



Your very aff. Father
John Elliot Howard

MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD

OF

LORD'S MEADE, TOTTENHAM.

“Children’s children are the crown of old men ; and the glory of children are their fathers.” PROVERBS xvii. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.” 2 TIM. i. 9.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

1885.

INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting to my children and their children these memorials of my beloved husband, I earnestly wish that they may be at once instructive and encouraging to them. It will be seen how truly their father sought to make the service of God his first object, and this explains how much more his letters are expressive of his desire for the Lord's blessing on his family than referring to his scientific pursuits. His aim was not worldly distinction and honour; rather, wherever he was, or however engaged, to be known as a Christian.

He had a large correspondence on scientific subjects, but he seldom kept copies of letters, and the originals have not been returned to me. His more laborious work is to be found in his published writings.

In conclusion I have only to add my hope that my little work may be to the glory of the Lord and to the praise of that grace which alone calls out of darkness into the marvellous light and joy of God's countenance.

MARIA HOWARD.

LORD'S MEADE, *April* 1885.

MEMORIALS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I FIND the following memorandum in a "Year-Book" kept by your father, and it may form a suitable commencement for the notes which I may be able to write for you and your children:—

"I was born on the 11th of December 1807 at Plaistow, Essex, at a time of great depression in the nation's history, thus described in the *Athenæum* for November of that year:—'At home the utmost tranquillity obtains, notwithstanding the gloom that seems thickening on all sides, presenting no prospect but that of interminable war; and though the public appear to confide in no plan for carrying it on with success, the word peace is equally banished from all parties.'

Your father was the second son of Luke and Maria-bella Howard. He and his elder brother, Robert Howard, were the only two children who out-lived their parents, three daughters and one son dying after reaching maturity; of three of these a short

memoir was written, so I shall not say more of them in this place. Of your dear grandfather, I may say that he was a man of scientific thought and pursuit, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society for his meteorological works and his essay "On the Modifications of Clouds." The names proposed by him are still used. Your grandparents were 'Friends,' and in this Society your father was brought up. I can say very little of his early life, as my acquaintance with him did not begin until the year 1825, when we first met at Farm, on the occasion of his brother Robert's marriage with my much-loved cousin, Rachel Lloyd.

I find he went to Josiah Forster's school in the autumn of 1821, having previously been educated at home. The family were at this time living on the Green at Tottenham, but removed in 1822 to Ackworth.

About 1823 he left school and went to Stratford, where he studied practical chemistry, and on attaining his majority became a partner in his father's firm.

During some years he resided with his only maternal uncle—John Eliot, after whom he was named—at the house in Bartholomew Close, which had been the family residence for two or three generations. I have often heard him speak of his rides on horseback daily to Stratford, the only easy mode of conveyance at that time. On the death of this uncle in March 1830, he found a home at his

kind aunt's, Elizabeth Howard, in Bruce Grove, and here he remained until his marriage in September 1830.

I find a memorandum in 1827 mentioning sulphate of quinine as occupying his attention. This was probably the beginning of his work on this alkaloid, the study connected with which he so successfully carried on through life.

In December 1828 your dear father paid his first visit to me at Helme Lodge. It was a very short one, but long enough to tell me of his deep affection—how very little I then understood it! but a much longer united life than is the lot of many only served to prove how always true his heart was to his early choice.

We were married at Kendal on the 9th September 1830, and reached our future home, where we have ever since resided, on the 12th October.

I can hardly say whether at this time either of us knew ourselves safe through the precious blood of Jesus; we were Friends, and had no thought of anything but remaining Friends, but evangelical truth was beginning to be unfolded to us. Newton's "Olney Hymns," Erskine's "Freeness of the Gospel," &c.,* were read with intense interest, but we had not

* A little later than this, Luther's writings were greatly blessed to us in unfolding the doctrine of Justification by Faith, especially a little work published by the Religious Tract Society—"Jehovah Tsidkenu: The Watchword of the Reformers," and the Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians.

yet learned the blessedness of united prayer—the Lord led us on very gently.

1831.—On the 21st January our brother Joseph had an attack of hæmorrhage, followed by another in May, which proved the serious character of the illness. My husband was warmly attached to this his younger brother, and he became very anxious about his spiritual state. This anxiety for the safety of his brother's soul was made a great blessing to him—it led him to earnest Scripture study, and his eyes were opened to see the doctrine of justification by faith, so that in the course of the next two years great progress was made in his spiritual life.

In December our dear Dillworth was born. This was a great joy to his dear father.

1832 was a memorable year—the first visitation of cholera. Our thoughts during this year were much exercised as to the views of the Society of Friends, and it was perhaps in this year that your father commenced a diligent study of the writings of “Early Friends” which he pursued, rising very early to secure the time for it, until he was quite satisfied of the unsoundness of many of their views.

1833.—In February our first dear daughter was given to us; and soon after her birth he took what was then a very bold step, beginning family prayer on Sunday evenings. Not until a year after this had

we the strength and courage to begin daily family prayer.

Our brother Joseph died on the 13th June. He was fully brought to see himself a poor sinner, and to come to Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour; and the joy of his brother's heart was so great in the blessed knowledge of the safety of the beloved one for and with whom he had earnestly laboured and prayed, that he could only rejoice. The thought of heaven was most precious to him, so that joy overcame sorrow.

This year he began to study Hebrew, and though never what would be called a good Hebrew scholar, the knowledge he acquired was always a pleasure to him, and a great help in the understanding of the Scriptures.

1834.—His mind was at this time much exercised on the subject of baptism and the Lord's Supper. We read and thought much on the subject. My uncle, Isaac Crewdson, published his work, "A Beacon," &c., in which my husband gave him much assistance, and thus his own views as to the Society of Friends took a more definite form, ending in our leaving the Society two years later.

In May your father commenced daily family worship. This was a very serious and important step as regarded our connection with the Society of Friends,

as at that time it was very unusual for any but an acknowledged minister to engage in vocal prayer.

