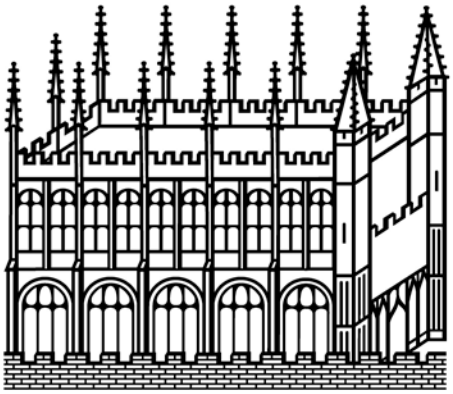

HOME AND CHURCH

STANFORD

Home and Church.

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A CHAPTER IN

FAMILY LIFE AT OLD MAZE POND.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES STANFORD,

Author of "Central Truths," etc., etc.

"Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht."

KÖRNER.

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INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS the writer of this small book will be expected to give some account of the circumstances which have led to its appearance. He first intended to write little more than an inscription to the memory of the late Mr. Job Heath, to be inserted in some column of obituary notices. Then he thought it would be useful to connect with this some account of his friend's ancestors.

It may be said that from one point of view these were only humble men who did their duty. The

world was not waiting to hear about them; the story of their lives is but a slender thread, sometimes lost, never touching things that are great or splendid. But from another point of view they were really mark-worthy men. It would be difficult in our city of changes to find another Nonconformist family whose members have through 150 years been ever successively connected with one particular church, and whose "good name" has descended from father to son like an inheritance. It is hoped that there are elements in the narrative of these facts which, when known, will help to promote the interests of family religion.

On being courteously permitted to examine registers and other valuable documents belonging to the Maze Pond church, much curious informa-

tion was there met with as to the opinions and doings of the Old London Dissenters. The writer has thus been tempted to make his memorial sketch still more comprehensive than was at first intended. In the course of describing the fathers of the Heath family, he now aims to introduce some of the men and women in whose presence they passed their lives, and to show in some degree the forms of Christian life that used to be seen in homes and churches such as theirs. Fashions change. "Little systems have their day." We are not prepared to regard all the things said and done by those who are gone before us as sacred models for our imitation. But the more we really know about them, the more shall we admire their simple faith and steadfast consistency, and the

more reverently ought we to obey the charge: "Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

De Crespigny Park,
Denmark Hill,
November, 1870.

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Old Maze Pond.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past and present here unite
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side."

ON the Surrey side of the Thames, over the ground now partly covered by the buildings of the London and Brighton Railway Terminus, just where the "stunning tide of life" is loudest, and the ravel of traffic is most distracting, there stood in the days of our last King Henry a quiet old house belonging to

the Abbot of Battle. The Abbot was a married man. "The monk married Poverty," remarks Sir James Stephen, "and vowed to take her, for better for worse, to love and to cherish till death should them part." The mention of such a dismal wedlock may at first move us to respectful pity, but we soon find this to be only so much good emotion wasted. The marriage articles were signed with the understanding that they had a secret and mystical sense, and in this case, at least, poverty involved no sharp strait or vulgar inconvenience. The good man had plenty to spend, plenty to spare, and we are inclined to think that he had the will as well as the power to show his poor neighbours much generous kindness. He lived a scenic and gorgeous life, sometimes rivalling Wolsey himself in the wealth and fantastic glory of the entertainments with which he lighted up the old house in Southwark. That house was an imposing pile. White battle-

ments, lordly turrets, and burning vanes gleamed over the trees, and broad gardens dipped down to the river. The grounds reached back for many acres, and were famous for their ornamental cultivation. Sir Philip Sidney, describing a pleasant home in Arcadia, says, "Kalander, one afternoon, led his guest abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself more than in any other delighted. [This was the Maze.] It was neither field, garden, nor orchard, or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits, but scarcely had they taken that into their consideration, but that they suddenly stepped into a delicate green, each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees

were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor; so that it seemed that art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy error, and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a fair pond whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadow." This looks like a picture unintentionally descriptive of the scene behind the Abbot's house. In the garden a maze, in the maze a pond.

"The wave it was as crystal bright;
You saw white sand below;
And flounders, gudgeon, tench, and dace,
Were gliding to and fro."

Time wrought mournful changes in this enchanted spot. When the Tudor Sultan set up Church reformer, dissolved the monasteries, and used their wealth for his own politic ends, these lands shared the common

fate. John Holland, the last Abbot, had notice to leave his stately lodgings by May 20th, 1539; he was allowed, as a kind of apology for compensation, one hundred marks annually until death, and most of the estate he once occupied was granted by letters-patent to Sir Anthony Browne. A stranger visiting Southwark about the year 1693, and wandering over the site of the old maze of shrubbery, would have found but a maze of mean tenements and miry lanes. A few chestnut-trees might have been still standing. There might have been here and there a few green spaces, where, every spring, snowdrops and daffodils still bloomed, descendants of flowers that had been looked at by Canterbury pilgrim and Red Cross knight; and, half hidden under nettles and dockleaves, there might still have been found the ruins of old walls and arches; but little else was left to tell of better days. Striking out of the High-street, past one enclosure where vege-

tables were grown for the market, and another where sheep were kept for the shambles; past a blacksmith's forge, and a brewery, and then a cooperage; on to Flower-de-luce-court, so named after an old Gothic inn to which it once belonged, many a devout worshipper in those days made his way to a place in the court near the Maze Pond, "where prayer was wont to be made." It was a rough-looking structure framed of chestnut planks, and, from the purpose to which it was devoted, went under the name of the "Conventicle."

Never, sure, had pride such a fall, and never was a more chilling change from poetry to prose. The very name last mentioned would be thought by some sentimentalists enough to break the spell of the most romantic story. The word "cathedral" stands for "a poem in stone;" there is sacred music in such terms as "chancel pavement" or "minster bell;" the word "convent" may sometimes sound well to ears polite,

but the word Conventicle, never. A little reading in the right direction might perhaps dispel this fancy. Mediævalists would find among those old ecclesiastical words which so stir their reverence none so ancient as the word "Conventicle," and few more grand and holy in their associations.

Let us hear Bishop Jewel on this matter :

"In Tertullian's time, a hundred and threescore years after Christ, Christians had none other temples than common houses, whither they for the most part secretly resorted ; and so far was it that they had any goodly or gorgeously decked temples, that laws were made in Antoninus Verus and Commodus the Emperor's times, that no Christians should dwell in houses. . . . Christians were then driven to dwell in caves and dens ; so far off was it they had any public temples adorned and decked as they now be. . . . In Maximilian and Constantine the Em-

peror's proclamation the places where Christians resorted for public prayer were called 'conventicles.' . . . And here, by the way, it is to be noted that at that time there were no churches or temples dedicated to any saint, but to God only; as St. Augustine also recordeth, saying, 'We build us temples to our martyrs;' and Eusebius himself calleth churches 'houses of prayer,' and showeth that in Constantine the Emperor's time all men rejoiced, seeing 'instead of low conventicles' which tyrants had destroyed, high temples to be builded."

It is of the conventicle at Maze Pond that we have now to speak. We are not quite pleased with the manner in which its history began. It began in a dispute as to the lawfulness of singing hymns in public worship. The Baptists of those days had no uniform rule as to this part of the service. Some congregations appear to have chanted the Psalms out of their ordinary Bibles.

An interesting example of this is reported in the Broadmead Church minutes for August 22nd, 1675. Others were beginning to use, in their congregational worship, hymns of modern composition. This was the practice of the church at Goatstreet, Horsleydown, the starting-point of the movement which is now the subject of our narrative. At first, the members of this church had the singing only after the celebration of the Lord's Supper ; when this had been their rule for six years, they further agreed to observe the same rule on public thanksgiving days ; this they did for about fourteen years, when, by a formal act of the church, they agreed to sing the praises of God at the close of every public service. Sometimes in former years the sound of their psalmody had betrayed their place of meeting to informers, and more than once some of them had in consequence been arrested, and carried straight to prison. Their pastor, Mr. Benjamin Keach,

himself a noble confessor, was an earnest advocate of the service of song, had written much in its defence, and was author of the hymns used by his own people. Let us take down his hymn-book from the shelf, and look for a specimen. The book happens to fall open at the page which contains hymn 7, part 2.

"GOD, A STRONG TOWER."

"We in this tower venture may
All that to us is dear;
Nought can exceed our precious souls,
Let them be lodgèd there.

Strong parties garrison within,
Who oft make sallies out;
And one of them can, in a night,
A mighty army rout.

A hundred and eighty thousand men
Did one of these destroy,
Of cursèd foes who did strive then
God's Israel to annoy.

A tower strong is compassed round
With a thick, mighty wall,

For to keep off such foes who do
Pell mell upon it fall.

Can such who in this tower are
Be any time afraid ?
All such who trust the strength of it
Can never be dismayed.

Take up your lodging, then, within ;
Haste quickly, don't delay ;
Cast off base habits, leave your sins :
Christ Jesus is the Way."

An increasing number of persons in the church refused to sing such hymns as these, not because they found fault with the poetry—how could they ?—not because the music was a carnal delight and vain excitement inconsistent with gospel worship ; there was a remedy for that. Some congregations had already found from experience, that when a hymn was given out with grave deliberation line by line, and sung with slow solemnity to some pathetic tune, the beat of these

steady intersections had rather a sedative effect than otherwise. Let any impartial critic try the experiment on the second stanza of the hymn just quoted. So late as 1715, Dr. Watts complained of this as a continued practice. "It were to be wished," said he, "that all congregations would sing without reading line by line. Many inconveniences will always attend this unhappy manner of singing."

In a document sent to Mr. Keach, and a copy of which, written by one of the protesters, is still to be seen, he is told that the objections to his innovation in public worship are as follows :—

"1. In that you make that to be a constant standing ordinance which is indeed an extraordinary spiritual gift. (1 Cor. xiv.)

