



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

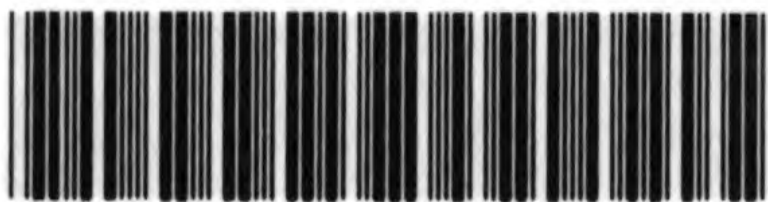


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

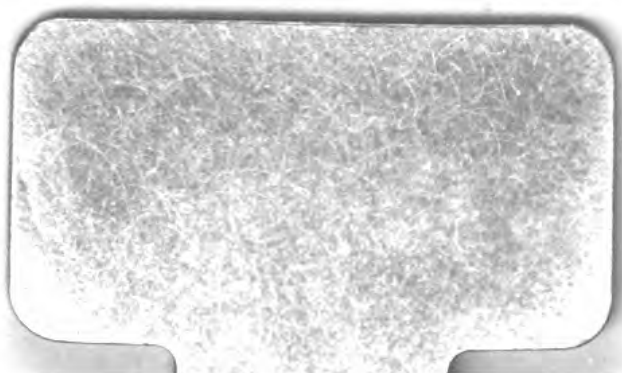
A TROPHY WON.

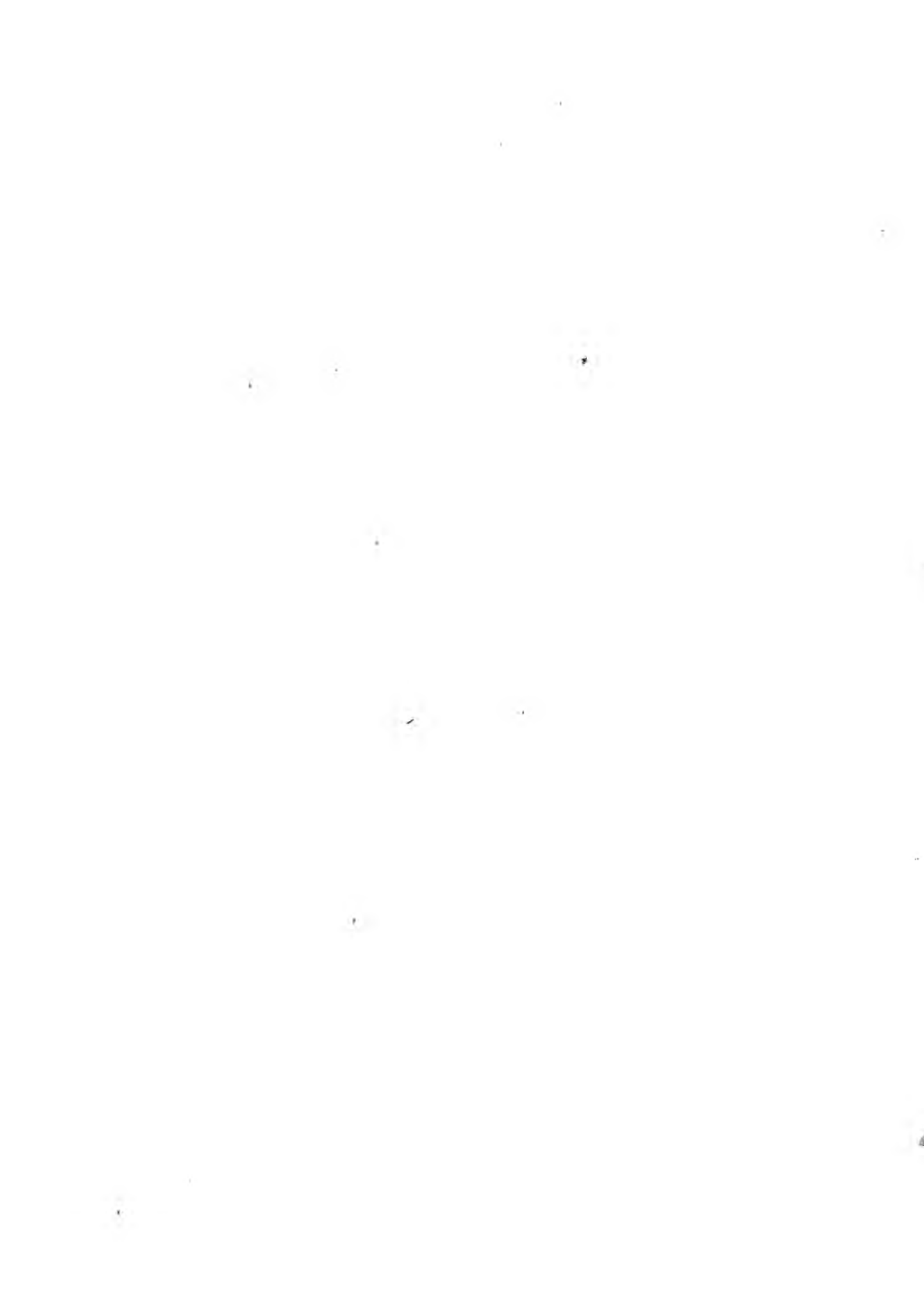
---

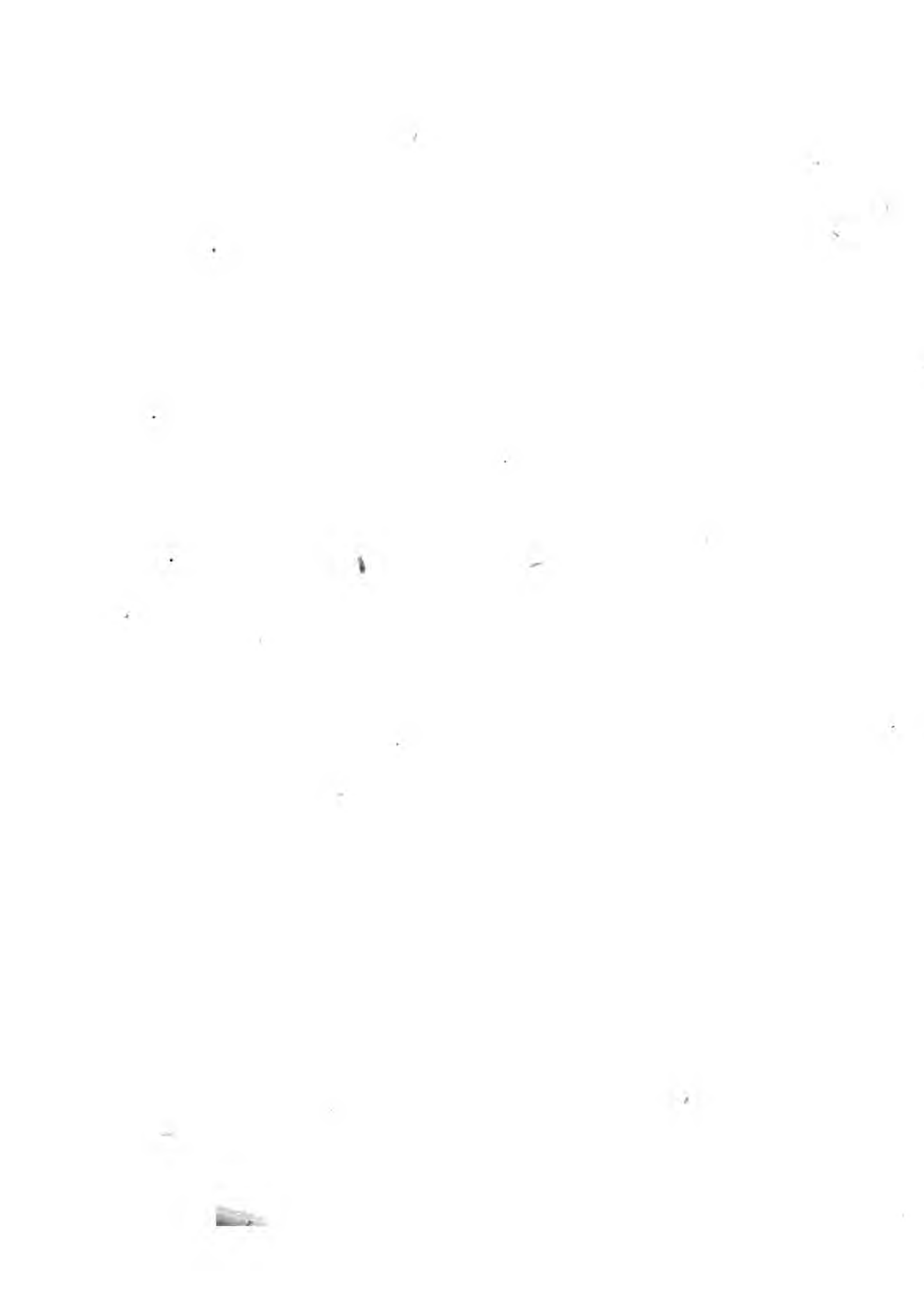
REV. JOHN THORNTON.