In the autumn we were at Helme Lodge, and from thence he went to Edinburgh to attend the meeting of the British Association in company with his father, Luke Howard, and Dr. Hodgkin. On his way thither he spent Sunday the 17th September at Glasgow, and attended the services at Dr. Wardlaw's church, where for the first time he saw the Lord's Supper administered.

The study of the views of Friends, especially with reference to the "Inward Light," was closely occupying his attention, and a tract written at this time proved helpful to many.

His letters to me during these early years of our married life are full of the deepest affection, and at the same time of earnest reaching forward to know more of the truth as revealed to us in the Scriptures, and his desire to help others forward.

1835.—The year opened on us with illness in our family, always very trying to your father's most tender heart, but through the Lord's goodness our dear children were spared to us.

The controversy in the Society of Friends was at this time going on earnestly. "The Beacon," before mentioned, had been published, also in the course of the year several other works in which he was greatly

interested, and which he helped to carry through the press.

1836.—On January 19th we were called to pass through the deepest sorrow we had yet known, the death of our beloved sister, Elizabeth Hodgkin. Her end was peace, resting on the finished work of her Saviour.

About a fortnight after this event we went to Helme Lodge, having received a most loving assurance of welcome for us and for our children from my beloved parents, who made a home for us for about three months; here Mary Elizabeth was born.

At this time my dear husband was much engaged in experiments on borax, connected with his business at Stratford, which he carried on in a room set apart for him.

After our return home we had much intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Newton, who were on a visit in this neighbourhood, and on the 5th June we were present at Clapton, at a meeting for the "breaking of bread," in obedience to the Lord's command.

On the 28th July we took the step which severed our connection (virtually) with the Society of Friends. I find the following memorandum made by my husband:—"This evening my beloved Maria and myself, with our cousin, E. M. W., received the rite of Christian baptism, thus solemnly consecrating

ourselves to Jesus. May we be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. 'Blessed be God for his mercies.'"

On the 6th October we resigned our connection with the Society of Friends, and a few days afterwards we renounced the Quaker garb, a step far more painful and formidable than can at this distance of time be understood.

On the 4th of December we partook of the Lord's Supper at the Baptist Chapel where we had been baptized, and though not becoming members of the Church we happily worshipped with them.

At this time and for two or three years previously your dear father was much interested in the temperance movement, and as usual he threw the power of his mind into the work, using his pen diligently in the cause, and attending many meetings; but he afterwards withdrew, feeling that at that time temperance as a means of reformation was put in the place of the Gospel of Christ, which alone is the power of God unto salvation, and to the spreading of which blessed tidings he desired to devote himself.

1837.—In February our sister Rachel Howard was alarmingly ill with hæmorrhage. We were much with her, and had many sweet opportunities of intercourse. She and our dear parents came up from Ackworth in May to the house next our own in

Lordship Lane, where on the 24th September she fell asleep in Jesus.

In May my beloved husband for the first time preached the Gospel, at a small school-room at West Green, built by our mother, and this service was carried on for some time. I pass over much relating to the "Quaker Controversy," feeling it had better not be revived.

This year we made the acquaintance of R. M. Beverley, with whom a friendship was formed which ended only at his death in 1868.

In October a room for preaching the Gospel was opened at Wood Green, where at this time there was no place of worship; here he spoke on the 2d November, and continued diligently to attend these two small meetings* for a considerable time. The service was much blessed to him, and I doubt not to many others.

From memoranda in his pocket-book, I find at Stratford he was very much occupied with experiments on Peruvian bark and on boracic acid. His interest in the study of quinology was thus early developed, and was a leading feature of his business and scientific life.

1838.—The first memorandum in your dear father's year-book is a note of praise—"I will make mention of the loving-kindnesses of the Lord." The

* Wood Green and West Green.

birth of our third dear son, his namesake, was a great joy to his loving heart, shaded, however, by my subsequent illness, which only brought out more fully the depth and tenderness of his love.

In May I was sufficiently recovered to go to Ackworth, where, and afterwards at Helme Lodge, we spent some time, reaching home in August. During this time he had much intercourse with the Plymouth Brethren, and attended a large and deeply interesting meeting at Clifton, which led him to adopt many of the views brought forward, believing they were according to the Scriptures, which he diligently studied and earnestly desired to take as his guide.

After much thought and prayer he decided to begin a meeting for worship and communion at Tottenham. A small room was taken, and on the 4th of November we met for the first time for the "breaking of bread," in obedience to our blessed Lord's command. I do not remember the number present, but it was small. Your father was very happy in this; he felt that he was taking a very important step, but one which he believed was right for him, and in this his faith was steadfast. He never doubted that in this he had sought to act according to the guidance of the Lord, and therefore he believed it would be to the glory of the Master he loved. Nor was he disappointed. The first room soon became too small, and another was taken; but this also was soon

crowded, and your father purchased a piece of ground in the spring of the following year, 1839, and on the 9th June the small chapel in Brook Street was opened, which continued to be used for over forty years, and where many dear Christians were refreshed and strengthened, and many brought to the knowledge of eternal life in Jesus.*

In the course of the previous year my own dear parents were baptized and left the Society of Friends, thus making a change which at their age was no little sacrifice, but which they cheerfully made, believing that thus only could they obey their Lord's commands in the observance of the ordinances.

1839.—On Jan. 30th I find the following memorandum:—"J. Blacketre entered into rest,—the first person to whom the Lord made me a spiritual father." This was a young man at Stratford, who had grown up in entire ignorance of religion. Your father visited him much and earnestly sought to lead him to Jesus; in this he was blessed, so that the poor youth died rejoicing in Jesus, and shortly before his end he said, "If Mr. Howard had given me hundreds of pounds it would have been as nothing compared to the blessing he has been to me." I well remember your dear father's thankful joy on this occasion.

* A memorandum made in 1882, in allusion to the opening of the chapel, says "forty-three years of mercy."

