Canticles are not inspired, is a matter on which I am not informed.

Dr. Bennett is well known in the religious world as an author. The History of Dissenters, written by him and Dr. Bogue conjointly, may be said to be a standard book. It appeared early in the present century, and has been brought down to the year 1838, by the recent publication of an additional volume by the reverend gentleman. His "Lectures on the History of Christ," published in two volumes fifteen or sixteen years ago, reached a second edition, as did his "Lectures on the Preaching of Christ," in one volume, brought out a few years since. Dr. Bennett is the author of various smaller works, whose titles it is unnecessary to specify.

The number of persons constituting the reverend gentleman's congregation, I should take to be from eight hundred to a thousand. I believe, without being able to speak positively on the point, that his salary is four hundred pounds a-year.

Of his personal appearance, some idea will be formed from observations already made. He is above the ordinary height, and of a rather slender form. His face is of the oval shape, and is slightly shrivelled through the effects of advanced years. His complexion is sallow, and the little that remains of his hair is, as before mentioned, of a silvery hue. His eyebrows have a very marked appearance, owing to the unusual length and quantity of the hair on them. His age, I should think, must exceed the three-score-and-ten years assigned by the psalmist as the usual limits of man's mortal existence.

The Rev. JOHN CLAYTON, of the Poultry Chapel, is a man of great moral weight among the Dissenters. Independently of his high character and talents, the circumstance of his father who is still alive though long unable to preach, having for about half a century been a much-respected man amongst them, would have secured for him a certain amount of esteem. Mr. Clayton is not only admired as a

preacher by his own people, but is popular wherever he has occasion to officiate. His sermons are always carefully prepared. I have no idea that he trusts much to his powers of improvisation; for there are not only a correctness and polish in his language, but a system and harmony in the various parts of the discourse, which will very rarely be met with where the preacher has not previously committed his thoughts to paper. And there is a luminousness as well as propriety of arrangement in the reverend gentleman's sermons, which will be looked for in vain in the pulpit performances of many of our most popular preachers. Mr. Clayton is seldom striking; but his discourses always possess more than the average merit, and they are singularly well sustained. You always see in the preacher, not only the man of decided piety, but of a well-stored and richly-cultivated mind. His illustrations are often new and felicitous, though they do not dazzle by their brilliancy. No man of intelligent mind could hear the reverend gentleman, without feeling assured that he possesses ample

intellectual and theological resources. You never see any appearance of his having brought all his means to bear on a particular discourse. You see no evidence of undue labour in the closet, any more than of elaborate effort in the pulpit. You feel assured in your own mind, that there has been no forced work in what he addresses to his hearers, but that what he has delivered only conveys a fair idea of what his talents are as a minister of the gospel. He is a close and continuous thinker. He applies himself strictly to his subject, never diverging from it either to the right hand or to the left. He lays down certain positions, clearly establishes them, and then traces them out in their practical bearings. Every new sentence and idea seems to rise naturally out of that which preceded it. He is always judicious; he seeks not to amuse the imagination, or merely to gratify the intellect; he has higher and holier views of the objects of a gospel ministry. He aims at the heart; he seeks to enlighten and impress the mind at the same time. He mingles with judgment, the doctrinal with the precep-

tive parts of God's word. His style is polished. The very circumstance of being anxious to round his periods, sometimes enfeebles his language. In many cases he might express his ideas in fewer words, and they would gain in force by the abridgment. His diction loses in power what it gains in polish.

The reverend gentleman is an excellent speaker. I know of no one in the body to which he belongs, that surpasses him in the ease, the pleasantness, or the accuracy of his elocution. Every sentence flows from his lips in well-enunciated and tastefully-delivered accents. He never hesitates nor stammers; while his utterance is timed with excellent judgment to the ear. Both the language and delivery of his sermons, seem as perfect as if the former had been the result of months' incessant labour, and the latter had been achieved after repeated rehearsals in his study at home. His voice is always sweet; in many of its intonations it is music itself. He is at all times audible in all parts of the chapel, without any visible effort. He deals but little in gesticulation; his

arms are occasionally made to move a little, and his head very slightly. The interest he otherwise excites, is caused by his commanding appearance, his solid sensible matter, and his fine elocution.

Mr. Clayton has scarcely done anything worthy of the name of authorship. Beyond a small pamphlet or two, and three or four detached sermons, I know of nothing which has appeared from his pen.

His congregation, taken as a whole, is among the most wealthy Dissenting congregations in the metropolis. Eight or ten years ago, it was certainly alike unequalled in opulence and respectability. At that time it was not deemed any extraordinary achievement, to raise three hundred pounds in one day, in aid of the funds of any charitable or religious institution. On several such occasions, the collection amounted to four hundred pounds. The opening since then, of so many rail-roads in the neighbourhood of London, and the facilities of conveyance to and from the various places around the metropolis, have induced many of the wealthier citizens

who attended Mr. Clayton's chapel, to live out of town. Still there are many very opulent persons in the reverend gentleman's congregation. It is only about six or seven weeks, since one of his members died, leaving no less than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and not forgetting, among other bequests, to leave a very handsome sum to Mr. Clayton himself. I am assured, that after paying his salary, which is said to be worth between seven hundred pounds and eight hundred pounds a-year, and meeting all the expenses of the chapel, Mr. Clayton's congregation still annually raise one thousand pounds for religious and benevolent purposes.

Dr. Conquest,* the gentleman who gave the hundred guineas as a prize for Dr. Harris'

* I may here mention, as showing how difficult a task any one has to perform, who, like myself, undertakes to communicate a great amount of information which has not before appeared in print, that a clergyman who had been some time in London, lately affirmed to me in the most positive manner, that Dr. Conquest was a member of Mr. Tidman's church, in Barbican. Another gentleman was equally confident that he was one of Mr. Binney's regular hearers; while the fact turns out that Dr. Conquest is one of Mr. Clayton's people.

celebrated "Mammon," is a member, if not a deacon, of Mr. Clayton's church. The average attendance on the reverend gentleman's ministry cannot be under fifteen hundred persons.

Mr. Clayton is perhaps the only Independent minister in London whose politics are of a decidedly Conservative complexion. The views of his brother, the Rev. George Clayton, of Walworth, are of a much more liberal cast.

Mr. Clayton's appearance is, as already stated, commanding. He is a gentlemanly-looking man, above the general height, and rather fully made, without being corpulent. His countenance wears a pleasing yet dignified expression. His eyes are small and of a light blue. His face is full, but has more of an oval than of a round shape. He has a lofty well-developed forehead. His features are regular. His complexion is slightly tinged with a rosy hue, and his hair is of a dark brown colour. He has all the appearance of one who has an excellent constitution, and who enjoys good health. His age is verging on fifty, if, indeed, it be not above it.

The Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, of Weigh House Chapel, London Bridge, has only been settled in the metropolis for about ten years. He was formerly minister of the Independent Chapel in Newport, Isle of Wight. He succeeded Mr. E. Parsons, the successor of the father of the reverend gentleman who was the subject of my last sketch, when he was disabled by old age and its consequent physical infirmities, from discharging his pastoral duties. For some time after Mr. Binney's settlement in London, he did not excite any particular interest in the Dissenting world; but for the last six years no metropolitan Dissenting minister has been more prominently before the public. One thing which contributed materially to increase Mr. Binney's congregation, was the circumstance of changing the hour of worship on Sabbath days, from three in the afternoon to half-past six in the evening. It continued gradually to increase until 1833, when the improvements in the neighbourhood of London Bridge rendered it necessary that the old chapel in which the congregation met for wor-

ship, should be thrown down. Between the sum allowed for compensation, the amount raised by voluntary contributions, and what they borrowed, the congregation were able to expend a larger sum on the building of their present chapel, with the adjoining school-rooms, than was ever before, perhaps, expended on any Dissenting chapel in the world. That sum was about sixteen thousand pounds. And yet the chapel is not one of the largest. It can only accommodate one thousand five hundred persons with any degree of comfort. It was at the laying of the foundation-stone of this place of worship, that Mr. Binney delivered the address in which the passage, which has been made the subject of so much keen remark since that time, occurred; the passage, namely, in which he is charged with having said, that he believed the Church of England has destroyed more souls than she has saved. I am assured by a most intelligent gentleman who was present when the speech was delivered, that if the context were taken into consideration, the passage complained of would not justify the construction

which has been so generally put upon it. On this point, I am not in a condition to express an opinion either way; but if I am not misinformed, Mr. Binney would not, in his more reflective moments, abide by the expression, according to his opponents' reading of it.

The reverend gentleman is a man of superior talents; but as a preacher he is very unequal. I have heard him, on some occasions, deliver most masterly discourses, abounding with passages of great eloquence; on other occasions, he has struck me as being exceedingly commonplace. His usual style of preaching is too intellectual and partakes too much of a dissertational character, for a mixed audience. He is a close thinker and a logical reasoner. He is not wordy: idea follows idea in rapid succession. His discourses are usually full of thoughts. At times, especially when dealing in speculative points, you require to attend to him very closely to be able to follow him. I should think that the more unlettered part of his hearers would often find him above their comprehension. He excels in analysis. He

throws aside every thing extraneous in the consideration of a subject, and brings before the mind the real points at issue. He is acute in detecting error, and forcible in his exhibitions of the truth. Few men can reason more conclusively when the subject is congenial to his mind, and when he has had the necessary time to apply himself to it. He is not a man of ready mind: he cannot speak with any effect, extemporaneously. He writes all his sermons verbatim, and then commits them to memory. Give him a subject which is to his liking, and sufficient time to view it in all its bearings, and I know of no man who will make a more masterly display or more brilliant exhibition, than Mr. Binney. I was present in the Poultry Chapel when he preached his celebrated sermon, since published in the form of a pamphlet, entitled "Dissent not Schism," and I must say that an abler discourse, or one more effectively delivered, I have never heard. His delivery of many passages of that sermon produced as great an impression as is usually produced by Dr. Chalmers' preaching. It was with difficulty

that the audience could refrain from audibly applauding, as they inwardly admired, its more brilliant passages. But while I say this, I must also add, that I have never in any other case known the reverend gentleman, either as to matter or delivery, equal the exhibition he made on that occasion.

His usual manner varies like his matter. At times he is all energy and animation; on other occasions, he is comparatively tame and actionless. His voice is not powerful, but it is soft and clear. He generally speaks with more than the wonted rapidity. Sometimes, but not often, he stutters slightly, or has to recal a wrong word to substitute the right one for it. His sermons are very short. On an average they do not occupy more than thirty-five or forty minutes in the delivery.

He is very impatient of anything like noise in the chapel, while he is preaching. In the winter of 1837, I heard him deliver a sermon, on a Sabbath afternoon, in the Adelphi Chapel, and it being the season of colds, there was a very general coughing in the

place while he was in the midst of his discourse. Unable to bear it any longer, he paused, and begged them to desist in order that he might not be interrupted. The audience did the best they could to comply with his wishes; still in some cases they could not help themselves. When he came to the conclusion of the head of his sermon on which he was dilating, he paused for some moments, and then said, "Now, my friends, if any of you wish to cough now, I'll wait a little until you have done." The observation was followed by a considerable pause on the part of the preacher; but the invitation to cough was addressed in vain to the audience. I never knew greater stillness prevail in any place of worship. The truth was, the congregation were surprised beyond measure at the observation; and the more so, because they felt utterly at loss to know whether the reverend gentleman was serious in making it, or only intended it to be ironical.

Mr. Binney is a man of great weight among the Dissenters. He has not, it is true, taken an active part in the proceedings at their public

meetings in furtherance of the cause of religious liberty ; but his sympathies have been always with them. The circumstance of the reverend gentleman not being an extemporaneous speaker, may account for his not appearing more frequently on the platform when the interests of Dissent are to be protected or promoted. He has, however, written a good deal, and with great ability, in favour of the principles of Protestant Nonconformity.

His place of worship is crowded to excess. A friend of mine has been trying in vain to procure a sitting in any part of it, for the last eighteen months, though willing to give any price. Perhaps the average attendance on Mr. Binney's ministry may be about sixteen hundred persons. As I had occasion in a former work to remark, I have no doubt, that were his chapel sufficiently large to accommodate twice that number, and he could make himself heard in all parts of it, it would be filled. Mr. Binney's congregation is also exceedingly respectable. There are a great many wealthy people in it. A gentleman who has paid some

attention to such matters, assures me that on a Sabbath forenoon, more carriages are to be seen at the door of Weigh House Chapel, than at that of any other Dissenting chapel in London. Mr. Binney's salary is stated to me, by one of the leading men in the congregation, to be worth, in round numbers, taking one thing with another, six hundred pounds per annum. My informant adds, that it will soon be increased, there being a prospect that the congregation will ere long be able to clear off an incumbrance which now presses on the chapel.

Mr. Binney has not done much in the capacity of author. His largest work is a volume of sermons published in 1830, under the title of "Illustrations of the Practical Power of Faith," The sermons had been preached to his former congregation in the Isle of Wight, and the volume was therefore very appropriately dedicated to them. He is the author also of two or three detached sermons and pamphlets.

His personal appearance is in his favour. He is very tall and athletic, without the slight-

est approach to corpulency. He possesses, no doubt, a robust constitution. His shoulders are high and rather broad, considering the proportions of his figure otherwise; which proportions are better seen on account of his not wearing a gown in the pulpit. He has a fine, pleasant, open countenance, with one of the loftiest best-developed foreheads I have ever seen. His complexion is clear, and his hair is of a dark-brown colour. His face is of the oval form, slightly tapering towards the chin, without any peculiarity in any of his features. I should suppose his age to be about forty-three or forty-four.

The Rev. DR. ANDREW REED, of Wycliff Chapel, Mile End Road, has for more than a quarter of a century been classed, by universal consent, among the most popular preachers of the metropolis. He was ordained the pastor of the church meeting in Cannon Street, Commercial Road, in 1812, where he continued to preach until eight or ten years ago; when the chapel being found too small for the congregation, the pre-

sent one was erected at an expense of several thousand pounds. It is a very commodious chapel, and is filled in every part. The average attendance on the ministry of the reverend gentleman, cannot be under two thousand persons. I am sure I have seen considerably more than that number in Wycliff Chapel.

