
A table of contents for the *Transactions of Congregational Historical Society* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_congregational-historical-society-1.php

EDITORIAL.

A LARGE number of members of the Society and delegates to the Union arrived at Lancashire College on Thursday, October 8th, for the autumnal meeting of the Society. Dr. Grieve and the Council of the College very kindly entertained the Society, and members enjoyed the tour through the building. The Editor presided at the meeting, and Dr. Grieve spoke on "A Hundred Years of Ministerial Training." There was an animated discussion, and altogether the meeting was one of the best the Society has had in the last few years. Several new members were enrolled, and many Lancashire members of the Society were able to attend. Dr. Grieve's paper will appear in the next number of the *Transactions*.

The next meeting of the Society will be held on Tuesday, May 10th, at 4.30 p.m. The speaker will be the Rev. John Telford, B.A., the Editor of the *London Quarterly Review*. Mr. Telford recently edited the eight volume edition of John Wesley's Letters, and is to speak on "John Wesley as a Correspondent." We hope there will be a full attendance of members and of delegates to the Union to greet him in the Council Chamber at the Memorial Hall. After the meeting tea will be provided in the Library for members of the Society at the invitation of the Rev. A. G. Matthews, M.A.

In the autumn Mr. Matthews, who knows the Wolverhampton district so well, has promised to speak.

Her Brother's Keeper.

Some passages in the life of Margaret Oliphant.

THE National memorial to Mrs. Oliphant in St. Giles', Edinburgh, Mr. Barrie's address at its unveiling, and articles in the religious Press have once more drawn attention to two questions. The minor one concerns *Salem Chapel*, that "oracle" on Nonconformity, a study of a Congregational place of worship, as being based upon the writer's own experience in youth, and the major one her attitude to Nonconformity in general, and the reason for it.

Now from coming with her father—a dim figure—mother, and two brothers, from Scotland as a girl of ten years, in 1839, till the book in question was written in 1861, her experience of Nonconformity was confined to St. Peter's, Liverpool, first as a Church of Scotland, then as an English Presbyterian foundation, where the ministry during her time included John Ferrie, John Wiseman, and Walter Smith. Now, neither in the outward seeming of this church, the internal economy of the congregation, the prejudices of the people, nor the personality of the ministry, was there the remotest resemblance to those depicted in the "classic" in question, and certainly the same can be said of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, which she attended on her removal there, on her marriage to her cousin, Frank Wilson Oliphant, in 1852.

To what then do we owe the verisimilitude of *Salem Chapel*? To her vivid imagination, her versatility, her capacity to take a hint, to construct a house from the sight of a brick. Her first book, its background and characters, was derived from the eloquent lips of her invalid mother, a perfervid Scot; her second, *Caleb Field*, whose hero was John Sprint, the ejected minister of Hampstead in 1662, was based upon Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*. As a writer Mrs. Oliphant had breadth rather than depth, little research, and not a little imagination, and she undertook any kind of literary work that had a marketable value with the Blackwoods.

This view is buttressed by the fact of her undoubtedly true assertion that while writing *Salem Chapel* she knew nothing about chapels outside of Presbyterianism. So much for the minor question; the answer to the major one will, I think, emerge from some intimate and personal passages in her own life.

In Liverpool.

Her family were attached to the congregation of St. Peter's, and when the repercussions of the Disruption in 1843 were felt among Scottish causes south of the Border they were among the leading members who gave up their handsome new church in Scotland Road (which was later bought by the Anglicans) and built the new St. Peter's in connexion with the English Presbyterian Synod. Her elder brother Frank was the moving spirit in the matter, and they stood that deeper test of a family's Church loyalty which means more than the giving of things material—they gave their younger son William to the ministry of their Church. He gave up his prospects of a business career, became a private student in Arts, went to London University, and in 1846 entered the London College of the English Presbyterian Church, then meeting in a suite of rooms attached to Exeter Hall, where he was one of nineteen Divinity students. The Professors were Hugh Campbell and Peter Lorimer, the former its first Professor, the latter its first Principal. Mrs. Oliphant says of her life in Liverpool "that it was a secluded one, never a dance till after my marriage, never went out, never saw anyone at home." She nursed her invalid mother and took down from her lips the Scottish environment and characters of her first book, *Passages in the Life of Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, in the "Sunnyside" among the smoke and steam of the engineering shops of Liverpool. Her brother William in London was the intermediary in the negotiations with Colborn the publisher, and was often credited with its authorship. Partly in that connexion, and partly in fulfilment of her "mothering" instinct, which she exercised through life, first with her mother, then with her brother, her own husband and family, then with her brother Frank's family, she joined the second for three months.

In London.

Away from the sheltered influence of home, and "living out" as a student in London, William Wilson kept steady

for a time, then began to "go wrong." He was a pathetic figure, good-natured, affectionate, infirm of purpose, incurably weak, hopelessly foredoomed. Here is a picture from her pen of the life of the two in London:

> He was as good as he could be, docile, sweet tempered, never rebellious, and I was a little dragon watching over him with remorseless anxiety. I discovered a trifling bill which had not been included when his debts were paid, and I took my small fierce measures that it should never reach my mother's ears. I ordained that for two days in the week we should give up our mid-day meal, and make up at the evening one, which we called our supper, for the want of it, sustaining ourselves with a bun. He agreed to this ordinance without a murmur—my poor, good, simple-minded, tender-hearted Willie; and the bill was paid and never known of at home.

On Sundays the pair of them attended the ministry of the gentle James Hamilton, at Regent Square. The minister was also an honorary Professor at the College, and it is probably owing to that double influence in his life that the youth was able to finish his College course with credit, and receive licence by his home Presbytery, that of Lancashire, in the early part of 1850. He had a short term as a Probationer, being settled as assistant at Etal in Northumberland, where he was ordained as colleague and successor on 24th Oct., 1850.

At Etal.

Over the signature of "M.O.W." [Margaret Oliphant Wilson] and under the title of *The Christian Knight's Vigil*, on the eve of the ordination, a little poem, of which the following is the last stanza, appeared in the *English Presbyterian Messenger* of 23rd Oct., 1850:—

So, when Autumn's russet eve
  Draws its curtains rich, the close
Of thy well-worn life shall leave
  Noble rest and great repose.
Thine appointed travel done,
Sinking brave as sinks a sun.
While the armoury of heaven
Shall reclaim the weapons given,
  And upon the Sacred wall
Dinted with mortal wars and harms,
In sight of heaven's great armies all,
    Shall hang thine arms!

It was an auspicious beginning to a ministry—a historic congregation deriving from the Ejection of 1662, a venerable senior, the father of the Synod, with sixty-two years of ministry behind him, a church and manse within the precincts of the old castle overlooking the river Till, and approached through its embattled gateway. The young minister evidently felt its inspiration; to its present he gave diligence in visitation, and of his best in the pulpit, to its past he gave the appreciation needed to the understanding of its present. The long pastorate of the senior minister, David Aitken (grand-uncle of an outstanding figure in another generation and Communion, the late Canon W. Hay Aitken, the famous Anglican Missioner) and the historic district, which included Flodden Field, supplied character and background for his best known work—for like his sister he had the literary gift—*Matthew Paxton*, a picture of Church life in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, enlivened with many a quaint story of the countryside, and "gingered up" with thinly disguised and vitriolic pen portraits of his two professors at the College in London, the third being mercifully spared probably by reason of his pastoral relations to the writer. The book is racy of the soil, long out of print (it was published by Colborn); years ago five pounds was vainly offered for a copy; the one the present writer tracked down and secured is now in the Library of the Presbyterian Historical Society, Regent Square, London. For a time all went well, but the death of Mr. Aitken in October, 1851, and the greater infrequency of his sister's visits—she was looking forward to her marriage with her cousin and removal to London—were the occasion of another lapse, and in the stronger light that beat upon the popular minister, than upon the unknown student, it was a more difficult matter for his sister to salvage him successfully.

It was said of another popular minister at the time "that his vigorous constitution and strong will enabled him successfully to withstand the effects of the convivial habits of the times," but Wilson was not built that way, and in time he became an open sinner. One story of his "failing" will suffice. On the occasion of a baptism one of the friends, after proposing the health of the family, was noticed by the minister to put a peppermint into his mouth. "Why do you do that?" said he. "Oh," was the answer, "to put away the smell." "Oh," said the minister, "I put away the smell by another glass!" Notwithstanding his failing he was appreciated for

his work's sake, and the paradox of the situation was that more than one open sinner in the temptation that most easily beset the minister profited by his precept, if not by his example, and became changed men, while he himself became a castaway. The local Presbytery were forced to take action, and in spite of efforts of individual members, of his sister, his mother, and others on the spot, his ministry was terminated before the end of 1852. There were those who held that had he been given another chance, had such means been tried as had been in the case of others, a useful servant of the Church might have been spared. It is doubtful if his sister held that view, but there is little doubt about the fact that what she considered the unbrotherly treatment of the local Presbytery aroused in her breast that contempt for Nonconformity in every form that she afterwards took little pains to conceal, and a good deal to reveal. She took her brother away, and sent him into the care of friends in Scotland for a time, and eventually, in the hope that a change of scene and of occupation would lead to a change of life, she made a home for him in Rome.

In Rome.

Later, in 1859, she brought her husband and child to Rome in search of health, but there they found a grave. The rest of the story can be told in the words of Prof. T. Witton Davies :—

> In Rome I visited the English Cemetery to find the graves of the Oliphants and Wilsons, the latter for a time minister of Etal, who fell through drink never to rise again. He was brought to Rome by his sister, whose hopes for him were not realized, for after some years spent here in the old way he died, and was buried not far from his sister's husband and child. It was my good fortune to find in the City Mr. A. J. Prucchini, in whose home William lived and died. He told me he was a heavy drinker, and could hardly be kept one day sober. He tried all he could do to persuade him to give up the habit that was rapidly bringing him to his grave. He could hardly crawl into the house one evening, when he came in with face streaming with blood after a fall. Taken in for his sister's sake, for the Oliphants made it their home when in Rome, he was glad to do what he could for the brother, and she was grateful for their kindness. His wife showed me a beautiful gold ring which Mrs Oliphant gave her, and which she still wears with pride and pleasure.

In the *Autobiography* this is confirmed by the reference, the last his sister makes to him :

Willie it was who was our constant and sore trouble, and who still lives in Rome, as he has done for nearly a quarter of a Century, among strangers who are kind to him—wanting nothing I hope, yet having outlived everything. Poor Willie! the handsomest and the brightest of us all, with eyes that ran over with fun and laughter, and the hair which we used to say he *had* to poll like Absalom so many times a year. Alas!

Professor Davies concludes:

All this time in Rome Wilson was drink's slave, all the more tragic because he forged the chain himself.

But there are those who hold that it was, partly at least, hereditary. If so it will throw some light upon his attitude to the sister who did so much for him, and whose word to him was:—

"Oh, brother, there was a way so clear!"
"There might be, but I never sought."
"Oh, brother, there was a sword so near!"
"There might be, but I never fought."

Adjoining the Oliphant and Wilson graves in the English Cemetery at Rome are those of Shelley, J. A. Symonds, F. W. H. Myers, and Keats. The inscription on Keats's grave might have served also for that of Mrs. Oliphant's brother: "*Here lies one whose name is writ in water.*"

R. S. Robson.

Two John Sheffields.

The Reverend John Sheffield of St. Swithin's, London Stone, and The Reverend John Sheffield of Southwark.

THE complete confusion that can exist between two authors, nearly contemporary, of like name, religious opinions, habitat, and origin, with descendants confused in manner parallel, calls for a brief description of each, sufficient to enable the student of seventeenth century Puritanism to discriminate between the Sheffields, described above, in a fashion arbitrary but necessary.

The Reverend John Sheffield, first above-mentioned, was a cadet of that family of Sheffield, long resident in Rutland, awhile patrons of the living of Seaton, and thereafter at Navestock in Essex. Of them, the Commonwealth worthy, Colonel Samson Sheffield, whose name is strewn over the State Papers in connexion with dealings with Church lands, is the only one who obtained any considerable celebrity beyond his own immediate circle. His brother-in-law, Alderman Estwick, names the Reverend John Sheffield, as a relative, in his Will.