"2. In that you make that formal, which is in the right performance spiritual, and ought to be left to the management of the Spirit, instead of being con-

fined to a limited form of words. (1 Cor. xiv. 14, 15; Eph. v. 18, 19.)

"3. In that you use plurality of voices in that which ought to be performed by a single voice, there being no scripture warrant for using plurality of voices in singing more than in prayer.

"4. In that you join in such close communion with the words in your singing, as to speak to God with your voices together, contrary to 2 Cor. vi. 14, 15: 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' etc.

"5. In that you suffer women to speak and sing, to teach and admonish in the worship and service of God, in His church, contrary to the word of God, which commands women not to speak nor to teach, but to learn in silence, and to be in silence. (1 Cor. xiv. 34; 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12.)

"6. In that there is no positive command in Scrip-

ture that singing is to be a standing ordinance with the church, like prayer and preaching.

"7. In that singing in a precomposed limited form of words is the same as praying is a precomposed limited form of words. Common prayer and common singing must stand or fall together." *

* Something should here be said, with some particularity, on the subject of our hymnal. We have friends who need to be reminded that there is no analogy between hymns and set forms of prayer. From the nature of the case, rhythmical words and musical symphonies, to be joined in by a congregation, must be prepared beforehand and offered to the church for acceptance, as taught by Paul in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the fourteenth chapter. The gift of sacred song is still amongst us, like the gift of preaching and the gift of prayer, and any one 'who hath a psalm,' may publish it; but after it appears it is for the church to say whether it is to be adopted and sung, or passed over *sub silentio*. In this way we have gradually acquired our rich treasury of Christian lyrics. With regard to the hymns used in public worship, the main call for improvement is in the matter of selection, and I really think that our selection would be improved if we paid less heed to some things that are impulsively recommended as improvements. Critics of the hymns we

The root of their scruple was nothing but misdirected reverence for Scripture. They made a wrong use of a right standard. Such rigid scripturists were they, that they would do nothing in worship for which they had not the literal authority of chapter and verse. They looked to the New Testament as the Hebrew looked to the book of Leviticus, not merely for great

choose are sometimes troubled by trifles, sometimes by an oversensitive taste, and sometimes by a wrong standard of what a hymn should be. Some complain when hymns are not all direct thanksgiving, but the New Testament allows us to use psalms and hymns for teaching and admonishing one another. Personally, and speaking of course with the utmost deference, I see no reason against the occasional use of an old metrical creed, more especially the devout and stately 'Te Deum.' Some complain of hymns as having no congregational fitness, when their expressions are in the first person singular. But as it has been wisely said, 'The multitudinous use of a hymn or prayer is not disabled by the individual form ; the individual use is not lessened by the common participation of the assembly ; the congregation is only the aggregate of individuals consentaneously uttering individual prayers and praises.' Would it not destroy power to generalise

principles and living laws, but for precise and minute specifications about modes and fashions. Their canon was that which Samuel Mather says led some of the later Puritans to give up the use of the hour-glass by the side of the pulpit, because there was no scripture law for it. It was the principle, "Nothing in the Church of Christ for which you have not the command

into plural forms of expression such hymns as 'Rock of Ages cleft for me,' 'Jesus, lover of my soul'? Some complain of certain hymns as being too sublimely devotional, but, surely, the best forms of worship are those which accord with the best states of the soul, and it would be a wrong to the church so to change sentiments that are suited to spiritual men as to reduce them into accordance with the character of the unspiritual; our hope is by such sentiments to incite the desire they express, not to attain harmony by letting down thought to the key-note of the lowest life, but by tuning that life up to the pitch of the highest. Some complain of hymns as being too prosaic; but it should be remembered that the true idea of a hymn is not so much poetry as life."—*On Improvement in the Mode of Public Worship.* A paper read at the annual session of the Baptist Union, 1870. By Charles Stanford. Pp. 12, 13. *Ecclesia*, 415.

of Christ," and they could find no clear command for congregational singing. You might quote some plain textual authority, but they would always be ready with another quotation, which they thought made it certain that what you called a law for the outward life had only a spiritual application. You never knew when you had them. If you turned to the text, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, and making melody in your heart to the Lord," you gain no ground. "Yes," they said, "in your *heart*." Virtually, their doctrine was this: "You are thankful to God for His mercy; you do well: put your thankfulness into song, you sin. If in unison with others you feel the melody of the heart, you are right; if in unison with others you express it musically, you are wrong. You may sing, but only so long as you are silent." Mr. Isaac Marlow, "dwelling in Lombard-street," appears to have been "leader of the oppo-

sition." From 1691, when he wrote an able tract called, "Truth Soberly Defended," pamphlets were written on both sides, some of them evincing real scholarship, and all being more or less remarkable for plain words and frank, hearty personalities. Though the objectors were well answered, they were never convinced, and never gave in. Yet, as the late Dr. Hamilton has said, could these earnest men "rejoin their descendants in Southwark, and resume their membership in the self-same church now worshipping in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, they would find neither Popery in the pew, nor Judaism in the pulpit, and peradventure as they came into the assembly, and from four thousand voices heard, 'From all that dwell below the skies,' they might catch the contagion; and, confessing that of a truth God is there, even Isaac Marlow might join the singers."

Good Mr. Keach was weary. He complains that

"the archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him."* On the other hand, the archers themselves felt "sorely grieved." The result was, that on the 2nd of February, 1693, seventeen seceders met at the house of Mr. Luke Leader in Tooley-street to consult on what was best to be done; and on the 23rd of March following, twenty-three formed themselves into a fresh church, resolving to have a songless sanctuary.

Mr. James Warburton, a most earnest preacher of the gospel, was chosen pastor, and with God's blessing on his ministry, 115 persons joined the church in the course of the first year.

There were several nonconformist churches already in existence in Southwark, and some of these could already show an ancient and eventful history. Yet when the present members of the Maze Pond fellowship think of some of the things that must have been

* His portraicture must have been taken about this time.

seen and heard by some of their founders, they feel that they belong to a very old family. Some worshippers who met there in those early days had often gone by lantern-light to Zoar-street meeting, across the way, to hear Bunyan preach at seven o'clock on a winter morning. Some of them might have seen the flushed face of the schoolboy, Matthew Henry, when, fresh from the country, and riding through from the West-End to Aldersgate, he was amazed at the traffic of London, and wrote home, "If I should say we met above a hundred coaches after we came into town, and before we came into our inn, I should speak within compass." Some of them might have seen blind John Milton sitting at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields to catch the evening breeze; tradition says that his widow was sometimes one of the Maze Pond congregation. Some of them had been startled up in the night by the dismal cry, "Bring out your dead,"

and had seen door after door marked with a great red cross, giving warning of the pestilence. Some of them might have met the learned Baptist, Henry Jessey, on the way from his house in Coleman-street to the church of St. George's, Southwark, where he used to preach ; might have heard him speak of his alarm in December, 1660, when coming across London Bridge, on his way thither, he found the river so shallow that "one with a pole could have leaped across," sure omen of coming disaster. Some persons were there who might have heard the bell toll for Cromwell, others might have been children on the road to school at the very time when snow-flakes were falling on the pall of King Charles the First.

The Patriarch and his Friends.

The Patriarch and his Friends.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and nobles of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."

THE name of Heath has long been familiar to the Baptists of London. It is to be met with in some of their very earliest documents.

In the month of October, 1641, Doctor Daniel Featley held a public disputation at Southwark with four Baptists, on the subject of their peculiar tenets. None of us were present, but if we had been we should have seen Mr. Edward Heath, who was then one of the leaders of "the sect everywhere spoken

against." Sir John Lenthal and other grandees were at this clerical tourney, which ended, so thought the doctor, in the complete rout and confusion of his antagonists. Two years after, he published an account of it, dedicating his performance, which he entitled "The Dippers Dipped," to both Houses of Parliament. "In this book," said the Baptists, "there are many charges which we disclaim as notoriously untrue, by which many that know not God are encouraged, if they can find the place of our meeting, to get together in clusters to stone us, as a people that holding such things are not worthy to live." This led them to issue, in 1644, their first London confession of faith. It was a clear statement of their theology, of their principles as to church order, and of their loyalty as citizens. The conclusion ran thus :—

"Thus we desire to give unto Christ that which is His, and to all lawful authorities that which is their

due ; and to owe nothing to any man but love ; to live quietly and peaceably, as becometh saints, endeavouring in all things to keep a good conscience, and to do unto every man, of what judgment soever, as we would he should do unto us ; that as our practice is, so it may prove us to be a conscionable, quiet, and harmless people, no ways dangerous or troublesome to human society, and to labour and work with our hands, that we may not be chargeable to any, but to give to him that needeth, both friends and enemies, accounting it more excellent to give than to receive. Also we confess that we know but in part, and that we are ignorant of many things which we desire and seek to know ; and if any shall do us that friendly part to show us, from the word of God, that which we know not, we shall have cause to be thankful to God and them. But if any man shall impose upon us anything that we see not to be commanded by our Lord Jesus Christ, we

should, in His strength, rather embrace all reproaches and tortures, and, if it were possible, die a thousand deaths, rather than do anything against the least tittle of the truth of God, or against the light of our own consciences. And if any shall call what we have said 'heresy,' then do we with the apostle acknowledge, that after the way they call heresy, worship we the God of our fathers, disclaiming all heresies (rightly so called), because they are against Christ, and to be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in obedience to Christ, as knowing our labours shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Seven of the London churches made this their manifesto, and it was signed in their name by fourteen elders. One of these elders was "Edward Heath."

About the time when the church at Maze Pond was formed, there lived in Warwickshire a family tracing

its descent collaterally from this faithful confessor.* So, at least, we have always understood: but it is difficult to prove the case in court by a distinct unbroken chain of evidence. The parish register, which might have completed the proof, has been burnt We still cling to our old opinion with an "obstinate faith."