Dr. Reed rose into popularity soon after his appearance in the pulpit; and the reputation he so early acquired for himself as a preacher, is undiminished at this moment. The only circumstance which ever occurred in the long course of the reverend gentleman's ministerial career, which in any degree even temporarily weakened the hold he so soon obtained on the esteem of the religious world, had its origin in the publication of his well-known "No Fiction." Into the merits of that matter I do not mean to enter. It was differently viewed by different parties. Some thought that Dr. Reed used too much freedom with the hero of the volume, who had been many years the bosom friend of the author,

and who figured under the assumed name of Lefevre; others, again, maintained that they could see no impropriety in Dr. Reed's conduct in the matter. The object of the work was to warn the young against the dangers to which they are especially exposed; and with this view he pointed out the sins, and consequent misery, into which his hero had fallen. Some time after the appearance of "No Fiction," the hero, whom Dr. Reed,—not having heard of him for several years,—supposed to be dead, replied in a thick volume, which breathed unbounded indignation, from the title-page to the last word in the book, against the reverend gentleman, on account of an alleged breach of confidence, misrepresentations, and so forth. Altogether the affair excited quite a sensation in the religious world; one of the results of which was, that "No Fiction" very speedily ran through several editions. It is now in its ninth edition, which must be admitted to be very well for a book which has not yet attained the twentieth year of its existence. It is a

work of great literary merit, beautifully written, and deeply interesting from beginning to end.

Dr. Reed is an able, an attractive, and a judicious preacher. He is a man of highly cultivated intellect, sanctified by fervent piety. There are few ministers in whose sermons will be found a happier union of the savour of evangelical truth with mental excellence, than in those of the reverend gentleman. He never loses sight of the conscience of the sinner, or the heart of the believer. He constantly deals with both, and plies them with great earnestness, affection, and power, with such considerations as may be deemed most likely to make an impression on each. He is emphatically a faithful preacher. Deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility which attaches to the situation he occupies as a minister of the gospel, he makes a point of so fulfilling its duties as to have the testimony of his own conscience, that he stands clear of the blood of those committed to his pastoral charge.

And Dr. Reed's preaching is affectionate as well as faithful. I am assured by those who have known him for years, that his bowels of compassion emphatically yearn over sinners, and that his bosom glows with a flame of ardent love to the people of God. And such, if there be truth in appearances, must be the fact.

There is nothing which, strictly speaking, can be called profound or strikingly original in Dr. Reed's sermons; but they are always of that order of merit which is represented by the adjective excellent. But even did his matter possess less intrinsic merit than it does, the tasteful, often indeed poetical and highly eloquent language in which he clothes his thoughts, conjoined with his exceedingly attractive manner, would gain for him the reputation of being a superior preacher. He always carries his audience along with him; they never weary under his ministrations; neither do they ever, or at any rate but very rarely, dissent from his views on any topic he may chance to introduce in his sermons.

In his ordinary discourses Dr. Reed abstains from any thing of a theoretical kind; nor does he often, and never to any extent at one time, indulge in argumentation. He never forgets that the great end of the Christian minister is to reach the heart, and, through the effects produced there, to reform and regulate the life and conversation.

But though Dr. Reed is never speculative and rarely argumentative in his usual pulpit ministrations, he has given ample proof in the pulpit as well as out of it, that if he chose he could appear to great advantage in that style of preaching. Some of the discourses he has delivered before Missionary and other societies, when the occasion required it, show that he is not only an able and refined reasoner, but that he would have excelled in that species of thinking called "theorising," had he chosen in early life to have given way to it.

The reverend gentleman possesses a fine imagination. No one can hear him preach a sermon without discovering that he possesses imaginative powers of no ordinary kind. The

work before referred to, also abounds with proofs of the same fact.

He excels in description. When he portrays the workings of the human mind, whether as experienced by the sinner or the saint, there is something exceedingly graphic in his delineations. Nor is it in religious matters only that Dr. Reed's descriptive powers appear to advantage. In the ordinary walks of literature, they are seen under no less favourable circumstances. His description of the Falls of Niagara which he gave in a work, to be afterwards referred to, which, conjointly with Dr. Matheson, he brought out on his return from America towards the close of 1834, was allowed even by the Quarterly Review itself, to be the best of the innumerable descriptions which have been given of that strikingly magnificent scene.

Dr. Reed is a quiet speaker. He uses very little action of any kind. He trusts entirely for the success of his ministry to the claims which the message with which he is entrusted has on the attention of all who hear it; and

under the blessing of God, to the fidelity, the earnestness and affection with which he delivers it. His appearance is grave, but not gloomy or morose. The tones of his powerful voice are very peculiar. They are soft and clear; yet, if I may use the expression, they produce in the mind a feeling of saddened pleasure. There is music in the reverend gentleman's voice, but it is of a plaintive kind. The feeling of a susceptible mind, while hearing Dr. Reed speak, is similar to that produced by the touching strains of the Æolian harp. He speaks with great ease; his sentences flow from him as smoothly as if he had been born to do nothing but speak; or as if it were a positive luxury, apart from religious considerations, to have an opportunity afforded him of giving utterance in public, to his thoughts. He is at once a winning and impressive preacher. He is solemn and impressive at all times; but he is unusually so when speaking of death, judgment or eternity; or any of the other awful topics more immediately connected with man's undying destiny.

But perhaps one of the most touching sermons as a whole, he ever delivered, was that which he preached to his people five years ago, on the Sabbath preceding his departure for America. The chapel, as might be expected, was crowded in every part, and the consideration that it might be the last time they should ever hear his voice, had, as will readily be believed, a strong tendency to predispose the minds of his people for the ready reception of solemn truths. Those who are acquainted with the tones of Dr. Reed's voice, and his manner generally, will be able to form some idea of the impression which, under the peculiar circumstances, must have been produced by such passages as the following:—“How I tremble when I think of you (the unconverted) as I leave you at least for a season! Oh, the nameless anxieties of spirit! Oh, the fearfulness and forebodings lest I should not again see you in the flesh—lest you should treat a stranger's voice in the ministration of the gospel, even also as you have treated mine—and lest, after having been placed by your privileges close on

the threshold of heaven you should be cast out, and cast down, into utter darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! Oh, I would not condemn you, I would not reproach you; but at the same time I call you to witness, I appeal to your consciences, if you should choose to perish in your sins, whether your condemnation does not rest with yourselves? Brethren, am I not clear of your blood? Have I not, according to my capacity, proclaimed to you the way of salvation? Have I not added warning to warning, entreaty to entreaty, promise to promise, and prayer to prayer? Have I not publicly and privately entreated God to make you wise unto salvation? Your blood, I trust, is not with me: I would not that any spot of your blood in the last day should lie at my door. But if I should be justified, and you are not saved, what comfort, brethren, should I have in this circumstance? Oh, this is what I wish, if I know my heart, (and I have searched it often and deeply,) even your salvation—to present you blameless, holy and acceptable to God by Jesus Christ—to

rejoice in you as not now doubtful in your character and profession, but as truly devoted to him—to know that you are as a brand snatched from the everlasting burning.”

How touchingly beautiful is the following short passage which occurs towards the conclusion of the same sermon:—“And though some of you shall be called to die in the absence * of your pastor, think not that you will die in the absence of his remembrance. No; wherever I shall sojourn, my prayer shall attend you in the last hour; my imagination shall surround that period of affliction, and conceive of you as sustained by Almighty power to the last and through the worst. My imagination and faith shall follow you in the upward ascent to the celestial and holy world, as mingling with the better condition of the church, and made happy in God for ever!”

Dr. Reed is the author of a small volume, called “Martha,” which met with a favourable reception from the public. It consists of the “memorials of an only sister,” which is indeed

* Meaning before his return from America.

the second part of the title by which it is called. On his return from America, after having spent six months with his colleague, Dr. Mattheson, in visiting the Independent churches in that country, in the capacity of a deputation from the Independent churches of Great Britain, he published—for the work is understood to have been chiefly written by him—two volumes on America, chiefly with regard to its religious state. The book is ably written, and met with a large sale. Dr. Reed is also the author of various pamphlets and detached sermons. A pamphlet which appeared anonymously a few years ago on the grounds of controversy between Churchmen and Dissenters, and which made a great noise at the time, proceeded from his pen.

Dr. Reed is strongly imbued with the missionary spirit. He has always taken a deep interest in missions. The first sermon I heard him preach, which is now nearly twenty years ago, was one Sabbath afternoon, on the occasion of three missionaries intending to embark from the Thames for Africa and the East

Indies, on the following day. I may mention that I did not hear the reverend gentleman for fifteen years afterwards; and yet notwithstanding the lapse of that time, his voice, and appearance, and manner, were as familiar to my mind as they were the day after I first heard him preach. Dr. Reed lately gave a remarkable proof of the deep interest he takes in missionary enterprise, which, so far as I know, has not yet transpired. I am assured, that two or three years ago, he came to the conclusion that it was his duty, and had fully resolved to act on his convictions, to relinquish his present pastoral charge, and to go out to the more spiritually destitute districts of America, or some other part of the world, in the capacity of a missionary of the Cross. It was only, I believe, when several of his brethren in the ministry, to whose decision and counsel the matter was referred, gave it as their decided and unanimous opinion that it was his duty to remain in his present extensive sphere of ministerial usefulness, that he was induced to forego the resolution to which he had come.

His people are most devotedly attached to him. And it is but just and natural they should; for he is exemplary in all the relations of life, as well as zealous, and faithful, and affectionate in the pulpit. I am told, and am inclined to think the information is correct, that his annual income from his chapel is five hundred pounds.

His personal appearance in the pulpit is commanding. He is rather tall, and proportionately made. He has a fine, lofty, arched forehead, and a countenance in which there is a combined expression of intelligence, thoughtfulness, and dignity. His eye is clear, and quick in its motions. His eye-brows slightly protrude. His face is of the oval shape, and exhibits but few traces of advanced years. His complexion is partially fair, and his hair, which is not abundant, is, when seen at a distance, of a sandy colour. He must be between the fifty-sixth and fifty-eighth years of his age.

The Rev. Dr. FLETCHER, of Stepney, for-

merly Theological Tutor of Blackburn Academy, has for ten or twelve years stood in the first class of the popular preachers of London. He is a man of masculine mind, and is distinguished for his powers of ratiocination. I never heard him deliver a discourse in which there were not one or more passages of some length, which indicated his possession of superior powers of reasoning. He usually has a paper before him, but very rarely has occasion to refer to it.

His sermons have all the appearance of being most carefully prepared. They are so lucid in arrangement and so correct in style, that the most fastidious critic, were he entrusted with their publication, would send them to press without the transposition, omission, or addition of a word. There runs throughout so intimate a connection between the various parts of Dr. Fletcher's discourses, that were any person called on to abridge them, he would be perfectly puzzled as to what passages or sentences should be left out.

The reverend Doctor is a close and profound,

rather than an original thinker. You are not so much startled with anything he says, as you are struck with the sustained power of his matter. You witness none of the flashes which proceed from the intellect of a man of a high order of genius; but every sentence he utters proves him to be a man of very superior talent. There is thought in every expression which escapes his lips. Not only, in the generality of cases, is one part of a particular discourse equal, or nearly equal, to another; but there is an equality in the sermons he delivers at different times, which is not often to be found in the pulpit exhibitions of ministers, or in the writings of authors.

Dr. Fletcher is one of those in whose discourses you see a happy union of superior intellect with the most accurate views of evangelical truth. The reverend gentleman never gratifies the intellect at the expense of neglecting the heart. He loves to dwell on the vital truths of Christianity. In all his sermons he aims with more or less earnestness, and at greater or less length, to impress on the minds

of his audience the indispensable necessity of personal religion.

There is one peculiarity in the preaching of Dr. Fletcher. It is this—that while his ideas and diction are of a class which cannot fail to gratify the most intellectual of his hearers, the humblest of his audience can comprehend and follow him, without an effort. I attribute this to two causes;—first, to the clearness of his idea and the precision of his style; and, secondly, to his manner. To the reverend gentleman's manner and diction I have already alluded. His manner is earnest and impressive. The very moment he announces his text, all eyes are fixed on him; and few, indeed, are the instances in which they are withdrawn from him before he has concluded his discourse. His voice is good, and he modulates its tones with great effect. It is clear rather than strong; or, perhaps, I should rather say, he does not often call its powers into full play. In some of its tones it is soft and highly musical. In his more pathetic moods—and in the pathetic he particularly excels—Dr.

Fletcher produces a very deep impression on the feelings, while at the same time the understanding assents to every word he utters. On such occasions he rises to a high order of oratory. I remember hearing him about two years ago deliver a farewell address in Exeter Hall, in the presence of upwards of five thousand people, to the Rev. Dr. Phillips, the Rev. Mr. Williams, and other missionaries; in all, with their wives and families, about thirty individuals, and most of whom were to sail next day for different parts of the heathen world; I heard Dr. Fletcher give this address, which occupied about a quarter of an hour in the delivery; and anything more solemn, impressive, or appropriate, it has not been my fortune to hear on any occasion. I speak advisedly when I say, that there could not have been a heart in the vast assemblage that remained unmoved while Dr. Fletcher was speaking; and I use no exaggerated language, but the language of sober truth when I add, that not only did he touch the more tender chords of the human, and especially the Christian breast,

but that he caused the tear to glisten in many an eye, and to trickle down many a cheek, where the hearts of the parties were quite unused to the melting mood.

The most recent instance in which I was present at any sermon or address, from Dr. Fletcher, in which he particularly arrested the attention and touched the feelings of the audience, was a sermon or lecture which he delivered to young men and others, in Orange-Street Chapel, on a Thursday evening in the beginning of February last. The subject of his discourse on that occasion was the necessity of regeneration of heart and transformation of character in order to true religion, and consequently to the salvation of the soul.

I have often seen other congregations as attentive during the delivery of particular portions of a sermon; but I have very seldom indeed witnessed such deep and universal attention as was shown on this occasion from the commencement to the close of the discourse, though it occupied an hour in the delivery. He who would have looked for a wandering eye among

the four or five hundred persons who constituted the audience, would have looked in vain. I will almost say, so impressive were both the matter and the manner of the reverend gentleman, that in but comparatively few instances were vagrant thoughts detected in the minds of the persons present. What contributed in some measure to attract the attention of the audience in the first instance, was the fact of his beginning his sermon, and delivering his exordium, which occupied precisely twelve minutes in the delivery, without having announced his text. It was only when he had finished his exordium, and was on the eve of giving out the heads of his discourse, that he intimated to his hearers that they would find a particular passage in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians, from which he meant to preach to them that evening.