John was born about 1600, and at Peterhouse, a college of which the tradition was persistently Evangelical, was a sizar in 1618, graduated in 1622, and became Master of Arts in 1625, three years after his ordination to the diaconate. Six years after the diaconate, an unusual interval, he received the priesthood, on 22nd Sept., 1628. It is possible that he remained at Cambridge until this event, a possibility not at all diminished by the fact that a curate of Felmersham, in Bedfordshire, of his name, is found in 1623.

In 1629, John was presented to the Rectory of Careby in Lincolnshire. There are two places in Lincolnshire likely to be confused—Careby and Caenby. The possibility has been actualized in the few opportunities of reference that have occurred. The *Liber Institutionum* leaves no doubt as to the facts:

> Careby Rectory. £8-17. Patron Sir John Hatcher, Kt. Presentation, 4 May, 1629, to John Sheffield.

It was probably at Careby that he married. Here his first

son, John, was born. Of his second son, Stephen, and his birth there on 19th May, 1634, there are explicit records in the register of the Merchant Taylors' School's admissions in 1647.

At Careby, John Sheffield remained several years, but, before 1646, had become for a short period the holder, either of the living, or of the functions of ministering, at Tonbridge, Kent.

There are, unfortunately, deficiencies in the parochial records of that year, but the lack is supplied by supplementing from the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*. Therein, John Sheffield, the eldest son of the cleric, born at Careby in 1630, is stated to have been at school at Tonbridge.

In these times, the Royalist sympathies of Dr. Owen had rendered the living of St. Swithin's, London Stone, vacant, not perhaps theoretically, for that august Vicegerency, vested in Queen Elizabeth by Henry VIII's relations with Anne Boleyn, had not passed to Oliver Cromwell the hereditary Headship of the Church. Vacant the living was, however, in fact, as Revolutions effect changes. If scrupulous men, in the welter of confusion, hesitated, as some did, to fill the places of ministers to whom their congregations would not listen, such must be respected for their scruples, but must remain exposed to the censure incurred by those who cannot recognize that Christians live in a world of accomplished fact. Those whose eyes are directed only to Heaven are apt to come croppers on earth.

St. Swithin's, despite the tenets of its loyalist Rector, had long been a centre of laic Puritanism. There the Craddocks, and many connected with early English and American separatism, had dwelt, and worshipped. In quite early Laudian days, Andrew Molene, the lecturer there, and associate of John Simpson, afterwards to be the "Bishop" of the Fifth Monarchy men, incurred the censure of his Metropolitan, and barely satisfied him with some expressions of compliance.

The *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* would have it that the Rev. John Sheffield came to St. Swithin's as early as 1643. It may easily be so. The practice of the day allowed the intrusion of a lecturer, or preacher, in the afternoon, even against the wishes of the incumbent. His services were additional to those prescribed, and were paid for by those who desired them, merchants in many cases, as Bagford, the biblioclast, who writes of their origin, informs us.

But, on 7th Nov., 1647, a Vestry Meeting of St. Swithin's was held for the election of a minister. It was first put to

the meeting whether they should proceed to the election, this being the Sabbath Day. There were five candidates in nomination, all of whom must have been upon this occasion Congregationalists. Mr. Sheffield was one. He is generally described as a Presbyterian. The line of demarcation was easily overstepped. Sheffield was called in and informed that he was chosen. He then desired to consider his answer. This answer was given, at a Vestry held on 10th Nov., when he promised to do his best for the parish, a promise he effected handsomely.

At a Vestry of St. Swithin held on 10th Feb., 1656/7, "It was ordered that a Petition be presented to the Worshipful Company of Salters," the patrons, "on behalf of Mr. Sheffield," who had for many years been intruded on the living.

> At a Court of the Company, held 12 May, 1657, the petition was read, and it was resolved that the Court finding Mr John Sheffield a painful, godly minister do (at the request of the said Parishoners) as much as in them is (for Dr Owen was still alive) grant and confirm the place of Rector of the said Church upon the said Mr Sheffield.

Mr. Sheffield indicated the spirit of his ministry by his signature to the protest of London ministers against the execution of Charles I., impending in December, 1648.

The printed works of the Rev. John Sheffield begin with this Commonwealth period. The perusal of them would leave the modern reader with the opinion that he had lit upon the works of an early High Churchman, rather too much inclined to recourse to Latin patristic authorities, and to the reading of medievalists of the scholastic sort. Their mode of treatment, and dialectic, influence his psychological treatment of conscience and of sin.

It is to the credit of a day, of which popular opinion has erroneously conjoined the Puritanism and the fanaticism, that it could listen to such sermons as those of Sheffield with tolerance, and judge the man's Christianity by his known life and earnestness. It was as a "painful, godly minister" that he commended himself to St. Swithin's. Hereafter let the titles of his works speak for themselves. The provenance is shewn, and the British Museum Press Marks annexed.

(i) *A Good Conscience the Strongest Hold. A Treatise of Conscience, etc.* By John Sheffield, Minister of Swithyns, London. Quotations from *Acts* xxiv., 16; Hieron. ad

Paul; Ames. Printed by J. B. for Samuel Gellibrand at the Ball in Paul's Churchyard, 1650.

Dedication to the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Sheffield of Butterwick, " the Head of a great Family and the highest Branch of a numerous name, all whose sheaves do willingly to your Lordship's sheaf, etc " A1—5.
To the Conscientious Reader, A5 in verso—A8, a—a4
Contents a4 in verso—a8.
To the Christian Reader, by Simeon Ashe, May 24, 1650.
To all Professors, by Jeremy Whitaker, May 3, 1650.
Perlegi hunc librum . . . in quo nihil reperio sanae et Orthodoxae fidei contrarium, Dec. 17, 1649. Thos. Temple.
[Dr Williams's Library, and Cong. Lib.]

(ii) *The Hypocrite's Ladder or Looking Glasse, or a Discourse . . . of Hypocrisie, The Reigning and Provoking Sin of this Age, etc.* Together with a Looking Glass, etc. By John Sheffield, Minister of the Word at Swithin's, London. Quotation: *Matt.* viii., 11, 12, and Bernard in *Canticles*, Sermon 33. Printed by R. I. for Thomas Newberry at the Three Golden Lions in Cornhill, 1658.

Dedicn to Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Exeter and the Lady Mary Armin, A2—A8.
The Sincere Professor, A2—8a a—a5 in verso.
The unsincere Professor, a6—a8 and b—b3 in recto.
Contents b3 in verso to b4. Then B—X8; pp. 1-320.
[Dr Williams's Library.]

(iii) *The Sinfulnesse of Evil Thoughts, or a Discourse Wherein . . . The Secrets of the Inner Man disclosed in the Particular Discovery of the Numerous Evil Thoughts to be found in the most of Men, etc.* By Jo. Sheffield, Pastor of Swithin's, London. Printed by J. H. for Samuel Gellibrand, at the Golden Ball, Paul's Churchyard, 1659.

Dedicn to the Master etc. of the Society of Salters, A2 & 3 in verso.
Dedicn to the Reader—A8 and a.
Contents a2—a4; then pp. 1–312, B—X4 in verso.
[Dr Williams's Library; wrongly catalogued as Joseph Sheffield's.]

(iv) *Of Holiness.* Sermon on *Hebrews* xii., 14 [See Case I., *The Morning Exercise Methodized*, etc., 1660 4°. B. Mus. Cat. 855 K 11, unexamined].

(v) *What Relapses are inconsistent with Grace* [See Annesley S., The Morning Exercises at Cripplegate, etc., 1677. 4°. B. Mus. Cat. 855 K 113, unexamined].

(vj) *Antapologia, or Discourse of Excuses, setting forth their Vanity & the Vanity of them, etc.* By John Sheffield, Minister of the Gospel. Printed for Thomas Parkhurst at the Three Cranes, Cheapside, 1672.

Arber's *Term Registers.* Also copy in possession of Mr Chas. Sheffield, J.P., unexamined.

(vij) Another edition of (vi) [Annesley, Vol. I., 1844, etc. B. Mus. Cat. 1356 p. 1, unexamined].

(viij) Another edition of (iv) [Annesley, Vol. V., 1844, etc. B. Mus. Cat. 1356 p. 5, unexamined].

(ix) *The Rising Sun or The Sun of Righteousness, etc.* A Theological Sun-Dyal, By John Sheffield, Preacher of The Gospel at Swithin's, London. Printed by Thomas Maxey for S. Gellibrand at The Golden Ball in Paul's Churchyard, 1654.

A2. Superiori sed Propriori, Soli Justitiae Soli, Mundi Conditori, Ecclesiae Redemptori—hoc solo nomine gloriatur JEHOVAH TZIDKENU. (An eccentric preface marred by tags of Greek, badly set up, J. C. W.)
A.5. To the Right Worshipful and other his beloved Friends, Inhabitants of Swithin's, London. "You have had the Sum of this Discourse preached among you, a Dozen of you have written it in your Note Books, and repeated in your Families."
A7. To the Reader.
A8, in verso. Short Note by the Publisher, Gellibrand, advertising another excellent Treatise of Conscience previously printed for the same author.
B2 is followed by F3, in reality B3. The accurate pagination continues to p. 297, U5 in recto, and is followed by unnumbered Contents, occupying three and a half leaves.
[Cong. Lib.]

John Sheffield also wrote elegies for Jeremy Whitaker, Ralph Robinson, and Lady Mary Armine which are printed in their funeral sermons.

About the year 1653, Sheffield married his second wife,

Barbara. From her previous marriage she brought to Sheffield an unsatisfactory stepson, Thomas Smith, afterwards an apothecary of the City of London.

In the Vestry Books afore-cited is an entry of the burial of James, the son of John Sheffield, minister, "at the entrance into the alley going from the choir to the south side of the Church. Paid nothing." The date is not given, but would appear to be 1656. From the words, "the son" and not "the child," and from the name, "James," it might be deduced that the boy, born in Royalist days, was issue of the first marriage.

After the Restoration, John Sheffield, who lost the living, did not conform, and did not at once remove from London, as is ascertained by the entry of Timothy, his son by second marriage, at the Merchant Taylors' School upon 11th Sept., 1664. If the school practice affords guide he had been born in 1654. Of the next son, Nathaniel, there is no entry at the school. He probably was ten years old, after his father had moved to Enfield.

The Five Mile Act may have necessitated the removal. Sheffield was there in 1672, and, before April 15th of that year, he had requested licence for his own house and for those of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Farrington. This licence for the exercise of Presbyterian worship was granted, under the terms of the Declaration of Indulgence.

He died at Enfield, in 1680, when he had accomplished the allotted span of man, not without the distinction of maintaining an equable and tolerant view in religion, in days of violence and fanaticism.

In his will, John Sheffield commends his dear and infirm relict to the care of God and his earthly affairs to her discreet administration, well aware that she will need no supervision save that of the Great Overseer of all things. Concerning her son, the plain-spoken old testator is equally explicit:

> Having committed a certain bond to my son, Thomas Smith, and he lately owing me £40, I remit the interest and £10 of the Principal and £10 other of the Principal that I lately remitted on a slender account of £3 4*s*. If he honestly pay £20, then the remnant to be remitted, this remnant being £20 additional money that he hath lately borrowed of his mother.

His two sons by his first marriage he mentions in terms of ordinary affection. The elder, John, was about fifty years of

age, and Stephen was married, as the will indicates. To his two sons by his second marriage he leaves a quantity of Enfield lands—to Timothy, Cockerfield, lately purchased of John Taylor, and a house lately Bincks ; to Nathaniel all the testator's books, and lands at Twickenham charged with £20 a year in favour of the legatee's mother. Then there are leaseholds at Greateford, Lincolnshire, and ground rents in St. Paul's, Shadwell, the latter held during the life of Thomas Freake, gentleman, of Hinton St. Mary, Dorset, though whether this was any relative of Feake, the Fifth Monarchy man, is not indicated.

Quite a strange absence of reference to any relative of John Sheffield marks the will. He was detached by age, remoteness of residence, and possibly by religious differences from his kin.

His widow survived him until 1684, and her will was proved in the Commissary Court of London. She leaves bequests to her grandsons, Thomas and James Smith, sons of the lamentable Thomas Smith, the apothecary, and his wife, Rachel. To the testatrix's son, Nathaniel Sheffield, Whitehouse at Enfield in which she lived, probably the old minister's house, Brick House, a field called Footpathfield, bought of Mr. Taylor, £100 in the hands of the Mercers' Company, £200 in the hands of Mr. Abraham Dolles, merchant, and money in the East India Company.