1841.—“‘Surely I come quickly, amen, even so come, Lord Jesus.’ Entered this year in prayer and meditation.”

In returning from Stratford the chaise was overturned and his shoulder dislocated. This accident was quite a trial to us; it occurred when I was unable to help my husband, Mariabella being only a few days old, but we were helped over this rather rough place in our journey.

1842.—Your father was occupied with experiments as to the manufacture of quinine, and the study of the barks, which took up much time.

This summer the death by drowning of your two cousins occurred at Arnside, and in the autumn we had a very merciful escape from fire in a railway carriage between Lancaster and Preston.

1843.—This year opened upon us anxiously, with illness in our family. I was a care to your beloved father, and experienced the most tender self-denying love. Although much engaged in his business, he yet was diligently seeking to serve the Lord, and on the Sundays, and once or twice in the week, was occupied in preaching the truth which was so precious to his own soul.

In April we went to Helme Lodge, and whilst I was there Dillworth was very ill at home with mumps. I find in my dear husband's diary this text accompanying the mention of our dear child's illness

—“ When I remember Thee upon my bed and meditate on Thee in the night-watches, because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings I will rejoice ” (Ps. lxxiii. 6).

During this visit we became acquainted with Mr. Pennefather, who was then staying at Sizergh with our brother and sister William, an acquaintance which was pleasant and profitable to us for many years. The year was marked by anxiety about health. We spent some weeks at Herne Bay, where we had much enjoyment with our dear children. Your dear father's record of the year closes with a note of thanksgiving—“ I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy, for Thou hast considered my trouble, thou hast known my soul in adversities ” (Ps. xxxi. 7).

1844.—On the 7th January we went together to the little meeting at Wood Green, which was at that time much under our care. I had been absent from the table of the Lord for fourteen weeks, and it was a great joy to your beloved father to have me again with him there. His deep love made him always anxious to share every blessing with me, and he never liked me to be absent from him at these, to us, very happy services. Mr. Beverley spent some time with us this year; he and your father were much engaged together in writing on subjects connected with the Church of Christ.

The month of May was an eventful one this year ; our fourth daughter, Eleanor, was given to us. On the 9th of the month our uncle, Isaac Crewdson, was taken suddenly to his rest whilst on a visit at Bowness with my father and mother, and on the 15th of the month our dear mother was taken ill, with what proved to be her last illness.

We went down to Helme Lodge in August, taking lodgings for our elder children on Scout Scarr, where with their governess they spent a very happy time, whilst I had the privilege of being with my beloved mother. She lingered in much weakness until the end of October, when she gently fell asleep ; her last message to us was—"Tell them Jesus is my peace." During our visit in August we had very sweet happy seasons with her. She much enjoyed your father reading the Scriptures with her ; one very sweet occasion I well remember, when he expounded the 32d Psalm, which she greatly enjoyed.

Through this year your father had much intercourse with "The Brethren," uniting in most of their views, and earnestly desiring to help forward by his writings and by speaking the spread of the clearer and fuller Scripture truths which he saw they held. His heart was cheered too by blessing in his own family, our dear second daughter having told us of her peace in Jesus. He laboured much with his children both in word and prayer ; and they well

remember his loving visits to them after retiring to rest, especially on Saturday evenings, when he made a point of seeing them.

1845.—I quote from diary, March 16th. “To-day we had the great joy of receiving our dear Sarah Maria* to the Lord’s Table. May the Lord keep this dear child in His ways. ‘I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.’” This was indeed an earnest of the Lord’s blessing in our family. My beloved husband ever counted it amongst one of the highest joys of his life, that he had been permitted to administer the ordinance of baptism to each of his nine children on their confession of faith in Christ; for this blessing we did indeed praise the Lord.

During this year he was much occupied in the manufacture of quinine, and in the study of the Peruvian barks, which had now become one of the great pursuits of his life.

At the close of 1845, I find another note—

“In this year the confraternity of the ‘Brethren’ as a sect began manifestly to break up. Much trial in the Church and also in business association marked this period, but special mercies abounded.”

It may be well to state here that at this time there arose much difference of opinion between Mr. J. N.

* This beloved daughter had been baptized at her own earnest desire on the 17th November, 1842.

Darby and Mr. B. W. Newton, two distinguished leaders of the Brethren, and as is always the case, parties were soon formed. Your dear father united with neither party, though there were godly men in both to whom he was deeply attached, and from whom he suffered bitter pain and sorrow in the forced separation which ensued. He wrote, spoke, and laboured, but finally the separation came, and "The Memorandum" was adopted by the Brethren in Tottenham, which is still adhered to as the ground of the meeting there.

Mr. Beverley was frequently our pleasant guest. He helped your father much both in the controversy still going on amongst "Friends," and also amongst the "Brethren." I do not purpose entering much more into these painful subjects. They were very bitter at the time, and a great sorrow of heart.

In the spring of 1846 we had many pleasant drives together and very precious intercourse.

On the 9th of May our fifth dear daughter was given to us; on that occasion her dear father writes—"I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplication."

When our dear Alice was a few weeks' old, we went down to Sandgate, where my father and sister Mary were staying, the latter in very delicate health. We spent some time there with our children; they and their father had many pleasant excursions to-

gether, and he and our dear father had a very enjoyable trip to Boulogne. Joseph was at this time bringing out his little "Monthly Magazine," and some woodcuts and original papers mark the lively interest his father took in this juvenile production.

Much attention was given to business, especially the manufacture of quinine, and the first drawings of the cinchonæ were made.

We paid a long visit to our parents at Ackworth in the late autumn, and whilst there our dear Mary Elizabeth had a serious illness. It was a time of much anxiety, and we were very specially cast upon the Lord. I find two memorandums which I copy.

"November 3—'They feared as they entered into the cloud.' A time, nevertheless, of much blessing."

"November 12—'How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O Lord.' My dear child quite convalescent."