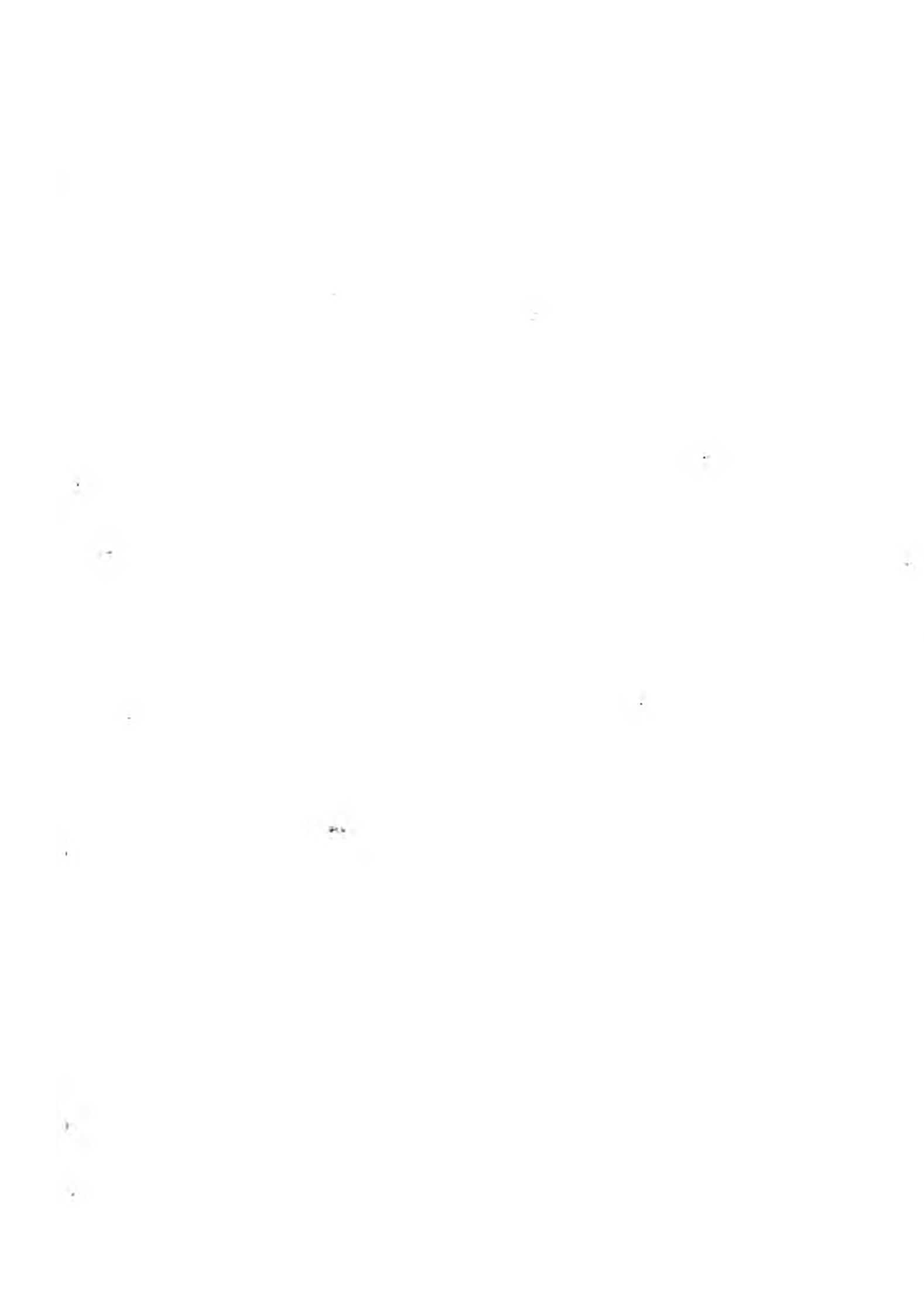


6000131521











The Ragged School Boy of 1856.





The Pupil Teacher of 1865.





# A Trophy

WON AT THE RAGGED SCHOOL;

Being a Biographical Sketch

OF

THE LATE FRANK LYONS.

BY

REV. JOHN THORNTON,

OF STOCKPORT,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY," ETC. ETC.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MANCHESTER: POWLSON AND SONS, BOW STREET.

MDCCCLXVI.



210. g. 114.



TO THE MOST NOBLE THE

MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER,

PATRON

OF THE STOCKPORT RAGGED SCHOOL, AND A

MUNIFICENT CONTRIBUTOR TO THE FUNDS OF THE INSTITUTION,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S VERY KIND PERMISSION,

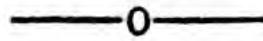
MOST

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



## A TROPHY WON.



The writer, in accordance with a desire expressed to him, purposes to present in this little work the truthful history of one whom he ventures to designate a trophy of divine grace.

Trophies amongst the Greeks and Romans were memorials of victories won, some were merely temporary, others were permanent. Temporary trophies were reared on battle-fields, and consisted of ensigns, arms, and spoils taken from the defeated armies, piled around some war-chariot, or hung about some post or tree. Thus Dryden translates from Virgil:—

Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,  
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,  
And broken peaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.



The more permanent trophies were statues of bronze or marble, arches or temples. The ruins of many such remain to lend an interest and an enchantment to classic ground. Incomparably the most interesting and valuable (as to its historic character) of these ancient trophies is the triumphal arch of the emperor, Titus Vespasian, in the city of Rome, erected to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. It was built in the Via Sacra, which commenced at the Circus Maximus and extended to the Capitol. The interior of the arch is decorated with elaborately carved bas-reliefs; on the one side is represented the triumphal entry of the imperial army into Rome, on its return from Palestine; and, on the other, a procession of captive Jews, with staves in their hands, bearing the spoils of the sacred temple at Jerusalem—the golden candlestick with its seven branches, the golden table and the censer, and the silver trumpets. There can be no reasonable doubt that these are precise representations of the sacred furniture of the temple, modelled after those used in the tabernacle

---

in the wilderness, "according to the pattern shown to Moses on the mount." It is difficult to understand how any intelligent and candid sceptic can doubt the authenticity of the New Testament records, with the incontestible evidence of such an antique monument as the arch of Titus, erected in the first century, on which is carved such a graphic corroboration of the history of Christianity.

In our own country we have our trophies of victory. The monuments reared in St. Paul's, the banners hung around the painted hall at Greenwich and in the nave of Westminster Abbey, the cannons captured in the Crimea, which are to be seen in our public parks, are the trophies of war and victory. These all, alas! tell their own sad tale of human guilt and depravity, of ambition and revenge, of aggression and cruelty, of conquered peoples, despoiled territories, and exhausted exchequers; of gory battle fields strewn with the corpses of the brave, and the mangled and bleeding forms of the wounded of every rank, from the coroneted officer to the humblest of

the rank and file; of homes draped with mourning and filled with sorrow for the loss of husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, lovers, slain by the sword. Surely, if war be an inevitable necessity, it is one so dire that over it Christians must weep and angels blush. I am now about to advert to a holy war, to beneficent victories and imperishable trophies. That I may induce my readers, under the influence of the spirit of God, to enlist in this service, and to battle to life's last hour in this glorious campaign, is my devout aspiration.