To the widow of her son, Timothy Sheffield, a woman also oddly enough Barbara Sheffield, there was a generous legacy, and to their daughter Hester, £150, in the hands of Mr. Bosworth, merchant of the City of London. These moneys in the hands of others are interesting relics of early banking practice. John Sheffield, in his will, leaves to an Amy Bourne a legacy to be paid from funds in Dowgate, in the parishes of St. Benet's and St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, to which reference will be shortly necessary.

No mention is made by the testatrix of her stepsons, John and Stephen. Of the former, all that is known is that he left Cambridge without graduating. Nathaniel Sheffield may be the Nathaniel who was the Vicar of Oxcombe in Lincolnshire from 1695 to 1703, and perhaps the sizar at St. Catherine's in 1678, deacon 1692, and priest in 1693, recorded by the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* as Rector of Rathby in Lincolnshire at a date unknown.

Timothy, as has been shewn, predeceased his mother, leaving a daughter, Hester. The registers of the amalgamated

parishes of St. Benet's and St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, shew the marriage of an Esther Sheffield of Lambeth, of full age in 1712, with Thomas Jones, also of Lambeth, where at that time dwelt a John Sheffield, a shipwright. Whether these were relatives or no of the Rev. John Sheffield, the scanty knowledge possessed, regarding his descendants, leaves uncertain.

The distinction between the above John Sheffield, and him of St. Swithin's, London Stone and Enfield, is best effected by reference to the pedigree annexed to this article.

The account given in the *D.N.B.* relates that John was the son of William Sheffield, Master of Arts of Trinity College, Cambridge, Rector of Ibstock from 1644 to 1662. John was born in 1654, probably at Ibstock. His father, who had preached for several years at Great Bowden, was offered the choice of livings at Lancton, Kibworth, or Loughborough. He chose Ibstock, after the sequestration of Dr. Lufton by the Parliamentarians, and, by his choice of the poor living, lost £50 *per annum*.

During the Commonwealth period William Sheffield showed himself averse from the proceedings of the wilder Sectaries. A letter from him and Thomas Cockran, dating from Dalby, 9 Jan., 1654, informs Cromwell of a meeting at Swannington, of two hundred Quakers, gathered from London, Bristol, Cambridge, and Yorks. Their militant intentions, uncommon in Quakers, necessitated the employment of horses, probably for cavalry ; for two hundred men, who had marched from all ends of the kingdom, would scarcely need much transport. The prices of horses had, therefore, advanced to £3 5*s*. higher than the ordinary, a result of this rare example of Quaker belligerency—which must have seemed to the farmers a singular blessing of Providence. To do the Quaker intelligence justice, it is not alleged that they bought at this price. The Papists were also active, as the letter concludes. What their activity was is not stated ; perhaps it consisted of frantic attempts to sell horses.

This was the second of these strange Quaker risings. Early in January, 1652, Sheffield had written to Thurloe, from Ibstock, concerning arms seized at Burton. Meetings of Quakers at Swannington had sent to their brethren at Ashby de la Zouch a sinister night-message, to break up. Their rendezvous had been arranged by one Foxe, a printer, and they had Giles, a Calvinist of London, with them. " One, Muggleton of Swannington, did say that they would have

Sheffield in the lowse-house ere it be long," an aspiration met by Sheffield's quaint comment that he " hopes that this device of Satan shall prove a lye." Probably the lowse-house was a slang equivalent for the " stone-jug," the local jail with which Sectaries were too well acquainted. The term appears to have needed no explanation to Thurloe.

At the Restoration, the claim of Sheffield to the Rectory of Ibstock was doubtful. Dr. Lufton, the Royalist incumbent, had died, and Mr. Job Grey, brother to the Earl of Kent, obtained the presentation from the Lord Keeper. Mr. William Sheffield must, however, have been well-beloved. A local petition signed by a thousand (a very great number) drawn from all classes, secured a confirmation in the living under the Broad Seal. But when the Act of Uniformity was passed, the Rector resigned.

The eldest boy, afterwards the Rev. John Sheffield, could not hope for the education that his father had received. He was destined apparently for trade, and actually left home on trial, probably about 1666. Whether he pursued that trade or not is doubtful; the probability is that he did until 1673, the year in which his father died at Kibworth, and in which he succeeded to a modest competency as heir to the intestate's lands. The Rev. William's last days included some acts of ministration, for in July, 1672, he had availed himself of The Declaration of Indulgence and had received, as a Presbyterian, licence for his house in Upper Kibworth.

Subsequent to 1673, John Sheffield studied under John Shuttlewood, an itinerant, ejected from his one-time living of Raunston, Leicestershire. By him John Sheffield was ordained on 27 Sep., 1682. He had long followed his tutor in his moves, but a little while previously had settled down at Temple Hall, the seat of Mrs. Palmer, whose chaplain he became. There he had married a Miss Carter.

In 1689 he undertook the charge of the congregation at Atherstone, and very shortly after succeeded Nathaniel Vincent at the Presbyterian meeting of St. Thomas St., Southwark. There are five of the name of Sheffield, pupils entered at The Merchant Taylors' School, prior to 1700, all of them to be identified easily, save one William Sheffield, born 25 July, 1682, admitted 11 Sep., 1692. This William was, probably, the eldest son of the Rev. John, and himself, in later years, Dissenting minister at Buckingham, Windsor, and Haverhill.

At Southwark the Rev. John Sheffield renewed his

acquaintance with Mr. John Locke, whom he visited at Oates, near High Laver, the house to which the philosopher was attracted by the presence of Damaris Masham, the daughter of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, and one of the learned women of an age in which erudition was not fashionable.

The publications of the Reverend John Sheffield are limited to two :—

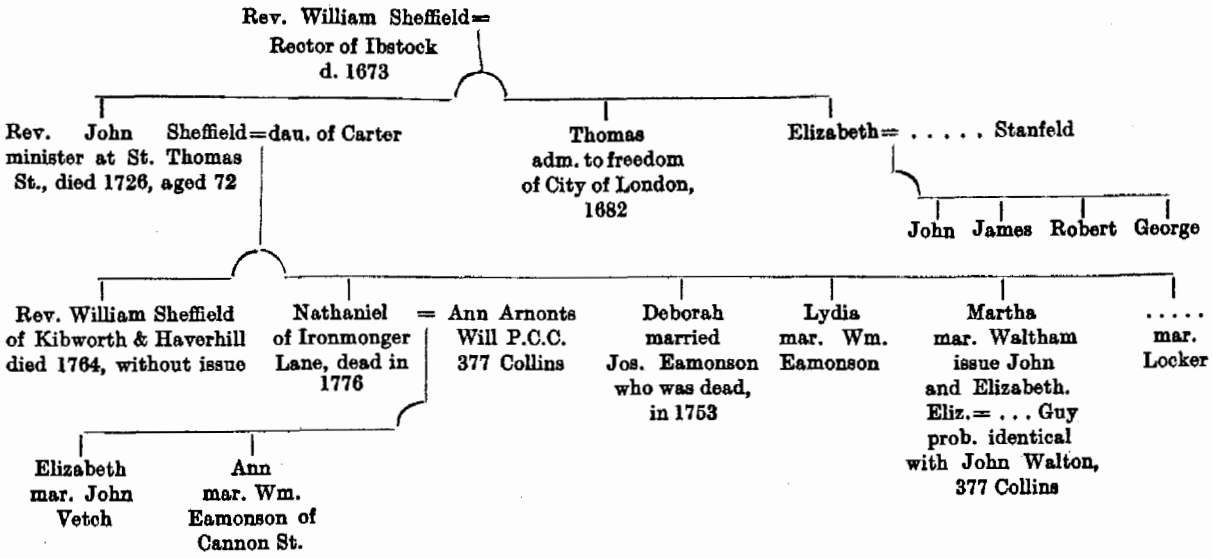
A Sermon on Salvation by Grace ; Ephesians II, 8 ;
A Sermon Preached to the Societies for the Reformation of Manners.

He died on 24 Jan., 1726, and Calamy's funeral sermon indicates, as the cause of death, stone, both of the bladder and kidney, in the latter being large and spiky ; a detail that now would be spared to a congregation engaged in divine service. The sermon was printed, and prefaced to William Sheffield, the son of the deceased cleric. Its perusal will afford instruction to those who care to reflect on the differences of taste in days not far removed from our own.

Nathaniel, his second son, embraced a legal career. He was apprenticed on 16 Feb., 1719, to Obadiah Marryat of St. Clement's Danes, paying the large premium of £200. Deeds and settlements supply the history of the descendants of the Rev. John, and amplify the indications of his Will, 34 Plymouth P.C.C., of 1726. Therein the testator leaves to his eldest son, William Sheffield, his freeholds and copyholds in Kibworth. To two daughters, Letitia and Lydia, there was £500 each, and equally generous legacies to all his children, after advancements of portions and premiums had been deducted. His sister-in-law, Elisabeth Carter, had £5, and a Josiah Carter appears among the witnesses.

There is little to connect this family of Leicestershire Sheffields with those of Navestock, or with the Rev. John Sheffield of Enfield. Yet chance events leave little doubt that such a connection did exist. There was not much community of interest between Sheffield of Southwark and the Nominalist philosopher, John Locke. But Navestock and Oates are not far distant, and the Mashams had certainly known the Sheffields of Navestock for fifty years. William Masham was a witness to Samson Sheffield's Will in 1653. If John Sheffield had a visiting acquaintance with Locke, that acquaintance was probably formed by county associations.

SHEFFIELD OF IBSTOCK, LEICESTERSHIRE.



Something also may be gathered from an entry in the Enfield Registers, wherein is recorded the marriage of Nathaniel Iliffe of Kibworth and Elizabeth Wakeman, in 1681. It would be stretching the likelihood of coincidence too far to believe that a person from the little village of Kibworth should come, merely by chance, to the little village of Enfield to be married, and should find at Kibworth and at Enfield acquaintance in the family of Dissenting preachers, each John Sheffield. It is surely easier to believe that the Rev. John Sheffield of Enfield procured a servant from Kibworth. However, the relation of all the worthies, whilst of interest, is baffling, and may be dismissed in temper, by him who has vainly sought to solve the puzzle, as one of the worthless " genealogies " that aroused the condemnation of an apostle.

J. C. WHITEBROOK.

Some Recent Books.

Here are some recent books about which members of the Society should know.

Hastings Eells. *Martin Bucer.* Yale & Oxford Presses. 26s. 6d.

J. Hay Colligan. *The Geneva Service Book of* 1555. Manchester: Aikman. 1s.

Ethyn Williams Kirby. *William Prynne, A Study in Puritanism.* Harvard & Oxford Presses. 10s. 6d.

Emelia Fogelklou. *James Nayler, the Rebel Saint.* Benn. 15s.

Cole's Blecheley Diary. Constable. 16s.

A. D. Martin. *Doctor Vanderkemp.* Livingstone Press. 2s. 6d.

C. D. Davis. *A History of Manchester College.* Allen & Unwin. 10s.

H. W. Stephenson. *Unitarian Hymn-Writers.* Lindsey Press. 3s. 6d.

R. Murray Hyslop. *The Centenary of the Temperance Movement.* Independent Press. 1s.

F. W. Newland. *Newland of Claremont and Canning Town.* Epworth Press. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

G. E. Thorn. *Thorn of Peckham.* Independent Press. 1s.

Whitaker's Southold. Princeton & Oxford University Presses. 12s.

This is called " a substantial reproduction " of Dr. Epher Whitaker's *History of Southold, L.I., in Its First Century,* now edited, with additions, by Dr. C. E. Craven.

The Works of Richard Baxter.

[*Continued from page* 205.]

116. *Catholick communion defended.* L. 1684. 4to. 29+46. Two parts (I) Reasons of the author's censured communion with the parish-churches. Dated 10 Jan., 1680-1. (II.) An account of the reasons why the twelve arguments, said to be Dr. John Owen's, change not my judgment about communion with parish-churches. Dated 7 April, 1684. See No. 118.