We returned home with all our children in December; but the year closed in sadness on account of the painful controversy going on.

1847.—This was the year of the awful famine in Ireland, which occupied much of our time and thought, and the correspondence brought us into acquaintance with many very dear Christians whom it was a great privilege to know.

1848.—On the 3d January our dear Dillworth went to Stratford to learn the business. He had just

entered his seventeenth year. His father was much occupied in the study of the cinchonæ and in writing upon them. He also was much interested in the lichens growing upon the barks, of which he made a good collection. This may be said to have been the beginning of his very valuable collection of both American and East Indian cinchona barks, which probably was the most complete in the world. But whilst thus occupied in natural science his heart was set upon heavenly things, and in the memoranda of these years I find how much he gave himself to preaching the Word, and caring in many ways for his fellow-Christians—ministering to the sick and needy, and seeking to serve all who came within his reach. We were also much interested in prophetic study, and read at this time Elliott's "*Horæ Apocalypticæ*," then recently published.

May 5th.—I find a memorandum: "Our dear Henry was given to us. 'May he be the Lord's.' 'Thy right hand upholdeth me.'

"Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day,
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.'"

In the autumn we paid a long visit at Helme Lodge. Your father, with D. and J., went to Edinburgh, and on their return our elder children, one after another, passed through the measles; the younger

ones also were poorly—it was a time of anxiety—but we were most kindly cared for by their grandfather, who welcomed any occasion that kept us with him in his now solitary home.

Memorandum :—“This was a year of stormy eventful character in the political horizon of Europe, and in our religious and relative circles.”

1849.—Was one of much anxiety and sorrow to many. A second visitation of cholera carried off many victims. At Stratford it was very bad, the population almost decimated. My husband remained at home, going daily to the works—occasionally seeing the sufferers and giving away much medicine, which was of great use in many cases. We were kept in peace trusting in the Lord, and through His great mercy none dear to us suffered from this fearful disease.

We spent some time at Ackworth enjoying the company of our beloved parents, who, on the 7th December, passed their fifty-third wedding-day at Tottenham, with their children and nineteen grandchildren around them.

At the close of this year and in the following one we were much interested in Dr. Gutzlaff's account of missionary operations in China. A Society was formed by which Mr. Hudson Taylor, now so well known as the Director of the “China Inland Mission,” was sent out. My husband took a warm interest in

this work, and was a faithful, steadfast friend until his death. He took a deep interest in other missionary work, and his sympathy and help has been lovingly appreciated by many tried, faithful labourers in different parts of the globe. These on returning home for rest always found a welcome at Tottenham from our dear brother and sister Howard and ourselves, and many gratefully remember the help and blessing they received there.

1850.—This year was marked by much pleasant intercourse by letter and otherwise with Dr. Weddell and Dr. Pereira, both of whom were fellow-workers in the study of the cinchona barks. But although much occupied he ever found leisure for his domestic life, and was diligent in his work for his Lord, rarely taking the responsibility of religious services less than twice in the week, as well as on Sundays. He was also at this time an active member of the Board of Health, but in this he had not much satisfaction. A journey to Scotland with his three boys was a very happy time. At the close of the year he writes: “Many mercies mark this closing year—

“ ‘Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by *Thy help* I've come,
And I hope by *Thy good pleasure*
Safely to arrive at home.’ ”

1851.—In January our younger children had measles.

Illness was always specially trying to your father's affectionate, anxious nature ; but our God helped us through this trial, and in February gave us a great joy in the baptism of our two dear daughters, M. E. and M., and our beloved niece, E. H. This was, however, a trying year. Whooping-cough attacked our children, and some of them were very ill, but all were spared to us. My own dear father was taken ill on the 8th March, and on the 2d April this dearly-loved and honoured parent "entered into rest, gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe." *Ætat.* 76. I and the children were too ill for me to go down to Kendal, but your father and S. M. went to the funeral.

This was the year of the Great Exhibition, presided over by Prince Albert. The collection of chemicals and barks exhibited by the firm occupied much time and thought, and the award of a special medal was a very gratifying result ; but the health of your father gave way, and for the remainder of the year he suffered from inflammation of the knee-joint, and was for some time on crutches ; in the autumn he spent several weeks at Umberslade, a hydropathic establishment, where he received much benefit, and also was enabled to minister spiritual comfort to some patients who were in the house.

In July our son Joseph passed the Matriculation Examination at the London University.

We had much anxiety this year about our dear father Howard, and a hurried anxious journey to Ackworth was painful and injurious to your father; but the dear invalid recovered, and was spared for many years.

The 9th of September marked the 21st anniversary of our happy union, when I received some sweet precious verses, which will be found, with others, at the end of the letters. The year as usual closes with a note of praise—"A year of much trial, but of multiplied mercies and answers to prayer. '*O continue Thy loving-kindness.*'"

1852.—During this year your father was much occupied in studies on the Peruvian barks, in conjunction with Dr. Pereira and Dr. Weddell, whose names frequently occur in the course of his memoranda. He was much engaged in business, but diligent in seeking to serve the Lord, his Sundays and often evenings in the week being devoted to what he ever felt to be the most blessed service, one that he trusted would bear fruit to the glory of God, and be work which should not be loss at the judgment-seat of Christ (2 Cor. v. 10).

In February your grandmother's health failed very much, and on the evening of the 24th she was taken ill, and after a few hours of great suffering, she fell asleep soon after noon the following day. Your father writes—"This inestimably precious relative

(for no relation is like that of a mother), fell asleep in Jesus about 2 p.m. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'"*

* From R. M. BEVERLEY TO J. E. HOWARD.