The first fact about the family, in a clear series reaching to our own time, is found in the old minute-book of the Baptist church at Alcester, where there is the following entry: "Job Heath was baptized, with four of his sisters, on a profession of faith, Feb.

* It is said that the family originally came from the hamlet of Heath, now forming part of Hill Wotton. In St. Mary's Church, Warwick, there is a monument to one of this race, bearing the following inscription: "Memoriæ Sacrum Roberti Heath, Generosi, Viri Probi, Pii, Prudentis et Fidelis, qui cessit naturæ ac gratiæ, et incepit Gloriam, anno ætatis suœ lxxvi. 4to id. Novembris A.D. mdclxxxvii."

13, 1711." Not so very long ago, you may feel inclined to say; but please to remember that on this very day Addison was probably writing the *first* number of the "Spectator," and you will have a more vivid sense of its remoteness. The element of interest is, that Job of Alcester was the first in a line of four, each one called Job, each an eldest son, all "elders who had obtained a good report;" all successively identified with one church in London, and that the family connection with it has now lasted for 150 years. We have no story of great acts and thrilling adventures to tell; only a few memorials to set down, which, it is hoped, will encourage Christians so to live and pray that those who come after them may be an honour to their name. Why should not this mercy be even more frequent? It is true that "grace does not run in the blood, but sin does." But it is also true that God can make His

grace more gracious by often causing it to run in the channel of the natural affections. "The promise is unto you and your children."

When the young converts were baptized at Alcester, certain persons were members of the church there, and most likely present at the service, whose sympathy would help to make it memorable. One of these was Bernard Foskett, much esteemed in his day for his Greek scholarship, and who may be regarded as one of the founders of our Bristol College; another was John Beddome, father of the charming hymnist; another was John Ryland, whose son, John Ryland, of Northampton, "was a very extraordinary man, in whose singularly impressive pulpit oratory were blended the vehemence of Whitfield with the intrepidity of Luther."* The fame of John the Third—Dr. Ryland, of Bristol—is still more widely spread.

* Dr. Olinthus Gregory.

To borrow the quaint imagery of an old book, then much read, when the pilgrims had climbed "the Hill Difficulty," had passed "the Lions," and were received into "the House called Beautiful," these fathers were in the company waiting to welcome them.

Mr. Heath, with Hannah his wife, came up to London, and joined the church at Maze Pond in 1721. It will be interesting, at this stage of our explorations, to look at the oldest volume of the church records, that we may gather from it pictures of the society with which our friends now found themselves connected.

Almost the first thing that strikes attention is the strict maintenance of discipline. Instances continually occur of persons being questioned before the church on account of charges such as these: "Not keeping a promise," "Not speaking the truth," "Borrowing money, and making no sign of paying it again," "Dis-

orderly walking," "Backbiting," "Idleness," "Breaking the law that disciples should only marry in the Lord," "Bringing a public charge against a brother without taking gospel rule" (Matt. xviii. 15—17). Then would follow, according to the evidence, the most solemn acquittal, or censure, or remonstrance, or excision.

A sister is charged with neglecting her place, and "going to George's," this being the neighbouring parish church. She frankly confesses her reason for conformity. "She means to get her soul fed where she gets her body fed."

Some of the members form a party, and separate from the church. Messengers are sent to remonstrate, but without effect. Then the church passes sentence, "We do count them as rent schismatics." After a time they repent, and have to sign the following statement before the meeting :—

"Forasmuch as we, whose names are hereunder

subscribed, have been led away and induced to act irregularly in a sinful separation from this church of Christ, to the dishonour of God, the damage and grief of the minister and members thereof, we do declare our hearty sorrow and penitence for this our evil, in witness whereof we subscribe our names."

Before the administration of the Lord's Supper, the communicants present answered to their names, which were called over from the register. Deputies were always sent to visit the absentees. For instance, fourteen persons "are missing at breaking of bread" on a certain day. Two messengers are sent to know the reason, for report at the next general assembly. It is then explained how certain persons were absent "under some inward discomposures;" one had to go down into the country, one or two "had differences with a member of the church," which were now in course of being adjusted.

The following is an instance of the oral and public inquiry that was always the rule when any one wished to be transferred from another community: "A sister," being a member of another church, "moving for reception into our communion, because dissatisfied with the minister, his preaching not being agreeable to the Word of God, nor her own experience, neither can she profit thereby;" two messengers are nominated to the next meeting of the church to which she belongs, "to acquaint them with the aforesaid motion, and to know what they have against her."

The result of the report is thus summed up: "The things she alleged as giving her dissatisfaction being denied by the accused, and sufficient witness to prove the truth thereof being wanting, we could not warrantably receive her into communion."

The messengers who are slack in the discharge of their duty in conveying messages of inquiry or reproof,

are called to account. "Brother Isaac Troine and Brother Thomas Gregory neglected to deliver the church's admonition plainly to Sister Susannah Hill, they were ordered to go again and effect it."

Here is a specimen of something more cheerful: "Two sisters desired the church to pay their house-rent. The church did agree to pay Brother Rabbits fifty-two shillings a year for a room of his for them to live in."

The minister of the church at the time of Mr. Heath's admission was Mr. Edward Wallin, to whom you should now be introduced. You may see, from a rare engraving, that he was a reverend-looking personage, who still continued to wear the old-fashioned Geneva gown and bands. Little is known of his early history, besides the fact that his father was a gentleman whose estate had been much impoverished by fines for non-conformity. In 1707 Mr. Wallin accepted the call to

become pastor of the church, which, from that period was in perfect harmony with the church from which it had once seceded; and Mr. Benjamin Stinton, successor to Mr. Keach, was one of the ministers who joined in the ceremony of his ordination by imposition of hands.

"He was an indefatigable student of the Scriptures and of the Oriental languages. His ministerial endowments were rare, he had a large experience of the grace of God, considerable knowledge of the great truths of the Gospel, a heavenly skill to lay open the wretched condition of sinners by nature, and to set forth the glory of Christ in His person, righteousness, and sacrifice. His language was plain and easy, strong and masculine. His reasoning was clear, his deportment was grave, his address was with majesty, which had at once a tendency to command awe, and engage the attention. His conversation with men was free and

pleasant, affable and courteous, instructive and diverting, which made him universally esteemed and beloved. And let me not forget his excellent talent in prayer, and the near communion he often enjoyed with God in private." These words are selected from what was said of him by one with whom he had some controversial differences, but who knew him truly, and loved him well.

At the beginning of his ministry his way was beset with troubles. One trouble was a straitened income. Though rent was low and artificial wants were few, though a pound of meat would only cost him twopence, and a quartern loaf only one farthing more, and his salary was therefore larger than figures seemed to indicate, it was smaller than it ought to have been. Of course, another trouble was the persecution which still had to be endured for nonconformity. When King William came to the throne, the prospects of Nonconformity began to brighten, but a few years before the

close of Queen Anne's reign they began rapidly to darken again. "I tremble," said the good pastor, "for the Ark of God and our children; alas, our hopes are ready to expire!"

Another of his troubles may be touched upon: it was an inconvenience to him to have Dr. Henry Sacheverell for a neighbour. That famous chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark, was then in all his glory as champion of High Churchism; the Queen was proud of him, and he seemed to be the most popular man in England. He was a Brahmin of the most sacred order. He was a conservative, defending the status of an authorised and learned clergy against schismatic and ignorant pretenders. He was a bold orator. He was a remarkable mathematician, and once summoned all parties in Church and State to unite in a stand against the Toleration Act, "as parallel lines meeting in one common centre." Vast

congregations were exhilarated by his discourses, and sometimes on the way home they were dangerous When at last he was impeached by the Commons, and tried at Westminister Hall for words meant to rouse the mob and intimidate the Government, Dr. Sacheverell's "lambs," in a playful freak, demolished the pulpits, pews, and galleries of five meeting-houses, and the sky was red with reflected fires that night. You may be sure that a nonconformist living in Southwark would be the first to suffer from such furious orthodoxy. It would not be wise for him to be out after dark, his lozenge-paned casement might at any unexpected moment come in with a crash, and strong window-shutters would be wanted for the meeting-house. Mr. Wallin outlived these early troubles, and the church, which he found almost at the point of extinction, gradually rose under his care to a high degree of prosperity.

In 1717 Mr. Wallin was one of the six pastors who united in persuading the churches to establish "The Baptist Fund," the object of which was partly to augment the incomes of poor ministers, and partly to help, in various ways, the interests of ministerial scholarship. For example, in the year 1725, Dr. John Gill, who was not in flourishing circumstances, received a grant of £17 10s. to help him in the purchase of certain Hebrew books. The Maze Pond people sent £100 as their first contribution. At the present day it has property to the value of more than £22,700, and few institutions do more annual good, with less cost of working machinery. With such a basis, and such endowments already at command, if we all joined in wisely helping it, it would, perhaps, very soon do more efficient and extensive service than most schemes of its kind now known.

He died June 12, 1733. When, at last, Dr. Gill

asked him whether his faith in Christ was still steady, he answered, "Steady, steady on the person of Christ, and those glorious truths which have been the support of my soul, and the delight of my ministry."*

Another of Mr. Heath's friends was the venerable Mr. Luke Leader, at whose house, many years before, that first meeting was held which ended in the formation of the church. Owing to some unhappy differences he withdrew from the church in 1695, but appears to have returned about two years after the commencement of Mr. Wallin's ministry. When he died, in 1729, Mr. Wallin preached a funeral sermon; and from the manuscript we have learned some

* He published only two sermons—one in 1724, on the death of Mrs. Mary Weare, which was "dedicated to Mrs. Catherine Jocelyn, daughter of Sir Strange Jocelyn, Bart., of Hyde Hall, in the county of Hertford, who with others hath occasioned this publication." The other was in 1730, on the death of the Reverend Mr. John Noble.

interesting facts, the statement of which is here abridged :—

"His parents did not only profess religion, but were zealous for the promotion of it ; in times of persecution admitting the congregation to meet for the service of God in their own house, at the hazard of much loss as to their worldly substance.