Reliq., III. 196, ff. Part I was originally written as the third part of *Cain and Abel Malignity* (No. 125). "The third part the Reasons of my Communion with Parish Churches, that have honest able Ministers, I sent to one friend, who telling others of it, a Bookseller after two years importuned me to let him Print it. 1. The sharp execution of the Law had then brought Multitudes into Prison and Poverty. 2. Nonconformists both Presbyterians and Independents, had taken the Corporation Oath and Declaration, and Communicated in the Parish Churches, for to make them capable of Trust and Office in the City; And because it seem'd to tend to their protection and advantage, we heard of no noise made against them by the Independents; but they admitted them as their Members to their Communion as before. I was against their taking the Declaration, but not against their Communicating, but I meddled not with them. At last when the Earl of Shaftsbury was broken and gone, and the City Power and Common Council subdued to the will of the King, the foresaid Communion in publick was more freely blamed by the Independents and Anabaptists, and some few hot Scots Men. And the private Church Meetings were so much supprest, and the prisons so full, that my Conscience began to tell me, that I should be guilty of injuring the truth, the Church, and the Souls and Bodily welfare of my brethren, if I should by silence harden them against publick worship. Specially the Case of the Countrey moved me, wherein a great part of the Kingdom, scarce two hundred men in a whole Country, can have the liberty of any true Church Worship, besides Parochial. . . . Seeing so many in prison, for this Error, to the dishonour of God, and so many more like to be ruin'd by it, and the separating party, by the temptation of suffering, had so far prevailed with the most strict, and zealous Christians, that a great Number were of their mind, and the Non-conformable Ministers, whose Judgment was against this separation, durst not publish their dislike of it, partly because of sharp and bitter Censures of the Separatists, and who took them for Apostates or Carnal Temporizers that communicated in publick, and partly for fear of Encouraging Persecution against the Separatists, and partly for fear of losing all opportunity of teaching them (and some that had no hope of any other friends or

maintenance, or Auditors thought they might be silent). On all these accounts, I, that had no gathered Church, nor lived on the Contribution of any such, and was going out of the World in pain and Languor, did think that I was fittest to bear men's Censures, and to take that reproach on my self, which my brethren were less fit to bear, who might live for farther Service. And at the Importunity of the Bookseller, I consented to publish the Reasons of my Communicating in the Parish-Churches, and against Separation. Which when it was coming out, a Manuscript of Dr. Owen's (who was lately dead) containing Twelve Arguments against such joyning with the Liturgie, and publick Churches, was sent me, as that which had satisfyed Multitudes. I thought that if this were unanswered, my labour would be much lost, because that party would still say Dr. Owen's Twelve Arguments confuted all: Whereupon I hastily answered them, but found after that it had been more prudent to have omitted his Name: For on that account a swarm of revilers in the City poured out their keenest Censures, and three or four wrote against me, whom I answered. (I will not name the men that are known, and two of them are yet unknown.) But they went on several Principles, some Charged all Communion with the Liturgie, with Idolatry, Antichristianity, and perjury and backsliding: One concealed his Judgment, and quarrel'd at by-words. And another turned my Treatise of Episcopacy against me, and said it fully proved the Duty of Separation, I was glad that hereby I was called to explain that Treatise, lest it should do hurt to mistakers when I am dead (No. 119); and that as in it I had said much against one extream, I might leave my Testimony against the other I called all these writings together, a Defence of Catholick Communion. And that I might be Impartial I adjoyned two pieces against Dr. Sherlock that ran quite into the contrary Extreames, unchurching almost all Christians as Schismaticks. I confess I wrote so sharply against him as must needs be liable to blame with those that know not the man, and his former and latter Virulent and ignorant Writings."

117. *Schism detected in both extreams.* L. 1684. 4to. 58+18 (D.W.L.). Two parts (1) Detecting the schismatical principles of a resolver of three cases about church communion. Dated 1683 and kept back to be issued with other part. (2) Confuting separation pleaded for in a book famed to be written by Mr. Raphson. See Nos. 116 and 118.

118. *Catholick communion defended against both extreams.* L. 1684. 4to. 58+18+56+29+46 (Forster Library, Victoria and Albert Museum). Five parts, being a reprint of Nos. 116 and 117 with a third part interposed in reply to Sherlock, viz. A survey of his anon. reply called A vindication, &c., of Dr. Stillingfleet.

119. *Whether parish congregations be true christian churches.* L. 1684. 4to. 43. Dated 13 Aug. 1684. An explanation of some passages in *Treatise of episcopacy* (No. 100). For reasons of publication see No. 116.

120. *Catholick communion doubly defended: by Dr. Owens vindicator and Richard Baxter.* L. 1684. 4to. 40.

121. *The one thing necessary: or, Christ's justification of Mary's choice.* L. 1685. 12mo. 144 (C.L.). Preface 29 Sept., 1684. Second ed. 1691.

122. *A paraphrase on the New Testament.* L. 1685. Fol. (D.W.L.) Second ed. corrected 1695. To which is added Mr. Baxter's Account of his Notes on some particular Texts, for which he was imprisoned.

Reliq., III. 198. "Under my daily pains I was drawn to a work which I had never the least thoughts of (and is like to be the last of my Life), to write a paraphrase on the *New Testament.* Mr. John Humphrey having long importuned me, to write a paraphase on the Epistle to the Romans, when I had done that, the usefulness of it to my self drew me farther and farther till I had done all. But having confessed my ignorance of the Revelations, and yet loth wholly to omit it, I gave but General Notes, with the Reasons of my uncertainty in the greatest difficulties: which I know will fall under the sharp Censure of many. But Truth is more valuable than such men's praises. I fitted the whole by plainness to the use of ordinary Families."

123. *Mr. Baxter's sence of the subscribed articles of religion.* L. 1689. 4to. 12. (D.W.L.).

124. *A treatise of knowledge and love compared.* L. 1689. 4to. 342. Dedicated to Sir Henry and Lady Diana Ashurst, 31 July, 1689.

Preface. "... Written long ago.... As to the manner of this writing, I find the effects of the failing of my Memory, in the oft repeating of the same things, with little diversification.... Those who blame their weakness, who accuse the Church Liturgy of too much repetition I suppose will not be much offended with it in other Writings."

125. *Cain and Abel malignity.* L. 1689. 8vo. 146.

Preface (24 Aug., 1689). "This reprehensive Lamentation of English Malignity ... was written in prison (but without any provoking sense of my suffering) in Anno 1685 or 1686. And by one that was not wholly ignorant, how much of the Papists Counsel and Power, was casual in our change since the return of King Charles 2. 1660. And therefore it grateth so much upon the Papists, tho they were professed Protestants who were the open Agents."

Reliq., III. 196. "When I saw the storm of Persecution arising by the Agitators Hilton, Shad, Buck, and such other, and saw

what the Justices were at least in present danger of, and especially how Le Strange and other weekly Pamphleteers bent all their wit and power to make others odious, and prepared for destruction, and to draw as many as possibly they could to hate and ruine faithful men, and how Conscience and serious piety grew with many into such hatred and reproach, that no men were so much abhorred, that many gloried to be called Tories, tho they knew it was the name of the Irish common murdering Thieves: I wrote a small Book called *Cain and Abel*, in two parts: The first against malignant Enmity to serious Godliness; with abundant Reasons to convince Malignants. The second against Persecution, by way of Quaere's. I wrote a third part (as Impartial) to tell Dissenters why (while I was able) I went oft to the Parish Church and there Communicated, and why they should not suffer as Separatists or Recusants, lest they suffer as evil doers: But wise men would not let me publish it. And the two first, the Booksellers and Printers durst not print but twice refused them." (See No. 116.)

126. *Scripture gospel defended.* L. 1690. 8vo. 116+71 (D.W.L.). Two parts. (1) A breviate of the doctrine of justification. Dated 20 Jan., 1690/1. (2) A defence of Christ and free grace, with reference to the Crispian controversy.

In the preface "long ago written," Baxter reviews the part he had taken in the controversy on justification and antinomianism, and continues:

"And lately came out a Book of one Mr. Troughton of the same temper with the rest. He allarmeth the Nation, as if the Enemy were at the Gates. He is a man that hath been blind from his Infancy, or early Childhood, and I suppose never read a Book, but hath had some one to read to him, and he undertaketh to tell the sense of Protestant Writers, and Fathers, and the words and sense of Mr. Hotchkis and me, and such others, whom he fiercely assaulteth as his and the Churches Adversaries: And the good man heapeth up untruths in matters of fact in false reciting his Adversaries words and sense. . . . And also I was loth to say that against the man that his Book required: For I hear he is a very honest man, and not only blind, but a sufferer for Nonconformity with the rest; and when he was a Child, his Grand-father, Grand-mother, and other Kindred in Coventry were my hearers and loving friends, and godly people: His Father and Mother my very near Neighbours, and weekly, and almost daily company, have asked my Counsel what they should do with a blind Boy that was much inclined to Learning, and I encouraged them to further him, not foreseeing his snares. . . . I found so many ready to write on the same subject for my sense, that I the more thought it needless to my self. Sir Charles Wolsley hath lately done it very judiciously. I have lately perused divers Manuscripts that are such prepared for the Press: One of Mr. William Mannings, another of Mr. Clerke Son to Mr Samuel Clerke (and Dr. Twisse hath a Latine Disputation to the same sense), and some more (all Nonconformists).

"But yet I still hear some London Brethren use to cast out their

suspicions, aspersions and censures behind my back, and some in their Conferences when they meet: Whereupon, I drew up this Paper of Explicatory Propositions and Controversies, only to let them truly know my sense, and long after gave it, that honest Dr. Annesley, at whose house sometimes some meet of different Judgments in such things, desiring him but to get it read to them, and to procure their Animadversions on what they did any of them dislike; instead of their unprofitable Obloquy when I cannot hear them; for this I should take for a great brotherly kindness: But it is now near a twelve month that I have waited in hope of it, but cannot procure a word to this day; which maketh me think it needful to publish that which I intended but for their private view. . . ."

Preface to Part ii (15 Jan., 1689/0).

"Since the writing of all that followeth I have seen the New Edition of Dr. Crisp's Sermons: There are prefixed to it, twelve Reverend Names, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Cockains, Mr. Chancys, Mr. Howes, Mr. Alsops, Mr. Nat. Mather, Mr. Increase Mather, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Powels, Mr. Turners, Mr. Bures, and Mr. Gammons. The Preface is Mr. S. Crispe's invective against me, unnamed, with the Citation of some Preachers Words as contrary to mine. I must desire those Conformists that will write the next and will charge Heresy on the Non-conformists, that they will lay the charge on none, but the guilty; and that they take not all whose Names are prefixed to be of the judgment of Dr. Crispe (a Conformist): For I am past doubt, that Four or Five of them are against it. If you ask, why then did they give their Names to be hanged up like a Sign before the Door of a House of Seduction, it's like they have something more to say for it than I know of: But their words shew you that they only testifie the Sermons to be the Drs. own. . . . But I see the corrupting Design is of late, grown so high, that what seemed these Thirty Four Years suppressed, now threatneth as a torrent to overthrow the Gospel. . . . And therefore I dare neither give them my Name, nor be silent in such a common scandal and danger, while I can speak and write. It offendeth me that I must but briefly name their errours, instead of a large confutation of them, while the whole Scripture is against them; but I have done it oft largely, which they will not answer. And the Booksellers will Print no Books that are large and insensible of our danger, think they are but few that need it."

127. *The English nonconformity, as under King Charles II and King James II.* Second ed. L. 1690. 4to. 304. Preface 28 Sept., 1683.

128. *An end of doctrinal controversies which have lately troubled the churches by reconciling explication, without much disputing.* L. 1691. 8vo. 320. Preface 21 Jan., 1690/1.

Reliq., III. 182. "Three years before this (1677) I wrote a Treatise to end our common Controversies, in Doctrinals, about Predestination, Redemption, justification, assurance, perseverance and such like; being a Summary of Catholick reconciling Theology."

129. *The glorious kingdom of Christ.* L. 1691. 4to. 73. In answer to Thomas Beverley. Dated 10 Dec., 1690. Letter to Increase Mather (now in London), 19 Dec., 1690.

130. *A reply to Mr. Tho. Beverley's answer to my reasons against his doctrine of the thousand years middle kingdom, and of the conversion of the Jews.* L. 1691. 4to. 21. (D.W.L.) Dated 20 Feb., 1690/1.

131. *Of national churches.* L. 1691. 4to. 72. Preface, 26 March, 1691.

132. *Against the revolt to a foreign jurisdiction.* L. 1691. 8vo. 552. Dated 3 April, 1691. Dedicated to Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's.