Let us recollect whose world this is,—God's! It was a happy thought, I think, a thought divinely suggested to our patriotic and pious prince Albert, of fragrant memory, to inscribe on an entablature on the proudest and costliest temple of commerce the wide world owns, the Scripture motto, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof!" The Royal Exchange is thus ever proclaiming on its grand portico to the merchants of London, Great Britain, and the civilised world, a sublime and everlasting truth which

men are slow to admit, but which demands, and is one day destined to receive, universal homage. The earth is the Lord's!—yes, the world is Christ's; He came into it to save it, He shed His blood to redeem it. Notwithstanding their hostility to His government, “the heathen shall be given to Him for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.” He is expecting until His foes be made His footstool, and all things are put under Him, as Lord of all. In the meantime, earth is a revolting province of Jehovah's empire; it is the great battle-field in which truth and error, holiness and sin, are in perpetual conflict. Satan has usurped the throne of the world, and reduced it to a nation of slaves. Some of his captives dwell in costly mansions, surrounded by broad acres, are clothed in fine linen and purple, and fare sumptuously every day, amidst abundance of gold and silver. Nevertheless, for all this illusive and glittering pageantry, slaves are they still. But the great bulk are of a lower grade, and wallow in gross sensual indulgence;



their master's name burnt in upon both body and soul. Both classes and all the intermediate grades are "living without God in the world," and are emphatically the slaves of Satan, "led captive by him at his will,"—yet more, they are also his mercenary soldiers; by his law of universal conscription are all drafted into his military force, and marshalled against the government and church of God. It is his cruel purpose to hold them in his tyrannic grasp, until the patience of God is fairly worn out, and their rebellion doom them to that eternal prison-house where their chains will never be loosened, and their sentence of punishment and banishment never be rescinded.

Front to front with this vast and countless army under the leadership of the prince of darkness, is God's redeemed church, the faithful band of the "good soldiers of Jesus Christ." All such have been won from the enemy's ranks "translated from the kingdom of Satan, into the kingdom of God's dear Son." They have been won by divine grace,—won by the truth and spirit of God,—won by human agency and

human instrumentalities. In no case has position or rank been acquired by either purchase or merit, every soldier in the army of Christ, be he peer of the realm or pauper in the poor-house, prince of the royal blood or outcast child in the ragged school, is a trophy won by grace.

We have to thank God that these trophies are augmenting on earth, and they shall, we know, become numerous as the drops of morning dew; countless millions shall meet around the throne, arrayed in white robes, with palms in their hands, and shall chant their immortal anthem, "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." These will every one of them be trophies to divine grace, and to the history and character of one such I now advert, and desire to honour the Saviour in so doing.

In the autumn of 1856, Frank Lyons, a poor friendless orphan, in a state of pitiable destitution, knocked at the door of the Stockport Ragged School, seeking admission into that institution. The night before, a poor woman had taken pity on the lad



and given him a lodging, and the next morning had sent her son with him to Townend House. The master of the school did not at the time feel justified in receiving him on his own responsibility; he spoke kindly to him, and strongly advised him to return to Manchester and to try to get into the ragged school there. A few days afterwards, however he came again; the wretched aspect of the poor boy, his clothes hanging in tatters, his matted hair, his wan and sickly and hungry look, together with his apparently artless and truthful story, told with irresistible eloquence on the heart of the humane master. He felt that he could not turn him away; as though Christ himself were personated in this friendless lad, he saw in him one of those of whom Christ says that to succour and care for is to help Himself, he was "a stranger and he took him in." At the next meeting of the committee his case was introduced, none ever had excited a greater feeling of interest in their minds, and he was, without a single dissentient vote, received into the school.

---

From his own statement, it would seem that he had come from Manchester to Stockport, with two other vagrant lads, at the time of the fair, bringing with him his stock in trade, consisting of his blacking and box of brushes. His adventure turned out a failure; the lads remained for two or three days together in the borough, seeking shelter at night in some outshed or entry, and begging in the streets in the day-time. On the last night of their companionship, driven to what straits of desperation we know not, it was proposed by one of the lads to rob premises in Hall Street. Frank, being of an easy temperament, readily concurred with the plans of the others; but, most providentially for him, the scheme was frustrated. When they were on the premises a large dog, with loud bark and bounding leap, frightened them away. He and his companions fled, separated, and he neither saw nor heard of them any more. Had this projected burglary been a success, it is very probable that the police, handcuffs, appearance before the magistrates, and commitment to the county jail would have

followed. I fancy that some reader may be inclined to say, "yes, and serve the little vagabonds right." If that be your opinion, suffer me to put a case. Suppose when you were a lad, you had been in like circumstances, with the same antecedents, the same ignorance, the same privations, and the same temptations. Or, to put it even in a stronger light to any who may sustain the character of a father; suppose by some most calamitous reverse of circumstances, the little baby-boy that you so fondle, should become a homeless, friendless, hungry orphan, exposed to the wily intrigues of some one older than himself, tempting him to his first act of gross dishonesty; do you think it would serve your vagabond son right to collar, handcuff, and imprison him, and thus brand him for life with the criminal's revolting badge?

I think the matter was eloquently put at a recent meeting, held in Manchester, under the presidency of Lord Stanley, to organize the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, by Mr. Alfred Milne—

"What has been the history of four-fifths of those

who have been sent to prison for theft? They were born to a life of crime; they breathed its atmosphere from their infancy; they were trained to see in society their enemy and their prey; they were taught to thieve as other lads are taught to read; they were indoctrinated in the ethics of theft as other lads are indoctrinated in the ethics of the gospel. The prayers they were taught to lisp at their mothers' knees were oaths and blasphemies. As the bough was bent so it grew. It is easy to blame them, but they are the victims of the sins of others; they are instances of that terrible vicariousness which pervades society in wickedness as well as in virtue. God pardon the stupid self-complacency which can afford for such poor wretches no better help than the treadmill! Surely, as Mr. Milne feelingly observes, 'it could not be entirely out of place to pity such people, for it was impossible to say what might have happened to the gentlemen then present at the meeting if they had been exposed to evil influences of every sort.'

How constantly circumstances like the one men-



tioned in the foot-note are published in our journals; and yet how many, compared with the cases brought to light, are those hidden in the shade.\*

Much as this class is to be blamed, these little outcasts have a stronger claim on our tenderest commiseration than they have on our condemnation. Their own welfare and the interests of society are alike involved in an imperative necessity of the most elaborate and self-denying exertions to reclaim them.

---

\* *To the Editor of the Examiner and Times.—Feb. 2nd, 1866.*

SIR,—Permit me to call the attention of your numerous readers to the “Sad Case” reported in to-day’s issue. A girl of eleven years is picked up in Portland-street, in an utterly helpless condition through drink, which, on being questioned at the Police Court, she stated was given her by some women. Her mother, also, was found to be tipsy when discovered in her wretched hovel. Our worthy magistrate, Mr. Fowler, though sorry for the child, could do nothing for her, and was therefore compelled to discharge her. The little miserable wretch is therefore cast out once more to rest upon the tender mercies of her degraded parent, which, alas, are so very cruel. Is there not some reformatory to which these unfortunate young ones could be sent, where they might, at least, go for a time, and be secure from the horrible control of abandoned relatives and companions?

On the same occasion Lord Stanley shrewdly remarked :—“ If it is objected, when there is so much misery, and so much misery too of a preventable kind, among honest men, why do you concern yourselves with criminals at all? My answer is, that it is very well to say you will leave them alone, but they will not leave you alone. In fact, we are acting in self-defence. Putting philanthropy and Christianity quite out of the question,—nay, if we fill our mouths with virtuous imprecations upon these wrong-doers,—still, as a plain matter of self-interest, it is our duty to do all we can to reclaim them.”

To reform the habitual and obdurate criminal, and to restore him again to society as one worthy of trust and entitled to respect, is perhaps the most hopeless enterprize of philanthropy, and one which more than any other will assuredly involve constant chagrin and bitter disappointment.

But the case is widely different, and stands out in strong contrast with that of those young rogues who have only just entered on the path of crime, or



may be treading on its verge. With such there is a most hopeful and remedial scheme, which should commend itself to a patriotic mind, to say nothing of a Christian heart—a scheme which may be adopted, in which a large average of success may be fairly calculated on, which has indeed been partially realized, and which, under favourable circumstances, is we believe susceptible of incredible results. Those of us, who have seen the working of ragged and industrial schools, can bear ample testimony and adduce abundant evidence that the rude and barbarous young Arabs who enter such institutions are not the incorrigible and unimpressible victims of ignorance and filth and vice that they seem, when prowling about our streets. They are susceptible of culture, and are keenly alive to kind and generous treatment.