Dr. Fletcher's manner both in and out of the pulpit is dignified and commanding. Perhaps it is slightly tinged with reserve, though there is nothing of sternness about it. He stands up in the pulpit with the decision

and confidence of one who feels that the message which he is charged to deliver, is one of infinite importance, and that he has consequently a claim to the attention of his hearers. He preaches as one having authority, without exhibiting anything either in word or demeanour, which could be supposed to indicate a haughty disposition. There are few men whose aspect and manner, either in prayer or preaching, are more becoming, or more calculated to excite respect for the man or the ministerial office, than the appearance and manner of Dr. Fletcher. His eye is piercing and intelligent, and he has a perfect command over the muscles of his face, which he turns to great advantage. If his matter be of a joyful or soothing nature, his countenance assumes more than its wonted benignity. If he be warning those who are living in avowed sin, of the peril to which they are momentarily exposed while in a state of alienation from God; or endeavouring to detect and lay as bare to the mere professor's eye as they are to the eye of the Eternal, the false refuges in which

they fancy themselves entrenched from the divine indignation; if such be the tone, of Dr. Fletcher's preaching, then his eye has a most penetrating glance, his brow is partially contracted, and the expression of his countenance altogether, is of that solemn, I would almost say severe nature, which tells in language as loud as his words, that if the open transgressor, or the man who makes a show of religion while he has never felt it in its vital power, shall persist in their courses,—then the blame and responsibility will rest on themselves, not on him who is preaching the gospel to them.

Dr. Fletcher is not extravagant in his gesture. When he commences his sermon, and for a few minutes after, he scarcely uses any. By and by, as he begins to warm with his subject, he makes a gentle use of his right arm in a partly-pendicular, partly-horizontal position. In about a minute, or it may be a little more or less according to his matter, the right arm is suffered to repose either on the pulpit or at his side, and the left is pressed into his service. Very shortly afterwards, both arms are em-

ployed at once, though not vehemently nor very frequently. In the delivery of some of the more affecting passages of his discourse, he lays the palm of his right hand on his breast. Alternately, in the course of his sermon, he leans over the front of the pulpit, and then drawing himself back, stands quite erect. His manner altogether is graceful, except now and then when, in pronouncing certain words, he opens his mouth in a rather awkward way. His delivery is deliberate, without being slow. Though he rarely consults his paper, he scarcely ever hesitates, and then so slightly as to be hardly perceived. Equally seldom does he use the wrong term. He speaks with as much seeming ease, and with as great fluency, as if he read every sentence of his sermon.

Dr. Fletcher's prayers exhibit nearly the same characteristics as his preaching. They are spiritual and impressive, and are uttered in correct, and often impressive language.

His published works are not numerous, neither is any of them bulky. The first appearance he made from the press which ex-

cited any general attention, was a sermon he published on the doctrine of election. This was a good many years ago. It made considerable noise at the time; reached if I remember right a fourth edition; and is allowed, on all hands, by the friends and foes of the doctrine, to be the most masterly treatise on eternal and particular predestination which has appeared for the last quarter of a century. He is the author of several pamphlets and small publications, but none of them have excited any particular interest in the religious world.

Dr. Fletcher's congregation is one of the largest, most intelligent and most respectable, as regards their standing in society, of the Dissenting congregations in the metropolis. They regard him with the highest esteem, and furnish practical proof of the fact by rendering his situation as their pastor worth, as I have had occasion to mention elsewhere, about eight hundred pounds per annum.*

* Dr. Fletcher's predecessor, the late Rev. Mr. Ford, is understood to have made, on an average, the enormous sum of one thousand five hundred pounds a-year out of the chapel—a larger sum than was ever known to be received by any other

He is, seemingly, about his fiftieth year. Some years ago he was, through illness, disabled from the performance of his ministerial duties for several successive months. He seems to have recovered his health, and preaches, with very rare exceptions, twice on Sunday and once on a week-day evening.

He hardly reaches the middle height, but is compactly made. He has a fine lofty forehead, the development of which is more complete to dissenting minister. He made no regular demand on his people in the shape of seat-rents, but left it entirely to themselves, to give what they pleased. As the reverend gentleman was an excellent preacher, and many of his congregation were very wealthy, he often received large gratuities from particular families in return for sittings in the chapel. The money was always received in the vestry before the commencement of the service, and often, especially about quarter-day, amounted to very large sums. Mr. Ford, who was, unfortunately, a very avaricious man, used to deposit in his pockets the money thus given him before ascending the pulpit. When the sum was unusually large, he put part of it into his coat pockets, in which, as he hurriedly went up the pulpit stairs, the sovereigns and silver were often distinctly heard jingling together. It is said that the reverend gentleman looked particularly pleased, and preached with peculiar life and animation, when his pockets were thus loaded with money. It is certain that in the course of about twenty years, he saved the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds out of the proceeds of his preaching.

the eye at a distance, owing to there being an incipient baldness in the front. His hair, both on the crown of his head, and on either side, partakes of a light grey; while on the back of his head, it is more abundant and only shows a tendency to assume a greyish hue. His whiskers are small, and at a distance have somewhat of a flaxen appearance. His complexion is rather sallow. His face is of the oval shape, with a partial tendency to a tapering form towards the chin. He seems in good spirits. His energy, either physically or morally, does not appear to have diminished since I first saw him in the pulpit, which was some years ago.

CHAPTER XI.

BAPTIST MINISTERS.

The Rev. John Stevens—The Rev. George Coomb—The Rev. William Overbury—The Rev. James Harington Evans—The Rev. Edward Steane—The Rev. John Howard Hinton—The Rev. C. Stovel—The Rev. Dr. F. A. Cox.

THE REV. JOHN STEVENS, of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, has been many years pastor of the church and congregation assembling in that place. His popularity is not of that general kind which would ensure a crowded congregation in any other place of worship in which he might be advertised to preach. But by his own congregation, consisting of about seven hundred persons, and by all who are capable of making a distinction between really valuable and merely flashy matter, he is held in high esteem as a preacher. He has nothing showy about him; but he is always sensible

and solid. He is never superficial; he does not content himself with skimming the surface, but pierces through and works below it. He is a peculiar thinker; the ideas which occur to him would never suggest themselves to the minds of others, if preaching on the same subject. But though his habits of thought are thus peculiar to himself, I do not look upon the reverend gentleman as, strictly speaking, a profound thinker. He goes, it is true, deeper into his subject, as may be inferred from what I have stated, than many other ministers are in the habit of doing; but still not sufficiently deep to justify us in regarding him as one in the habit of thinking profoundly. - His peculiarities of thought often render it difficult for a stranger to follow him; his own people, however, being accustomed to him, experience no such difficulty. His matter is condensed; no one can with justice complain of being doomed to listen, while sitting under Mr. Stevens' ministry, to sermons in which the ideas bear a limited proportion to the words. He is any thing but a wordy preacher; you are struck with the

number of his ideas, though you may not always approve of them, nor look upon them as of a high order of excellence. He is, however, occasionally striking; he says things which make an impression on the mind, and which are likely to be retained in the memory. I have often heard him give utterance to a succession of felicitous things. When in these his happier moods, his congregation are all attention: their ears, if I may so speak, are on the rack to catch the words as they fall from his lips. They look at times, indeed, as if they were absolutely impatient for what is coming; for it is no uncommon thing to see twenty or thirty of the congregation standing up all at once in their pews, and not only listening with a marked eagerness to what is falling from the lips of the preacher, but looking with that fixedness of gaze upon him, which implies that they are panting for the delivery of the entire passage which has thus awakened an unusually deep interest in their minds.

Mr. Stevens' style is of a diversified kind. It is often remarkable for its simplicity, though

always correct ; at other times, his periods are rounded, and on some occasions, usually two or three times in the course of a sermon, his style rises to true eloquence. I have repeatedly known him give utterance to isolated passages of surpassing beauty. Now and then he is homely, perhaps too much so, in the similes he uses for the purposes of illustration. I have frequently seen a smile play on the countenances of many of his auditors on such occasions. This, however, is not a common characteristic of the reverend gentleman's pulpit performances. On the contrary, his matter, as well as his personal aspect and deportment, is unusually grave and serious.

Mr. Stevens is in the habit of using at times a quaint phraseology ; on some occasions I should feel disposed to question its propriety. "The rectoral government of God," as distinct from the functions exercised by the Son and Holy Spirit, is one of his favourite expressions. A few weeks ago I heard him represent the Holy Ghost as being the "Lord President of the means of grace."

Mr. Stevens entertains peculiar views on several important topics. I have not heard that he adopts the notion, now rapidly spreading, of the personal reign of Christ on the earth; but if I were to infer one's views from a detached expression in the course of a sermon, I would conclude from a phrase I lately heard the reverend gentleman use, that he is one of those who believe that Christ will reign personally on earth. I may, however, have misconceived the reverend gentleman on this particular point.

On the subject of the person of Christ, his views differ from those generally entertained by Trinitarians. He has for many years been a strenuous advocate for the pre-existence of the human soul of Christ. But as there is a danger of some persons concluding, after hearing this statement, that he also denies the divinity of Jesus, it is but justice to him unequivocally to state, that there is not a minister in London, or any where else, who holds the deity of Christ more firmly than he does; nor one in whose sermons there are more frequent references to the name,

the person, and the work of the Lord Jesus. He not only frequently concludes his prayers, but his discourses also, by ascriptions of praise and glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Stevens is a quiet and in some measure a heavy speaker, in so far as mere manner is concerned. He uses very little action. He generally stands quite still in the pulpit, and never at any time becomes vehement in his gesture. His left arm is of no use to him at all when preaching; for he never imparts any more motion to it than is necessary to show, and even this but rarely, that it is capable of being moved. He raises his right arm six or seven times in the course of the sermon, but it scarcely ever reaches the height of his head: nor does he make any motion worthy of the name with it when it is uplifted. His utterance varies considerably. For some time after giving out the text, and occasionally in the middle of the sermon, it is too deliberate: at other times it is rapid rather than otherwise. The tones of his voice are also varied. At one time they

have something of huskiness in them; at another, they are soft and pleasant. He speaks with much ease, and never hesitates or stammers, or uses the wrong word, except, which will appear curious enough, when quoting passages of Scripture.

I cannot speak confidently as to the amount of salary he receives from his people; but judging from the number and appearance of his congregation, I should deem it likely to be three hundred pounds a-year.

As an author, Mr. Stevens can hardly be said to be known. He has published two or three pamphlets, chiefly, I believe, in vindication of his peculiar views respecting the pre-existence of the human soul of Christ; but they are not much known beyond the circle of his own congregation. He has an inkling of the poetic spirit within him. Some of the hymns from his pen which are used in the chapel, indicate very respectable poetic attainments.

Mr. Stevens is a tall stout-built man. He has a large head, with a broad lofty forehead, which last is the more prominent on account of

his being partially bald. What hair remains is of a brown colour. His eyebrows are large, but his eyes, which are of a light grey, are small rather than otherwise. His face is large and full, and is marked by the entire absence of whiskers. His complexion is of a darkish hue. He dresses quite in the Quaker style. His age must be upwards of sixty.

The Rev. GEORGE COOMB, of Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, though not popular among the generality of the religious part of the community, is highly prized by all who love to hear the more vital truths of the gospel brought prominently forward and enforced. His mode of preaching, like that of Mr. Stevens, is peculiar. No other minister would preach a similar sermon from the same text. He has an intimate knowledge of divine truth in its deeper and more experimental parts. He often evinces much judgment in discriminating between what is truth, and that dangerous sort of error which, to a person less instructed in the deep things of God, would pass for truth because it bears

an external resemblance to it. He often gives utterance to striking things. There is a solidity about his matter generally, which contrasts in a marked manner with the superficial or flimsy materials of which so many of our modern sermons consist. He is, however, one of those preachers whom none but such as have an intimate acquaintance with the more experimental portions of the gospel system, are likely to admire. Not only are the truths on which he dwells principally of a searching and deeply experimental kind, but they are uttered without any of the adventitious attractions of style or manner. Mr. Coomb's diction is plain and unvarnished; he is too much impressed with the importance of the truths themselves which he delivers, to waste a thought on the language in which he gives expression to them. And yet the reverend gentleman's style, though wanting elegance, is by no means inaccurate; it is usually correct and often forcible. His manner is, for the most part, unattractive. It is frequently lifeless and heavy. He is a quiet, actionless speaker, except during the delivery

of five or six short detached passages in each sermon, when he exhibits some warmth and physical energy. His articulation, owing to a certain huskiness of voice, is sometimes imperfect ; and his utterance is for the most part too slow. The consequence is, that he is not adapted to attract, or to preserve throughout his discourse, the attention of a stranger. Those, however, who are accustomed to his preaching, yield him their undivided and uninterrupted attention ; and they are generally rewarded for it in the sound and solid truths which he addresses to them.

Mr. Coomb is a man of much experience in the divine life. The doctrines which he preaches to others, he has cordially received himself. I was exceedingly struck when hearing him one day, five or six years ago, preach a sermon, while his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, was lying dead in his house. If I remember rightly she had, indeed, only died the day before. He made a touching allusion to the circumstances under which he preached on that occasion, and said,

that the doctrines which he had so often in similar cases preached for the consolation of others, were now the support and solace of his own soul.

Mr. Coomb frequently refers to his own personal experience in divine things. If I understood him rightly when hearing him some years ago, he was not only not originally intended for the ministry, but had lived a very irreligious life, until after the first quarter of a century of his existence had passed away. He was then made to see his guilt, and led by faith to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. His conversion was soon followed by a determination to devote himself to the work of the ministry.

Mr. Coomb has published no work, so far as my knowledge extends. Perhaps the assiduity with which he applies himself to the performance of his pastoral duties, out of the pulpit as well as in it, may in some measure account for this. His congregation, consisting of about five hundred persons, are devotedly attached to him. I have not heard what he re-

ceives as pastor of Soho chapel; but as many of the members are in easy circumstances, I should think it is about three hundred pounds per annum.

The reverend gentleman is slightly above the average stature, and of a stout make. He dresses with great plainness. He has a good deal of colour in his face, without even an incipient wrinkle, so far as can be seen a few yards distant from him; which is matter of surprise, as he cannot now be under his sixtieth year. His face is moderately full, and his features are regular. He wears a dark brown wig, which many mistake for his natural hair. His countenance has a serious but not unpleasant expression.

The Rev. WILLIAM OVERBURY, of Eagle Street Chapel, High Holborn, is a rising preacher in the denomination to which he belongs. He succeeded the Rev. Joseph Ivimey on the death of the latter in 1834. He was then under his twenty-fifth year, and had belonged to the church over which he now

presides, for some time before. Mr. Ivimey being either entirely confined to the house from illness, some months before his death, or being only able to preach at intervals, Mr. Overbury was unexpectedly called to assist in the performance of the pulpit duties of the chapel. His preaching gave great satisfaction to the people, a circumstance which proved the source of much gratification to Mr. Ivimey during his illness, and for which he repeatedly thanked God. I heard Mr. Overbury preach his first sermon after the death of Mr. Ivimey; in the course of which, referring to the counsel and instruction he had received from him, and the proofs of friendship he had experienced at his hands, he said with great emphasis, that the name of Ivimey should be ever dear to him.