Reliq., III. 196. "Having long ago written a Treatise against Coalition with Papists, by Introducing a Foreign Jurisdiction of Pope or Councils, I was urged by the Writings of Mr. Dodwel, and Dr. Saywell to publish it, but the Printers dare not Print it; Entitled England not to be perjured by receiving a Foreign Jurisdiction. It is in two Parts: The first historical shewing who have endeavoured to introduce a Foreign Jurisdiction, citing Papists, Grotius . . . four Letters to Bishop Guning, and others. The 2d part strictly Stating the Controversy, and Confuting a foreign Jurisdiction, against which Change of Government all the Land is Sworn. I may not Print it." (1682.)

133. *Church concord.* L. 1691. 4to. 76. Two parts, 1655 and 1667. Published to second a late Agreement of the London Nonconformists. Preface addressed to London Nonconformists, 23 April, 1691. Preface to second part, Acton, 21 Nov., 1688.

134. *Richard Baxter's penitent confession.* L. 1691. 4to. 89. Preface, addressed to Stillingfleet, 13 June, 1691. The work written in reply to Thomas Long's anon. *The mischiefs of separation,* part ii.

135. *The certainty of the worlds of spirits.* L. 1691. 8vo. 252. Preface 20 July, 1691. Issued with 3 different title-pages (D.W.L.).

Posthumous Publications.

136. *The protestant religion truely stated and justified.* L. 1692. 8vo. 185.

Edited by Dan. Williams and Mat. Sylvester. "This book was delivered by Mr. Baxter himself to the Bookseller." Written in reply to *The touchstone of the reformed gospel.* Anon.

137. *The grand question resolved, what we must do to be saved.* L. 1692. 8vo. 46.

Preface "Recommended to the bookseller a few days before his death to be immediately printed for the good of souls."

138. *Mr. Richard Baxter's paraphrase on the psalms of David in metre, with other hymns. Left fitted for the press under his own hand.* L. 1692. 8vo. 276. Preface by Mat. Sylvester.

Preface. "Singing of Psalms he called, and used as his Recreation. When his sleep was intermitted or removed in the Night, he then sang much, and relished this course and practice well."

139. *Universal redemption of mankind by the Lord Jesus Christ.* L. 1694. 8vo. 502. Prefaces by Joseph Reade and Mat. Sylvester. Reade writes: "It is necessary that I give some Account how these Disputations (with many others) came to my hands, and of their Publication. Being sent to Cambridge by Mr. Baxter, he was pleased at my return from thence, to receive me into his Family, and to make use of me as his Assistant at my first entrance into the Ministry Anno, 1657, in Kidderminster the place of my Birth; Some of the first work he put me upon was to transcribe these Papers of Redemption, which he designed for the Press. The Ministers of Worcestershire and Neighbourhood thereabouts who usually attended on his Thursday Lecture, and heard these Disputations at their Monthly Meeting, were generally desirous to have them Printed. Mr. Baxter had long since raised their expectations thereof, by declaring his intention of it in Print. At last (though long first) viz., July 17, 1691, he gave them to me, signifying his willingness to have them Printed."

Reliq., I. 123. "Another Manuscript that lyeth by me, is a Disputation for some Universality of Redemption, which hath lain by me near Twenty years (1665) unfinished, partly because many narrow minded Brethren would have been offended with it, and partly because at last came out after Amyraldus, and Davenant's Dissertations, a Treatise of Dallaeus, which contained the same things, but especially the same Testimonies of concordant Writers which I had prepared to produce."

140. *Reliquiae Baxterianae: or, Mr. Richard Baxter's narrative of the most memorable passages of his life and times.* L. 1696. Fol. 448+200+132+18. Edited by Mat. Sylvester.

First two parts dated Hampden, Bucks, 28 Sept., 1665 (p. 448). Third part begun 16 Nov., 1670, and continued till Jan., 1684/5 (pp. 1,200). Appendix with 9 letters, &c., on controversial subjects. In conclusion Sylvester's sermon on Baxter's death, preached in part 18 Dec., 1691, at Rutland House, Charterhouse Yard.

141. *The poor husbandman's advocate to rich racking landlords.* Manchester, 1926. 8vo. 60. Edited by F. J. Powicke. Introduction by G. Unwin.

Contributions to other Works.

Poem on death of Ric. Vines in Vines's *Institution of the Lord's Supper* (1657). See No. 10 and *Reliq. I.* 122.

Single sermons in the following: *Farewell Sermons* (1663). Thos. Gouge, *Christian directions* (1664). *Morning Exercise against Popery* (1673). *Supplement to Morning Exercise* (1674). *The death of ministers improved* (1678): on death of Henry Stubbes (*Reliq. III.* 189). *Continuation of Morning Exercise* (1683).

Among the works to which Baxter contributed prefaces, &c., are the following:

Joseph Alleine, *The life and death of Joseph Alleine* (1672). *An alarme to unconverted sinners* (1672).

Wm. Allen, *A discourse of the nature . . . of the two covenants* (1673).

Isaac Ambrose. *Ministration and communion with angels* (1661): a letter of Baxter's appended.

Ben. Baxter, *A posing question* (1662). *Non-conformity without controversie* (1670).

Wm. Bell, *The excellence . . . of patience* (1668).

John Bryan, D.D., *Dwelling with God* (1670), see *Reliq. III.*, 73.

Sam. Clarke Senior, *Lives of sundry eminent persons* (1683).

Sam. Clarke Junior, *Ministers dues are peoples duty* (1661). *The new testament, with annotations* (1683).

Abr. Clifford, *Methodus evangelica* (1676).

The confession of faith, together with the larger and lesser catechismes. (Second ed. 1658): letter of Baxter's quoted in preface signed by Thos. Manton, see *Reliq.* I. 122.

Ed. Cooke, *A just and seasonable reprehension of naked breasts and shoulders. Written by a grave and learned papist. Translated by Edward Cooke, esquire* (1678).

J. D., *A sermon preached at the funeral of Lady Mary Armyne* (1676).

Thos. Doolittle, *The protestants answer to that question, where was your church before Luther?* (1675).

Ric. Eedes, *Great salvation by Jesus Christ* (1659).

Ric. Garbutt, *One come from the dead to awaken drunkards and whoremongers* (1675).

Mat. Hale, *The judgment of . . . Sir M. Hale, of the nature of true religion* (1684).

Jonathan Hanmer, *An exercitation upon confirmation* (1658).

Geo. Hopkins, *Salvation from sinne by Jesus Christ* (1655).

Thos. Hotchkis, *An exercitation concerning the nature of forgivenesse of sin* (1655).

Jno. Howe, *The blessednesse of the righteous* (1668).

Thos. Jacombe, *A treatise of holy dedication* (1668).

Jas. Janeway, *Invisibles realities* (1673). *The saints incouragement to diligence in Christ's service* (1674).

Ed. Lawrence, *Christ's power over bodily disease* (1672).

Thos. Manton, *XVIII sermons* (1679).

Philokuriaces Loncardiensis (Thos. Young), *The Lord's day* (1672).

Mat. Pool, *A model for the maintaining of students . . . at the university . . . in order to the ministry* (1658).

Hen. Scudder, *The christian's daily walk* (ed. 1690).

Geo. Swinnocke, *The door of salvation opened* (1660).

Jn. Tombes, *True old light exalted above pretended new light* (1660). *Romanism discussed* (1660).

Thos. Wadsworth, *Last warning to secure sinners* (1677).

Wm. Whately, *The redemption of time* (ed. 1673).

Obed Wills, *Infant-baptism asserted and vindicated* (1674).

A letter to Ric. Allestree, 20 Dec., 1679, with autobiographical details in *Original Letters* (1817) edited by Rebecca Warner.

See also extracts from letters in *Catalogue of the collection . . . formed by Alfred Morrison.* 1st Series I, 54 ; 2nd Series I, 167.

(Concluded.)

A. G. MATTHEWS.

The Autobiography of David Everard Ford.

IN the *Congregational Quarterly* for April, 1932, is an account of the manuscript autobiography of the Rev. David Everard Ford, father of Mr. Gerard N. Ford, and also an extract from the autobiography dealing with David's student pastorate at Wood End.

We propose to print in this and the following issue other extracts from this manuscript, which throws a vivid light on the life of the Independent Churches and Colleges in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Here are the chief events in David Ford's life :

Born at Long Melford, 13 Sep., 1797.
Began to live " by the faith of the Son of God," 1812.
Apprenticed in London, 6 Jan., 1813.
Preached first sermon, at Glemsford, 31 March, 1816.
Educated at Wymondley College, 1816–1821.
Ordained at Lymington, 11 Oct., 1821.
Married Jane Elizabeth Down, 7 May, 1834.
Closed pastorate at Lymington, 26 Dec., 1841.
Travelled for " British Missions," 1842–1843.
Settled at Manchester, 29 Oct., 1843.
Resigned that pastorate, 9 May, 1858.
Preached last sermon, at Stretford, 27 June, 1875.
Removed to Bedford, June, 1875.
Entered into " the joy of his Lord," 23 Oct., 1875.
Buried at Harpurhey Cemetery, 27 Oct., 1875.

The Autobiography needs very little in the way of editing, and in the main can be allowed to speak for itself. After a Preface comes Chapter I, entitled, " Birth, Parentage and Education."

The earliest notice of my existence is thus recorded in my father's diary.

" Wednesday, 13 Sep., 1797. This morning, O God ! I thank thee for all thy kindness to my dear Mary, in the safe delivery of a son, at half past nine in the morning, after thirty six hours' illness. To thee, O God ! I devote the child. Oh, take it as thine own, for ever ! And, if spared, grant that it may be a blessing ! "

Should any, notwithstanding this memorial be disposed to deny my parentage, or to dispute that the child so born ever went by the name I bear, I have yet another document which will set that question at rest for ever.

> "This is to certify all whom it may concern, that we whose names are hereunto affixed, were present at the birth of David Everard Ford, son of David and Mary Ford, who was born on Wednesday morning, 13 Sep., 1797, about half past nine o'clock, at Long Melford, in the county of Suffolk; as witness our hands,
>
> "(Signed) John Chevallier. Surgeon.
> "Eliz. Bartlett. Nurse.
> "Lettice Codlin."

The above written, John Chevallier, afterwards became an M.D.; and then exchanged the care of health for the cure of souls. A family living falling vacant, he went into holy orders, and took for the text of his first sermon, Luke v, 31: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." I know nothing of his subsequent history; but my impression is that he was better fitted for medical practice than for pastoral duties.

Elizabeth Bartlett, the monthly nurse, long survived her profession. She lived to a good old age; and after listening, with tears, to the youthful preacher she had welcomed into the world, she used to remark that for once in her life she had nursed an angel. Kind old creature! I dare say she meant well in saying so. The nursing of angels was not a thing likely often to fall in her way.

Lettice Codlin (query—Letitia?) was the daughter of one Roger Codlin, our nearest village blacksmith, a man whose hard features, and dark complexion, used to connect him, in my infant mind, with the deeds of the papacy, and the blood of the martyrs. Indeed, it was surmised, and currently reported, by sundry people who knew everybody's business but their own, that he was born and bred a Roman Catholic. I have often heard him tell the tale, how the ambition of carrying a fair face had well nigh destroyed all his beauty, and made him blind. This was in his courting days. His "intended" having thrown out some reflection as to the gipsyish hue of his visage, he applied to a surgeon's apprentice for advice, as to some cosmetic, more effectual than soap and water. The young rascal recommended him to try muriatic acid!

Such a document as that to which these three names are appended, may seem to have been written in burlesque. But it was no joke, then. In those days, and for some years afterwards, dissenters had not, as now, the means of civil registration for their children; and their baptismal records, although respected by some of the lawyers and judges, by sundry others were held in contempt and

treated as nullities. Many a valuable appointment was lost, and not a small amount of property fell into wrong hands, because the expectant, or the claimant, could find no document to supply the place of a parish register. It therefore was a wise precaution to lay in store, for each child, a voucher which nobody could dispute. The manifestation of such forethought in the present instance, may suffice to show that my father was, to say the least, a prudent man.