The distinction between ignorant and suffering destitution, pauperism, and vagrancy on the one hand, and vice and crime on the other, can by no means be so sharply defined as the lines in a geometrical proposition. These moral lines meet, commingle, and

cross each other with such strange perverseness that He alone can distinguish who framed all minds. They rather resemble the intricacies in the system of lines at one of our great metropolitan railway-stations, through the labyrinthine confusion of which no eye but that of him who knows the direction of each and all can see. It is the dangerous class of young vagrants, without education, the victims of suffering and want, who largely and constantly recruit our criminal ranks, and on them it is that we should lay a strong but a kind hand. In our large towns there are thousands of lost and miserable,—parentless, nay worse than parentless, children—moral orphans who are not criminals, but who are in a path of peril, exposed to the temptations of associates who would by seductions and threats urge them to crime. It is to this unhappy and neglected, but interesting section of the community mainly, that our ragged and industrial schools kindle a beacon of hope, and offer a harbour of refuge. Such schools have a strong claim to government grants, and her Majesty's Committee

of Council cannot more advantageously or legitimately expend a large portion of the funds at its control than in their liberal support. At the same time, it would imperil the usefulness of such institutions, if supported mainly by parliamentary grants. They ought to be most generously sustained by voluntary contributions, in those cities and towns in which they cannot fail to exercise a most beneficial influence.

We have seen how near the verge of criminality Frank Lyons came, but there is reason to believe that he maintained his honesty intact. He soon became a favourite with the committee, with his master, and with his schoolfellows. His amiability and general kindness of disposition gained him friends. He early became a peace-maker in the school, and was ever ready to adjust a quarrel amongst the lads, or to step in between any two who were assuming a pugilistic attitude. When he entered he could neither read nor write; I am not sure if he knew his alphabet. He very soon however, evinced an earnest thirst for knowledge, which was seen in his devices to acquire it. He would

(*e. g.*) ask the names on the shop-windows, and would give the marbles he won in play to any companion who would assist him in spelling. When he had acquired the art of reading, books were his chosen companions; he usually carried two or three of them in his pockets when he was out, so that he might read them if detained on his errand. I mention these trivial incidents of his childhood to illustrate the old adage that "the child is father of the man."

For a period of four years he steadily persevered in acquiring knowledge. At this time a generous Christian lady, who was one of the "Ladies Committee," and who both knew his tastes and appreciated his character, kindly offered to pay for his education at the Wesleyan Day School, which liberal offer was most gratefully accepted. At this juncture, too, a circumstance occurred which I am bound in justice to mention. Frank had gained the strong affections of the master and matron of the School, and they, having no children of their own, virtually adopted him as their son. The bond was a mutual



blessing; they treated him with the vigilance, tenderness, and love of parents; and he returned them, in all their fulness, the attention, obedience, and affection, of a son. In consequence of this affiliation Frank Lyons remained at Townend House, as one of the master's private family, until the time of his death.

The master of the Portwood School, an earnest Christian teacher, and devoted to his profession, was not long in discerning and appreciating his character, and discovering his suitability to become a teacher. I have much pleasure in inserting his faithful and honourable testimony to our young friend's worth:—

“ Frank, as a scholar, was regular and punctual in his attendance, and always clean and neat in his personal appearance. His work was always done so as to gain him credit with his teachers; and, by the perseverance and good natural ability he displayed, he soon rose high in the first class. There was no attempt on his part to shirk his duties. His word could always be taken without doubt—I never knew him to tell a lie or even to prevaricate. One of the

prominent features of his character was his openness and incapability of concealment. He could not bear to see that any act or word of his was misleading his teacher, and would explain, even to his own disadvantage. Akin to this feeling was a contempt of anything mean or unworthy in the actions of others, and he would not scruple to expose it. Although a little off-hand and out-spoken in his manner, he was very gentle of heart and obliging to his schoolfellows. Boys soon learn to respect what is right and good, even if they do not practice it themselves. Frank was soon a favourite in class as well as in the playground. I do not remember that any ill-feeling was manifested by his companions when he was taken from amongst them and promoted to be a teacher, though some were more advanced and had been at school longer than he had.

“As a teacher, the points previously mentioned seemed to strengthen and mature as he advanced in age, and gave him a character which all who knew him intimately loved him for. He was very obedient ;



I could always rely on his carrying out my orders as well as though I had stayed to watch him do them. When any new plan was devised for improving the instructions and general efficiency of the School, Frank would work heartily to carry it out. I do not remember his opposing my wishes in any way, and I ever felt it to be a real pleasure to work with such a teacher.

“ In his home-lessons he indicated the same perseverance, and desire to do well what he did, which distinguished him as a scholar. At school he could not bear that any other class should come off superior to his own in the competitive examinations.

“ His class both loved and respected him ; and, when through sickness he was laid aside, many called at Townend House to make enquiries after him, and the first and second classes subscribed to buy him a present to evince their kindly feeling towards him. He was of a very cheerful disposition in company, and relished a harmless joke exceedingly ; he had also a keen perception of the ludicrous. I have seen

him laugh very heartily, so that he could scarcely restrain himself, when some odd occurrence took place. When alone, however, he seemed rather sad and thoughtful.

“Of Frank’s abilities I may remark that, while he could scarcely be called brilliant, he had more than the average power of mind in grasping any new thing he had to learn, especially if it involved reasoning. Of Mathematics he was fond; it was no drudgery for him to work out a problem in Geometry or Algebra. I may say that, in other subjects, he did not come short, but passed his examinations before her Majesty’s Inspector with credit every time.

“Of his moral character I cannot speak too highly. I do not think he would deliberately have done a wrong act for anything; and, if through any error of judgment or inattention, he was at fault, he would never try to conceal it or to gloss it over, but would acknowledge it at once.

“And yet few can entertain a more modest opinion of themselves than Frank did. He was very

retiring,—he never thrust himself into notice, and was distrustful of his own powers even to a fault. There is only one thing that I regret, and that proves him to have possessed a generous heart and an unyielding spirit when difficulties opposed. He knew the great need we had of his services as teacher, and sacrificed his own comfort and health to supply it. I fear he came down to school often when not fit to come, yet he never said a word which indicated that he was making a sacrifice.”

I must mention an incident illustrative of that unfeigned modesty noticed in the foregoing letter. In the summer of the last year one of our borough members, the chairman of the Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway Company, munificently gave the Ragged School teachers and children a trip to Cleethorpes. The writer's son, at that time a theological student, formed one of the company, and was on this occasion specially attracted to Frank's society. Early in the interview he said to my son, “I think you do not know who I am,” and then pro-

ceeded to give his name and place of abode. Seeing, then, that the cordiality manifested towards him was not affected by this information, he immediately became perfectly at home with him.

His habits and aspirations were certainly characterised by tokens of refinement. He had a decided taste for drawing, and obtained a certificate in the Manchester School of Design. He was fond, too, of music, and, considering the circumstances, he attained to some considerable proficiency; the piano-forte he played with both taste and skill. But if there was one science more than another which fired his mind with enthusiasm it was astronomy; he was well acquainted with some elementary works on the subject, and knew the various constellations and the more remarkable stars in the northern hemisphere. A scientific gentleman in Manchester had written a letter to one of the local papers, explaining how a cheap telescope for astronomical observations might be constructed. Frank called on him to obtain more information, was most courteously received, and suc-



ceeded in exciting an interest in this gentleman's mind; he gave him all the information he could, and offered to let him have the necessary lenses under cost-price, which kind offer was eagerly accepted. Frank obtained a tin tube, three feet in length, japanned the inside, and fixed the lenses. In the first instance these latter were incorrectly adjusted, and he had the mortification of seeing only a blank through his tube. After some further experiments, however, his instrument was brought to such perfection as enabled him to distinguish Jupiter, with his belts and satellites,—and this to his very great delight. He had some difficulty in steadying his telescope, but contrived at length to fix it on a post in the garden, where he could turn it at pleasure. Many hours he would spend with that simple instrument, beholding in wondering admiration those heavens which “declare the glory of God, and that firmament which showeth His handiwork;” and often expressing his surprise “how it was possible that any astronomer could be an infidel.”