"The Lord remembered them for good, and granted to all their children the best of blessings, even blessings to their souls.

"Our late friend and dear relative had his mind seasoned with grace in the days of his youth. When he was set at liberty by views of free grace and salvation in and through a crucified Saviour, he was baptized upon profession of his faith.

"A little time after this there arose a very great persecution, when all Protestant Dissenters were threatened with heavy fines and imprisonment who

refused to attend the divine service according to the usage of the Church of England, at which time Mr. Leader, rather than offend God, or be ruined by unreasonable men, chose to leave his habitation and his native land, together with a profitable and flourishing trade, to be an exile in a foreign country.

" Upon his return, when the storm was abated, God appeared abundantly to bless him, and soon repaired the damage he had sustained for the sake of Christ and a good conscience. He acted uprightly and justly in all his dealings with men ; in his civil capacity he was an advocate for liberty, and zealous for promoting what was for the common good, by vigorously opposing all attempts to undermine the Protestant interest, or enslave the consciences of men ; therefore, when he gave his several votes in an election for representatives, he was in no way biassed in his choice by frowns or favours, nor in the least con-

sulted his secular interest, where the good of the nation or the interests of religion were concerned, but that candidate who had most those things in view was sure to have his help at all hazards.

"Few attend to closet converse with the Lord and with the soul more than he did. As for his regard to public worship, I think none exceeded him. Unless he was under some very great disorder indeed, he would not be detained at home. A pattern to many, and a shame to those who put God off with half services, and leave the minister to preach to their places instead of their souls.

"Though he often laboured under some darkness of mind, yet he was enabled to maintain a good hope through Christ through the general part of his life. In his last hours he had inward peace in the view of the Redeemer's righteousness, as some of his last words discovered, when he declared with

trembling lips that his whole dependence was upon Christ."

Mr. Job Heath was a plain man, making little noise in the world save that which he made with his hammer in Vinegar-yard, where he followed the trade of a gun-smith. His character, however, won for him the trust of his fellow-members, who appear to have sometimes appointed him to deputational services, requiring wise and skilful management. One instance of this kind was the following: Mr. George Baskerville, connected with one of the London Baptist churches, was elected in 1742 to an office in the corporation. In obedience to the Test Act, he qualified himself for that office by taking the Lord's Supper according to the ritual of the Church of England. It was profane to make the symbols of Christ's dying love "the key to office, the picklock to a place." The church thought so, and passed a vote of censure. He repeated the

offence in the next year, when the church to which he belonged invited ministers and deputies from the other metropolitan churches to a conference with them for considering the question, "Whether a person ought to be continued in fellowship who shall have received the Sacrament in the Church of England to qualify himself for executing an office of trust or profit?" Mr. Heath was one of the deputies from Maze Pond. Of course they all united in the decision that taking the Sacrament for the reason specified was unlawful.

This "ancient and honourable father," as he was called, died August 7th, 1757, and the subject of his funeral sermon was, "The victory given us over death and the grave through our Lord Jesus Christ."

That is all. Not much more can be said of Mr. Heath than was said of Enoch: we are the more sorry for this, because he belonged to a social class whose members formed the chief constituency of the

first reformed communities, but of whose words and ways we know next to nothing.

Smiths, weavers, carpenters, shoemakers, and the like, have furnished most of the names that are written in the "Book of Martyrs," but what do we know about them? No doubt most of the names signed in the registers of the old city churches belonged to mechanics, and we should like to know what their daily life was like; but though the present age is full of influence left by that daily life, we have scarcely any personal notices of it. Not a footprint, not a line in the *London Chronicle*, not a hint in an old yellow letter, can be found to tell us anything about our humble patriarch beyond what has now been set down. It is possible you wonder that any one should presume to make him the subject of a biographical sketch, and, after all, be able to say so little about him. But if you look back to the title of this paper, you will see it

promises equal reference to "his friends." "Tell me a man's friends, and I will tell you his character." "A man is known by the company he keeps." You may learn what manner of man Mr. Heath was, now you know what men they were to whom he gave honour and from whom he received it for forty-six years. You can fancy yourself back in his little parlour—

> "With whitewashed walls and nicely sanded floor,
> And varnished clock that clicked behind the door."

You can imagine what kind of life he lived there, and what kind of esteem he had amongst his neighbours. As in the days of George Fox, no doubt there still were "light and chaffy persons," who made merry with the peculiarities of the strict "meetinger." No doubt "Mr. Blindman" would often say, "I do see clearly that he is a heretic." Perhaps Maze Pond Meeting-house was, to him, a place deserving to be thought "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole

earth." Perhaps the Reverend Mr. Edward Wallin was held to be almost the first man living; perhaps his views on some subjects were narrow, and his judgments severe, especially on the subject of worldliness; but his life made men respect true religion, and contributed to win for it the influence which it now has in the English commonwealth. He helped to make them understand the sacredness of conscience. In his business he would pray that "integrity and uprightliness might preserve him." There would be care to train his family "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "The lambs would be folded early." On Sunday nights, service never being then held in the meeting-house, the master would bring out the great Bible, read it, and catechise upon the sermons the whole circle round, from the old servant to the little boy who sat by his mother. Though he belonged to a strict fraternity, there would be no lack of "salt in his

life." If worldly amusements were under ban, others were to be had. Sometimes there would be the delight of an hour on the river, and on "a bright spring-tide Saturday, the father's and mother's marketing being finished, and the twelve o'clock dinner being ended," there would often be a pleasant walk in the fields. Old prints show us that so late as 1733 all beyond St. George's Church, and away to the Surrey hills, was open country. It was a pure happiness to ramble through the "tender tranquillities" of Walworth, through the scent of clover and hedge-roses, past orchard and windmill, as far as the tall elm trees on Camberwell-green. Towards the last, Oliver Goldsmith might sometimes have been met on this road.

Home and Church in the Second Generation.

Home and Church in the Second Generation.

"Just a God-fearing man,
Simple and lowly,
Constant at church and hearth,
Kindly as holy.

Death found, and touched him with
Finger in flying :
Lo ! he rose up complete,
Celestial—undying."

ON a June morning in the year 1734, a deed was done at Maze Pond Meeting-house at which some of the fathers of the people sat astonied, and the very sound of which caused the ears of many to tingle. After all the ink that had been shed, after all the loud words

that had been spoken in defence of silence; after sitting still for more than forty years, conscientiously refusing to sing, the congregation did on that morning join in singing a psalm. Remonstrance was useless; the new service became rapidly popular, and, as Mr. Crosby remarks, the people "have ever since tuned their voices to songs of praise like other Christians."

This was all through Mr. Abraham West, a young minister who was invited to the vacant pastorate, but who would only accept office on this condition. Nothing else that we have heard of has ever been said against him. Every witness whose testimony has reached us has spoken of his ministerial excellence, and of the high hopes that were entertained of his usefulness; but his career was as short as it was bright. It only lasted three years. He died in the twenty-seventh year of his age; "one of those rare

specimens of human nature which the great Author of it produces at distant intervals, and exhibits for a moment while He is hastening to make them up amongst His jewels."

His successor, after a short interval, was Mr. Benjamin Wallin, son of the old minister. More must not be said of him for the present, because this would delay introduction to another worthy who has already been kept waiting too long.

Job Heath the younger was born in 1721. We may say, in the words of an old writer, "His father left him a large estate, the greater part whereof lay under his hat." Outwardly, his early life was not brilliant. He was educated at the Protestant Dissenters' charity-school at Horsleydown; after that, was apprenticed to a shoe manufacturer in Whitecross-street. Just as he was about to be allowed a partnership in the concern, his master suddenly died. This intention being ascer-

tained by the executors, they offered him succession to the business on specially advantageous terms. He consulted Mr. Wallin, who, speaking heartily for him to this and that gentleman in the church, helped and encouraged him to make the venture. He ultimately took a large house in Fore-street, not far from one long occupied by the father of Daniel Defoe.

About this time the young man's mind began to be greatly exercised upon a matter of absorbing interest. Thoughts about it got into his calculations at the desk, and even mingled with the music at Maze Pond. He used to say to the one friend into whose soul he poured his confidence, and whose opinion on the matter in question was the only one that was quite indispensable,—"There"—

> "There ever and anon the wind,
> Sweet scented with the hay,
> Turned o'er the hymn book's fluttering leaves
> That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee."

If these were not the very words used, it is certain that these words express the very confession he had to make. They were heard with much sympathy. The result was his marriage in 1748. For a few years he had a most happy home ; then his wife's health began to decline, and in 1756 he was left with three little children to mourn her loss. Mr. Wallin preached on the occasion from the text, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." In the course of the sermon he spoke of the lady as a timid and lowly Christian, who in the course of her

long illness would often say, "I will go to the King; and if I perish, I perish."

But for this one sad shadow the morning of Mr. Heath's life would have been in all respects a sunny and prosperous one.

His soul prospered. In December, 1741, he joined the church, being the firstfruits of Mr. Wallin's ministry. After the course of twelve years he was elected a deacon. He rose higher and higher in social esteem, and, with growing grace, had such growing prosperity in all secular interests that he became, we are told, one of "the most eminent men of his calling in London."

You are not surprised at such success; for did he not live "in the good old times"? As to religion, it was easy to be religious when the church was in its holy prime; and as to trade, it was only natural for a tradesman to flourish when men, as yet, were guilty of no show, no fraud, no competition; when no one was

in a hurry; when Mrs. Gilpin, bent on pleasure, ordered the chaise to be stayed three doors off her husband's shop, lest any one should think her proud, and when the rattle of its wheels made an unusual disturbance in Cheapside; "when the seedsman appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler; who appeared to conduct *his* business by keeping his eye on the coachmaker; who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker; who, in his turn, folded his arms and stared at the grocer; who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist."

You may think in this way of Mr. Heath's times; but we find that he and his companions thought in just the same way about an ideal past, and in the same way mourned over a degenerate present.