Mr. Overbury is not a man of vigorous mind, but he has accurate views of divine truth, which he states with much clearness, and enforces with considerable earnestness of manner. He does not strike out original trains of thought, but he confines himself closely to his subject, and never falls below mediocrity.

His sermons are pervaded throughout by a spirit of decided piety, and are always of easy comprehension. They evince traces of great care in the preparation. I have no doubt they are written out at full length, and preached from memory. They are always solid and judicious.

Mr. Overbury is a rapid speaker. His three quarters of an hour sermon, must contain as much matter as a sermon which occupies an hour in the delivery in the case of a minister who speaks at an ordinary rate. He never hesitates, and rarely has to recal a word. His voice is not powerful, but his articulation is distinct. His voice is monotonous: it never perceptibly varies in its tones. He uses very little gesticulation: a slight movement of his arms, at intervals, is all the gesture I have seen him exhibit.

Considering that he has only been about four years a minister, and that he is under his thirtieth year, it cannot excite surprise that he has not yet appeared in the capacity of author.

The congregation has increased, and is, I believe, increasing, under his ministry. I should think the average attendance may be about four hundred. I cannot say what the salary is, but should suppose it to be two hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Overbury is rather tall and very slender. His face is thin, and his features are marked. His complexion is pale, and his general appearance is not indicative of health. He was very unwell two or three years ago, and is not understood to be robust in constitution now. His countenance has an expression of mingled mildness and gravity.

The Rev. JAMES HARINGTON EVANS has been upwards of twenty years the pastor of the church and congregation meeting in John's Street Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane. As I stated in my notice of the Rev. Mr. Snow, Mr. Evans was one of the four clergymen of the Establishment who simultaneously seceded from the church, from conscientious scruples, in 1815; and whose secession caused so great a sensation

in the religious world at the time. Mr. Evans came to London in two or three years afterwards. For some time he preached to crowded audiences some where in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden, and afterwards in Great Queen Street. In 1818, his present chapel was built for him, by Lady Drummond, his sister-in-law, at an expence, if my information be correct, of ten thousand pounds. The interest which Mr. Evans' preaching occasioned when he first came to the metropolis, has continued unabated up to the present hour. His congregation is perhaps nearly twice as large as any other Baptist congregation in London. Every part of his commodious chapel, even including the vestry is full. The average attendance cannot be less than sixteen hundred.

Mr. Evans' preaching is of a peculiar kind. It is unlike that of any other minister with whom I am acquainted, of the present day. It reminds me much, so far as relates to the matter, of the Owens, and Howes, and Baxters of England; and the Rutherfords, and Guthries, and Erskines, of Scotland. There is a stamina

in all Mr. Evans' sermons which, in my view, is unsurpassed in the case of any of his brethren in the ministry. He is always sounding the depths of divinity; he is never, not even by accident, superficial or common-place. Every thing he says is so emphatically his own, that you never heard any thing like it escape the lips of any other preacher. You are not so much struck with the force or point of particular positions or particular ideas, as with the sustained excellence of his matter. He is one of the few ministers whose discourses improve in proportion to the closeness with which they are examined. The more you look at them, the more you admire them. It is only, indeed, by a close and careful inspection, that the beauties of his matter are to be perceived at all. If you are an inattentive hearer, the probability is, that you will see nothing in the reverend gentleman's preaching to admire. It is only by yielding him your deep and unbroken attention, that you can do justice either to him or to yourself. If you do listen to him in this way, you cannot fail to be struck with the

depth of his matter, and the force and clearness with which he expresses his views. It is to Mr. Evans' strength of mind, in conjunction with his peculiar modes of thinking, that I ascribe the fact, that in scarcely any one instance does a stranger admire him on a first or even second hearing. It is only when you have heard him repeatedly, and become in some measure acquainted with the peculiarities to which I have referred, that you can discover or adequately appreciate the felicitous ideas and illustrations with which his discourses abound. He improves more on acquaintance than any other preacher I know. The oftener you hear him, the more you admire him, until at last you cannot be satisfied with the preaching of any one else. Every sentence he utters is pregnant with meaning: it is in almost every instance instinct with theology of the utmost importance. It is no exaggeration when I say, that I have often known him give utterance to as much gospel truth in half a dozen consecutive sentences, as is sometimes to be found in a whole sermon

of other evangelical preachers. Taking again, an entire discourse of Mr. Evans, you will often find as much sound divinity in it as in some extensive and elaborate treatises on theology.

His views of divine truth are singularly correct. Not only do you find the very marrow of the gospel scheme always pervading his sermons, but you are struck with, often amazed at, the accuracy of his perceptions of those peculiarities which characterise that scheme, and the precision with which he states his views to his hearers. He excels all men I ever heard in distinguishing between the nicer shades of truth and error. He throws a flood of light on those points regarding which believers are so apt to entertain mistaken views. No saint of God can long sit under his ministry, without having any erroneous notions he may entertain respecting divine truth, rectified. Nor is Mr. Evans less happy in distinguishing between true and false religion. He traces with surprising clearness and fidelity the workings of nature, under particular circumstances, on the

heart of the sinner; shews how far they may go; and how closely they may, at times, resemble the operations of divine grace. I have often been reminded, when hearing Mr. Evans preach on this momentous topic, of President Edwards' work on the "Affections in Religion."* Were it not that I know the human heart to be deceitful above all things, I should almost think it impossible that any one could sit for any length of time under Mr. Evans' ministry, and yet continue to practise self-deception on himself regarding his real state in the sight of God.

Need I add to what I have already remarked regarding the reverend gentleman's preaching, that it is eminently solemn and searching? It is not merely that he excels in detecting and exposing the errors of opinion into which either sinners or saints may happen to fall; his sermons are equally adapted, under the Divine blessing, to arouse and alarm the careless. How

* Should any of my readers prefer seeing this matter illustrated by individual experience, rather than in an abstract treatise, such as that to which I have alluded, I would earnestly recommend to them the close and prayerful perusal of the first forty or fifty pages of the "Life of David Brainerd."

striking are many of his appeals to the conscience! How solemn the statements he addresses to the unconverted! How earnest his remonstrances with those who are living in the practice of open sin!—He is a most impressive preacher. The excellent Bishop Beveridge used to say, that the best proof of successful or impressive preaching was, when the audience returned to their respective homes, not conversing together about or commending the sermon, but individually meditating on what they had heard. Mr. Evans' preaching is eminently productive of the latter result. The impression he makes is so great, that his congregation go away from the chapel pondering over what they have heard. No one can hear him without perceiving that he has himself had deep and varied experience in divine things; though he seldom specifically refers to the fact, or states what his experiences have been. It is clear, both from his matter and manner, that he speaks what he has in a great measure felt. No one's ministry could have the spirituality and unction which his has, who did not know

from experience what the truths of the gospel are.

Mr. Evans never touches on purely speculative points. He never theorises under any circumstances. He preaches on no subject that has not a directly practical bearing; while his illustrations of, and deductions from, every such subject, are all of a nature at once adapted to enlighten the mind, impress the heart, and influence the conduct. I never knew a minister less anxious about what may be thought of him in an intellectual point of view. I am sure that all who have heard him preach for any length of time, will concur with me when I say, that to him it is nothing what man may think of him. He entirely loses sight of man and of himself when in the pulpit, and speaks under an overwhelming impression of the fact, that to his own Master he standeth or falleth. To the depth and permanency of this impression on his mind, is to be ascribed that peculiar solemnity of aspect and fervour of manner to which I shall presently have occasion to refer more particularly, as being so very charac-

teristic of the reverend gentleman's pulpit appearances.

But though Mr. Evans most scrupulously avoids anything like display in his capacity of a preacher of the gospel, you see in all his discourses the most conclusive proofs of his being a man of great talents and well-informed mind. Not only are his ideas of a kind which indicate much mental robustness, but they are often expressed in powerful language. His diction sometimes exhibits unusual force, though there is so little of the appearance of effort about it, that you can hardly persuade yourself he is himself aware of its possessing more than the ordinary strength. To fine or polished language he has no pretensions: he would be sorry if he had, because that would imply the exercise of care in his composition, which care he would deem altogether improper, believing as he does that all a minister's solicitude in the preparation of his sermons, ought to be expended on the truths themselves which are to be delivered, and not on the garb in which they are clothed.

But though Mr. Evans' style be not polished; though he cannot, as far as mere diction is concerned, be said to be an eloquent preacher, there is nothing incorrect or slovenly in the terms in which he delivers his thoughts. The only blemish I could ever discover in his style is a very unusual one in these days in which mere verbiage is mistaken for beauty of diction, namely, his not employing a sufficient number of words in the expression of particular ideas; the result of which is, that some of his sentences are elliptical. This, however, is a matter of but comparatively rare occurrence. I am sure I need not say, that he deals but little in tropes or figures. But when he does employ a metaphorical expression, it is in the generality of cases at once exceedingly happy and striking.

Mr. Evans is not a fine speaker. His manner is not graceful. His voice is powerful, but has a degree of hardness in some of its tones. At times, however, it is at once pleasant and deep. His utterance is in good taste, being neither too rapid nor too slow. His manner, as already

intimated, has much of fervour in it; but its fervour does not arise from mere bodily gesture. It arises from the solemnity of his aspect, and the energy and evident sincerity with which he speaks. There is, if there be not an anomaly in the expression, an emphasis in every word he utters when in his more energetic and earnest moods; you fancy you can not only trace back every idea to the deepest recesses of his heart, but you are persuaded that you see every word coming warm from the same mental locality. He has the appearance of one who is literally toiling and striving to force an entrance, through means of the truth, into the hearts of all who hear him. His physical gesticulation is not only not vehement, but has a good deal of sameness in it. He often rests either hand on the sides of the pulpit, standing meanwhile about a foot or foot and a half from its front. In his position, on such occasions, there is a slight stoop; at other times he makes some motion with his arms, but the motion is seldom liberal: it is never extra-

vagant. His appearance altogether in the pulpit, is remarkable for its solemnity.

Mr. Evans' sermons generally last an hour. His prayers, I should also observe, are remarkable for their length. They never occupy less time than twenty minutes in the delivery; they sometimes take twenty-five minutes, which is within five minutes of the time which many of the clergy allow for the delivery of their sermons. Mr. Evans is mighty in prayer. There is a depth of devotional feeling, a variety and comprehensiveness in his approaches to the throne of grace, which I have not seen surpassed; which are, indeed, but seldom equalled in the prayers of other ministers.

Mr. Evans has been charged with entertaining views of so hyper-Calvinistic a kind, as to border on Antinomianism. I am not sure that at a former period of his ministry, he was not in the habit of giving utterance to statements which would have led one to conclude, that his Calvinism was as high as it could be, short of the system of which Drs. Crisp and Saltmarsh of a former period, were the most

distinguished champions. Be this as it may, I speak advisedly when I say, that the reverend gentleman's doctrines, though strictly Calvinistic, have not for years past had anything in them which could justify any one in representing them as of a Sulprasarian character. I do not know a minister of the gospel in London, or out of it, who more habitually or more judiciously blends the preceptive with the doctrinal portions of the word of God. If, again, the nature of his creed is to be inferred from his own life and conversation, that creed must be the very opposite of what it has been sometimes represented to be; for a more spiritually-minded man, out of the pulpit as well as in it, is not to be met with. What he preaches to others, he practises himself. And here I may observe, that it consists with my own knowledge, that Mr. Evans' exemplary conduct in his intercourse with the saints and with the world, has often produced the happiest effects on the minds of persons to whom sermons had been for years addressed in vain. It has also been found in many other cases,

that a holy example on the part of ministers, touches the hearts of sinners and wins them over to the religion of Jesus, after the parties had heard the gospel proclaimed for a long series of years without the least effect. Though example preaches silently, it is powerful and persuasive in its appeals to the hearts and consciences of those who come within its sphere. And it is not sinners only that are benefited by the holy example of the people of God; the saints themselves are often bettered by the heavenly-mindedness which they witness in each other. I was lately much struck by a remark made to me in connection with this point, by a pious and distinguished minister of one of our national establishments. Mentioning to me the many happy moments he had spent in the company of Mr. Evans, he remarked, that they had never separated without feeling his piety increased by the interview they had had together.

I have repeatedly in the course of this work, taken occasion to express my fears, that our modern ministers of the gospel are too much in

the habit of addressing their people as if they were almost exclusively believers. I am not sure that Mr. Evans does not err on the opposite extreme. I remember having heard him say, about two years ago, after pointing out the various descriptions of sinners to be found in every mixed assemblage, that if the unregenerated of *all* classes were to stand up while he was preaching, they would fill the whole of the area of the chapel. As the area contains more accommodation than the gallery, the inference plainly deducible from this is, that he thinks the majority of the congregation are in an unconverted state. I should hope, nay I believe, that under so faithful, so solemn, so searching a ministry as his, the presumption must be the other way. Charity, indeed, would lead me to conclude, that under every faithful, and earnest, and affectionate ministry of the word, the majority of a congregation will be found to be the recipients of saving grace.

Mr. Evans has had many and deep domestic trials to endure. But I believe that the peculiar views of divine things which he has at different

times entertained, have been to him the source of yet greater sorrow. At one period, in early life, he approached the very verge of infidelity. I heard him two or three years ago make a touching allusion to this in one of his sermons. In 1818, Mr. Evans' opinions respecting the Trinity underwent a change. He adopted a modification of the Sabellian scheme; denying the Personality of the Holy Spirit altogether, and maintaining the pre-existence of the human soul of Christ. With regard to the person of Christ otherwise, his views were not very clear. He admitted that he was in one sense a divine Person, but contended that he was not essentially so, but as being in union with and supported by the Father. Speaking of himself in the third person, in a work called "Dialogues on the Trinity," which he published in 1819, in vindication of his newly-adopted views, Mr. Evans says—"He believes that the Lord Jesus Christ created, upholds, saves, and will judge the world, not as by himself, but as in union with, and as sustained and supported by God the Father dwelling in him. He believes

therefore that the Godhead of Christ is the Godhead of the Father; not another Godhead, an inferior Godhead, a second Godhead created by the Father; but that the Godhead of Christ is the Father himself." This view, it will be seen, is somewhat different from that entertained by most of the advocates of the Indwelling Scheme: still, it is clearly a modification of that system.