It will be admitted that this was no every-day occurrence—no ordinary spectacle that a passer-by might have expected to behold—that one, who had learned the very elements of English reading in a ragged school, should in after days, on the same premises, be seen pointing out to the notice of the lads, distant worlds, and calling them by their names. It occurs to my mind that, if Frank's life had been spared, and if, through some kind patronage, he could have obtained some subordinate situation in one of our astronomical observatories, his mathematical bent of mind would have found there a more congenial avocation than elsewhere.

Our young friend was full of hope; and, having made up his mind to devote his life to teaching, was earnestly preparing for the examinations, prior to entrance at the Wesleyan Training School, when, in September, 1864, he ruptured a blood-vessel, and serious consequences were at once foreboded. He again, however, recovered and once more returned to his duties.

It may be observed that one could not easily imagine a more striking contrast than that between the ragged-school boy of 1856 and the pupil-teacher of 1865. The photograph of our friend at the latter of these two periods, only separated by a few short years from the former, manifests so strange a transformation that some persons who have seen the two side by side have not been able to trace a shadow of resemblance, though this may be obvious to a more artistic and discriminating eye. Both, however, are true to the life; and, in the latter *carte-de-visite*, there is a tone of intelligence, gentleness, and benevolence, which is singularly life-like. In the one, we have the diamond in the rough,—in the other the same diamond, when cut and in some degree and to some extent polished. And, if we might venture to carry out the analogy, the transformation from grace to glory will be still more wondrous than that from depraved human wretchedness to educational culture, and the realisation of the blessings of Christianity. Let those who knew him personally think of him as

“arrayed in white robes,” and like unto his glorified Saviour—presented before our Father’s throne, perfect in Christ Jesus.

One of the secretaries of our Ragged School remarked to me, one day latterly, “I should like to know something more of Frank’s origin—he might be of gentle blood.” In truth, his gentlemanly feelings and deportment were far superior to those of multitudes, who, priding themselves on their wealth and station in life, arrogantly and pretentiously claim the title of gentle-men, but have small right to that appellation. And yet this external change, visible to every eye, and regarded by many, doubtless, as the result of intellectual culture, was only the vestment which appareled a far more essential renovation. The sole event which is recorded in scripture, as transmitted to heaven, and in each instance evoking a new burst in the “Hallelujah Chorus” chanted before the throne, is expressed in the words—“For there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” We cannot always tell

the period of the great religious crisis in our own individual history ; neither can we, in the instance of our friend, distinctly trace the first dawning of divine grace upon his heart and life. For some time his piety had been a beautiful living reality, conspicuous to those who knew him intimately. He was undoubtedly the subject of deep religious feelings, during an alarming illness from which he suffered when he had only been for one year an inmate of the Institution ; and it may be that the influence of that affliction never wholly subsided. There is, however, one important feature which I conceive demands distinct and prominent recognition in this biographical sketch. Whenever the time, of what nature soever the hidden process and development of the life of religion in his heart, there can be no uncertainty as to the locality of that great and indispensable event in his moral history. He was "born again," but not in the Sabbath-school or at the prayer-meeting, in the chapel or in the church. No, the spot of his spiritual nativity was the Stockport Ragged School ;



it may be said of this man that he was "born there.

At an early stage of the illness which carried him from our midst to the land which has no disease or suffering within its borders, he said to his adopted mother—"I wish you to remember, when I am gone, that I owe everything as to my religious convictions and hopes to the Ragged School." A somewhat similar testimony was borne by him to the writer; and, in connection with our Institution, "we glorify God in him." Bending the knee in lowly and adoring gratitude to God, we affirm that Frank Lyons was a Trophy of Grace, won in the Stockport Ragged and Industrial School. The cathedral with its "long-drawn aisles and fretted vault," its stately nave down which pours the swelling tide of holy song,—the rural church embosomed in ivy,—the simple meeting house, bare of anything like adornment, nakedly stern even to the most rigid austerity,—the thronged Sabbath-school, where rough benches seat little immortals, whose lips, if not their hearts, always keep company, singing "Hosannah to the Son of David,"—



the lowliest hut in which the most abject want is associated with the most utter misery,—are one and all, and equally too, holy ground, if this, the greatest event that can possibly occur on earth, has transpired within their walls. We talk of hallowed ground; and, to the eyes and hearts of a nation and of an individual, there are spots which cannot but be regarded as peculiarly sacred, which stir up memories, and arouse associations, affections, and resolves, which days and months spent amid the roar of the world's busy throng could never have evoked. Across the waters of the wild and wide Atlantic there towers Plymouth Rock, on which a band of earnest men landed some two hundred years ago, who had come, seeking amid the rude fastnesses of an unknown continent, upon a spot where they could exercise, untrammelled by unjust human laws, their dearly-bought religious liberty,—

“ Ay! call *it* holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod;  
 They have left unstained what there they found,—  
 Freedom to worship God!”

On the lonely heaths and barren mountain-tracts of "Caledonia stern and wild" there are to be found here and there simple stones, memorialising some strong-hearted man of God, who fell with the banner of "Christ's Crown and Covenant" in his hands,—and they are hallowed ground.

But angels come down and throng around the repenting sinner; a Father and a Saviour smile on him as he bends tearful and sorrowful, believing, fearing, hoping, before the throne of the Heavenly Grace: and that spot whereupon God and Christ are gazing down with such supreme interest, and where angels wait to carry up the record to the Majesty in the heavens—*that*, above all other spots held dear on earth,—*that* is hallowed ground.

To demonstrate the reality of this change, and its influence on him who was its subject, I shall give some of his last sayings, interweaving with them a few brief comments of my own, indulging at the same time the earnest and prayerful hope that this narrative may produce, through God's Holy Spirit, a

result on the minds of some who may read it,—a result which to effect was the one great ambition of his ardent youthful heart,—the conversion of sinners to God. On one occasion he remarked, “O, what a joy it must be to be the means of saving a soul—if I could only say I had saved one soul!”

Frank was exceedingly anxious about the spiritual welfare of his companions, and at his own special request he was allowed to see some of them privately. What transpired is known to our young friends alone, but it is hoped that some lasting good was done. One of them, who had such an interview, said to the master of the School, “He is sinking very fast, Sir, but he is very happy.” He replied, “Yes, John, it is a good thing in death to have such divine support as he has.” “Ah! master,” was the rejoinder, “it is a hard thing to live such a life as his in such temptations as ours.” Although we cannot tell what may have been the result of such efforts and such longings, yet it may be that in heaven he shall realize the joy he so much coveted on earth, in the

salvation of some deathless spirit, led through the reading of this little book, to a knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus." Will you, kind Christian reader, pray with me that such a consummation may be realized?

About three months ago, Frank reluctantly and finally resigned his duties as a pupil-teacher, and retired to his adopted home to die. At the beginning of his last illness he was sanguine of recovery, and of future usefulness. His kind and assiduous medical attendant could hold out to him no hopes of recovery. When he at length knew the fact that he must soon die, the disclosure paralyzed his mind for a time; and there is little to be wondered at in this, it is often so with God's children when they realize death to be thus certainly near. It is an unknown, solemn event to them; *the time of departure is at hand*, for them to leave all *the things which are seen and temporal*, to mingle with those which are *unseen and eternal*,—it is the *being unclothed*, the man being undressed of all that is earthly and mortal, that the disembodied



spirit may be *absent from the body, present with the Lord*. This state of pensive and silent solemnity was, however, very transient; he soon recovered that tranquil composure which remained unbroken till the curtain fell upon the things of earth.

During all his Christian course, his unaffected modesty induced an extreme reserve in adverting to his religious views and emotions; but, so soon as he knew himself about to die, he threw aside all reserve, and in the fullest candour disclosed his thoughts to his dearest and most intimate friends. The first special occasion was a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath morning, three weeks before his death, when he told his adopted mother what was in his heart. In a long communing with her he said, "O do not trouble about me when I am gone." He saw her tears, and endeavoured to assuage her sorrow; and, though in the near prospect of the eternal world, about to open on his enraptured vision, he exclaimed "I want you to understand—I want you to know that, when I die, I feel quite sure that I shall go to



heaven. We shall meet there! Why, I shall scarcely have time to see Jesus and to cast my crown at His feet when I shall welcome you there." Ah! how the blessed religion of Christ not only sweetens and sublimates our friendships of earth, but stamps them with the impress of immortality. Those who are united in love to each other and to Christ are bound by links of an indissoluble affinity, which survive death and the grave and are perpetuated to all eternity.