Here are some words spoken from Maze Pond pulpit in 1764:—

"It is needful to remind you of some principal instances of the woful degeneracy of these our times. Thieves, vagabonds, and violent characters swarm around us, and in this respect we are worse than most of the neighbouring countries. Our streets, jails, courts of justice, and frequent large executions manifest a prodigious increase of these wretches amongst us. It is astonishing to consider with how little emotion the generality hear of the many scores of felons tried every monthly session, the cart-loads of criminals that are turned of at Tyburn; and the numbers that are annually transported to our colonies. The melancholy aspect is not confined to the vulgar class; our principles and manners are almost universally debased; religion, honour, and public spirit are rarely to be found; excess of profligacy in high and low life comes in like a flood, and threatens to overwhelm us. Deists are daily increasing, and in almost every

promiscuous company we meet with a scoffer at Divine revelation; multitudes of every rank most shamefully prostitute the sabbath, if not to secular business, yet to sensual pleasures, against all laws both human and divine; the riot of the populace on that day, in the streets and fields, is becoming a nuisance to all sober people. To pass by many other things, it is not a little provoking that, when our necessary taxes are a burden already too heavy; when, through real or artificial scarcity, provision is at so excessive a price that multitudes of the industrious poor can scarce get a meal of meat more than once or twice a week; when bankrupts are, it may be, seven times the number than formerly; yea, when we are in so unnatural and dangerous a contest with our wide extended American colonies; and many thousands of our dear, innocent fellow-Christians are in the deepest calamity; I say it is not the least of our

provocations, that under these awful circumstances our vanity is not abated ; our dissipations and pleasures still daily increase, 'our land is full of horses, and there is no end of our chariots ;' and what is still worse, there seems little concern among the pious of the land about seeking the Lord, as heretofore, when clouds of darkness hung over us."

Such appalling pictures given both of religious and secular society, show that the battle of life was certainly not easier then than now. His prosperity was not the consequence of living in a golden age.

In truth, the times were evil, but he was a hearty, kindly, godly, manly man, and God prospered him. He was full of the force which made it natural for him to make his way up in the world. He looked like what he was ; for "he was a choice man and a goodly, higher than any of the people." In these respects, not to mention his great white wig, Deacon Heath bore some

resemblance to King Saul. We are told that when London Bridge was thronged with figures such as those we see in Hogarth's lively perspectives, that wig was often seen in rapid motion high above all the others. Strangers often turned back to look at the tall citizen. One day a sailor pointed to him, and said, "There goes a first-rate three-decker."

There is a memorial of him lying on this table. It is a tattered letter that he wrote more than a hundred years ago to a lonely little boy, just come up from the country to a London school. After reference to a consignment of confectionery which he had been weak enough to send the youth, he says, "Observe what I am now writing. First, never forget to say your Prayers neither Morning nor Evening. Do not neglect that, neither through Shame nor Indolence. Be sure strive to come forward in your Learning, and have no other Pride than this. Choose the Boys for

your Companions who never use any bad Words, and if at any time you should do amiss, never screen the same by telling a Lie. Be sure you always tell the Truth, even if you get into Trouble for it."

For more than twenty years our friend took an active part in the meetings and movements of the Society at Maze Pond. We are now to notice some of these, not so much on account of his part in them, as because in this sketch of old Dissent we are under promise to show something of life in the church as well as in the family.

The church was remarkable for its zeal in maintaining the profession of a scriptural and definite creed through a crisis when large numbers of professing Christians were losing faith in the Deity of Jesus. Some persons suppose that this Socinian element was a blight confined to the Presbyterians; others, that it was an evil affecting Dissent generally, but that the

Church of England was saved from it by her fixed standards. It is worth while to say, in passing, that it prevailed as much within the pale of the Establishment as without it. In 1772 a petition was sent to Parliament, signed by 250 persons, chiefly clergymen who had sympathy with this doctrine, and praying that no clerical subscription should be required in future, beyond a general declaration of faith in the sufficiency of the Scriptures. Old letters might be printed to prove that, besides those who signed it, very many were in its favour who declined to sign it, simply from prudential motives; yet, when it was rejected, the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey was the only man who gave up his living rather than continue to confess his belief in the Articles. They were thus shown to be powerless as bulwarks of the truth. Forgive this little discursion. We were in course of remarking that the prevalent heterodoxy reached

some of the members of Maze Pond. Long was the correspondence, and anxious were the meetings in consequence, ending, in some instances, in solemn withdrawment from fellowship with the unbelieving brothers. Mr. Wallin published a volume of able discourses on the "Divinity of Christ."

The church was equally marked for its care to maintain practical consistency. One of the arrangements with a view to this was a system of periodical visiting amongst the members. London was divided into sections or "walks." Messengers were appointed to each district, to inquire into the spiritual welfare of the members residing in it. Then, at a general assembly, they would give in their report, such as the following, made in March, 1754:—

"Brother Job Heath, one of the messengers to St. Thomas's Walk, reported that they had visited all but two or three of the members, that they were much

entertained ; some few were under sore trials, yet filled with joy and peace in believing, declaring the faithfulness of God in making good His word ; two or three were much cast down and in darkness, and one in a sleepy frame. In general they declare their love to the church, and their satisfaction with the ministry."

It will be interesting to notice the rule of the church with regard to the appointment of evangelists. When any brother wished to preach the gospel, he was required to speak for a short time at a church meeting on a text selected by the pastor ; if, then, he appeared to be qualified "to do the work of an evangelist," he was solemnly "appointed to it in the name of the Lord, and sent forth to exercise his ministry wherever Providence might lead him." This rule was kept with the utmost stringency, as will appear from the following illustration from the church-book :—

"Sept. 6th, 1779. It appearing an undoubted fact,

to the grief of this church, that Brother John Stanford has assumed the liberty of preaching in public without her knowledge, probation, consent, or commendation, as required in the rule of the Gospel, by which a trial of gifts and a separation to the work of the ministry is referred to the notice and direction of the churches of Christ, Brother Henry Keene and Brother John Hayward were appointed to admonish our brother Stanford of his unbecoming and disorderly conduct, and exhort him, on conviction, to acknowledge his fault, and henceforward keep within the limits of his private capacity in all humility and uprightness, submitting himself to the orders of the sanctuary, giving no further offence to any individual or to the Church of God, as the Lord hath commanded (1 Cor. x. 32).

"Sept. 27. The messengers to Brother Stanford report that they have conversed with him concerning the irregularity of his conduct, and found him con-

vinced that it was disorderly, and expressed his grief for being so precipitate, and assured them he should not attempt the like any more. He took their visit as kind, and thought it an advantage to be noticed by the church.

"May 22nd, 1780. Brother Stanford, in consequence of the church's agreement at the last meeting, discoursed from Luke xii. 32, it having been the text given him on which to exercise his thoughts, for a specimen of the ability which some apprehended he might have for public service. Agreed, it is the opinion of this church that there is an appearance of a talent for usefulness, but not without further cultivation.

"Sept. 18th, 1780. Extract from a letter from Brother Stanford: 'I freely acquiesce in, and thankfully receive, the advice of the church that I should seek a further knowledge of those things which are advantageous to a public character. Nevertheless, it is hoped that, after some further exercise before the

church, I may have the liberty of occasionally exercising among the neighbouring parishes, where there are many poor, who seek for the word of the Lord.'"

This much-tried brother was Dr. John Stanford. He sailed for America in 1786. Next year, Dr. Manning, the president of Brown University, in Rhode Island, and pastor of the church there which Roger Williams founded, having resigned the pastorate, Dr. Stanford accepted an urgent call to become his successor. He had still, however, a passion for working in the service of the poorest outcasts, which led him eventually to become, at the appointment of Government, chaplain to the humane and criminal institutions in the city of New York, where he ended his long and honoured labours of love in 1834.*

The good brethren were of opinion that "though we ought not to make Christianity political, we ought

* His life was published at New York, 1835.

to make politics Christian." There was, therefore, much meeting for prayer before a general election. Here is part of an address spoken at such a time :—

"Now is the time to step forward and bear our part in the choice of a senate who may revive and defend us; let us seek wisdom from the Lord, who directeth all hearts; and, having obtained all the intelligence we can relating to candidates for our trust, let us be free from any private, personal, and secular motive, and honestly vote for the good of our country, irrespective of any other considerations whatever; treat every gentleman who solicits us with all respect due to his rank; yet let us remember that our judgment and conscience belong to no man. No man is entitled to your voice on account of his amiableness of character, or of any service he may have done you or your relations. Such service, done with a view to purchase a vote, may be justly looked upon as bribery and corruption; and it

were to be wished that all previous canvassing and promising were abolished, for they naturally obstruct a free and genuine election."

The church would often assemble at eight o'clock in the morning, and spend a whole day in fasting and prayer on account of some public alarm or calamity. One occasion of such a prolonged service was an earthquake that occurred on Thursday, February 8th, 1750. In Mr. Wallin's note-book there is this account of the shock :—

"I was musing in my study, leaning on a desk near the window, when, on a sudden, I felt the desk move, the floor shake, and the front of the house seemed to incline forwards to the street. Presently there was a sensation of some large body falling, and sounding as though covered with a blanket. It was like the fall of a woolpack of prodigious size. My daughter, who sat behind me writing her copy, was amazed. We rose up to see what was the matter, and found the maid

affrighted, going on the same inquiry; while my wife was at the foot of the stairs on the like errand. In this manner the people in the whole row of neighbouring houses were surprised, and inquiring what had happened; some thinking a chest of drawers had fallen down; some, living at the corners of streets and lanes, that a carriage had struck at the side of the house; . . . and others, that it was an explosion of powder at Fulham.

"Blessed be God, the ground did not open to make one common grave for us! Surely, it may be said, It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. Oh that it might be the means of awakening the inhabitants of the land to repentance!"