Mr. Evans only adhered to his newly-adopted views for three or four years. He then publicly renounced them, and re-embraced with his whole heart the Trinitarian creed which he had formerly held. From that moment up to this, he has been one of the most zealous asserters, in the Christian world, of the proper deity of Christ, the personality of the Holy Spirit, and the eternal and perfect co-equality of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In 1826, Mr. Evans published a very small volume in the form of a series of "Letters to a Friend in Ireland," which was intended as an answer to his former work. Instead, however, of being so, it could only be said to be a de-

tailed recantation in print of his previous opinions. His "Dialogues on the Trinity," is one of the most masterly works ever written in favour of the peculiar views therein advocated. It enters into the question at great length, and displays much research as well as ability. Instead, therefore, of contenting himself in his answer to it, with grappling with a few of the arguments he had made use of in opposition to the proper deity of Christ and the personality of the Holy Spirit, it is deeply to be regretted for the sake of truth, on whichever side it lies, that he did not reply to his former work as fully as any other Trinitarian would have done, had he undertaken the task. I could point to individuals whose minds have been painfully exercised on this very point for some years past. Nay, more—and I know how deeply Mr. Evans will regret to hear it—I could name persons, not who have been led to doubt Trinitarianism through means of his work, but who have felt the doubts they previously entertained on the subject, strengthened by its perusal.

The pain of mind with which Mr. Evans, on re-embracing his Trinitarian principles, looked

back on the publication of his "Dialogues on the Trinity," coupled with the circumstance of entertaining the opinions therein defended, may be inferred from the following affecting passage in a letter to the friend before referred to:—

"Sorrow and myself, my dear Sir, are not entirely strangers to each other. I am not wholly unacquainted with those trials which are sooner or later the portion of our common humanity. The cup of anguish is not entirely foreign to these lips: nor am I without some little experience that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. I have known what it is to lose, one after another, friends once near and dear to my heart. I have known what it is to follow, and that lately,* a father to his grave. I have known also what was more bitter than even that bitterness—to have been classed by some of the friends of my Lord and Master, among his very enemies; among those whose principles I never held, nay, whose principles I cordially and entirely rejected. But I can in sincerity assert, that to have

* This was written in 1826.

holden the opinions contained in the *Dialogues*, in the first place, and in the next to have published them to others, *is, and I believe ever will be, considered by myself as the most afflictive circumstance of my life.*" Mr. Evans was in a great measure led to the adoption of the modified Indwelling Scheme, by reading the work of Dr. Watts on the subject. The uninspired book which most largely contributed to his embracing his original Trinitarian creed, was Dr. Wardlaw's *Treatise on the Socinian Controversy*.

Mr. Evans has a decided dislike to platform exhibitions. He is never, or at least very rarely, to be seen in Exeter Hall, or in any other place at which religious meetings are held. A few years ago he was prevailed on to preach the annual sermon on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society, at Surrey Chapel. I do not know of any other strictly public appearance the reverend gentleman has made for some years past.

But though he takes no prominent part in the affairs of religious institutions of a general kind,

he is a most zealous supporter of the various societies which are connected with his own chapel. These societies are extensively supported by his congregation, and have been productive of, and are now producing, incalculable good. It will serve to show at once the opulence and liberality of Mr. Evans' congregation, taken as a whole, when I mention that about four years since, when the reverend gentleman happened to express in the presence of six of his members, whom he met with quite accidentally at the time, his anxious desire to send out from his own congregation, and permanently to support, a missionary who should visit from house to house in this vast metropolis,—five of the number at once put down their names for 10*l.* each, for the purpose; not as a donation, but as a subscription to be continued annually.

Mr. Evans has three prayers on every occasion on which his people meet for divine worship. The moment the clock strikes eleven in the morning, or half past six in the evening, he commences an introductory prayer, imploring a devotional spirit on behalf of himself

and his hearers during the services in which they are about to be engaged. This prayer is always short, never exceeding three or four minutes. The congregation then sing. Mr. Evans next reads a chapter from the Bible, which chapter is succeeded by a prayer lasting as before-mentioned, from twenty to twenty-five minutes. The congregation then sing again, after which he preaches. At the conclusion of his sermon Mr. Evans invariably gives out for his congregation to sing, the well-known lines:—

“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

Immediately before the commencement of the public services in the morning, a prayer-meeting is held in John Street Chapel. At this prayer-meeting, Mr. Evans is always present. His Tuesday evening sermons, unlike the week-day discourses of the generality of ministers, are usually as good as those he preaches on the Sabbath-day; only they are

not quite so long. Mr. Evans also preaches every alternate Wednesday at his own house at Hampstead, to crowded audiences. A large proportion of those attending on such occasions, are members of the Church of England. I may here remark, that his congregation in John Street Chapel, consist of persons belonging to all the evangelical denominations of London. Their partiality to his preaching is the cause of their worshipping in his chapel, instead of in churches or chapels belonging to their own respective denominations.

There is a very general impression abroad that Mr. Evans has an intention of returning to the Church of England. Not having the happiness of being personally acquainted with him, I cannot give a positive contradiction to the report, but I am thoroughly persuaded it is altogether groundless; for, putting out of view his decided opinions on the subject of baptism, and his opinions respecting the scriptural constitution of a church, I am convinced that his objections to the very principle of religious establishments, are so strong as to interpose an

insurmountable barrier to his ever returning to the bosom of the Church. I have heard him say that the establishment of Christianity by Constantine, was the worst thing that ever happened to it. But I am not surprised that the report to which I allude should be, as I know it is, very generally believed; for, unlike all other seceders from a particular body, he not only never utters a disparaging word regarding those from whom he has detached himself, but speaks of the evangelical portion of the clergy with the greatest respect and affection. He does even more than this—he associates far more largely with members and ministers of the Church, than he does with Dissenters. On various occasions, indeed, he has preached in the pulpits of the Church of England, in the course of his annual six weeks' visit to the country. He used to preach pretty frequently for the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp, the parish clergyman of Ryde, Isle of Wight. For that reverend gentleman, however, Mr. Evans is not likely to preach again, he having, unhappily, fallen into the Pusey heresies.

With the exception of the Rev. Mr. Cumming, of the Scotch Church, Crown Court, Little Russell Street, I know of no other minister in the metropolis, unconnected with the hierarchy, who is ever asked to preach in the pulpits of the Establishment. Mr. Evans and Mr. Cumming, I may also mention, both belong to an association consisting of the leading evangelical clergymen of London, formed for the purpose of meeting once a month together, in order to converse with one another on religious matters. Their practice is to meet at each other's houses in rotation, on a particular day, in the first week of each month, when they sit down together to a plain dinner, previous to their individually expressing their views on the existing aspect of religious affairs in this country, and throughout the world generally.

Another circumstance which may have led to the general belief of Mr. Evans intending to return to the Church, is that of his having a son who has just finished his studies at the university of Cambridge, and who comes out as a minister in connection with the Establish-

ment. So far from Mr. Evans himself having any predilection for a religious establishment, he has recently carried the voluntary principle farther than any other Dissenting minister in London, with the exception of the Rev. Mr. Dorman, * and the Scotch Baptists and Sandemanians. About three years ago, Mr. Evans caused public intimation to be made by circulars distributed throughout the chapel, that having come to the conclusion that it was contrary to the constitution of a Christian church to exact anything in the shape of pew-rents or otherwise, for attendance on the preaching of the gospel, no demand for seat-rents should ever be made on any one in future; but that all who then held their seats should be permitted gratuitously to retain them as long as they pleased, it being left entirely to themselves to contribute or not, as they thought fit, to defray the expenses of the chapel and to the support of the preaching of the gospel. Every one, or at least the majority of the congregation, feeling

* I shall have occasion to refer to Mr. Dorman at some length in my concluding chapter.

that they who preach the gospel must live by the gospel, continue to pay for their sittings, though no demand is made upon them, the same as before. The six hundred pounds per annum, which Mr. Evans receives as minister of the chapel, together with the amount necessary to defray other expenses, are raised with as much facility as before. Were, however, the voluntary principle carried to the same extent in all other Dissenting congregations, the ministers would, in many cases, find themselves *minus* a large slice of their salaries, unless they preached with redoubled zeal and otherwise devoted themselves unreservedly and entirely to pastoral labours.

The only other works, in addition to the two already named, which, so far as I know, have proceeded from Mr. Evans' pen, are two very small ones. The one consists of four sermons, from the words, "The Spirit of Holiness," which, indeed, is the title of the book. It is a most valuable work, clearly unfolding the experience of a believer's mind, and pervaded throughout by the most fervent piety. It ap-

peared in 1835, and has reached a second edition. It has been republished in America, with an introductory essay by the Rev. Octavius Winslow, and has had a very large sale in that country. The other little work consists of thirteen letters to the church in John-street, addressed to them during the periods of Mr. Evans' occasional absence in the country. It was also published in 1835, by Mr. Shaw, of Southampton-row; of whom, I believe, it is still to be had. As it is not much known beyond the circle of those for whom the letters were originally and specially intended, I shall quote one of the number in a foot-note.* The letter in question was written in the year 1830, and was dated from Ryde, Isle of Wight.

* "It gives me pleasure, my beloved brethren and sisters in Him who is the beloved of the Father, and *our* Beloved, to be told of your love towards me, and that you receive my letters as a little proof of my love towards you. I often think—often pray for you. O that the love of Christ, the love of Him who is the bond of all spiritual union; whose blood is the strong cement of all spiritual affection; whose eye watches over; whose ear is open unto; whose heart yearneth over his people, and each one as if there were no other,—O that His love, in all its length, breadth, depth, and height—His vast immeasurable love—were shed abroad in your hearts! Then should we love His people more, hate sin more, and pant

It will enable the reader to form some idea of the matter and spirit of Mr. Evans' ordinary pulpit ministrations, only that in the latter he does

after God, even the living God. Yea, the very dryness and thirstiness of the land in which we sojourn, would but drive us the more to Him, to take up all our rest in God only. My dear friends, I find it no small thing to be taught this truth, in ever so faint a degree—namely, to live on a Christ received. It is indeed supernatural, and the peculiar work of the Holy Spirit, to feel myself vile and unworthy of all favour; weak and helpless, ignorant and foolish; to be conscious of having been foiled and worsted by my spiritual enemies; and yet upon the bare word of God, to view myself accepted in the beloved; upon the simple declaration of God's truth to go to Him, in whom it has pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell, for strength, wisdom, and holiness;—to go, without misgivings as to his readiness to welcome the poor, the weary, the heavy-laden; and while I stand self-condemned, to believe that there is no condemnation; and while I feel, by painful experience, my own insufficiency to anything that is good, to see all sufficiency in Him. This—this, my dear friends, is no light matter; but when the blessed and eternal Spirit so leads and influences the heart to trust and glorify the Son of God, then all is easy. I would fain hope that of late he has been deigning to teach my soul a little of this blessed lesson; but it has been but a little, and that little makes me long for more. To think well of Christ, to approve of Him; yea, to find Him precious is one thing; but to go to Him in faith, in the midst of as much hopelessness as Abraham felt, is another; and yet not to act thus, is to deny Him to be Christ. He is given to us for this very purpose and express end; as he is our justification when we discern nothing in ourselves but unworthiness; and we never

not, of course, refer with the same frequency to his own religious experience.

Who that has read the Letters of Rutherford

honour Him more than by thus living on Him as an able, willing, suitable, waiting, gracious Saviour; and we never, I believe, please Him more than when, from the encouragements of his Cross, we travel up under the drawings of his own blessed Spirit, meekly and humbly, but hopefully and expectingly, to his throne; to be transformed, in the midst of every conceivable opposition, into his own most holy and most lovely image; and I am persuaded also, that to act thus is the only secret for a peaceful spirit and a consistent life. We want a Christ received for all seasons, circumstances, times, and places. If I cannot take a broken heart to Him, I will take Him my hard heart, and ask Him to break it. If I cannot take much faith, I will take my little faith to get more; nothing, I am sure, is ever got by staying away. May the Lord the Spirit strengthen the new man; cherish his own work in our souls; give us more faith and wisdom both to know how to make use of what we have, and to avoid whatever weakens it, and to bestow power over our spiritual enemies. One means of grace I have of late found (thanks to Him who made it so) more than usually precious—I mean the habit of more carefully reviewing the transactions of the past day than I had ever done before. It has been a channel of mercy to my soul, because it has endeared the fountain opened, the throne of grace; and while it shows me what I am, it also shows me what Christ is; while it exhibits the sinfulness of sin, it also exhibits the grace which pardons, and as it pardons, can subdue. My beloved friends, chosen in Christ Jesus, and called, redeemed by precious blood, O forget not your high calling; rest not satisfied with little things;

can help being struck with the similarity there is in the letter in question, to those able and pious compositions? Who, let me also ask, that has read any of Mr. Evans' practical writings, whether in the shape of sermons in "The Pulpit" or otherwise, can help regretting that he has not oftener appeared through the medium of the press? It is matter for his serious consideration, whether he be not, in this respect, guilty of hiding his talent in a napkin; whether he does not fall short of his duty to the church and the world. I am aware that he may urge that he never writes a single line of his sermons; and that the claims of a large congregation leave him but little leisure for writing for the press; but, then, if it were only known that he would have no objections to revise the press, the publication of volume after volume of his sermons would be under-

covet, earnestly covet, all that God has promised. To be near God, is your privilege; to converse with God, your great mercy; to walk with God, is heaven begun; to dwell with God, is heaven consummated. All are well, and send their love, with your attached and affectionate pastor and servant,

"J. H. EVANS."

taken by others, without his being put to any trouble in the matter. I know one young man,—an experienced short-hand writer, I believe,—who has taken down every word of his sermons, and his prayers also, for the last five years; possibly for a much longer period; and he, I have no doubt, would willingly make a present of a manuscript volume of Mr. Evans' sermons to any respectable publisher that might desire it.