After describing his progenitors, the writer then goes on :

The Independent Meeting-house at Melford was built in the early part of the last century, and under the direction of the parties who were then engaged in the erection of the Old Buckingham Palace, since displaced by the new, also of Acton Place, a noble mansion hard by, containing in my youth as many windows as there are days in the year, but now reduced to a single wing, still large enough, however, to shelter a first-rate establishment. The Meeting-house has outlived in its entirety both the mansion and the palace, and it is considered one of the most substantial specimens of nonconformist architecture of those days. The origin of that peculiar style, is of easy explanation. The idea was taken from the *hall*, rather than from the *barn*. At the time when "toleration," as it was called, became the law of the land, multitudes wished to avail themselves of its advantages with the least possible delay ; and instead of waiting till they could build places of worship, it was found expedient to hire them. Perhaps, it was apprehended that a fickle government might soon reverse its policy, and that therefore it was not worth while for nonconformity to encumber itself with buildings liable, at any time, to immediate alienation. Suitable rooms for public worship were therefore at a premium ; and many of the poorer Companies in the city of London (such, for instance, as the Pinners, Lorimers, Founders, Salters, Girdlers, Tallow-chandlers, Turners, Pewterers, Dyers, Joiners, Plumbers, Cutlers, Carpenters, Armourers, Brewers, Plasterers, Curriers, Embroiderers, Coachmakers, Glovers, and even the Haberdashers) availed themselves of the opportunity of letting their halls for Meeting-houses. Those halls were built for civic dinners ; and being large and lofty, they required but little alteration, in the fitting up of pews and galleries. And the citizens enjoyed their good cheer, notwithstanding ; and the punch and turtle flowed in greater profusion than before, in consequence of the large rental which thus came into their coffers. But the scene of festivity was removed from the hall of the company to the ball-room of some neighbouring tavern. Meanwhile, the "Hall" became the *idea* of the dissenting Meeting-house ; and the new buildings which afterward arose, in more settled times, in con-

sequence assumed that character. This will account for the fact that the structures of that period, which yet remain among us, seem preëminent for ugliness. A better style has now come into vogue. Our steeples sometimes overtop the neighbouring pinnacles of "black prelacy." Happy will it be for our nonconforming churches, if while they repudiate the vicious taste of those modern times for the purer style of earlier church-builders, they equally eschew the deeper danger of forsaking the purest model of Christianity itself—that of the New Testament.

Some of my earliest recollections are associated with the memory of Miss Mary Palmer, a maiden lady, the only child of the Rev. Joseph Palmer, of Bildeston, who died, 16 Nov., 1782, the year in which "Brave Kempenfeldt went down, with twice four hundred men." She was a woman of ardent piety, and a warm friend to her pastor. With her I spent a large portion of my early days. I used generally to sleep at home; but, on week-days, she took charge of me during nearly all my waking hours. She taught me to read, instructed me in the rudiments of Latin, and made it her constant endeavour to impress upon my mind the lessons of faith and holiness. I still possess her folio copy of Bunyan's Works, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs, from which I learned the history of Christian pilgrimage, the annals of Holy War, and the early perils of British Protestantism. I was constantly the object of her most tender care; and many were the prayers she offered that the little boy, she loved so dearly, might be allowed to serve, in the sanctuary, the Saviour of her soul, when she should be gathered to a better congregation.

Her last days were beclouded with a dark affliction. I remember but too painfully, the wreck which she was left by a single stroke of paralysis. From my father's diary, I learn that the day on which it befel her, was 26 April, 1807. It injured her memory, and disordered her mental powers, in an extraordinary manner. She seemed afterwards entirely to have forgotten the meaning of some familiar words, or to have associated with them a sense the very reverse of that which they were entitled to bear. She still retained, unclouded, her religious faith and hope; but it was very distressing to hear her attempt to give utterance to her thoughts. She still persisted in conducting family worship, as she had always done, in former days; and I remember hearing her pray that Christ's kingdom might receive an irrecoverable blow; and that God would graciously accept us through the atonement and mediation of Satan, to whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, she would ascribe all power and dominion, for ever.

How blessed is the thought that the gracious Saviour knows the infirmities of his saints, and that correctness of language, and facility of thought, are but subordinate matters in acceptable prayer! The broken and contradictory petitions of his suffering

servant were not rejected. He continued to support her sinking spirit, and to lighten her darkness with his gracious presence, till on the seventh of April, 1808, he took her to dwell with himself for ever. Her dust, mingled with her father's, waits the resurrection of the just, in the northern aisle of Melford Meeting, near the entrance. The feet of those that have worshipped there, have nearly obliterated the inscription which was then inserted on the long flat stone; but "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

My education now devolved on my father; and as a youth never had I any other schoolmaster. He was strict, and some would have thought him severe,—for he never pretended to be wiser than Solomon, and therefore he used the rod unsparingly. I am inclined to think that I was sometimes corrected to excess, and in one or two cases suffered innocently. But still, his severity was of the right kind, for it made me love him. I knew that, whether I deserved the punishment or not, he only inflicted it under a stern sense of duty, and with a view to my advantage. And, if ever I offered a prayer in earnest, before the grace of God took possession of my heart, it was, that my beloved father, who at that time was brought very low by sickness, might again be well enough to flog me. And these were not words of course; for when I next was smarting under chastisement, I remember that I was blessing God that the parental hand was strong enough to deal it out in such good measure. I believe that this consideration ministered greatly to the reverence with which I always regarded my venerated parent. So deep was this feeling, that after his death, although I had then outlived the age of chastisement by many years, I more than once almost broke down in the pulpit when I read there—"We had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence." One great charm of correction in my father's hands, was that it was never a manifestation of passion; it was always the result of principle; and it was felt as such by the wayward child for whose benefit he designed it. And often would he be moved to tears at the necessity thus laid upon him to enforce parental discipline. Much has been said about gentler methods of teaching obedience; but it seems not unlikely that self-sacrifice on the part of a parent is the most productive of benefit to his offspring. At least, so I have found it. It is an easy thing to invent excuses for the neglect of unpleasant duties; but to the parent, the infliction of corporal punishment on his child, when a duty at all, is a duty imperative. The neglected task then becomes a willing service, and the ascent of "the Hill Difficulty" is marvellously facilitated by the judicious application of the *vis a tergo*.

Under the care of my beloved parents, my childhood passed like a pleasing dream. But still, I cannot say that it was the happiest portion of my life. Far from it. I lacked, at that time, the

essential element of true happiness. Often would deep, dark thoughts trouble my youthful spirit; and I was of too earnest a temperament to cast them off, or to forget them amidst the follies of childhood. At any time, I would gladly leave my tops and marbles, to hear an interesting disputation on the origin of moral evil. Dr. Williams's notion of "passive power" was then exciting considerable attention; and I greatly delighted to hear my father and a metaphysical old gentleman, of the name of Barnard, argue out the various questions with which that theory was supposed to stand connected. I well remember how indignant I felt, when my father's antagonist hinted that the subject was not one for children, and that I had better leave the room! It seemed to me, as if old folks always fancied that young ones had no understanding. In my own opinion, I was quite as able to comprehend the matters of dispute as my intellectual betters; and, perhaps, in relation to some of their topics of discourse, I was not greatly mistaken; for, with regard to some questions, we must be content to be children all our days. Like most young people, I had a mighty notion of mental independence; and I fancied it a noble feat to dare to doubt. Indeed, I well remember how deeply grieved was my father once, to find that I had reasoned myself into something very like Sabellianism. All this while, I was ignorant of the plague of my own heart; and yet, I knew that I lacked the one thing needful, to constitute a Christian. Thus, I had greatly the advantage of multitudes, who are flattered into the belief of early innocence, and youthful purity;—a delusion which often finds a place (at least in their practical, if not in their doctrinal, theology) even where the dogma of spiritual regeneration in baptism is not unfitly regarded as one of the "strong delusions" of "the woman drunken with the blood of the saints."

The earliest political event, of which I have any recollection, was the peace of Amiens. But I can remember well the subsequent dread of a French invasion which, like an unquiet spirit, haunted all classes of the community, till the battle of Trafalgar laid those fears to rest. So great was the triumph on that occasion, that the death of Nelson was hardly permitted to damp the national joy. The fall of Napoleon, the proclamation of peace, and the battle of Waterloo, occurred during my apprenticeship. Since then I have outlived the longest peace that Europe has ever known.

II Early Religious History.

The preceding chapter will have shown, that few have had a happier boyhood than myself. The lines truly fell to me in pleasant places. A stranger even to the vexations of school, I grew in stature under parental care; and, till I left home to enter

on commercial life, I was scarcely out of my parents' sight. No child was ever more tenderly cared for than was I; and none had fewer causes of dissatisfaction. But still, I was ill at ease. I felt conscious of something that was far from right; in fact, that I was "without God in the world." Still, religious exercises, such as they were, never hung heavily on my hands. Like every well instructed child, I made a conscience of private prayer. And I went yet further. I well remember praying, on several occasions, with one Mary Paine, a sabbath-school child, who was dying of a cancer which had eaten away a large portion of her face; and that much was said, at the time, about the usefulness of "Master David" to that poor child. Perhaps, it was so. God can bless his own truth from any lips; and, although not his usual mode of procedure, he has sometimes borne witness to the message, even when he has not approved the messenger. As yet, I had not undergone that change which is introductory to all true, religious life; for I had never rightly apprehended the guilt of sin, nor fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope of life eternal. The way of salvation was then to my mind a matter of theory and practice; but experimental religion formed no part of my mental history. I did right things, because I thought I ought to do them; but not because He, who commanded them to be done, was my Redeemer and my God. "The Spirit of adoption," and "the obedience of faith," were matters of which I had then no knowledge.

God's message of mercy to my soul, reached me through the posthumous instrumentality of Dr. Doddridge. His "Life of Colonel Gardiner" happened to be among my books. How it came there, I cannot exactly tell; but I think it probable that it once belonged to Miss Palmer's little library. The volume is lying before me now. On its fly leaf is written, by me, in a child's hand, my name in full; with 1809, as the date. This proves that I must have had it two or three years before I read it to profit. But, on the opposite cover, is the following memorandum.

> "One hundred years after the death of Colonel Gardiner, I gratefully acknowledge and record, that the reading of p. 10, of this identical book (1812) was God's message of mercy to the salvation of my soul."
>
> "(Signed) D. E. Ford; Manchester, 21 Sep., 1845."

This was the centenary of the battle of Preston Pans; and many were my thoughts, that day, of the mysteries of providence, and the goodness of God in rendering even the miseries of a battle-field tributary to his praise.

The incident which changed the entire current of my life, was in itself one of a very simple character. When I took up the volume, I had no intention of giving it a serious perusal. But, in

glancing over some of its latter pages, I could not but be struck with the very interesting picture which it gives, of eminent piety. I was even conscious of a passing wish—

" That Heaven had made me such a man ! "

After musing for a while on the circumstances of the Colonel's conversion, I resolved to read the volume carefully through. I was then, be it remembered, in my fifteenth year, a child at home, unconscious of vice, ignorant of temptation, and according to the notions of the world about such matters, of as pure a mind as might be expected, in youth, under the most favoured circumstances. I mention this, that subsequent statements may not be misunderstood. With some, there is a notion that deep conviction of sin, comports only with instances of previous profligacy. Against this supposition, I most strenuously raise my voice, as contradicted both by experience and observation. The depth of conviction arises not from comparative enormity, but from a comparative enlightenment. The more of truth, the more of anguish.

In this careful reading of Colonel Gardiner's Life, of course, I had not proceeded many pages, before I came to the account of his marvellous preservation at the battle of Ramellies, where he was shot through the neck, and left among the slain. The thought struck me, that had he died then, he would certainly have been damned. I went on to think of God's decrees, his foreknowledge, his unerring purposes, his election of grace ;—and then, to inquire, whether the unregenerate elect would carry with them a charmed life, until the purposes of God, as to their pardon and acceptance, had received their accomplishment. I was borne away, by these musings, into a long day-dream, in which I daresay I seemed, to myself, to see many of the deep things of God more clearly than I have, many a time, been able to see them since,

" For fools rush in, where angels fear to tread."

In the midst of these interesting meditations, a sudden stop was put to all my pleasure. Light of another kind broke in, and gave me to perceive that the very danger which I had pictured, was my own ; and that, whatever might be the ultimate design of Heaven concerning me, up to that very hour, I was living without God in the world, and without hope.