Owing to a similar alarm, another meeting, lasting six hours, was held for prayer, on Monday, June 14th. Repeated shocks of earthquake were felt. When, on the 1st of November, 1755, the whole city of Lisbon

rocked like a ship heaving in a storm, and, in a few moments, was shaken into a mass of ruins, with more than sixty thousand of its population buried in its fall, the undulations of the great earth-wave reached England, and shook London. The church, as might be expected, again held a solemn fast-day.

Pastor and people were devoted to the House of Hanover. George the Second was, in their belief, a glorious personage. In a moment of inspiration the laureate had said :—

> "Hail, mighty monarch ! whom desert alone
> Would without birthright raise up to the throne ;
> Thy virtues shine peculiarly nice,
> Ungloomed with a confinity to vice."

Mr. Wallin could have sung this verse. His sermons on public events abound in expressions of loyalty, which, if less poetical, are equally fervent. Even the Duke of Cumberland, who is by no means a favourite of the historic muse, was in his sight a grand hero.

In 1765 he published a sermon on the death of that prince, which he dedicated "To the Inhabitants of Great Britain, and particularly to those who reside in and about the City of London and Westminster." It is one long laudation of "his Majesty, and his illustrious house." We rather wonder at all this. We are far indeed from feeling, as many do, more sentimental interest in the Pretender than in King George. When we disperse the halo of romance which the author of "Waverly" has lighted around him, he appears, after all, to be but a prosaic person, the mere weak, wilful, tipsy tool of France and Rome. But, on the other hand, we do not feel much more sentimental interest in King George than in the Pretender.

If, however, we wonder at the enthusiasm felt for the king personally, we are not at all surprised at the enthusiasm felt for him as the representative of great principles. His life was not a noble poem, but it was

a great national convenience. He was not an ideal man, but he was a serviceable one. He was not much better and not much worse than many of his noble neighbours, but while he was on the throne he kept priestcraft out of it. The Dissenters seem to have regarded him as a kind of personification of the cause of civil and religious liberty, and hence their earnestness in supporting his throne. They were all the more enthusiastic because the settlement of the throne and of the cause identified with it seemed to be somewhat precarious. We can hardly realize now how near the glory of England was to being lost, and how near we were to having a king with another king's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

The men at Maze Pond were among those "who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do." Tradition says that in 1744, when it was known that the Pretender was preparing to march into

England, they formed themselves into a company of volunteers, and were trained in the use of arms, having resolved that if their services were wanted, they would join round the royal standard. We find from the journal that on Dec. 18th, 1745, they held a meeting for prayer on account of the national troubles, at which it appears that ten persons offered prayer successively, and the pastor preached from the text, "He ruleth by His power for ever, His eyes behold the nations; let not the rebellious exalt themselves" (Psalm lxvi. 7). Thursday, October 9th, 1746, was kept as "a day of thanksgiving for the happy deliverance from and success over the rebels."

Having been in Mr. Heath's company all this while at the church, let us go with him to his home, and take our last glance. Everything was bright with promise there, and his business was so prosperous that it was needful to remove to very extensive premises. By the

third week in January, 1773, he had completed at a great cost the arrangements for removal. In that week he wrote a letter to Mr. Wallin, including these sentences, "I bless God for the continuance of your life as a minister; the Lord is owning the same to my soul, for the growth of grace, and increase of love to the brethren. I know here is no abiding-place; I find no solid satisfaction short of Jesus Christ my Lord, and in Him at times I can rejoice in finding everything my soul stands in need of, not only for time, but for eternity. I cannot conclude without telling you I never saw more of the emptiness of the world, and all its delights and honours, than at this time, and count them all but loss that I may win Christ."* Before the next week he was with the immortals.

* "The blessedness of the man whom the Lord shall find diligent in his station. A Sermon on the death of Mr. Job Heath, who departed this life January 24, 1773, in the fifty-second year of his age. By Benjamin Wallin, M.A."

The Deacon.

The Deacon.

"I have known a gentle man,
One as strong as he was mild,
Show the soul of gentleness,
Lifting up a little child.

He upon his labour sped;—
Stumbling among strangers' feet
Went the helpless little one,
Wailing through the dismal street.

Lifting it, he seemed to take
The whole sad world within his arms;
And the child-heart seemed to know
It was safe from wrongs and harms.

I have known him speak to one
Miserable, poor, unclean,
With the reverence one might use
For the sorrows of a queen.

Poor—he never could be mean—
The great grace of gentleness
Made him gracious as a king,
Clothed him in its perfect dress."

WE shall see more of this "gentle man" presently. Something must first be said about his first pastor, his father's old and faithful friend.

"Respectable, *respectabîlis* (Latin), worth *again looking at*." Adopting the definition thus given by Leigh Hunt, we shall be right in saying that the Reverend Mr. Benjamin Wallin, M.A., was a most respectable man. He is surely worth twice, thrice, and four times looking at and considering. The scribe who wrote the church breviates never mentions him without some epithet of respect, such as our "beloved and honoured pastor." He was not a man of daring originality; his mind had no sparkling and graceful play: almost everything he did was "tormented out

of him" by a process of slow hard labour,—so much the more does he claim our respect for having done so much work, and done it so well. His scholarship was also respectable; for he had made conscientious use of careful training received in his youth from Mr. John Needham, and of instruction, with a view to the ministry, given him at a later period by Dr. Sayer Rhudd and Dr. Joseph Stennett. More than forty books and booklets that he published in the course of his pastorate, show him to have been a wise expositor of Scripture and a faithful Christian moralist. He was a man of public spirit, always at his post when anything had to be done for the good of the commonwealth. As a politician, his sympathies were strongly with the Americans in the troubles and wrongs that preceded their Declaration of Independence; yet it must be confessed that, living as he did when Popery was a power to be feared, when love to England

generally meant hatred to France, and when no one ever thought of war as a sin, he sometimes preached political doctrines that would surprise our modern congregations. Here are two stanzas from a hymn that he wrote to follow a sermon on "The last Incursion of the French in the Dutch Territories":—

> "Awake, ye Britons, and prepare
> For threatened liberty to stand;
> What, hear ye not the sound of war
> Advancing to our native land?
>
> Proud Lewis, fraught with foaming rage,
> Threatens to your own doors to come;
> His sword will spare nor sex nor age,
> Relentless as the Beast of Rome."

Our accidental stumble over this quotation, reminds us that he was a poet,—at least, that, like Mr. Crayon, "he often covered a sheet of foolscap with what, at the distance of a few yards, looked like poetry." This was first generally known in 1750,

when he published a volume of "Evangelical Hymns and Songs, for the Comfort and Entertainment of True Christians." He appears to have looked up to the standard of Hopkins and Sternhold; but man, in this life, seldom reaches his chosen ideal.* If impertinent young critics were found to slight what he called "his composures;" if they had to be told that they were "never meant to be witty and fine, but plain and serious;" † if, in public speaking, he sometimes used a phrase too grand and ponderous for the thought it had to carry, thereby disturbing for a moment the gravity even of an elder, there was no direspect to worthy Mr. Wallin. Often in a family circle a smile

* There is, at least, one excellent hymn by Mr. Wallin, still sung by many congregations, both in England and America,—the 164th of the Selection, beginning with

"Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is Thy victorious sword!"

† Letter to George Baskerville, junior.

only means love when it looks like irreverence, and there was no real irreverence here. Outside his own peculiar sphere he enjoyed the friendship of persons remarkably diverse in mind, creed, and station,—such as Mr. Augustus Toplady, Dr. Priestley, Mr. Hugh Farmer, and Mr. Speaker Onslow. He had sore trials; for his wife and all his children died before him, and he was left to finish his journey alone. Even apart from these trials, he would inevitably have been a great sufferer; for he had a loving heart, a tender conscience, and delicate nervous susceptibility. After forty years' ministry, exercised at Maze Pond with spotless reputation and growing power, and when he was in his seventy-first year, mortal sickness overtook him. His habitual frame of humble and somewhat anxious trust in the Redeemer then brightened into rapture; and his last unfinished sentence, uttered in the moment of transition, was a cry of joyful surprise, which led

Dr. Samuel Stennett to preach his funeral sermon from the text, "Good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." This was in February, 1782.

The next minister was Mr. James Dore, M.A. He had become a Christian in very early life, under the preaching of Sir Harry Trelawny, and at the time of his invitation to succeed Mr. Wallin was a student at Bristol College. The votes of the church not being unanimous, he wrote to ask the advice of Mr. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, who replied in a long and admirable letter, from which the following weighty words are extracted, for the serious consideration of all whom they may concern :—

"If, as I suspect, the minority complain of the want of savour and *experience* in your manner of treating the doctrines of grace, I would use proper caution in this case. I don't wonder that Christians are jea-

lous of the experimental part of religion; for doctrine without experience is a body without a soul. I do not think, however, that it is in your power; and what is more, I should not think it in the power of an Apostle, to speak satisfactorily on this subject without a long course of regular trial of his own. Have *you* been driven to your wits' end by *straitness in all your gates?* by disappointments, perplexities, injuries, and the various difficulties of life? Have you had the wife of your bosom, *the desire of your eyes, taken away with a stroke?* Have you been driven, with a bosom all broken and shattered with grief, to flee out of company to the *chambers of the gate*, weeping, and saying, "*O my son Absalom, Absalom, my son, my son!*" Have you had *fightings without, and fears within;* terrors on every side, while all around you frowned, and said, '*There is no help for you in God*'? Have *the sorrows of death and the pains of hell got hold upon you?*

Have you been *wearied with groaning*, made *your couch all day*, and your *bed all night, swim with tears?* Has *the Lord sent from above, taken you, and drawn you out of many waters, made your feet like hinds' feet, and taught your hands to war, so that a bow of steel was broken by your arms?* Alas! these good people have, perhaps, gone through all these things; and you will go through them as others have before you, and then you will feel the support of religion; that is, you will have a fund of experience, and *weep with those that weep.* The preaching of this kind of experience is not in your power; and it is not fair to expect it from you. If a church require this of a youth, they may have it dry, and in theory; but if they desire to have it in all its savour and weight, they should choose an old, broken-spirited, distressed man.