But the question may be started in some minds—some, on the one hand, so diffident regarding their religious experience that they feel they dare not make such an avowal, who, though Christians, are yet "*through fear of death all their life-time subject to bondage*,"—some, on the other hand, so sceptical regarding the future world that they esteem it to be the height of arrogance for anyone to state that he expects to arrive at and to dwell in a sphere of glory, while he assumes that others must dwell in an abode of torment and woe,—what ground had Frank for

saying with this calm confidence, "I am quite sure that I shall go to heaven?" I am especially anxious to show the foundation on which this young Christian based his "*full assurance of hope.*" That foundation was none other than the Atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. That this was the case may be illustrated by the interest he took in a very favourite tract of his,—that by the Rev. J. Denham Smith, of Dublin, entitled "The Blood," founded on Exodus xii.-xiii.—"*When I see the blood I will pass over you.*" I quote one passage which greatly comforted him:—

"And if you will come and put your finger into the blood, and mark the door-posts of your own heart, you are saved—you have salvation. How do we know this? Because of the testimony of God—because of the simple fact, that He hath said it, 'I will pass over you.'

"But now turn aside a little. Look within that Israelite's house. See that messenger coming hastily in, and hear him saying: 'The Egyptians are dying!

the cry of murder is heard in every house !’ ‘Oh,’ says the inmate, ‘let us look at the door-posts and the lintel ; are there signs of blood ?’ ‘There are.’ He is satisfied, saying, ‘It is all right ; there is blood on the door-posts and on the lintel ;’ and oh!—wonderful!—the angel of death is *pass-ing—o-ver* ! The Israelite (inside) feasts on *the lamb* !

“ You observe it was when *he saw* what *God saw* that he had peace. If he himself had not seen it, he would have been safe, but, added to safety, on seeing it himself and because of God’s testimony *he had peace*. Oh, if in the hour of death memory should lose its seat, and *you* see and know nothing, yet the word is, ‘When *I* (God) see the blood, I will pass over.’ Mark, it is not *you*—for you at the time may be unable—but ‘When *I—I* see it.’ ”

In reference to the foregoing extract the following incident occurred :—Our young friend was asked one morning, “Have you slept well during the past night ?” He replied at once, with a radiant smile, “O yes, thank you, I have slept well. I had no fear ;

I saw the blood on the door-post." Whence this peace and whence this fearlessness, we ask, seeing that now our pilgrim knew himself but just about to quit the scenes of earth's time and pass the mysterious veil which curtains a future eternity,—whence this peace, this confidence, this trust? It is only satisfactorily explained on the admission of the fact to which the invalid ascribed it. His faith was intelligently founded on a certain fact, and no less great than sure, symbolized here—"I saw the blood on the door-post!" I knew my safety, because I knew by faith that the Lamb of God had taken away my sins.

I am very desirous to embody, in few and simple words, the grand but simple scheme of human redemption. The declaration of the pardoned and the saved, as expressed by the Apostle on his own and on their behalf, stands thus,—“We have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.”

The knowledge of this fact, ratified as a matter of individual conviction, cannot fail to inspire a sense



of safety; neither can that again fail of producing peace. For, being “justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ.” The doctrine of atonement,—the substitution of the innocent for the guilty—we cannot but regard as the great cardinal truth of the Bible,—“Jesus died for our sins, according to the Scriptures.” It is forcibly put by Peter who, after telling us that Christ “did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth,” says further, “Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.” He bore our sins—your sins—my sins—on the Cross, “being made a curse for us;” and, that the Father’s countenance might beam with light and love towards us, endured that it should be hidden from Him, inducing the most agonizing cry of all He uttered in the hours of His dying agony, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

My reader, Jesus assumed in His own person your sins, and suffered and died for you, the sinner. Your guilt and condemnation are transferred from you to Christ, and thus His blood becomes a power



in the hands of God for your salvation ; for the record of His obedience unto death constitutes the Gospel. As such a Saviour He is presented to you in the overtures of the Gospel, and the offer is to your faith : “It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth !” We cannot save ourselves, it is true, but we can open our eyes to the light that beams forth from the cross of Christ ; if we will blindfold our eyes when the sun is shining, it can be our fault alone that we walk in darkness. This truth, spiritualized, is to be found in the words, “Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light !” As a fine old preacher puts it, “If any man contemn, and will not receive Christ, He will not thrust him into heaven but every man shall have that which he chooseth, ‘Blessing to him that loveth blessing, and cursing to him that loveth cursing.’ There wants not a hand to give but a hand to take. ‘I would,’ saith Christ, ‘but you would not.’ Stretch forth thy hand and here is Christ’s hand, which takes God’s hand and man’s

hand, and joins them together, and then the remission of sins is sealed." Immediately on your acceptance, as a guilty sinner, of Him as your salvation you then have "Redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Not *may* have it, or *shall* have it, as a rich blessing held in reservation; you "*have* redemption."

After much mental anguish, and despair of ever finding peace with God, these verses, from Rom. iii., sounded a note of peace to our sweet poet Cowper,—  
 ' Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, His righteousness,—that He might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

One to whom such spiritual tempests were not so much a matter of experience as they were in the case of Cowper, the saintly Mc.Cheyne, says:—"The world always loves to believe that it is impossible to know that we are converted. If you ask them, they

will say, 'I am not sure—I cannot tell.' But the whole Bible declares we may receive, and know that we have received, the forgiveness of sins." "We have redemption through His blood," the full endowment of it in time and for all eternity is implied here, as in the words of Paul to the Philippian jailor, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" which promise belongs to you, if you will accept the condition—as fully to you as to any sinner who has ever read or ever heard it since it was uttered that midnight-hour in that dim dungeon-cell. Simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ can give to you the same sense of security, the same peace in life and in the near prospect—even in the very reality itself—of death, as it gave to the subject of this brief memoir. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life." And he who knows that he believes and rests in Christ, may also *know* that he has eternal life, and therefore cannot but have a persuasion of security, and, as its inevitable result, a consciousness of peace—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

To a devout mind it cannot but be a sad thought to admit, that there are very many of our church and chapel-going population who have, it is true, a general knowledge of Scripture, and who, perhaps, understand the theory of Christianity, who are nevertheless strangers to that faith "without which it is impossible to please God." Yes, anomalous as it may at first sight seem, a man may be a profound biblical critic, familiar with his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, and that man may himself lack the living faith which lovingly looks to Jesus, and exclusively clings to Him as his "all in all." He has not yet learned to adopt as his own the spirit of Toplady's lines—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,—  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

On the other hand, it is an encouraging and reassuring thought that evangelical Christians in every section of the church, persons, too, of the highest intellectual culture, and the most consummate reasoning powers,—when in the hour of death



they have stood on the border-land of the "better country,"—have, with childlike faith, let go from their hands all beside, and have grasped and clung to the Redeemer. An array of honoured names and an accumulated mass of biographical testimony fully corroborate this statement. One case may be cited, that of the Rev. Dr. McAll. When near his earthly end, he thus addressed the two medical gentlemen who were with him:—"You, I know, have long done what you could for me by day and by night; but, gentlemen, it all avails not. I may be wrong; but I cannot but feel—I judge by my feelings,—that I am sinking into the arms of death. I am no fanatic, rather I have been too much of a speculatist, and I wish to say this—which I hope you will all forgive me for uttering in your presence—I am a great sinner,—I have been a great sinner; but my trust is in Jesus Christ, and what He has done and suffered for sinners. Upon this, as the foundation of my hope, I can confidently rely, now that I am sinking into eternity." A sure foundation; yes, and the only

one. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." I thank God, whom I serve in the ministry of His Son, that, upon that foundation, every sinner may rest his hopes, and safely build up the structure of his spiritual life. The author offers no apology for enlarging on opinions held and cherished most tenaciously for many years, for the declaration of which he holds himself to be responsible, and which it is none the less his honour than his duty, ever as opportunity recurs, to indorse with his pen and to attest and urgently enforce with his voice.