ROME, March 10th, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The tidings of the death of your dear mother have caused me more sorrow than surprise, for when I last saw her, the evident diminution of her person, and the general expression of her countenance, made me surmise that I might not perhaps see her again amongst the living on my return to England. I suspect that she herself may have had for some time past a sort of anticipation of her departure, though she may never have expressed it—a feeling such as, in some instances, we within ourselves can alone recognise, though probably not explain when nature is giving way in the foundations of life. It is in this way that some, without being able to assign a reason that others can understand, are able to ascertain that their time of departure is approaching, and I fancy (perhaps it is only a fancy) that your dear mother had for the last few months of her life felt more than she disclosed as to her bodily state. My last interview with her left an impression on my mind of something solemn and serious, though nothing was expressly said intimating any thought that we might not meet again—though indeed this seriousness would not be unnatural in any one who at so advanced an age was taking leave of a friend for many months. To say that I esteemed and respected your mother would be only a testimony such as many can give, but I may truly add that I was very much attached to her, being sensible at the same time that she had very kindly feelings towards me. I remember her character and conduct with reverence; she was in the strict sense of the word *a good woman*—not in the theological sense, for in that there is none good but God alone! but meaning by goodness, *uprightness, generosity, kindness, and disinterestedness*. I may safely affirm that this constituted her praise. She had as a Christian humble thoughts of herself, and without that large use of theological phrases which you and I have sometimes heard from lips which silence would have better befitted—without dealing in Puritanical dialect, she did those things which adorn

The funeral was at Winchmore Hill on the 28th inst. ; but our father had another alarming attack of hemorrhage, and was too ill to be present. At this time your grandfather divided amongst his children the gifts he had received in acknowledgment of his labours to lessen the distress in Germany after the war in 1814. The beautiful diamond ring given by Frederic Auguste, Elector of Saxony, fell to your

the doctrine of the Saviour, and showed forth her faith by her works. She was quiet and reserved—so much the better ; for reserve with real worth is the earnest of prudence. She was subdued in her manner and her words, and this perhaps owing not a little to the influence of that school in which her thoughts had been trained for the greater part of her life, and if to any this might appear coldness, it is only to those who had not the opportunity to be acquainted with the realities of her character. Who can speak with sufficient gratitude of a good wife and a *good mother* ? This last expression always affects me deeply, for I *had* such a one, who died when I was a little child, and whose loss has been the source of infinite sorrow to me ; but it has been your better lot to have one who lived to see her children's children, and blessings upon Israel. If the first moulding of the mind mainly depends on the maternal care and example, then, supposing your mother to have been widely different from what she really was, we may be pretty sure that your character and that of your brother would have been of another mould, and that you would have missed many of the blessings that you now enjoy. If you are blessed in your families, the fountain-head of this is to be traced to her who is now called away, and though other streams also may have added their benefit, you never can forget how much you owe to her who first took care of you, as the blessing of your own children will always be your memento. Pray express my fullest love and sympathy to your dear father. I know his faith and his hope, but I feel with him in this bereavement. Let me always hear of him largely in all your letters.—Yours always affectionately,

R. M. BEVERLEY.

father's share (for more particulars see printed account).

In May he went to Paris for a week. His two sons Dillworth and John were his companions. They spent a pleasant time, and made the acquaintance of various scientific men.

We spent some weeks this autumn at Scarborough very happily, seeing much of our friend, R. M. B., and greatly enjoying the place and the country around. Dillworth was very busy with photography, and all found occupation. One very happy Lord's Day is especially noted by your father. I recall his happiness on that particular day, and his enjoyment of Trench's beautiful sonnet on prayer, which he repeated to me as we walked from the meeting-house across the bridge. We were some time in Yorkshire, going to Ackworth from Scarborough, and not returning home until October, when your grandfather also returned to Bruce Grove.

1853.—This was a busy year, full of occupation and interest—joys and sorrows were mingled. We had a good deal of illness in our family, but the deepest sorrow was in sympathy with our beloved brother Robert's family, who in December of this year were called to mourn the unlooked-for death of our nephew Samuel's sweet bride. The death of Dr. Pereira also occurred in January, which was a great loss to your dear father.

1854. — This year microscopical studies, with reference to the structure of the Peruvian barks, occupied his attention. In April, whilst we were at Sandgate, he took a party over to Paris, where they passed a week of much interest, seeing much, whilst your father had the opportunity of intercourse with Dr. Weddell. They also had the pleasure of hearing and seeing M. Monod and other dear Christian workers.

The family remained at Sandgate till 2d May, when we returned home, and the summer was spent in our usually busy home life. Much time was given to the Lord's work in various ways; your father was also writing for the Pharmaceutical Society, and working at the study of barks.

In July we were at Ackworth with your beloved grandfather, now in very declining health. It was a sweet privilege and pleasure to be with him and care for him.

The autumn found us at Wellington, on the occasion of the marriage of our dear niece, R. C. Fox.

On October 4th our beloved eldest daughter was asked for in marriage by Thomas Fox, junior, thus bringing us into new considerations and a new phase of our lives. How great has been the Lord's goodness to us and to our dear children in arranging their paths of life, and giving them such great blessing, I must here most thankfully acknowledge.

On December 11th he writes :—“ My forty-seventh birthday ; let me here set up my Ebenezer, the commemoration of the goodness of the Lord.”

This was the year of the Crimean War. At the close of it the following memorandum made subsequently appears :—

“ This and the following years I suffered much in spirit from witnessing the fearful thirst for warfare which pervaded the nation. ‘ O my God, look Thou upon me for good, and send me consolation and help ! Let me not fret myself in any wise to do evil ; and as I am powerless to do good in this matter, so let me bear this burden, ‘ looking unto Jesus,’ and kept thus from suffering injury in my own spirit. Amen.’ ”

1855.—The beginning of this year was marked by the very serious illness of our dear John Eliot. A very severe attack of inflammation of the lungs seemed as though it might be the messenger to call him home, but through the goodness of the Lord he recovered, and was spared to us for some years. During this illness the sweet heavenly state of his mind, and his simple trust in Christ as his Saviour, was a great comfort to us.