"However, I would in your case acquaint myself with the poor and afflicted part of Christ's flock, and

my benevolence towards them should supply my want of experience."

Mr. Robinson remarked, "If the numbers be, as you say, 13 against 58, the probability is in favour of what the 58 vote for." The result was, that after twelve months' correspondence on the subject, Mr. Dore accepted the election of the church, and was publicly recognised as its pastor, March 25th, 1784. His pastorate of thirty years was distinguished by much prosperity; though, during the last half of this period, it was much interrupted by sickness, which at length led him, in 1814, to transfer the charge to the care of another minister, who is still spared to us, the centre of much venerating love—the veteran Dr. Hoby. Since his retirement, the post has been occupied in succession by Isaac Mann, John Watts, John Aldis, J. H. Millard, Charles Clark, and H. Platten—men whose eminence renders needless any word about

them here, beyond the simple repetition of their names.

It is hoped that this short chapter of church history has prepared the way for a clear and unperplexed statement of the few memorial notes that remain to be given about the Heath family. Job, the third, was born in 1749. Benjamin was the next-born child; then Elizabeth; then, in 1756, his mother died. After some years his father married again, but there were no other children. When his father died, in 1773, Job succeeded to the business of "leather-merchant and shoe-mercer," taking his brother Benjamin into partnership with him. There is a slight, but curious incident told by James Lackington, that belongs to the story of this first year. He says,—

"With a view of having a better price for my work, I resolved to leave Taunton and visit London, and as I had not money to bear the expenses of my wife

as well as myself, I left her all the money I could spare, took a place on the outside of the stage-coach, and the second day arrived at the metropolis, August, 1773, with two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. . . . I found a lodging in Whitecross-street, and Mr. Heath of Fore-street supplied me with plenty of work. . . . In a month I saved sufficient to bring up my wife, and she had a pretty tolerable state of health. Of my mates I obtained some stuff shoes for her to bind, and nearly as much as she could do. Having now plenty of work, and higher wages, we were tolerably easy in our circumstances, more so than we ever had been, and soon procured a few clothes. My wife had all her life done very well with a superfine broad-cloth cloak, but now I persuaded her to have one of silk." *

Mr. Heath's journeyman was a great reader. He

* "Life of James Lackington." London: 1792, pp. 203-4-7-9.

used to invest his savings in the purchase of old books, and when he had read them, would put them in his window for sale. After a time he set up a book-stall. In a few years he became the most famous bookseller in London, gradually acquired a vast fortune, made a great blaze with the splendid liveries of his footmen, and had for the motto painted on the panels of his coach, "Small profits do great things."

Charles Knight, in his book called "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," says,—

"When I was about ten years of age, my father took me to London for a short holiday. He had a sight in reserve for me about as remarkable as St. Paul's or Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work. I went with him to 'The Temple of the Muses,' at the corner of Finsbury-square; this was a block of houses adapted to the purposes of a great warehouse, and presented an imposing frontage. A dome rose in the centre, on the

top of which a flag was flying. Over the entrance was inscribed 'Cheapest Bookseller in the World:' 'Half a Million of Books constantly on sale.' This was Lackington's."

The first step of the stairway up which this strange man rose to his immense success was in Mr. Heath's shop.

On June 15th, 1777, Mr. Heath was proposed as a member of the church, and on July 6th he made a public profession of his faith in Christ.* Just then all Christian society in London was thrilling with the shock of an event that had occurred only a few days before, and which was specially calculated to warn religionists against the danger of merely formal profession. This was the execution of Dr. Dodd, brother to the vicar of Camberwell, and formerly one of the king's chaplains.

* In the course of the same month similar profession was made by his sister Elizabeth, also by his brother Benjamin and wife.

He had raised a large sum on the credit of a bond, bearing the signature of his former pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield. This signature was found to be a fabrication; and under the Act then newly passed, and which rendered forgery a capital offence, Dr. Dodd was tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and sentenced to die. On the morning of that day, a young man, named Jonathan Carr, was passing out of a side street to cross Holborn, when he found his way stopped by a great crowd, slowly moving towards the west. He asked what it meant. A man pointed to a cart. "Then," said he, "I saw in it the unhappy Dr. Dodd, and six clergymen with him, apparently paying him those kind spiritual attentions which his circumstances required. But I saw another delinquent going to the same place of execution, in the same cart, sitting alone; for not one of the clergymen was directing his conversation to him. My heart melted with pity.

That poor man's soul, I thought, was precious as Dr. Dodd's, and he is as near to eternity, yet no man cares for him." His determination was soon taken. He pushed his way through the crowd till he reached the cart ; he explained his object, obtained permission to spring up into the vehicle, and seating himself by the object of his compassion, ceased not till they reached the drop to speak to him of that mercy which can, even at the last moment, rescue the penitent from doom. This fact is worth relating for its own sake, and also because it has never before been given in print ; but it is mentioned in this connection because we have been told that Mr. Carr was one of Mr. Heath's friends, and we can imagine the impressions which would follow conversations together on this incident, at such an important point in his spiritual history.*

* In 1802 Mr. Carr opened a chapel at Camberwell, and was

In the course of a few years he had to suffer from many discouragements and trials in trade. His soul does not appear to have been a loser. Like Mr. Williams, of Kidderminster, he might have written in his diary, "O gainful loss! O wondrous grace! O how wise and gracious is my heavenly Father! How sweetly doth He overrule afflictive providences! Surely, I find my heart improving and growing hereby in submission to the will of God, and delight in God and duty." In 1796 he felt it his duty to leave the old establishment to his brother, and to set up a new and independent one in Blackman-street, Southwark, and here for years he had a thriving business.

He was elected to the deacon's office in the beginning of 1797. In our system of Christian republics, the

pastor of the little community that assembled in it. This was dissolved in 1823, and its members joined the new church then formed by the Rev. Dr. Steane, and which for a time used to meet in the same place of worship.

welfare of the church, and even the usefulness of the minister, depends almost as much upon the deacon as upon the minister himself. Pastors would all have more lightness of heart, more fervency of spirit, would preach better sermons, and live lives of more animated holiness, if all had deacons like Mr. Heath. He had a high sense of the deacon's responsibility as manager of the church finances. Through no official fault of his was the minister's strength, which ought to be so fresh and free for the service of the Master, ever fretted away in weary care about money. Mr. Dore once said to a friend, "I have a larger income than any other Baptist minister in the world. I know it is larger than that of any other in London, and therefore I may reasonably infer that it is larger than any other in the world." This, he said, was mainly owing to the watchful and careful contrivance of Mr. Heath. The name of the church was written on his heart, and he

was always its gentle, courteous, and kind servant, alike to rich and poor. He was ready, in case of need, to lavish secret and costly generosity. Sometimes he came home weary from the effect of as many as sixteen visits to persons whom he called "his patients." It was his habit to bring several of the poor members of the church home to dinner with him after the Sunday morning service. "He did good by stealth," and his kindness was by no means confined to his own community. "I well remember," writes his daughter, "my father visiting a poor blind woman for two years, and also allowing a weekly sum, without allowing her to know who he was, but one Sunday a gentleman who knew my father came in while he was on a visit to read and pray with her, and then the disclosure was made, much to the satisfaction of the poor woman." Another letter relates how he once, by paying for the counsel, saved the life of a poor postman who was tried for for-

gery, as it seemed, without a chance for discharge. Another tells how he and Mr. W. B. Gurney worked for Sunday-schools when such schools were novelties, and how he originated the one at Maze Pond. As an instance of his popularity with children, it is said that when he went to Brighthelmstone every year for a short change of air, many of these, when he was expected, would walk out a long distance to meet the coach. One aged friend still living can very well remember walking when a child all the way to Preston so as to be the first to see his face. At the beginning of each annual visit to this place, he would call upon the Baptist and Independent ministers for a list of their sick poor, and spend a part of each day during his holiday in visiting them.

In compliance with the unanimous request of the church, he was chairman of all its meetings during the illness of the pastor, and for more than a year

after March, 1813, presided at the administration of the Lord's Supper. The notes of addresses delivered by him on these occasions are full of unction, wisdom, and love. Such services seem to be beyond the province of a deacon's duty, and any one rendering them a century before would, with more scriptural propriety, have been called an elder. His spirit was in harmony with his work. "God," says the Reverend Samuel Cornford, "was his exceeding joy. Perhaps, no Christian man has enjoyed more than he the sense of the love of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and of God, even the Father, nor of everlasting consolation, and a good hope through grace ; it comforted his heart, and established him in every good word and work." Persons who were in his company felt in the sunshine of a beautiful and happy life, and as it was said of Charles of Bala, " It was a good sermon to look at him."

His was not a storied or eventful life. A few years

ago there were many old people whose faces lighted up at the very mention of his name; but even they could tell us but few particulars, and no human pen can in any instance record—

> "That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

His life however has left a gracious influence, the glow after sunset, the fragrance that lingers when the flower is gone; something that can be felt, but of which no description can be given and no story told.

He died November 6th, 1825, aged seventy-six. Besides his elder children, twenty grandchildren were present at his grave. The funeral sermon, which was afterwards printed, was preached by Mr. Ivimey, from 3 John ii. 12: "Demetrius hath good report of all men, and of the truth itself; yea, and we also bear record, and ye know that our record is true."

To the Time of Job the Fourth.

To the Time of Job the Fourth.

"Departing in peace,
With gentle release,
The dream-weary soul from its slumbers is freed;
And hearing heaven's lays,
It cries in amaze,
Ah, Lord, and now am I in heaven indeed?"