In person, Mr. Evans is about the middle height, and stoutly made. His face is round and full, with a broad well formed forehead. His hair is of a silvery hue; but a considerable part of his head is bald. He has light blue eyes, which are so frequently fixed on the Bible before him, that a stranger in the area of the chapel would fancy he reads his sermons. When withdrawn from the Bible, they are fixed on the more distant part of the area of the chapel. I never once saw him look to either hand below, or to any part of the gallery. His complexion has a good deal of ruddiness in it; but his health is not so good as his appearance

would lead one to infer. If I be not mistaken, he is in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The Rev. EDWARD STEANE, of Camberwell, is a preacher of considerable popularity in that district of the metropolis. He is not, however, very generally known, even among the body to which he belongs, in other parts of London. This principally arises from the circumstance of his seldom preaching in any other metropolitan pulpit than his own. He is a man of highly cultivated mind: in his mental constitution, indeed, there is more of refinement than of vigour. If I were to characterise him in his ministerial capacity in the fewest possible words, I should say he is an elegant preacher; elegant both with respect to matter and manner. He is never strikingly original or profound; but his matter is always above the average standard of excellence. But even were the general run of his ideas of a higher order than they are, they would suffer in the estimation of his hearers in the process of transfer from his mind to theirs. His diction is much too dif-

fuse: he is particularly partial to rounded periods; and certainly so far as mere elegance is concerned, few men have expended their labour on their style to better purpose. His composition is smooth and polished in no ordinary degree. It is also in excellent taste in so far as the absence of any meretricious ornament is concerned. But then this abstract beauty of composition is attained at the expense of vigour; and when one's diction wants force, his matter must appear to disadvantage. Every one knows that the same idea expressed in condensed or powerful language, tells with much greater effect than if delivered in diffuse or feeble diction. Mr. Steane is a judicious preacher. He has accurate views of the peculiarities of the Christian system, and these views he always expresses with judgment. If you are never forcibly struck with any thing he says, you are always pleased. He is so equal, as a preacher, that the amount of admiration with which he inspires you before he has uttered a dozen sentences, is continued with scarcely a perceptible variation, to the close of his dis-

course. The staple of his sermons consists of the more vital or practical truths of the gospel scheme; but at times I have thought he generalized too much.

I have already said that not only is Mr. Steane a man of cultivated mental taste, but that he is an elegant speaker. He has a clear tenor voice, which is at all times audible without being unduly loud. His articulation is distinct, and his pronunciation accurate. I have not heard him preach in his own chapel, and cannot therefore say whether the circumstance of feeling more at home among his own people may enable him to dispense with the use of a paper when addressing them; but when he has occasion to preach in other chapels, he reads closely from his manuscript. As the few detached sermons which have been published under his own auspices, and also those which have been taken down in shorthand and printed in "The Pulpit," exhibit so much care in the arrangement and the style, I think the presumption is that he also uses the paper when in his own pulpit. He is a very

correct speaker; his delivery is neither too hurried nor too slow; nor has it the least appearance of effort about it. His principal, if not indeed his only defect, as a public speaker, is the monotony which characterises his elocution. His voice seems to have no variety of tone, or if it have, he not only fails to modulate it with effect, but fails to modulate it at all. Of gesticulation, he can hardly be said to have any. He is a quiet speaker; a gentle movement of his arms is the only thing in the way of action which he seems to attempt.

He has done nothing in the capacity of author worthy of being mentioned. He has published several single sermons on particular subjects; but beyond these I know of nothing of his which has issued from the press.

His congregation is large, and highly respectable. I should think the average attendance on his ministry cannot be under eight hundred persons. From the appearance of the congregation, I should be greatly surprised were I to learn that his salary is less than four hundred pounds per annum.

In person he is about the general height, and well formed. His hair at a distance seems of a flaxen hue. His complexion is fair; his features are regular and pleasing. In the expression of his countenance there is nothing marked. His age cannot be much above forty.

The Rev. JOHN HOWARD HINTON, of Devonshire Square Chapel, Bishopsgate Street, succeeded the Rev. Dr. Price about eighteen or twenty months ago, on the latter gentleman being obliged to resign his charge in consequence of the failure of his voice as a public speaker. Mr. Hinton had been, for the previous sixteen or seventeen years, the pastor of the Baptist Church in Reading, where he laboured with great acceptance and success. His father was the late Rev. James Hinton, for so long a period the esteemed pastor of the Baptist Church in Oxford. Mr. Hinton has already attracted great attention in London. The chapel, which was quite full before, under the ministry of Dr. Price, is now so much crowded that, I am assured, numbers are obliged to go

away every Sabbath-day, without being able to get even tolerable standing-room. It is consequently in contemplation by the congregation, to erect a new and much more commodious chapel as soon as the requisite arrangements can be made. The present chapel only contains accommodation for about six hundred persons; the new one ought to be of sufficient dimensions to contain twice that number; for if built in a convenient place, there can be no doubt Mr. Hinton will soon fill it.

I am not surprised at the reverend gentleman's popularity. I look upon him as one of the most original and independent-minded thinkers, either in our metropolitan or provincial pulpits, of the present day. He never preaches a sermon in which he does not strike out some new and original train of thought. In this opinion of Mr. Hinton's originality and his independent modes of thinking, I am fortified by no less an authority than the Rev. Mr. Milman, the distinguished author of "The Fall of Jerusalem," and other works of great popularity and merit. Having resided for many years in

Reading, while Mr. Hinton was there, he had abundant opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject; and he stated in private to a friend of mine, that he considered Mr. Hinton "by far the most original-minded man amongst us." Whether Mr. Milman meant by the phrase "amongst us," ministers of the gospel generally, or only in the particular part of the country in which Reading is situated, is a point which I cannot determine. Even in the latter case, the compliment coming from such a quarter, was an exceedingly high one, to be paid to Mr. Hinton. Nor is it only in certain passages of a discourse that the reverend gentleman's originality of mind manifests itself: it is more or less conspicuous in almost *every part* of a particular discourse, as well as in the particular discourse itself. How far his positions are at all times sound, is another question. This I know, that he often startles as well as strikes the minds of his more intelligent hearers. His matter is always condensed: no one ever yet charged him with being diffuse. The same remark applies as much to his style as to his

matter. It is pithy and pointed: sometimes it rises to a concise sort of eloquence, if there be no impropriety in the phrase; at other times it wants both accuracy and smoothness. When he applies himself to argument, which he not unfrequently does, he confines himself closely to the matter at issue, and reasons with great effect. On some such occasions, his mode of arguing, without being strictly the syllogistic mode, has no small resemblance to it. Two or three months ago, he preached a sermon at the Weigh House Chapel, in vindication of the claims of the Bible to be considered a divine revelation, which afforded not only a fair specimen of his powers as a reasoner, but a happy illustration of his peculiar mode of arguing a question, to which I have alluded.

Mr. Hinton never suffers his proneness to be either argumentative or speculative, to make him forget that the great end of a gospel ministry is to reach the conscience and to impress the heart. A considerable portion of each of his discourses consists of direct personal appeals to the minds of his hearers.

Mr. Hinton's manner is very varied in the pulpit. His voice is changeable in its tones. It is soft and agreeable at one time, and harsh at others. He delivers one sentence in a low tone of voice, while the next is spoken in a considerably higher tone. Both in his prayers and preaching, he makes more than the usual pauses between the conclusion of one particular sentence and the beginning of another. For some time after he begins his sermons, he is very quiet in his action, so far as relates to his arms; his only motion on such occasions is a slight one of the body, as if standing for a second, at short intervals of time, on his tip-toes. He leans occasionally on the pulpit without making the slightest motion of any kind. In a few seconds after he has altered his position, you see his open hands pressed together. But his attitudes and gestural movements are so various, that no description can include them all. His eye is, without exception, the most piercing I ever saw. When appealing to the consciences of his hearers,—and his manner generally is earnest and energetic,—you

them with great frequency as well as great gusto.

On the subject of human depravity, the reverend gentleman entertains very peculiar, and what most persons will consider, very contradictory notions. He admits that by the fall of Adam all mankind lost their primitive purity; but denies that they thereby exposed themselves to any penal consequences. His words on the latter point are—"No man is subject to the wrath of God in any sense or degree, because of Adam's sin; but every man stands as free from the penal influences of his first parents' crime, as though Adam had never existed, or as though he himself were the first of mankind." Mr. Hinton then goes on to admit, that mankind have suffered both in body and mind from the apostacy of Adam. He says—"It is undeniable that the consequences of Adam's sin, fall upon the whole race of mankind. Suffering and death are the portion of all, and even the innocent do not escape, since the babe weeps and expires. Not only is it suffering and death which are thus entailed: every man enters the world with a

depraved nature." He adds, however, that "the depravity consequent on the fall, has left unbroken our capacity for obedience to the divine law."

On the subject of man's moral ability, Mr. Hinton's views will appear to most persons of a very startling kind. They are neither Calvinistic nor Arminian. They are ostensibly brought forward by the reverend gentleman as a sort of compromise between, or amalgamation of, the two systems; and after having stated and supported them, he calls on Calvinists and Arminians to cease from further controversy, and to unite together in one great body. Mr. Hinton maintains that all men in their natural state are *able* to repent and believe; in other words, to work out their own salvation; but then he goes to say that though they possess the power, they have no *wish* to repent or to be saved. His words in one part of his published works are—"A sinner *can* come to Christ, whether he will or not; that is, suppose either case that he *will*, or that he *will not*, still he *can* come." This hypothesis necessarily paves the

way for the absolute rejection of the generally-received opinion that the influences of the Holy Spirit are necessary in order to a sinner's conversion. On this point he says—"Without being moved thereto by the Spirit of God, and without any other influence than the blessing which God always gives to the use of means, you are competent to alter your mind towards God, by obeying the dictates of your own conscience and employing the faculties of your own being. Think on your ways and you will turn your feet to God's testimonies. This is what God requires you to do in order to deliverance from his wrath; and except you do it without regard to any communication of his Spirit, he leaves you to perish." In justice to Mr. Hinton, it is right I should here remark, that he does not deny the doctrine of the Trinity, nor in any measure question the distinct Personality of the Holy Spirit.

On the subject of the sovereignty of God, the reverend gentleman also entertains some peculiar opinions; but as I do not myself very clearly comprehend what his notions on this

point are, I will not undertake to explain them to others. On the kindred topic of election, he cannot be classed among either Calvinists or Arminians. The organs of both these great parties have distinctly repudiated his sentiments on the subject. Neither are his views Baxterian; that system of faith which Baxter was the first to promulgate, and which was adopted and so ably supported both by Watts and Doddridge. The best way is to let Mr. Hinton speak for himself. "If," he says, after having treated of the doctrine of God's sovereignty, "I am now asked, whether I give up the doctrine of election, I answer, No. In its province I maintain and honour it, but I hold that God's merciful probation of man is not its province. In this respect the intention of Christ's death was universal, and without discrimination. It was no matter of Election with God for whom his Son should die, in order that whosoever believeth in him should not perish! nor is it a matter of election with him now, whom, upon repentance, he shall save. He 'gave himself a ransom for all.'" Again—"Whether you may

be of the elect or not, there is equal hope for you ; a real provision for your salvation, and a most free welcome to your application for it."

On the subject of the moral law, though decidedly Arminian on other points, Mr. Hinton entertains opinions which are purely Antinomian: at any rate they are so in their practical tendency. Hear himself on this point. "What, then, is the law of God, in which his requirements are embodied? I conceive that it is not to be found in the ten commandments, which, however honourable and important among the precepts of God, have no just pretensions to be considered a summary of his law; nor can I refrain from expressing my conviction of the immense mischief which has arisen from their having been regarded in that light."

Mr. Hinton is a rather voluminous author; neither are his works confined to theology. A good many years ago he published a small volume, illustrated by a great many plates, entitled "Elements of Natural History; or, an Introduction to Systematic Zoology, chiefly according to the classification of Linnæus, and

aided by the method of Artificial Memory." In 1830-32, a large quarto work, in two volumes, entitled "The History and Topography of the United States of America," was edited by the reverend gentleman. In 1824 he brought out "A Biographical Portrait of the late Rev. James Hinton," his father. In 1826 there appeared from his pen, "A Review of the Congregational System, in connection with a department of its Local History." In the following year he published his "Theology; or, an Attempt towards a Consistent View of the whole Counsel of God." A small work, entitled, "On Completeness of Ministerial Qualification," proceeded from his pen in 1829; which work is remarkable for its not making even an allusion to the agency of the Holy Spirit in connection with ministerial success. In the following year he brought out a "Treatise on the work of the Holy Spirit;" in which the necessity of his operations in order to conversion is denied, as before stated, and in which the author maintains that all that the Spirit has to do in the matter of conversion, is to

lead us to a due consideration of the topics presented to the mind. Even this admission, however, as to the necessity of the Spirit's work in order to conversion, is in the very next sentence largely qualified; for Mr. Hinton says, "But we are able to give due consideration to any object without the Spirit; wherefore we have power without the Spirit, to do that which we actually do only under his influence." In 1833, the reverend gentleman ushered into the world his "Harmony of Religious Truth," in which work he presents anew, under a different arrangement, the various peculiar positions brought forward in his previous speculative productions. Mr. Hinton is also the author of several other small works; by far the most interesting and most recent of which is "Memoirs of Master James Howard Hinton," his own son, who died at Reading, his native place, when only thirteen years of age. This little work, which has reached a third edition, though only published three or four years ago, constitutes a beautiful and touching tribute of parental affection to a child

of singular piety, remarkably correct views of divine truth, and extraordinary intellectual promise.*

It is not generally known that Mr. Hinton has a dash of the poetic spirit in him. It is true that he does not work the poetic vein to any extent ; but that, were he to do so, he would make a rather respectable appearance as a poet, must, I think, appear evident to any

* This boy appears to have possessed a wonderfully precocious mind. He seems to have thought, spoken, written, and acted, as if he had reached the meridian of life. His remarks on religious subjects ought to put many of us to the blush, who are three times what his age was. He died of scarlet fever in 1835. The following is among the last letters he wrote : it is addressed to his father :—

“ Since you have requested all of us who can write, to write to you, and tell you what we wish most, both for ourselves and for you, for this year, I now comply with your desire. That which I desire most of all for you is, that you may receive wisdom and knowledge from above, to enable you to train us up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to fulfil the duties of your station as a minister of God. For myself, I wish that God would give me a new heart, and put a new spirit within me, and make me, in truth, one of his followers ; that I may live and die to his glory ; and, after death, be received into heaven, to dwell with him in glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

one who peruses the following lines written on the death of the boy just referred to :

TO MY CHILD IN HEAVEN.

“ What art thou doing ?—where away ?

Spirit of one I loved so well !

Loos'd from thy tenement of clay,

The wonders of thy journey tell.

Hast thou approached the dazzling light,

Where uncreated glories hide ?

Hast thou beheld, enchanting sight !

Him who for thee was crucified ?

Hast thou, amidst the ransomed throng,

Blood-washed, a welcome station found ?

And joined in rapturous strains the song,

Where raptures run an endless round ?

Open your ranks, ye bright array,

And give a kindred spirit room :

In these fond arms he might not stay,

For seraph bands would lead him home.

And thou, my son, fall humbly down,

Before thy smiling Saviour's face :

Then his dear name with glory crown,

And sweetly sing his endless praise.”