The shock was electric. In the darkest night, it would be impossible for lightning to produce an effect more sudden, or more startling. A moment before, I had been a happy meditative child, loving to gaze on things human and divine, and fancying myself highly favoured to have such opportunities of indulging this pro-

pensity as were enjoyed by few. But now, in an instant, I saw myself standing on the brink of everlasting misery, and felt that nothing kept me out of hell, but the slender thread of mortal life. All my dreams of safety vanished, and were succeeded by visions of darkness and everlasting despair. In a word, I saw and felt myself to be the vilest wretch on the face of God's creation.

The horror which I then experienced, baffles all description. I can hardly fancy it exceeded by the miseries of the damned. I had a hell within; and I felt firmly persuaded that the anguish under which I was writhing, was only a commencement of everlasting misery. My sufferings were so awful, that I envied the very brutes. But, much as I dreaded the punishment of my sins, my feelings of dread were overpowered by a consciousness of ingratitude. I felt that I had slighted, insulted, and rejected, a divine and compassionate Saviour, and had been madly attempting to force my passage to the flames, through the arms of infinite mercy. The sentence which was so powerfully impressed upon the mind of Colonel Gardiner,—"SINNER! DID I SUFFER THIS FOR THEE; AND ARE THESE THY RETURNS?"—was engraven on my heart as in letters of fire. In fact, I regarded myself as such a monster of ingratitude, that to implore pardon, seemed only to offer additional insult. It appeared as if, in the very nature of things, divine justice was bound to make me a monument of everlasting vengeance.

I little imagined then, how God was training me, by this heavy discipline, for future usefulness in his church; or, how these enlightened views of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, were preparing me, through all my life-time afterwards, to oppose those flimsy notions of superficial thinkers, who would represent sin as a trifle, conviction as a mistake, repentance as an unnecessary humiliation, and atonement as an exploded fiction. Not so have I learned Christ. My experience has led me in the way of those who, "knowing the terror of the Lord, persuade men."

But, to resume my narrative of what happened then; my greatest concern arose from a conviction of my inability to make any reparation to an offended Saviour. I bore in remembrance his love in dying for sinners; and although I regarded myself as a hopeless reprobate, excluded from all mercy and all hope, I was so overwhelmed with a consideration of the riches of his grace, in taking compassion on any of his rebellious creatures, that I would gladly have submitted to any suffering which might repair the insult I had offered him. Much as I feared a future world, I felt that I could willingly yield myself to a seven-fold hell, if my everlasting anguish could in any wise compensate the injustice which I had perpetrated. Perhaps, this last notion was a remnant of that self-righteousness with which the conscience-stricken sinner finds it, of all things, the most difficult to part. Still, I was fully

conscious that reparation was impossible;—that I owed a thousand talents, and had not one wherewith to pay; and that, were I committed to prison, during eternal ages, my debt would still remain uncancelled. Oh, how I have wished that kindly writers, who have flippantly treated the question of human depravity, could be brought to feel as I felt then! But grace has made the difference. Had not God met with me, and subdued my proud heart, I had lived and died, as far from his kingdom as they;—"deceiving and being deceived."

It was not wonderful that the mental agony through which I then was passing, produced an alteration in my conduct, appearance, and health. I avoided all society, and spent a large portion of my time in the fields, where I could weep, and sigh, and groan aloud; undisturbed, because unnoticed and unheard. I well remember that, at that season, nothing was so terrible in my view as the sight of a good man. I imagined that the mark of God was upon me, and that I was an object of universal loathing. I fancy I can now see the ditch in which I hid myself one day, to escape the observation of a passenger who had the reputation of being a Christian, though as I fear, but a sorry one.

The agony of my mind continued to increase, until at last it became intolerable, and I magnanimously resolved to tell my honoured father the secret of my wo. Returning from one of my solitary rambles, I determined that I would keep him in the dark no longer. But still, my courage failed; and had not providence so ordered it that he began the conversation by pressing me to tell him what communications were those which I had with my own spirit, as I walked and was sad, I do not know whether I should ever have found sufficient fortitude to tell my honest tale.

His language breathed of thankfulness and hope. He expressed, as any judicious Christian parent would, his joy to see me in such distress; and he began to preach to me "Jesus and the resurrection." I knew the theory of the Gospel, well; but then, the device of the enemy related to its application to *me*. It might save Saul, the persecutor; or, even the thief from the Cross; but I was nearer to hell than either of them, or than anyone else had ever been. Conversation and prayer had, at that time, no further effect than to convince me that my father was sincere in his expressions of hope. My persuasion was, that my feelings of despair would never leave me; or, that if they did, the exchange would only be for indifference, such as I had felt before.

At this crisis, the reading of Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," contributed to convince me that no strange thing had happened to me. But the greatest service I received in this matter, came in the shape of two hymns, in Dr. Rippon's "Selection," to which my attention was directed by my beloved mother, who though a doubting saint herself (till the day of her

death, when all doubt vanished), knew full well that there is forgiveness with God that he may be feared ; and that with him there is plenteous redemption. The first begins—" Come, humble sinner, in whose breast," and the second—" Lord, didst thou die, but not for me ? " The blessing of God upon these hymns, first gave a right direction to my troubled spirit. I saw the folly of despair ; and I determined, at least, to make a venture. I felt that I could but perish. I went, and—blessed be his name !—I found acceptance.

The first assurance of that acceptance, I never shall forget. I was kneeling in a dark linen-closet, in a back bedroom of the parsonage, where I could be most alone ; and I was wrestling with God, in the very depths of my spirit ; when, all at once, I found that the barrier was broken down, and that my petitions could reach the holiest. A ray of light from heaven darted on my troubled spirit ; and He who stilled the winds and the waves on the sea of Galilee, made there " a great calm." With tears of joy, I rose from my knees, and hastened to tell my father what God had done for me. He was gone out, and I went to meet him. I can recall the very spot, in Liston Lane, where I communicated to him the glad intelligence. I remember that a laden wagon from a neighbouring hayfield was passing at the time ; and this is the only clew I have to the exact period when it happened, as the earliest written memorial of my religious experience bears the date of August, 1812 ; probably, some six or seven weeks later.

After the lapse of all those happy years which I have since seen wing their flight to eternity, I look back on that memorable day as the date of my second birth. It was then that I commenced the course which I hope to have finished with joy before this narrative shall fall into the hands of the reader.

Chapter III, " The Choice of a Calling," describes how David was drawn to the fine arts, especially historical engraving. His father saw an artist at the head of his profession with a view to training, but negotiations fell through as Sunday work might be required. It was then suggested that he should be a designer of patterns in the carpet trade, at which suggestion he was much mortified. Nothing came of this. At this point came his conversion, and he wished to go to the mission field.

But right well was I aware that, to mention it, would be premature. I was but a child. I knew that my father despised all man-made parsons ; and sympathizing with his notion that only something hardly short of the miraculous should satisfy a man of his call to the ministry, the secret of my cherished hopes was carefully locked up in my own bosom. Accordingly, I could patiently

hear of different schemes, devised for my future good, and I could cheerfully acquiesce in any that might seem to be feasible. . . .

He was introduced by his uncle to a wholesale haberdashery warehouse in Friday Street, London. He thus describes the city :

London, for me, had not all the charms of novelty which at that time (before railways were invented, and when travelling was a slow and expensive process) it might be supposed to possess for a lad who had passed his boyhood some sixty miles away from the great metropolis ; for many months of my childhood had been occasionally spent in visiting my maternal grandfather, who then resided at 9, Aker's Row, Islington ; at that time a locality not to be despised, when Dalston, Canonbury, Holloway, and all the region round about, consisted of rich meadow land, and Islington itself was regarded as a pleasant village, separated from the outskirts of London, by the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields. I well remember the Canonbury spring, as I used thither to accompany old Betty every fine morning of every week-day. Thence then came all the water for table use, as the New River supply, though close at hand, and carried into the house by a pipe direct from the river-side, was not thought, even in those unsanitary days, quite so pleasant, or so wholesome, as water fresh from the spring. In passing that way since the progress of civilization has supplanted all rural traces by interminable piles of bricks and mortar, I have often wondered what became of that delicious fountain. Probably, it now wends its way to the Thames, through a series of filthy sewers, leaving the more recent inhabitants of the neighbourhood to content themselves, if they can, with such water as the New River may supply. So much for the onward progress of our times, the march of intellect, and the achievements of sanitarianism !

He went to live at his uncle's country house at Homerton, but broke down after three or four weeks work. Subsequently he went to a bookseller's in Leadenhall Street, but though the bookseller was a deacon and had been paid a premium of £150, he treated the boy badly. David still cherished his desire to enter the ministry, and one day, after two years of his apprenticeship, told his secret to the sexton of his father's meeting-house.

The good old man wept tears of joy, and whispered a few words of peace which greatly comforted my heart. " Master David," said he, " take courage ! If the Lord has a work for you to do, he will find you out ; never fear ! "

Afterwards he asked his brother if the sexton had told his father, and learned that "father would sooner chop off my hands and feet than ever allow me to become a parson."

It afterwards came out, as a passage in his charge at my ordination testifies, that he was, all the while, earnestly desiring the very thing which he deprecated. His motive was excellent. He wished to test, most rigorously, the firmness of my purpose; but he carried his opposition to a length which, although it commended itself to my judgment in the earlier stages of my ministry, does not now appear to me a course which I would pursue in relation to any young man, whether a child or a stranger.

He called on Dr. Pye-Smith at Homerton, joined the church at White Row in order to be eligible to apply for admittance to Homerton College, and visited various chapels. In the evening he went to the

. . . New Broad Street Lecture—in those days the most attractive thing in London, when Walker used to lead the singing, privately assisted by a staff of professionals who used to make it their Sunday evening lounge. The preachers were some twelve, or fourteen, of the most popular of the Metropolitan pastors, few of whom at that time had any evening service in their own chapels.

The application to Homerton was unsuccessful.

Notwithstanding the insuperable objection of non-membership, my father still strongly advised my immediate application to the King's Head Society, as the popular—lay and subscriptional—portion of the Homerton Committee was then designated (as distinct from the Fund Board), an *imperium in imperio*, of late years utterly abolished. My papers therefore were prepared and delivered; but, as I was afterwards informed, they were never read. A deputation, however, was sent to examine me, and to report their opinion. As ill-luck, or good fortune, would have it ("Such chances, Providence ordains"), it consisted of two individuals who were the most intimate cronies of my master, and who, in common with himself, owed me a special grudge for having disclosed a secret about a bill-transaction, where concealment would have involved a positive falsehood. One was a glover; the other, an auctioneer. At that time, they were men of some note in the metropolitan, quasi-religious world. I dare say that my answers were not exactly what they ought to have been; and that I did not pay these gentlemen all the deference which they expected. We had, however, a lengthened conversation; and my impression was that they went away satisfied. Such was their intimation on leaving me.

Never shall I forget my birthday, 1815. My dear uncle, Hale, came into Burton's shop, abruptly, as I was standing behind the counter, and said in his blunt and off-hand manner—"David; you are sold! It is all up with you, as to Homerton. You have secret enemies at work, somewhere; and they have decided against you. If you were not my nephew," he continued, "I would see you righted; but, as matters now stand" (he was, at that time, treasurer to the institution), "I can only say—Have nothing more to do with the King's Head Society! Dr. Smith," said he, "thinks as I do, that you have been shamefully treated; but, of course, he can say nothing."

Subsequently, through the intervention of Dr. Collyer, he was admitted to Wymondley College, near Hitchen.

Chapter IV, "Student Life," then goes on:

Delivered from my weary bondage, I now had nothing to do but to prepare, in the best way I could, for my academical course. I had never been at school. What I knew, I had learned at home; and now, in a new capacity, I was a scholar of my old and only master, my beloved father. Early and late, I toiled, to rub up the Latin and Greek which I had forgotten, and to acquire as much more as time and circumstances would permit.

One of the first things to be done, was to obtain admission to church fellowship, the previous neglect of which had proved so serious a hinderance in my way, to say nothing of the spiritual disadvantage which such a position necessarily entailed. Accordingly, I was duly proposed; and the solemn evening at length arrived, when I was to appear before the church. In my father's pastorate, as yet in some of our ancient churches, the mode of admission differed from that which generally obtains in our body. No letter was expected; but the candidate was required to make a *vivâ voce* statement of his conversion and religious experience; and afterwards to answer any questions which the assembled members might think proper to propose. I got through the first part of the business with more self-possession than I had expected; and the second was but a very light affair. If I remember rightly, the only question proposed, was from one of the elder brethren, rather addicted to ultra-Calvinistic views; and when the time came for cross-examination, he merely said—"Master David! I should like to ask you, what you think of the everlasting covenant." "It is ordered in all things, and sure,"—was my safe and scriptural reply; and my questioner expressed himself satisfied. A show of hands was then called for; and, on its proving unanimous, my father gave me the right hand of fellowship, with a solemn exhortation, the words of which are all forgotten, but their tone

and manner I shall remember till my dying day. He then commended me to God in prayer ; and the meeting closed.