"A WORTHY father," says Jeremy Taylor, "can be no honour to his son, when it is said, "Behold the difference! this crab descended from a goodly apple tree." We are not afraid of provoking any such ungracious comparison between father and son by now proceeding to write a few words about our late friend, Job Heath the fourth. He was about fourteen years

old, the eldest of eight children, when the family removed to Blackman-street in 1796. In 1802, when he became of age, his father received him into partnership. At the same time his mother wrote him a letter, some extracts from which here follow :—

"MY DEAR SON,—Give me leave to speak to you in these few lines. You know not how dear you are to me; a child of many, very many prayers: but be in earnest with the Lord for yourself. I know you are engaged in lawful pursuits; but you may make them unlawful by being swallowed up wholly in them. A little, with the blessing of the Lord, is better than riches without it. Check your eager pursuit with the question, 'What will it profit, if I should gain the whole world, and lose my own soul?' O seek first the kingdom of God; begin by giving up yourself to the Lord. In private, resign yourself to Him. Say, 'Let others do what they will, I will serve the Lord;' pray that He

may be your portion, then you will have His blessing on all your worthy undertakings; you will have a sweet satisfaction, whether you prosper or not. Let Him be the guide of your youth; do nothing but what you can ask His blessing upon. Remember you must give an account of the great mercies you are indulged with. Let not the labours of your minister rise in judgment against you. You are invited to the gospel-feast. O make not light of it. 'Tis said, 'To-day if ye will hear His voice;' put it not off to an uncertain hereafter. A more convenient season you will never find; you know how uncertain life is—the most healthy may be taken first. I do hope you feel the importance of religion. Perhaps the falls of professors discourage you. These should only lead us to cry to God to search *us*, to try *us*, and to look to Him daily to keep us, and make us more watchful. They should be as warnings to take heed of little sins, if any sins may be

called little. Remember the way of sin is downhill. Never say, 'Thus far I will go, and no farther;' for one sin often leads to many. Let us be concerned 'to abstain from all appearance of evil.' You are now entering upon the stage of action for yourself. Pause —reflect a little—say to yourself, '*What* am I? *Where* am I? What am I *doing?* Whither am I *going?*' I think you are able to make proper reflections upon these words. You will meet with new temptations; watch and pray. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' Perhaps your mind is full of expectations of increasing your wealth; but it may please the Lord, for wise ends, to disappoint your expectations. You may meet with losses and crosses; yet if you are but enabled to give yourself up to be guided by Infinite Wisdom, He may give His blessing on what you have, and withhold what may be injurious."

These words seem to have melted into his heart,

and to have had a marked influence on all his future life. Sixty-seven years after, this letter, almost worn to thin filaments by frequent perusal, and patched together by slips of pasted paper, was nearly the last thing seen in his hands before he died.

In the year 1809 he was married to Miss Sophia Wallis. Those of us who were in the family meeting held to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding-day, thought, as we looked on the bright, benign faces of the good old father and mother, that no beauty on earth has in it so much of "the image of the heavenly" as the beauty of sanctified old age. Mrs. Heath was spared to him until April 18th, 1863.

In 1814, from reasons of local convenience, Mr. Heath began to attend the meeting-house in Prescot-street, and in 1820 joined the church there. On his father's death in 1825, and through the following four-and-twenty years, he carried on the business conjointly

with his brother Ebenezer, a most beloved and honoured man. Their high principles and hard work did not, however, bring about "the success which makes success," and they suffered much loss and discouragement. In 1830 he was transferred to membership with the church at Maze Pond, and in 1856, after he had been a deacon there for seventeen years, on coming to live at Brixton, he became identified with the church at Denmark-place, Camberwell.

The writer of this paper only knew him in his last serene years, when the storms and passions of life were over. Speaking of him as he was then, it might be said that the remarkable and transforming distinction of his spirit was its prayerfulness. "I will give myself to prayer." This text, as David wrote it, is one of peculiar intensity, for it has only two words: "I—prayer." Our friend seemed to have made it the motto of his life. As the flower seeks the sun, and the bird its evening

nest, so did his soul seek the mercy-seat. He was at home there. Not only was prayer his element and his recreation, it was his business. Just as a person might use the telegraphic wire, or any other instrument, to bring about precise effects, he used the instrumentality of prayer: and looked for the results as a matter of course. He could show some of these results. Among others which gave him rich delight, one in particular was the conversion of a person who was very dear to him. The story of this conversion is wonderful as any romance, but it is too sacred and tender to tell in public. It gave him unbounded faith in the power of intercession, especially in that of parents for children. One thing that he longed for, and which he fully expected to see, was a great revival of spiritual life in the churches; and that he might excite Christians to pray for this, he would give or lend about such books as that by Jonathan Edwards, on the great spirit awak-

ening that he witnessed in America. He set particular value on social devotion. If you called upon him with only time for a short interview, to part without a few words of prayer together was a thing not to be thought of. This principle led him to hold a prayer-meeting every Friday night in his own house. For some time this was conducted by his grandson, Mr. Archibald Brown, of Stepney ; and in the day when all secrets are brought to light, it will perhaps be seen that the history of many a conversion with which God has crowned his ministry, began in that house of prayer.

On Friday, Sept. 24th 1869, Job Heath was, for the first time, missed from his place at the prayer-meeting. In the evening of that very day his sleep softly deepened into death, and his spirit went to the world of everlasting praise. He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

There was much in the last stage of his life to

remind us of the last passage in "The Pilgrim's Progress":—

"Then came there forth a summons for Mr. Standfast (this Mr. Standfast was he that the rest of the pilgrims found upon his knees in the enchanted ground). For the Post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from Him any longer. At this, Mr. Standfast was put into a muse. 'Nay,' said the messenger, 'you need not doubt of the truth of my message: for here is a token of the truth thereof, *Thy wheel is broken at the cistern.*' . . . He went down to the river, and he said, 'This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. But now methinks I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over this Jordan. . . . I now see myself at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am now going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. . . . His word have I gathered

for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings.' . . . Now while he was in this discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him, and after he had said 'Take me, for I come to Thee,' he ceased to be seen of them.

"But glorious it was, to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the Beautiful Gate of the City.

"As for Christian's children, with their wives and children, . . . I did not stay where I was till they went over. Also since I came away I heard one say that they were yet alive, and so would be for the increase of the church in that place where they were for a time."

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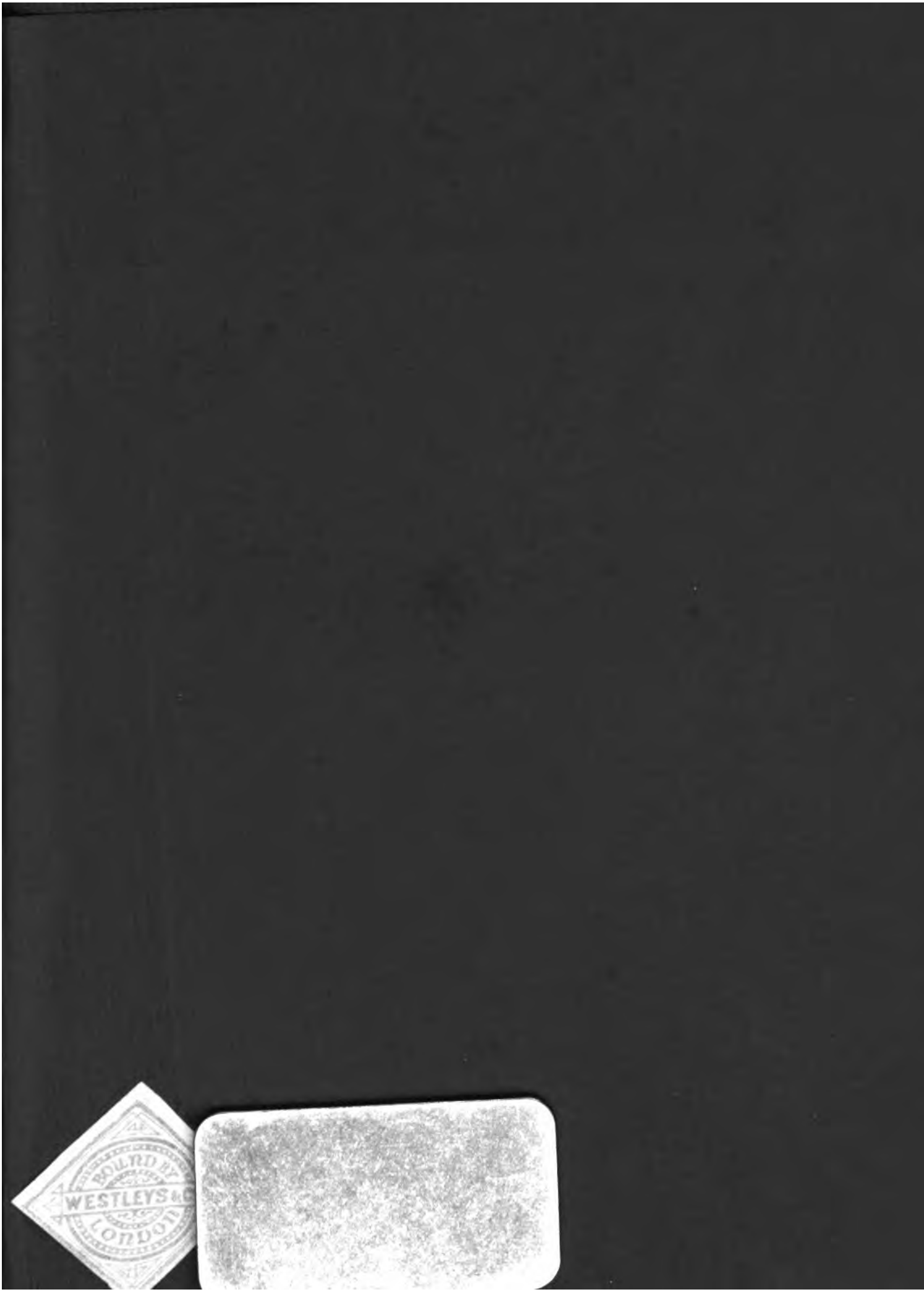
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