To those Christian friends who had the privilege of being with him during the last two or three weeks of his life, Frank Lyons was an object of increasing fascination. He reclined for the most part on the sofa; his frame was extremely attenuated, and, although, like some consumptive patients, he was exempt from pain, cough, and even difficulty in breathing, yet he suffered from very great physical exhaustion. His countenance was uniformly placid,

and sometimes cheerful ; his eye retained its brightness, and seemed to brighten till its light was extinguished in death ; and his voice did not fail in its sweetness till the last interview which the writer was privileged to have with him. He invariably welcomed you with a smile, and seemed to enter with intense interest into devotional exercises. His outward man was decaying, but the inward man was growing day by day, and it was evident to all who visited the chamber of receding human life that he was rapidly meetening for "the inheritance of the saints in light."

He manifested a spirit of thankfulness and praise which was very beautiful to witness. His friends, not only those in Townend House, but also the ladies and gentlemen connected with the Institution, sent him many delicacies and even luxuries, which might possibly tempt his failing appetite and sustain his exhausted frame. In this respect he could not have been more assiduously and tenderly cared for, even had he been the son of wealthy parents. To his

affectionate foster-father and mother; to his beloved pastor, his class-leader, and Sunday-school teacher at Teviotdale, for the happiness and benefit he derived from their fellowship and unwearied attention; to the officers and the committee of the Institution, to which he felt himself so deeply indebted; to the Christian lady before mentioned, whose exuberant sympathy and generosity identified her with him, in the purest and highest sense, as a sister of mercy, he was most grateful, and often expressed himself as such in the very strongest terms he could use. At the same time all the tenderness and consideration shown him he constantly traced to the father of all mercies, who had opened the hearts of those who loved him to contribute thus to his comfort; and his emotions of love and praise were supremely tendered to his God and Saviour. He would say, "Eternity! how long—but O, not too long to serve and praise God. Only think of His wonderful mercy to me, a poor shoe-black, now, and for the last ten years of my life." It was in the



spirit of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." A grateful recognition of the providential and gracious favours of Jehovah is always appropriate to one's own self, and encouraging to others. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God;" but such expressions are never so much so as those uttered when the Christian is retracing his past history, and anticipating as near at hand, a world of praise,—nay more, a whole eternity of praise.

On one occasion Frank said, "O I do so much like to address God as my father, it seems to give me such a sense of nearness to Him." How emphatically is this the utterance of Christian experience, and the fulfilment of that prophecy of Scripture to the Christian's heart,—"because ye are sons God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father!" and in such a spirit ever may the child of God draw near to Him, confident that he speaks to no unknown and distant being whose proximity he cannot realize,—but whom he

can come to with any want that may arise for temporal or spiritual bread, assured that his Father is too tender-hearted to give him stones instead.

It was thus that Jesus taught His disciples to pray, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Jehovah is infinitely great and glorious, the "King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God;" but He is our Father, sitting on the throne of universal government, and, when realized by our hearts as such, the darkness is dissipated—the distance is annihilated; through Jesus the Elder Brother, we all have "access by one spirit unto the Father." The fact of our adoption not only superinduces a spirit of filial confidence and nearness, but is designed further to awaken a tone of exulting emotion. Thus our young friend, at another time, exclaimed, "I am an adopted son! God is my father,—is not that wonderful?" Yes, it is indeed wonderful that this once destitute and lost child of sorrow, whom "father and mother had forsaken," should be so taken up by God and should be able so joyously to triumph in his

fatherhood to him. And here, again, there is seen in this simple story the reality and cheerfulness of Frank's Christian life. His words breathe in the very air of the heavenly world, and speak out in the spirit of the beloved disciple's apostrophe—"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" as also in that of the statement of Paul and its obvious conclusion—"Sons, and, if sons, heirs of God."

This "full assurance of hope"—this joy in the Lord—was inseparably connected with and derived from his trust, his faith, in Christ. Thus, when Charles Wesley's hymn, that favourite song of Zion in dying rooms, was read to him—

"Other refuge have I none,—

Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

he lifted up both his arms and, collecting his vocal strength when under great physical exhaustion, said, "Aye, that's it—

"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Within the last few days, prior to his death, Toplady's well known hymn

“Deathless principle—arise!  
Soar, thou native of the skies,” &c.

was frequently read to him, at his own request.

Two days before he died he said, “I wish I had an assurance;” it was asked, “of your safety—your salvation?” He smilingly replied at once, “O no, no, that has long since been settled. I mean the assurance that I should go home to-day.”

On another occasion he said, “When I am dying, be sure to whisper to me the name of Jesus—keep whispering to me the name of Jesus.” In this request there is another instance of those secret indications which evince true piety. “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.” Whatever the captious sceptic or the cold worldling may say or think, and however such may evade or try to explain away the fact as illusive, and nothing more than a mere harmless fanaticism,—those who are familiar with the death-beds of Christians know that there is



a mystic charm in the name of Jesus, proving it to be "a name above every name" in its power to calm, sustain, and solace the dying. His name is like fragrance poured forth,—His name is like a note of entrancing heavenly music, as it falls on dying ears, or as it is tremblingly faltered in dying tones. In the anticipation of death no injunction could have been more suitable than this, "When I am dying whisper in my ears the name of Jesus."

One incident, which may indeed seem puerile to some—but which is nevertheless, I think, not without significance and even poetic beauty — may be mentioned. For two or three nights previous to his death Frank had been both expecting and desiring "to depart, and to be with Christ." His extreme exhaustion was accompanied by parching thirst, and a simple beverage was placed at his bedside wherewith to slake that thirst during the night. He remarked the next day "I thought one time I would drink no more, that I should like to die thirsty and then go to heaven, and be led by Jesus to the foun-

tains of living waters.” And then smiling, he said, “It was only a thought—perhaps an unworthy one.” It did, however, harmonize with the Scripture promise, “They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.”

The last scene on earth in Frank’s history must be told in words simple and brief. It is well that it should be thus,—there is no one to whom the idea of being made the hero of a death-bed drama would have been more repugnant than to himself; against the faintest approach to this his sensitive modesty would have revolted.

His foster-father spent the last night with him. His physical exhaustion was excessive, and he slept and awoke at brief intervals. During the long and silent watching of that night in the chamber of death but little was said. His father occasionally repeated a few words to him—he whispered the dear name of Jesus. He retained perfect consciousness to the last, with no doubt to distress, no cloud to bedim his mind. His was “perfect peace.” About a quarter of an

hour before he died his adopted parent said to him—  
“It will soon be over, dear Franky, and then—a  
bright crown;” to which he faintly and yet dis-  
tinctly replied, “yes — through you — thank God!  
Thank God!” And this was his last utterance on  
earth,—a thanksgiving, a feeble and faltering one,  
and yet the key-note to the everlasting anthem, in  
which he now mingles with saints and angels, to  
“Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb  
for ever and ever.” With touching love he gave a  
last consolation to the instrument God had honoured  
in making the means of his conversion, and who  
was himself, by a tie of mutual choice, so tenderly  
related to him. The occasion to our friend, the  
Master of the Ragged School, was one in which  
emotions of sorrow and of joy were indeed strangely  
mingled.

A few minutes after, he calmly composed himself  
for his final departure from the scenes of earth; fold-  
ing his hands on his bosom he “fell asleep in Jesus”  
about four o’clock on Thursday Morning, December

28th, 1865 ; beginning his life of glory when there is no interchange of day and night, and when there are no revolving years, but one eternal day “ And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun—for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.”