The two principal events of this year were the marriages of our dear niece, R. M. Howard, to William Fowler in August, and of our beloved Sarah Maria to Thomas Fox in October. This first break in our happy family was much felt by us, whilst we thank-

fully resigned our dear child to the care of one who has truly proved himself worthy of her. Her father's farewell was embodied in some lines, which will be found in their place.

The year was a busy one, with many social and family claims, as well as business and scientific research; but amidst all these, there was time for the study of the blessed Word of God, and almost on all the Sundays throughout this year your father had the great joy and privilege of preaching the Gospel, and seeking to edify and build up believers, as the short notes in his diary, and references to the Scriptures dwelt upon, abundantly show.

1856.*—In the autumn we had a delightful journey in Ireland. Our four daughters were with us; they will remember how we all enjoyed the beauty of Killarney, and what pleasure their father had in sharing it all with us.

In October our first grandchild was born. This was an intense interest to us all, and we deeply shared the beloved parents' grief, when, after a few months, they were called to resign their cherished darling, and to trust her to Him who will keep safely that which we commit to Him.

In December a course of lectures on First Epistle of Peter were given at Edmonton, relating to which I find a short memorandum:—"These Friday evening

* "The Shepherd, the Stone of Israel," was written this year.

lectures on First Epistle of Peter have been to me, and I trust to others, a source of enjoyment and profit." Many other engagements occur in the course of the year. Scripture readings, prayer-meetings, missionary meetings, &c., occupied many evenings, and in the day there was much scientific pursuit in connection with business—Dr. Herapath, Dr. De Vrij, and meetings at the Pharmaceutical Society being mentioned in the diary.

1857.—In the commencement of this year a change took place in the arrangements at Stratford, and the firm became known as "Howards & Sons."

In March, your father was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society,* in the proceedings of which he took considerable interest.

* *From DANIEL HANBURY TO J. E. HOWARD.*

PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD STREET,
10th November 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—At the meeting of the Linnean Society on 3d day evening last, the wish was expressed by several that thou would allow thyself to be nominated as a candidate for the fellowship. As I fully concur in the desire to see thee connected with that body, I write these lines to enquire whether thou wilt permit me to propose thy name? The Linnean Society is now in an increasingly prosperous condition. It is receiving considerable accessions of members, and in a few months it will be put in possession of the fine apartments granted to it by the Government in Burlington House. Though the evening meetings may be rather later than it will often suit thee to attend, the use of the Herbarium and Library will, I think, frequently prove of service.—Believe me to remain thine very sincerely,

DAN. HANBURY.

In June we went down to Ilfracombe, having taken a house there, and hoping to spend some happy weeks with our family and our beloved Thomas and Sarah Maria and their sweet baby; but our God in His infinite wisdom ordered that it should be a time of anxious watching over the dear infant, and of deep sympathy with the anxious father and mother. On the 26th July the precious little one fell asleep. We returned to Wellington, and soon after the funeral went home, leaving M. E. with her sister. We had never lost a child, so graciously had the Lord dealt with us, and this first break in our family was deeply felt.

August found us at Ackworth with our father, and from thence my beloved husband started for Berlin to attend the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, taking with him our dear John Eliot, then in feeble health, and Mariabella.

The journey was successful and pleasant, as extracts from letters show; but it was almost too much responsibility for the dear young daughter who was the only one of the party well able to speak German.* We all returned home about the end of

* The object of dearest father's journey in 1857 was the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin, and also he wished to see various scientific friends, and the Krauses, who lived at that time in Berlin. We did not start from England in time to attend the whole Conference, but I think he was interested. The two things I remember best are an address from Merle d'Aubigné, a dignified

September, and at the end of the month had the privilege of attending the prophetic meetings at Barnet.

The year ends with a touching note. "Mr. ——'s leaving Tottenham was a great discouragement to me in the Lord's work at this place. Several other things trying and disappointing. 'Lord, what time I am oppressed, undertake for me.'"

1858.—In the beginning of this year your father, in the prosecution of his researches in quinology, was made aware of the fact that a large collection of barks made by the Spanish botanist, Pavon, and also a

and white-haired man, and the beautiful effect of a hymn sung by the Christians of so many lands together,

"Great the joy when Christians meet,"

I believe it was.

We were to have visited Baron v. Humboldt, but on the day that Professor Klotsch (?), I think, took us to his house he was not well enough to receive visitors. This was a disappointment.

From Berlin we went to Weimar and Jena. At Jena, dear father made the acquaintance of Dr. Reichel; and visited another professor and his wife, whose name I forget. We then went by Erfurt to Eisbach, and saw the Wartburg, then to Frankfort, from Frankfort to Giessen, where, I think, he again knew some professors; then a long drive into the country to reach Ettingshausen, a village where Herr Pfarrer and Frau Wilhelm Baur, the sister and brother-in-law of my governess, Otilie von Bétaz, lived. We spent the Sunday with them, and had a very interesting glimpse of village life.

Afterwards we came down the Rhine to Cologne, and so home. I do not think we were away more than a fortnight.

I remember well dearest father's vivid interest in everything, and the pains he took to learn and understand. In these respects he was a splendid traveller.—From Mariabella's letter.

manuscript of his were for sale in Madrid. These he succeeded in purchasing; and, in conjunction with Dr. Weddell, Mr. Herapath, and others, he diligently pursued the study.

In March our first grandson was born, and we greatly rejoiced with the dear parents; and in the same month we had another great family joy, in our dear son Joseph's engagement to Ellen Waterhouse, the daughter of my dearly-loved sister cousin.

This year also negotiations were entered into for the purchase of the Welsh slate quarry "Cwmorthin." This was begun from kind and good motives, but it proved a heavy burden and disappointment.

Your father was twice in Paris in the course of this year, and was occupied much in writing on different subjects, religious and scientific. Towards the close of the year he made arrangements for the printing of his large work, "Illustrations of the Nueva Quinologia," the first part of which was published in the following year.