My introduction to the pulpit was very gradual ; so much so, that I never felt its terrors. I had long been accustomed to pray at social meetings ; and my father next proposed that I should take the devotional portion of the service at Glemsford Meeting, a chapel connected with his own by an endowment of £30 per annum, to the Melford minister, for ever, on condition of a sermon, once a fortnight. My father generally preached there every Lord's day evening, excepting the first sabbath in the month, when the communion was held at Melford after a full afternoon service, usually bordering on two hours.

At Glemsford, therefore, I first ascended the pulpit, in the presence of a congregation. And there I was favoured with the first fruits of my labours, in the instance of a young person whose conversion arose from the circumstance of my youth. I was turned eighteen, but I might have passed for some two or three years younger. She thought, with herself—" Can that boy pray ! And have I never prayed ? Lord, teach me ! " He did. Soon afterwards, she died in consumption.

After having introduced the service several sabbath evenings, it was privately arranged that I should undertake the whole. Not a word was said, beforehand, as to any such intention, excepting to a young friend who happened to accompany me thither and whom I bound to secrecy. The congregation seemed to marvel greatly, as the second hymn was singing ; and many eyes were directed towards the vestry, in the expectation that my father would, as usual, change places with his son at that period of the service. But he moved not ; & I retained my post. This was on the 31st of March, 1816. I read for my text Psalm LXV 4 ; & delivered what I dare say I should now deem a very puerile effusion ; but which was received with the greatest kindness by the people who heard it, & who at the close of the service offered me their warmest congratulations & hearty good wishes. After this, I usually performed the Glemsford service, till I departed for Wymondley.

That, however, was not the only place in which I ventured to raise my voice. My father went to London, on the following Monday week, & left me, for two sabbaths, as his morning supply at Melford. This was an engagement from which I somewhat shrunk ; for, though I knew not much of the " fear of man " which " bringeth a snare," there was one individual there, before whom I trembled. I knew that he was a shrewd man, very fond of his own opinions, & not very sparing in their expression ; & I conceived, & not unjustly, that the appearance in the pulpit, of one so young as myself, would be anything but pleasing to this old disciple. For the first time, I felt embarrassed ; but, as happily

I was at no loss for words, my embarrassment was unperceived. I delivered, however, a sermon so far below my own notion of mediocrity, that at the close of the service I went down deeply humbled. I had hardly reached the vestry, when I saw this dreaded old man, coming out of his way to follow me thither. I would have escaped him if I could. I was so thoroughly ashamed of my performance, that I needed no lecturing on that point. My fears, however, were groundless. He grasped my hand, with tears in his eyes; & his words I never shall forget. "Master David," said he (the name I bore then, & for years afterwards), "Master David, I once had serious doubts of your call to the ministry; but they are all gone now. Only preach always, as you have preached this morning, & God will most certainly bless your labours. I have found it good to be here."

This incident gave me a lesson which I have never forgotten. Preachers are seldom the best judges of their own performances; &, when they think themselves least happy, God often renders them more useful than on other occasions. I learned, moreover, another very important piece of instruction, & that was—never to let any one into the secret of discomfort, or the contrary. I had not been able to say, what I intended to say, in the manner in which I had hoped to say it; but I had spoken God's truth, & he had accompanied it with a measure of his blessing.

In all, I preached nineteen sermons, before I went to Wymondley; —eleven at Glemsford, six at Melford, & two at Clare. From the first, I kept a register of every public discourse. And when my list had amounted to thousands, it became an interesting memento of former days, a chronicle of mercy, testifying the loving kindness of the Lord. I wish my children to preserve it with all the care with which they would guard a parent's memory. I have my father's register of sermons from the commencement of his ministry to its close; & I value it exceedingly. He preached seven thousand, two hundred, & eighty two times;—a large amount of labour this,—for a single life-time! Ministers whose biographies speak of a much higher range than this, must have been mistaken in their estimate, or have reckoned, as sermons, addresses at prayer meetings, & social exercises, of which no such reckoning ought to be made. Numbers are often hastily taken for granted; so that dozens go for scores, & scores for hundreds. Few are the instances in which a congregation actually contains more than half its reputed number. Let the man who doubts this statement, test its accuracy. He will find it very near the mark.

After some stories about College Tutors, the autobiography goes on:

During my residence at Wymondley, that venerable institution

was in its transition state. Founded in the days of Dr. Doddridge, its first tutor, by William Coward, Esq & amply endowed, like many other dissenting charities,—Lady Hewley's, to wit,—it had well nigh been lost to the cause of Evangelical Nonconformity. The tutors had always been professedly orthodox, not excepting Dr. Belsham, who had the manliness & honesty to resign his chair when he resigned his faith. But, at one period, all the four trustees (with whom, according to the will of Mr. Coward, rests the sole management of the funds committed to their charge) were understood to have a leaning towards Socinianism. It was saved from such an issue, by the honesty of the treasurer, Mr. Gibson, who, although probably a Unitarian himself, felt that it would be more in accordance with the wishes of the founder, that its management should fall into other hands. Accordingly, as the old trustees died off, men of evangelical sentiments were appointed in their stead. During my curriculum, the board might be considered better than half and half. Dr. Collyer & Mr. Philips were orthodox; & Mr. Taylor, formerly of Carter Lane, was by no means a modern Unitarian. He held the doctrine of the atonement, & acknowledged, in some sense, the divinity of Christ. His prayers, at our annual examinations, were wonderful, & would have done credit to the piety of a man of clearer views. There was a humility, a fervour, & an unction about them, which I could never understand in connexion with so defective a creed. Indeed, he would sometimes say to his coadjutors in the Trust,—"My sentiments are much nearer Calvinism than you take them to be." He was the last surviving student of the immortal Doddridge; &, when I knew him, he was considerably more than ninety, & quite blind. What were Mr. Gibson's views, I cannot exactly tell. He was a layman; & therefore there was no absolute necessity that he should say anything there about them. But I remember that when I called at his counting house, in Great St. Helens, to thank him for the advantages I had enjoyed, as I was then finishing my collegiate course, he told me that I was under no obligation to him; that, in giving me the education I had received, the trustees were only carrying out the wishes of the Founder. "But, to tell you the truth," he added, "you have sadly disappointed me." "In what?" I inquired. "Why," said he, "I always expected that, when you quitted Wymondley, you would leave your orthodoxy behind you." I assured him, in reply, that all I had heard, & seen, & learnt, while there, had only attached me yet more to those views of divine truth which I professed on my admission. We parted, good friends. He wished me well, & I never saw him but once again. At that time he was reduced in circumstances, & was ending his days as a sort of gentleman pensioner in the Institution, then removed, from Hertfordshire, to Torrington Square.

Under such mingled auspices, Wymondley was anything but a

pure fountain sending forth living waters. The tutors meant well; but, till the accession of Mr. Morell, they were sadly destitute of authority. Rigid to excess as to conduct, over sentiment they had no control. A student could be expelled for preaching in public before his last year; or, for missing family worship a second time, but he might hold & avow heterodox opinions with impunity. I remember hearing one of my class-fellows devoutly (!) thanking God—& that in family worship—that we had not been left to form such degraded notions of human nature as some entertained who called themselves Christians; & that we believed that man was now born as pure & holy as when he came out of the hands of his Creator, or as that Creator wished him to be!

The great defect in the management of the college, at that time, was that piety was not considered a *sine qua non*, any more than to this hour is it so regarded in the universities of Oxford or Cambridge. It was enough that a young man was recommended by some minister of good standing, was of blameless reputation, knew something of Virgil, Horace, & the Greek Testament, & thought he should like to be a minister. On these easy terms, many found admission, who would never have thought of making a similar application elsewhere. The consequence was, that only a portion, entered the ministry, in accordance with the wishes of the Founder. Others, on closing their course, betook themselves to the learned professions, or to the established church; & not a few sunk down into Unitarianism. In reviewing the history of my companions, I find them about equally divided into these four proportions. In some cases, I am inclined to think that admission was a matter of nomination merely, & that the trustees appointed, in turn, just such individuals as they thought meet to patronise, as might be done at the Blue Coat School, or the Charter House. Such, the author of "The Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister" assured me was the case with himself: & although no great dependence can be placed on the word of a man who, when other methods failed to obtain him bread, could indite such unblushing falsehoods as are set forth in that very veracious fiction; yet, as he could have had no motive for endeavouring at that time to impose upon me, & I have heard much the same testimony from other sources, I apprehend that the statement was but too true. "My father," said he, "had more boys than he well knew what to do with. Old Palmer called, & said—'Send one of them to Wymondley.' Accordingly, we were all had up, that he might pick out the one he liked best. Unluckily, I was chosen. I suppose it was because, like David, I was the ruddiest of the lot. The bargain was struck, that I was the one to go; but I had nothing to do with the matter. My consent was never asked. As soon as the old man was gone, I fell down on my knees, & protested, to my father, that I would rather be a scavenger than a parson. But there was no such thing

as turning him. He thought it a capital chance. To Wymondley I was presented, & to Wymondley I must go. I went; & I was there four years, without troubling myself about religion of any kind. I then had to enter the preaching class, & I thought it time to make up my mind. I therefore turned my thoughts to Evans's '*Sketch of all Religions*'; & I chose Unitarianism, because it was the easiest. Now," said he, with a sneer, "I have given you my religious experience."

Things were managed somewhat better than this, at the time of my admission; but the old leaven had not been entirely purged away. Considerable progress, however, was made in that direction during the years of my sojourn there; &, shortly after my departure, matters were placed on a new footing. Mr. Morell succeeded to the presidency with the express understanding that he should have an indisputable *veto* in the case of future probationers. The trustees might appoint; but he must approve. It became known that Wymondley was no longer a by-path to law, physic, or doubtful divinity, as the case might be; but a school of the prophets, worthy of taking its place with Rotherham, Cheshunt, Hoxton, & Homerton.

(*To be continued.*)

The Ecclesiastical History of Essex under the Long Parliament and Commonwealth.

By HAROLD SMITH, D.D. BENHAM & CO., COLCHESTER. 15s.

IN 1863 Davids of Colchester published his *Annals of Evangelical Nonconformity in the County of Essex*, a pioneer work, the first of its kind. Seventy years later there comes its supplement. A comparison between the two shows the progress made during the interval in methods of research, accessibility of records, and in the study of the particular period in question where, as Dr. Smith says, Shaw's *History of the English Church* has been of more influence than any other one work. That Dr. Smith has had advantages which Davids had not he would be the first to admit. He has made excellent use of them, and we now know more about the ecclesiastical history of seventeenth century Essex than of any other county. The troubles of the Puritan clergy under the rule of Laud, the sequestrations of the Loyalists, the Presbyterian organization, the Commonwealth regime, and the ejections of 1660-2—all these subjects and more have allotted to them full treatment based on a thorough use of original sources of information. Nor must we forget to pay tribute to the presence of a map and at least six illustrations. Dr. Smith's standard of workmanship is a high one, but sometimes he makes the slips almost inevitable in a work of so much detail; *e.g.*, Sam. Dowel, of Weeley, is omitted from the list of ejected ministers. Other omissions are of a more regrettable character. Nothing is said of the Catholics, who perhaps can hardly be expected to come into the picture; and, what touches our sensibilities more closely, nothing is said of the Congregationalists as such; the only Nonconformists whom Dr. Smith differentiates are the Presbyterians and the Quakers. Perhaps as an Anglican—a very fair one, much too interested in setting forth the facts of the case to show bias—he has failed to appreciate the significance of denominational differences, but in a county which numbered John Owen among its ministers, and twelve Congregational teachers on its licence list in 1672, and in a story some of whose references, *e.g.*, the ordination of John Samms at Coggeshall, are not fully intelligible unless labelled Congregational, we should like to have found more consideration given to our denominational importance.

A. G. MATTHEWS.