Notwithstanding the number of works which emanated from Mr. Hinton's pen while in Reading, the attention he paid to zoology and other departments of natural history, and the active part he took on the liberal side, on all

important political questions; notwithstanding all this, the reverend gentleman when there, was one of the most laborious and zealous ministers of the gospel to be any where met with. He was constantly occupied during the week in preaching in the open air and in out-houses, in all the villages around Reading. He often preached, sometimes at great personal danger to himself, in the immediate vicinity of booths and caravans, at fairs. He went away on one occasion from home, telling his people he wanted a few holidays for himself; and in some of those days which he called holidays, he preached no fewer than five times.

Mr. Hinton is a man of the greatest moral courage. Of him it may be truly said, as was said of John Knox, the Scotch reformer, that he fears the face of no man. Whatever he thinks—no matter how unpopular—in the pulpit, or out of it, he speaks in the plainest terms which language can supply. He is a sturdy-minded man, in every sense of the word. It never costs him a thought what others may think either of himself or his opinions. He does not know what

it is to conceal or compromise a principle. Let him but be convinced of what the path of duty is, and he will fearlessly walk in it, though it should be through fire and water. Sometimes his exceeding straight-forwardness, perhaps I should rather say, roughness of manner, leads him to speak and act in a way which gives offence. It is to be regretted that he does not seem to be aware, that the most indomitable moral courage and an unflinching adherence to principle, are quite compatible with urbanity of manners. His father, the late Rev. James Hinton, of Oxford, furnished a practical proof of this. To great moral courage, and an uncompromising adherence to principle, he united the manners of the perfect gentleman.

Mr. Hinton is rather tall, and seemingly of a robust constitution. His face is of more than the ordinary length, and of a somewhat sallow complexion. His features are marked. His dark-grey piercing eyes are deeply set, and are more than the usual distance from each other. They sometimes seem as if they were looking different ways, which makes the expression of

his countenance more remarkable. He has a high retiring forehead. His hair is of a sandy colour, and not very abundant. I should take his age to be about forty-five.

The Rev. C. STOVEL, of Little Prescott-street Chapel, Goodman's-fields—the chapel in which the celebrated Abraham Booth, author of the “Reign of Grace,” and other well-known works, so long preached—has only been five or six years in London. He is rising in influence among the Dissenters generally, and in importance and popularity among the body with which he is connected. He is a man of very considerable mind. He often thinks deeply, and strikes the hearer by the originality and force of some of his conceptions. His matter has the further merit of being condensed. It is not, however, without the drawback of being very unequal; and this not only in one sermon as compared with another, but often in the same sermon. At one time you are struck with the force and felicity of his ideas; at another, perhaps in a few minutes afterwards, he is

very common-place. He is one of the most variable preachers in these respects I have ever heard; and not less variable is he in his delivery. At one time he is all fire and fervour; at another he is languidness itself. He stands on the latter occasions as still, always of course excepting the motions of his mouth and his head, as if the fountains of life within him had dried up. When, however, he gets warm, at particular parts of his discourse, he becomes exceedingly animated, and liberal of his gesture. His arms are then seen flying about, suddenly thrown up perpendicularly, and as suddenly drawn down again. His voice too, which was not only so low as to be little more than audible, while every word seemed reluctant to emerge out of his throat, is now raised to a pitch which fills the whole of the chapel, and would fill it were it twice as large. If these flights in the reverend gentleman's ideas and delivery, were more sustained, instead of having only a congregation of about three hundred persons or less, he would soon double the number of his hearers. Mr. Stovel speaks

at one time rather slowly; at other times his delivery is characterised by some degree of rapidity.

Mr. Stovel's aspect is forbidding, and his manner is not without some harshness. He often addresses his congregation in so authoritative a sort of manner, that you would fancy he had the notion that men could be literally *compelled* to believe, repent, and be saved. His friends, however, say, that with all his roughness of exterior he has a very warm heart.

He is the author of several small books; but I am not aware that any of them have excited general interest in the religious world. They all display considerable talent, especially his treatise on Church Government. He is the only Dissenting minister I know in London, who regularly preaches three times on a Sunday. His salary is two hundred pounds a-year.

He is small in stature, and slender in form. His face is thin, and his features are large and marked. His eyes are deeply set, but are quick in their motions, and expressive in their

glances. His complexion is pale, and altogether looks as if his health were not good; though I believe he has no cause of complaint on that score. His hair is ample enough, and is of a dark-brown colour. His age cannot exceed forty.

The Rev. Dr. F. A. Cox, of Hackney, has for more than a quarter of a century held a distinguished place, not only among the ministers of his own body, but among ministers of the Dissenting interest generally. From that period up to the present moment he has, at short intervals, brought himself prominently before the religious public, by means of the works which have proceeded from his pen as well as by his energy and activity as a minister of the gospel. Some of his earlier productions were subjected to severe criticism on account of what the critics considered an affected or inflated style. Perhaps their strictures on this account, though in particular cases carried much too far, were not altogether uncalled for. As the reverend gentleman advanced in years,

his style of composition gradually approached nearer and nearer that which is called natural, until it may now be said to be almost entirely exempt from the faults which attached to it in earlier life.

About ten or twelve years ago, the reverend gentleman brought out a work on Infant Baptism, which made a great noise at the time. Indeed, I know of no work which has appeared on the same side of the question, since the publication of Abraham Booth's "Pædobaptism Examined," that excited half the interest which this volume of Dr. Cox's did. His own party thought that it had for ever settled the much-agitated question in their favour; while the opposite party virtually acknowledged the ability with which it was written, by attacking and replying to it in every possible way. Even the leaders of the Pædobaptist party in Scotland deemed it necessary to enter the field of controversy against Dr. Cox, lest, in the event of his work being not more fully and satisfactorily refuted than it had been in the metropolitan Pædobaptist periodicals, it might be supposed

by those who had never examined the subject, or whose views were undecided on the point,—it was not capable of being answered. Accordingly, the Rev. Greville Ewing, of Glasgow, being a distinguished Greek scholar, undertook the office of replying to the critical departments of the book; while Dr. Wardlaw, his friend and colleague in the theological tutorship of a Congregational institution in that city, for the education of candidates for the ministry,—imposed upon himself the task of overthrowing the more general positions and reasonings of Dr. Cox. All parties displayed great learning and talent in the course of the controversy; but I must, for obvious reasons, refrain from expressing any opinion as to which of the disputants appeared to the greatest advantage on the occasion.

I know of no work of any extent or importance which proceeded from the pen of Dr. Cox after the publication of the volume in question, until, in 1835, he brought out, in conjunction with Dr. Hoby, of Manchester, his "Tour in the United States of America."

This latter work consisted of an account of a six months' visit to the Baptist churches of America which Dr. Cox and Dr. Hoby paid their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic in 1834, in the capacity of a deputation from the Baptist denomination in this country. The work was principally written by Dr. Cox, and had a rather extensive sale; not less, I believe, than one thousand four hundred, or one thousand five hundred copies of it having been disposed of.

The latest production of any magnitude—and it is only a small volume of some two hundred and forty or two hundred and fifty pages—which has proceeded from the pen of Dr. Cox, is an essay on “Young Men.” It was written in competition—and was successful—for a prize of one hundred guineas, which the Young Men's Society offered in 1837 for the best essay on the subject. The circumstance of its obtaining a prize for so large an amount, not less than its intrinsic merits, obtained for this essay, which is entitled “Our Young Men,” a very respectable sale.

Dr. Cox, as a mere preacher, does not rank in the first class. He appears to less advantage in the pulpit than many ministers I could name, who are either not known at all as theological authors, or if so, are admitted by universal consent to be, in that capacity, much inferior to him.

It so happens that I have never heard Dr. Cox preach in his own pulpit; neither have I ever heard him at all, except when preaching on behalf of some particular institution, or on some special occasion when the subject was given him by others. It is but justice to Dr. Cox to mention this, as I know ministers are usually most at ease, and generally appear to the greatest advantage, in their own pulpits. On the occasions on which I have heard the reverend gentleman, his matter struck me as being much more adapted for being read with profit in the study, than to be preached with effect from the pulpit. It appeared to me as if wanting that definitiveness, or that individual bearing, which is so essential to an effective pulpit ministry. But let me not be here mis-

understood. The remark only applies to the discourses I have heard from Dr. Cox as a whole. Particular passages have struck me as not only exhibiting intellectual superiority, but as being peculiarly calculated to reach the heart and make a permanent impression on it.

Dr. Cox's pulpit ministrations are manifestly the fruit of careful study. His matter is not crude or undigested. His mode of arranging the subject into heads and particulars, and the close connection which subsists between the various parts of the whole, shows that he thinks before he speaks. If I am not mistaken, he writes his sermons at full length. On the occasions on which I have heard him, he not only preached written discourses, but read them from beginning to end; very rarely raising his eye from his manuscript for more than a few seconds at a time. His reading is not attractive. In general there is a want of animation in it; while his voice, which is usually thin, though by no means deficient in clearness, sometimes degenerates into a sort of screech. And yet there are times when the

reverend gentleman's voice has so much of melody in its tones, mingled with great power, as to give to his delivery a more than ordinary effectiveness. Usually, his utterance is rather rapid; but at times it is more deliberate and stately. This is in his more solemn moods; and then the hearer listens to him with a pleasure of the highest kind.

Dr. Cox's action is not vehement. He rather errs on the other side. He is too quiet for a promiscuous audience. To keep up the attention of the majority of those who compose the mixed assemblages who frequent our places of worship, it is necessary that the preacher should use a certain amount of gesture; the eye as well as the ear must, if the expression be a correct one, be interested. One of his favourite attitudes is to raise his right hand level with his head, and then make a slight motion with it. On such occasions he withdraws his eyes for a few seconds from his paper, and partly leans over the bible. When he gets into his more animated moods, he opens his hand, and stretches out his arm at full length, though

he does not make much motion with it. But the reverend gentleman's gesticulation is not at any time extravagant. It is very moderate in general, in so far as relates to the movement of his body or his arms; but he is by no means sparing in his use, in preaching, of the muscles of the face. Over these, especially over his eyebrows, he seems to have a perfect command, and at particular parts of his discourse, makes a very liberal use of them. The reverend gentleman wears spectacles, but they are commonly at a much greater distance from his eyes than I have ever seen in any other case.

About two or three months ago, Dr. Cox had a series of consecutive week-day services in his chapel, with the view of bringing about a revival of religion among his people. He has a large and highly respectable congregation. I should think the average number of persons who attend his ministry, cannot be less than eight hundred, and that his income from the chapel cannot be under four hundred pounds a-year.

The personal appearance of Dr. Cox is not

without some slight degree of peculiarity. A large portion of his waistcoat is open, while the cut of his coat in some measure resembles that of a Quaker. His shirt is always collarless. His white neckerchief is not only put loosely on, but is tied in the old-fashioned way. His hair has a silvery appearance, but his head is partially bald in front. He possesses a fine well developed forehead, of a slightly receding form. His eyes are of a light blue, and small. Occasionally he causes his brows to come down so far over them, as in some measure well nigh to conceal them for the moment from view. His complexion is clear, and looks wonderfully fresh and healthy in one who must now be bordering on his sixtieth year. He is rather stoutly made, though not sufficiently so to justify one in representing him as corpulent. He is rather, if any thing, below the ordinary height.

CHAPTER XII.

MINISTERS OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

The Rev. Dr. Jabez Bunting—The Rev. Thomas Jackson—
The Rev. J. Dorman — The Rev. George Abrahams—The
Rev. Robert Aitken—Concluding Remarks.

THE Rev. Dr. JABEZ BUNTING, Theological Tutor of the Wesleyan Academy at Hoxton, is admitted on all hands to be the leading man among the existing followers of John Wesley. The circumstance of his preaching so very seldom,—being otherwise so much occupied in his duties as instructor of young men preparing for the ministry in connection with Wesleyanism,—renders a detailed notice of the reverend gentleman unnecessary. He was originally brought into prominent notice and importance among the body to which he belongs, by the conjoint patronage of Dr. Adam Clarke, the Rev. Mr. Benson, and the Rev. Dr. Coke—three men

who were the ornaments of Wesleyanism while they lived, and whose memories are held in the deepest reverence not only by persons in their connection, but by men of every denomination who can appreciate unfeigned piety and intellectual excellence. Dr. Bunting was considered by many of the body, to be so much the protégé of these men, as that they hardly did justice to the claims of other contemporary ministers of great talent in the connexion. So, at least, I am assured by a party who ought to be acquainted with the circumstances under which Dr. Bunting rose to the distinction which he has so long enjoyed among the disciples of John Wesley. The reverend gentleman is an excellent preacher. His matter and style are both remarkable for their condensation. There is a separate idea in almost every second sentence he utters. He possesses a sound judgment, and a mind of considerable vigour. He is always above mediocrity; he frequently starts new trains of thought, and gives utterance to things which sufficiently strike the mind of the hearer, to

justify the supposition that the impression made will be lasting. He is a sententious preacher. His discourses always bear traces of very careful preparation. And they are not only carefully prepared in the first instance, but being in most cases repeatedly preached in various chapels, and frequently in the same chapels at certain intervals of time, they are doubtless often retouched; and consequently ought to be of a very superior order of merit. Dr. Bunting, it is said, has only a limited stock of what he himself considers crack sermons. The statement is the more probable, as every one knows who has heard him preach for the last fifteen or twenty years, that he has in some cases in the course of that time delivered the same discourse ten or twelve times over. What may appear yet more surprising is the fact, that he actually in some instances preaches sermons over again, which have not only been frequently preached before, but have actually appeared in print, and been extensively circulated. What is more surprising still, is the fact, that in some instances he has been in-

duced, under peculiar circumstances, to apprise the congregation of the fact immediately after giving out the text. He has an aversion amounting to horror to seeing his discourses reported in any of the publications devoted to the reports of sermons; and it is said that his usual practice before commencing, is to look round the chapel, and see if he can discover any reporter in it. When preaching a few years ago near Hammersmith, he observed a reporter with his note-book in his hand; when, after announcing the text, he said, "I see a reporter there," pointing to a particular part of the chapel, "for one of the Pulpit publications. I beg to inform him, that the sermon I am now going to preach, was not only before delivered by me, but will be found in print." On another occasion, when preaching in Aldersgate chapel,* he observed, after he had got fairly into the discourse, a young man taking notes in the front seat of the gallery on the left of the pulpit; when suddenly stopping in his sermon,

* A Welsh place of worship, though Dr. Bunting preached on the occasion in English.

and turning round to the other, he accosted him, by way of parenthesis, thus:—"Young man, I see you are very busy in taking notes of my sermon. If you wish to remember it, you ought to try to do so when you go home, and not disturb a whole congregation peaceably assembled for the worship of God." The young man, however, went on with his notes, as if nothing had happened.