After referring to the preservation of members of our family in two railway accidents, he winds up the year with the following note—"In the midst of many anxieties I have found God to be my strength, and Jesus my faithful and most compassionate Lord. How great have been His mercies in this past year, especially as regards my children—'O renew Thy loving-kindness!'"

1859.—This year was a very fully occupied one. Your dear father wrote much. A small tract on “The Syrophenician Woman” met with much acceptance. His work on the cinchonas occupied much time; the first coloured plate was ready on the 11th February, and on the 24th May the first part of the “Nueva Quinologia” was published. In February Mr. Fitch was sent to Madrid to make drawings there of Pavon’s specimens, and much microscopical work was done by Mr. West under your father’s direction. The interest he took in this pursuit, and his careful study, may be seen by the large collection of microscopical objects (barks) mounted by himself.

During this year there were some very interesting revival services in Tottenham, and much blessing amongst the young. In this he took much part, as well as in the prophetic meeting at Barnet, which it was our privilege to attend. We paid also interesting visits to Kendal, Ackworth, &c., and were some time at Ilkley Wells, in consequence of the illness of our son Henry. In the autumn we were at Brighton, where we had a very happy time—our daughter Mariabella and our niece Bessie were with us. So the record of the year closes with thanksgiving for mercies.

1860.—This year was very full of interest both as regarded church objects and the care of young Christians, and also important business arrange-

ments. With reference to the former I find a memorandum immediately following the week of united prayer.

“ January 15th. — Happy united Communion, thankful that this proposition of mine has been carried into effect.”

This refers to a service at the Baptist Chapel which he earnestly desired to promote, believing that it would be greatly to the glory of God if all the Christians in Tottenham could unite at the Lord's Table, and thus prove to the world their common hope and faith. The plan met with considerable acceptance, and was carried out for some years with more or less blessing.

The publication of “The Quinologia” occupied much time when not at business, and the 5th and 6th parts were completed.

On the 5th December our beloved brother Charles Fox fell asleep in Jesus after a very long and suffering illness, borne with true Christian patience. We were with our beloved relatives at the funeral, being the guests of our dear son and daughter, and felt it a great privilege to be present on this occasion.

1861.—This year was marked by several interesting family events—the marriage of our nephew R. L. Howard to our niece H. M. Fox in March, and on April 3d of our beloved son John Eliot to Louisa Waterhouse. In November Joseph and Ellen's first

son, A. G. H., was born, and in our own home family we had much happiness and blessing. My beloved husband's time was divided between his care and service for the little body of Christians with whom he was associated, and to whom he seldom failed to speak the word of life every Lord's Day, and business arrangements, specially about the slate quarry, and his important work on the cinchonas.

On the 15th December the nation was plunged into sorrow by the unlooked-for death of Prince Albert, and the closing memorandum of the year speaks of the fear of war.

“This year closed in dark uncertainty as to peace or war, but with unnumbered mercies and causes of thankful rejoicing as to my dear family. ‘In everything by prayer and supplication with *thanksgiving*,’ may our requests be made known unto God.”

1862.—Looking through the records of this year there does not seem very much to chronicle. The days and weeks passed in constant occupation. The care of the company of Christians over which he watched occupied him much; and he had in this year the joy of baptizing our two youngest daughters, as he mentions in the closing memorandum of the year. Our dear son John Eliot was increasingly ill, and the object of much tender solicitude to his father. John and Louisa's first child, a son, was born on the 12th

February, and this event was a fresh family interest to us all.

The study of the barks was continued, and several papers written. In February of this year a fine plant of *C. Officinalis v. Uritusinga* was presented to the Government, and by them sent out to India. (See appendix for a further account of this.) The summing up of the year is—"Threatening clouds have been dispelled, and much mercy shown me in this year. My two remaining daughters brought into the fold of Christ in answer to many prayers. My son John is away, an invalid at Hastings, and altogether much anxiety and some sorrow* has marked my path. 'My eyes are unto the Lord, from Him cometh my salvation.'" "

1863.—The illness and death of dear little Nellie (Eleanor Fox) was a sad trial to our dear son and daughter, and threw a shade over our otherwise very pleasant visit to Wales.

The engagement, and subsequently the happy marriage, of dear Mary Elizabeth in December to E. R. Lloyd, threw a bright gleam of sunshine over the latter part of the year. Your father's concluding remarks are as follows:—

"Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of the year, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!"

* The death of a dear friend, Richard Ball, occurred this year.

1864.—On the 26th March our father, Luke Howard, entered into rest at the advanced age of ninety-two. He died at the house of our brother, Robert Howard, by whom, and by his dear wife, he had been most tenderly cared for during the latter years of his life. The funeral was at the Friends' burying-ground at Winchmore Hill, where many of your father's family are buried. In the autumn we spent some time at Ackworth, and before leaving arranged for the letting of the villa, where we and our family had spent so many happy days. It cost your father much time and thought, but was finally settled to his satisfaction.

On the 16th of August he arranged a visit from the converts from South London, the fruits of Mr. Wm. Carter's labours. They came down in twenty-five vans, and we provided a meat-tea in the fields, after which a very interesting meeting was held. "The meeting was a sweet anticipation of the gathering from east, west, north, and south, to sit down at the heavenly feast." He intensely enjoyed this evening. I seldom remember an occasion which gave him more unmixed pleasure.

In September we returned home from Ackworth, and I copy the memorandum made on the 21st.

"This evening at a tea-meeting, to which my dear brother and self were invited by the Brethren at Brook Street, we were presented by the Church

with handsome clocks and ornaments—a very sweet testimonial of their love, and most precious to my soul, as that showing the fruit of much toil bestowed in the name of Jesus has not been in vain.”

In December the course of lectures on “Scripture and Science” was commenced, which met with great acceptance, and we had reason to believe were useful to many.

Memorandum, December 31st.—“Had a sweet evening with Zachary, Eleanor, and Alice. Music closed this year, full of eventful memories—some pleasing, some painful. The illness of my beloved wife, from which she seems entirely recovered; the death of my dear father; the winding up of matters at Ackworth; and later, the bright prospects opening for our dear ones. May our God give us all thankful and trustful hearts. Amen.”