Frank was buried in the Stockport Borough Cemetery, on the 30th of December, 1865. To the mind of the writer his funeral was as unique as it was interesting. No blood relation of the deceased was present,—it was not known that any such existed. The spectacle presented to the view no aged father, no grey-haired mother, no loving brother, no sorrowing sister, bending broken-hearted over the coffin-pall. So far as ties of consanguinity were concerned, we laid him down “ a stranger among strangers.” And, after all, does not the best cared-for and beloved child of man come a stranger into this world and, though many weeping dear ones surround his couch, do we not know that alone he must cross the



river of death, and enter alone a world of sights and sounds strange to him? This funeral was then, a fitting pattern of the lot of all. But yet, he was not unhonoured — not unwept. “Devout men carried him to his burial.” His adopted father was chief mourner; the honorary medical attendant and secretaries of the Institution, the master and pupil-teachers of the Portwood School, together with Christian ministers, representing two sections of the “church militant on earth,” were present on the occasion. His pastor conducted the ceremonial, and read with touching pathos and solemnity the liturgical service of the English Church. Divested of much of the empty pageantry that too often attends such scenes, it was nevertheless such a burial as could not have been anticipated for the dead by any who had seen, only ten years before, that little shivering outcast who had then been presented to the attention of the Committee of the Stockport Ragged and Industrial School. As a loving, gentle, Christian youth, he was hearsed and entombed by kind and saddened hearts,

who yet "sorrow not, even as others who have no hope. For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

In unison with the design of this biographical sketch, allow me, my courteous reader, very respectfully to submit to your attention two questions which I hold to be of supreme importance. One question is this:—Are you personally a trophy won to Christ? The other is, if you are, have you in your turn sought to win others to Him? Primarily, have you been won to Him? Have you that simple faith in His character as a Saviour, and in His righteousness, as an exclusive ground of justification, which prompts the surrender of the heart to Him? If not, let me faithfully assure you that you are still in the enemy's ranks, under condemnation and awaiting the execution of the final sentence. In reality, it matters to you little, absolutely nothing, who are won to Jesus, however vast the million throng of the redeemed in whom he sees "the joy which was set

before him,"—a benevolent rapture the saved will in sympathy participate when they "shall enter the joy of their Lord,"—if you are lost, for ever lost!

It is a personal question—"What must I do to be saved?"—a personal prayer—"Lord, save me." No ingenuity, no subterfuge, can exempt you from your individual responsibility; "how shall you escape if you neglect this great salvation?" In what way can I best put the matter before your mind? Nothing can surpass the persuasive pathos and holy urgency of the Apostle's appeal: "To wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses to them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." To beseech is more than to offer—more than to ask your revolting heart to submit to the Redeemer's reign. It is to entreat, implore, supplicate your loyal submission; for, in this "beseeching" though the instrumentality is

human the authority is divine. It is in God's name — it is in Christ's stead. O marvellous condescension! that the enthroned King of Glory should thus treat with you whilst in a state of revolt. "We pray you, we beseech you, be ye reconciled to God." Admitting that there is with you some difficulty in the way — conscious inaptitude, or disinclination, or even hostility — there is a gracious power promised in answer to prayer, the Holy Spirit who is able and willing to overcome every hindrance — to lead you to Jesus and "shed abroad His love in your heart." Come to Him just now. Be well assured of one thing, whatever else is doubtful, whatever else is illusive, the Saviour's sublime, loving words — "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," remain now and will remain ever like Himself — changeless.

I pray you, I beseech you, believe that promise and accept that invitation without delay and without demur, and immediately you will become one more trophy to confirm the universal and inviolable vera-



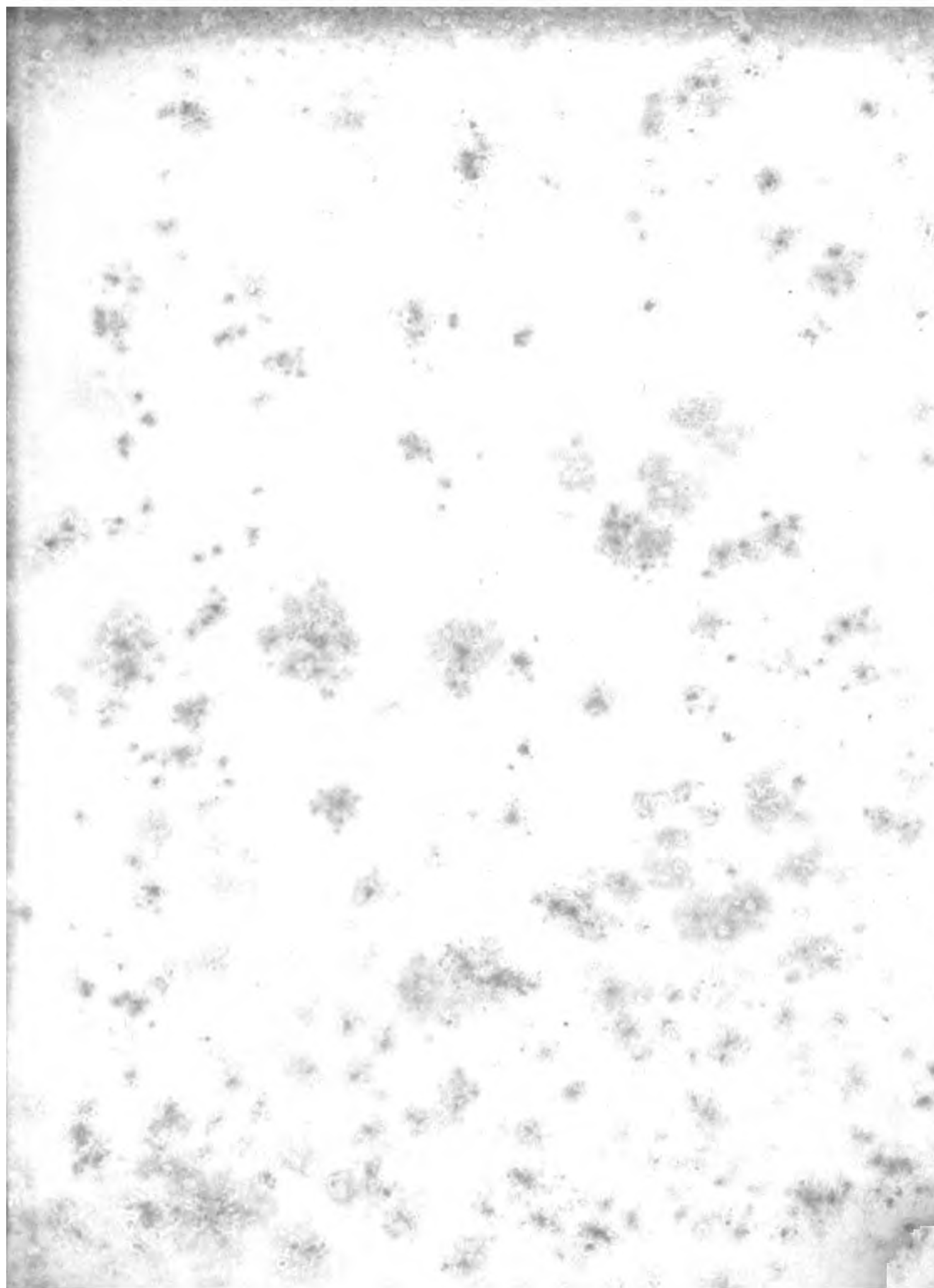
city of the grand announcement which all the annals of earth, and heaven, and hell will corroborate—  
 “HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT!”

In conclusion, there is one question that I would very respectfully submit. If you, yourself, have been won over to Christ, have you in return striven to win others to Him? You are a Christian—a follower of Christ, and are presumed to breathe His spirit. The all-absorbing spirit of your Master was love to souls; and it, together with its corresponding action, ever characterized Him. Have you “the same mind which was in Christ Jesus?” is it in practical operation? “He that winneth souls is wise;” wisdom is the right use of knowledge. In society, the merchant, the artist, the student, the statesman, the philosopher, are all aspirants for prizes, and they need only expect to succeed according as they are guided by wisdom. Do you cultivate and exercise wisdom in your holier and sublimer enterprize? I would especially appeal to my honoured Christian friends in Ragged and

Sunday-school service. Be assured that, in the very lowest strata of society,—in the polluted, seething, corrupting masses of immortals there,—amidst all that is horrifying and revolting, there are many prizes like Frank Lyons to be won—young lost ones to be sought and found; and there is no doubt that they must be sought, if they are to be found. If they are ever to be reached and rescued and uplifted to your level,—won into the pure light of day, and irradiated by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, immortal trophies of the grace of God,—heroic Christians must assume the appropriate garb and descend the shaft, enter the dark, desolating, and guilty region where they lie, and with self-denying and protracted toil pursue their work to the rescue. How infinitely priceless prizes thus won for God and heaven, remaining imperishable when the monuments of human conquest and worldly grandeur are crumbled into ruins and reduced to ashes! One such soul will be an everlasting honour and an eternal joy; that honour, that joy, may you realize! “They that be

wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." " Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."







Vertical text or markings along the left edge of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