The reverend gentleman's manner in the pulpit is exceedingly quiet. He can hardly be said to use any gesture at all. His voice is clear; but in such a chapel as that in Great Queen Street, he is hardly audible in the more distant parts of it. He speaks deliberately but impressively, owing to the quality of his matter and a seriousness which there is about his general appearance. He often closes his little clear eyes during the delivery of his sermon; perhaps altogether they are shut during half the time he is occupied with his discourse.

Dr. Bunting has not done much in the way of authorship. His best-known and largest work is his *Life of the late Rev. Richard Wat-*

son, published in 1833. He has written one or two pamphlets, and published a few of his sermons, but beyond these I know of nothing he has done in the capacity of author.

He is slightly above the ordinary height, of a full, almost indeed of a corpulent figure. His complexion is wonderfully fresh for one who must be about his sixtieth year. His face is large and broad. His hair is of a dark-grey colour, as seen at a distance. Altogether he has somewhat of a heavy appearance.

The Rev. THOMAS JACKSON, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, is another person of considerable importance in the body with which he is connected. Like Dr. Bunting, he preaches but seldom. He is a very pleasing, if not an intellectual preacher. There are few ministers who can deliver a discourse more calculated to edify the saint, or to impress the mind of the sinner. There is something of a melancholy character about his voice; but it is a melancholy of a pleasing kind. He speaks with much ease, never hesitating nor having to recal his words. His articulation is

distinct, and his utterance well-tuned. He almost invariably lays a marked emphasis on some word or other of every sentence. In the pronunciation of certain words, he has much of a provincial accent. The word hundred, for instance, he pronounces "hondred ;" saint, "saant ;" discourse, "discoorse ;" referred, "refarred," &c. He begins his sermons with his hands resting on the pulpit, in a rather subdued tone of voice, but raises it as he proceeds. When he warms with his subject, he raises sometimes one hand and sometimes both hands ; but his gesture never becomes vehement, or even liberal. His ideas are always good, though not indicative of any marked intellectual vigour. He is a highly practical preacher. He does not seem desirous of making any display. His aspect is serious ; and his manner altogether is exceedingly solemn. He is a man of decided piety.

I know of nothing of any note which the reverend gentleman has published, except his recent work on "The Centenary of Wesleyan-Methodism." He is the editor of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Judging from his appearance in the pulpit, I should take Mr. Jackson to be about the middle stature, and of a rather full make. His complexion is fair, and his hair is of sandy colour. His countenance, though wearing a grave, has by no means an unpleasant expression. His face is of the oval form, and his features are small and regular. His eyes are clear and small, and quick in their motions. His age must be from forty-two to forty-five.

The Rev. J. DORMAN, of Rawstorne-street chapel, St. John's Road, Islington, has excited a good deal of interest of late, among the Dissenters of the metropolis. He had been for some years an Independent minister in a neighbouring chapel, where he was highly esteemed as a pious, laborious, Christian pastor; but having occasion to visit Plymouth about twelve months ago, he chanced to meet with a body of Christians there, holding certain peculiar opinions, and simply calling themselves "The Brethren." He was all of a sudden led to adopt their views, and returning to London, at once, like an honest and honourable man, an-

nounced the change his principles had undergone, and his determination to secede altogether from the Independents, and to resign his charge. This resolution was no sooner announced than it was carried into effect. Mr. Dorman forthwith formed a new church on his recently adopted principles, over which he now presides as pastor. His present creed may be stated in a few words. He is a firm believer in the coming personal reign of Christ on earth. He holds it to be anti-scriptural to demand money for seat-rents, leaving it entirely to the hearers to pay or not as they think fit. He maintains that there ought to be weekly communion among the churches of Christ, by sitting down to the sacrament of the Supper. He asserts the right of any male member publicly to exhort, sing, read, or pray, provided he conceive he is inwardly moved to the exercise. He has been known to denounce the practice of addressing sinners and inviting them to come to Christ; but whether this be a fixed principle with him or not, I cannot say. He holds it to be unscriptural to single out a detached verse from the Bible, and then hang an oration on it.

He reads a whole chapter, and then addresses his hearers from it. He has pulled down the pulpit, and erected a small platform near where it stood. The platform is only eighteen or twenty inches in height. On it he stands when he is addressing his people. He does every thing himself. He gives out the hymns, leads the singing, prays, reads, exhorts. He concludes the services with prayer, but does not pronounce the apostolic benediction previous to the congregation separating. He is dressed in a green surtout coat and black stock. He seems desirous of being as little like a minister in dress as possible. He is a good man, and possesses very respectable talents. He is a clear, close, and pointed preacher. He often says things which are well calculated to make an impression on the mind. His utterance is at times rather deliberate and lifeless; at other times it is somewhat rapid and emphatic. He occasionally stutters slightly. His sermons, or addresses rather, are always long; they never occupy less than an hour in the delivery. The services altogether occupy two hours; during

all of which time he stands; not even having a chair on the platform on which he could sit down did his manner of conducting the services allow it. He is rather tall and slender. His complexion is fair, and his hair is of a light colour. His features are small, and have something of a reserved expression. His face has more of an oval than of a round shape. His congregation consists of about four hundred persons; but the chapel is inconveniently crowded. It is, however, about to be enlarged. He has recently published a small work containing a statement of his newly adopted opinions. It is called "Principles of Truth." He is under his fortieth year.

The Rev. GEORGE ABRAHAMS, of Regent-Street Chapel, City Road, has of late excited very considerable attention in the religious world of London. He is a converted Jew. About ten years ago, he professed to have a divine commission to preach to his Israelitish brethren, and consequently statedly addressed the few individuals of their number who felt dis-

posed to listen to his ministrations. At that time he preached in a small room in Nelson's Place, City Road. A short time before this, and immediately after his conversion to Christianity, he belonged to a church now meeting somewhere in Islington, and which was remarkable for consisting of Scotch Independents and Baptists, in pretty equal proportions. For some years after his conversion, he continued to follow his business as a dealer in old clothes; but having then married a rich lady, he relinquished his secular avocation altogether, and determined on devoting himself entirely to the work of the ministry. He caused a handsome chapel, capable of accommodating about seven hundred persons, to be built for him. It has turned out an excellent speculation in a pecuniary point of view. It is crowded to the very doors, and is regularly attended by many very respectable persons. I have no doubt, that after paying all expenses, his income from it cannot be much short of four hundred pounds a-year. He is now an inveterate opponent of adult, or believers' baptism. His preaching

is purely of the experimental kind; and consists in a very great measure of the details of his own experience, and the experience of persons with whom he is acquainted. He speaks with surprising ease and fluency. I never yet heard him stutter, or saw him hesitate a moment. Both his matter and manner are colloquial. He goes through the whole of his sermon, just as if he were at his own fireside, talking to some private friend. His voice is exceedingly soft and pleasant, but has no variety of tone. There is no order or method in his sermons. He conceives that the circumstance of giving out a particular text, does not necessarily tie him down to any particular topic. I am sure he could speak from morning to night without hesitating or mistaking a word, provided his physical strength were equal to the task. He is hyper-Calvinistic in his doctrinal notions. His Jewish accent is very marked. If, for example, he were repeating the scriptural phrase—"This is the way, walk ye in it," he would say—"Dis is de vay, valk ye in it." He uses startling phrases at times in his anxiety to put

his doctrinal views in a strong light. The last time I heard him preach, he remarked, in speaking of the necessity of repentance, "If you look anyvare for repentance, but to de Cross, you may just as reasonably look for it from de Devil." He uses very little action. He often leans motionless over the pulpit.

In personal appearance, he is of low stature, and well formed. His face has a peculiarly marked Jewish conformation. His features are small and regular, and the expression of his countenance is pleasing. He has small black, sharp eyes; while his hair, which seems to be an object of some solicitude to him in the way of adjustment, is of a jet-black hue. His complexion is swarthy: one who knew no better would take him for a foreign Jew. His age cannot be above forty.

The Rev. ROBERT AITKEN, of White-row Chapel, Spitalfields, has been so fully sketched in the work* to which I have had two or three occasions to refer, that I should not have intro-

* Travels in Town.

duced his name in the present volumes, were it not that some circumstances of an interesting kind regarding the reverend gentleman have since then occurred. First of all, then, he has within the last four months purchased that commodious and comfortable place of worship called Zion Chapel, Waterloo-road, where he preaches once every Sabbath-day, and every Thursday evening, to crowded audiences. Occasionally he employs some one else to preach for him both times on Sunday in his chapel in Spitalfields, in which case he preaches twice in Zion Chapel, Waterloo-road. Under any circumstances, he takes care that there shall be preaching twice every Sabbath-day in both chapels. In Zion Chapel he conducts the services differently from the way in which he conducts them in White-row Chapel. In the former place, he reads a portion of the Church service, and uses an organ in singing. This recurrence to a part of the Church service is a very unpopular step with a large portion of his auditory, and has led to a belief that he has some intention of returning again to the bosom

of the Church. I am grievously mistaken if there be the slightest probability of this. With the opinions he expressed to me some months ago, I do not see how he could consistently again connect himself with any religious establishment. His preaching is not only attracting immense crowds of the lower classes, but the carriages of several families of title are often to be seen at the doors of his chapels. There is one unmarried lady of title and large fortune, who, if not one of the members of his church, is invariable in her attendance on his ministry. He is, I am satisfied, a truly good man; while in point of zeal he exceeds any minister, with whose name I am acquainted, of the present day. He is ambitious of treading in the footsteps of Whitefield and Wesley. I am only afraid that his constitution, naturally robust though it be, will not be able long to bear up under the physical exertions he is now making. It is only surprising that the physical, combined with the mental, energy he displays in the delivery of every sermon, does not incapacitate him for months afterwards from again

appearing in the pulpit. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which he exerts his lungs and physical powers generally, when I mention, that even in the winter season the perspiration is to be seen rolling down his face before he has got to the middle of his discourse. Not very long ago, he worked himself up to such a state of excitement, that he was obliged to take off his shoes in the pulpit; his feet, which I should remark are often made use of in the way of action, being so much heated as to cause a very uncomfortable sensation. He was about eight weeks ago so very ill from over-exertion, that apprehensions were entertained that his constitution had been thereby irrecoverably injured. His physician suggested the propriety of a visit to Scotland, his native country. He accordingly crossed the Tweed, and returned about three weeks ago, quite recovered in health. Of all the gesticulation I have ever seen in the pulpit or out of it, Mr. Aitken's is immeasurably the most vehement.

He still preaches the same class of doctrines as those which I formerly described. He

assumes that the whole of the two or three thousand individuals who statedly attend his ministry, are in an unconverted state, and consequently preaches to them as unconverted persons. He never alludes to believers at all; never addresses a word to them. He mentioned to me in private, that he is specially sent by God to preach exclusively to those who are in an unsaved state. His denunciations of sinners are truly awful: they often cause a thrill of horror to pass through the mind. He concludes every service by inviting those who "are not converted, and would escape eternal damnation," to go into the vestry after the services are over, and pray for mercy. One Tuesday evening, a short time ago, he was going on in this strain, saying that those who did not go as penitents into the vestry—and he assumed that *all* present were unconverted—would be sure to be damned. One of the most popular and respectable Independent ministers in the metropolis, who had been induced by curiosity to go and hear him, feeling that the denunciations of Mr. Aitken were levelled as much at him as at any

one else, and aware that if he remained to the end, he also would be expected to go into the vestry in the capacity of a penitent—an idea he did not at all relish—quietly took up his hat, and quitted the chapel before the conclusion of the sermon.

Mr. Aitken addresses himself solely to the feelings of his audience. He thinks there is no other way of alarming, convincing, or converting sinners. He estimates the number of persons who have been converted through his means, in the course of the last twelve months, at nearly three thousand. He concludes that all who go into the vestry to pray, come out converted. He mentioned to me at the close of one sermon, that about sixty persons were at that time in the vestry praying for mercy, all of whom he seemed to think would be consequently saved.

The screams, the groans, the ranting, the confusion, the discordant sounds, and noise of all kinds which characterise the conclusion of the services every Sabbath evening at Zion Chapel, when he preaches there; or at White-Row Chapel, when officiating in it, baffle all at-

tempts at description. Perhaps the scenes at Zion Chapel are more extraordinary than at the other place, in consequence of its being in a greater thoroughfare. Hundreds are to be seen going in and coming out of the chapel, just as if it were to a booth at a fair, while the scenes in the vestry and also to a certain extent in the body of the chapel, are going on. You hear singing, praying, screaming, groaning, and sighing, by numbers of persons in different parts of the chapel, all at the same time.

Mr. Aitken, I must observe, before concluding, is a man of education and of highly respectable talents. He still keeps aloof from all other denominations of Christians, calling his people by the general name of a "Christian Society." I never knew a greater Arminian in his preaching; while in private he expresses—he did so to me at least—the most perfect horror of Calvinism. As he is not much above his fortieth year, he may be expected, should his constitution not give way under the pressure of his labours, for a long

time to come, continue to make a great noise in the religious world.

In thus drawing these volumes to a close, I must again express my regret at being obliged to omit, for the present, so many distinguished names. Among the Episcopalians, there are at least twelve or fourteen ministers so omitted; among the Independents there is a still greater number; while there are eight or ten Baptist ministers I was anxious to give a place to, had space permitted, in these pages. Among these last, are three who have lately settled in London; namely, the Rev. Mr. Butler, of Keppel-Street Chapel, Russell Square; the Rev. Mr. Davies, of Salter's Hall Chapel, Cannon Street, City; and the Rev. Mr. Aldis, of Maze Pond Chapel; all of whom have already considerably increased their congregations; and all of whom, I may add, are men of talent and devoted to the work of the ministry. Under the head of "Ministers of Various Denominations" I was anxious to have included several more preachers of great talents and moral worth. I can only

hope to have the pleasure of supplying these omissions on an early occasion.

In my introductory chapter, I have dwelt on the duties which ministers owe to themselves and their people: had space permitted, it was my intention to dwell at some length, in this part of the work, on the duties which the people owe to their pastors. I can only at present say, in general terms, that the hearers of the gospel ought at all times to treat their ministers with the utmost possible respect, and to evince towards them a warm affection. Such conduct on the part of their people, greatly strengthens the hands and encourages the hearts of Christian pastors; while anything disrespectful or unkind, inflicts a wound on their feelings, the depth of which can be only known to themselves; depresses their spirits; and adds materially to the other heavy trials, arising from a variety of causes, which are inseparably connected with the Christian ministry.

THE END.