1865.—The year begins on Lord’s Day, and your father gave us the word for its commencement, Acts xi. 23.

In January the lectures on “Scripture and Science” occupied much time. They were delivered through this and the succeeding months.

In February we had a sweet instance of the Lord’s hearing and answering prayer. The poor Spitalfield silk-weavers were in need of the sum of £7, 6s. 3d., and pleaded the matter at their early prayer-meeting. On

that morning a collection was made for them at our meeting, and the sum of £7, 7s. 2d. was sent to them, being elevenpence over the amount needed. The Lord "gives good measure pressed down and running over."

The year was occupied with many business and family affairs. We spent some pleasant weeks at Tunbridge Wells, to be near our beloved John and Louisa, who were residing there. During this time a dear little girl was given to them, to their great joy; but she proved a delicate treasure, and they had the sorrow of parting with her in the course of a few months. Towards the end of the year our dear Mariabella was engaged to Howard Lloyd, so another of our beloved daughters was to have a home of her own. We had much joy and comfort in all these connections, and did not grudge them their happiness; indeed, their dear father so truly rejoiced for them, that he was willing to give them up, though he greatly felt their loss, and was always ready with a most loving, hearty welcome whenever they returned to us.

I copy the concluding paragraph of this year:—

"The events of this year have been full of interest, and as I trust full of germs of blessings and promise to my beloved family, opening out a prospect of continued lessening of our domestic circle, and enlarging of more distant interests; and as life elapses, I hope

the prospect of the heavenly rest will become more and more full of consolation. The publication of my lectures on 'Scripture and Science' affords me much food for profitable thought, and I trust the offering will be accepted by my Lord, at whose feet I venture to lay it as a sincere though unworthy tribute to His glory. To Him be all the praise for mercies of the year. Amen."

1866.—On January 28 our dear John and Louisa's little girl's short life ended; they were with us at the time. This was the first death that had taken place in our house, and we all deeply shared the parents' sorrow. Our dear son was very ill, and as soon as possible they returned to their home at Tunbridge Wells.

The marriage of our dear Zachary and Eleanor took place on the 12th April, and on the 1st May we went down to Tunbridge Wells, having taken a house in Hungershall Park. We spent May and June there, and had much sweet family intercourse, having pleasant visits from several of our children.

In the autumn our son Dillworth went to Norway, and in July, Alice went with us to Wellington. In returning from thence we paid a visit to our dear Eleanor in her new home at Church Hill; this was very interesting to us, Wednesbury being likely to be also the home of dear Alice, who was now engaged to F. H. Lloyd. In November we were again at Tun-

bridge Wells, our dear John's health causing us great anxiety; his fourth child was born on the 25th November. Soon after this we returned home, but only for a short season, as we were recalled before the year closed, and on the 28th December our beloved son entered into rest. His end was peace, for he knew in whom he had believed. He was to us both a very dear and pleasant son, especially so to his father, who enjoyed his ability to enter with him into both his religious and scientific interests.

The funeral was at Rusthall Church on the 4th January 1867. So the new year was entered upon with, to us, very new feelings, for this was the first break in our family. And though it was a season of affliction, it was also of thanksgiving for the Lord's great goodness and mercy to us.

This year your father was much occupied with the study of East Indian barks. He wrote several papers, and did much gratuitous work for the Government; also prepared specimens for the Paris exhibition—which are now at Stratford—to which he went, accompanied by Henry, in April, and spent ten days of great interest. During all this busy part of my dear husband's life there is scarcely a week when he did not devote three of his evenings specially to the work of the Lord, seeking to help and instruct the Christians with whom he was associated; and since his death many touching testimonies show how the

Lord blessed and accepted the service which it was his greatest joy and privilege to render.

On August 22d our two dear daughters, Mariabella and Alice, were married ; it was a day to be much remembered by us all. My beloved husband was very happy in his sons-in-law, and his heart was full of thanksgiving to the Lord for His great mercies. We have indeed cause for unbounded thankfulness for the very happy marriages of our dear children.

Towards the close of this year we had two very special causes of thanksgiving. On the 2d September Zachary and Eleanor had a bad carriage accident, but were mercifully preserved, though they sustained considerable injury ; and on the 20th of the same month Howard and Mariabella were in a bad railway accident near Bâle,—whilst many suffered they were unhurt, so good and gracious is our God ; may we never distrust His love and care. The closing memorandum of the year follows :—

December 31st.—“ Came down to Church Hill, thankful to meet my dear wife in peace, and dear Z. and E. also, after so eventful a year.

“ Agneau de Dieu ! par tes langueurs,
 Tu pris sur toi notre misère,
 Et tu nous fis, pour Dieu ton Père
 Et rois et sacrificateurs !
Ensemble, aussi, nous te rendons
 Honneur, gloire, magnificence,

Force, pouvoir, obéissance ;
Et dans nos cœurs nous t'adorons !
Amen ! Amen ! Seigneur, Amen !'

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.'

1868 opened upon my dear husband with anxiety. His first memorandum for the year is a prayer for help—"Lord look Thou upon all my cares, and deliver me from all my distress." Your father's sensitive affectionate heart too deeply entered into all the joys and sorrows and the cares of his children, and in consequence he often suffered much, but we ever proved the loving-kindness of the Lord, and in the present instance he records how his prayer was heard and answered when our dear Eleanor's first child was born and both mother and baby went on well. Several other grandchildren were added this year to our family, and we had again and again to praise the Lord for special mercies.

On the 3rd November your father's intimate friend, Mr. Beverley, died ; it was a real sorrow and a great loss to him, and he long missed the pleasant intercourse by letter and otherwise.

Henry was settled at Coombes Wood in the autumn of this year. The arrangements connected with this occupied his father a good deal.

On the 11th December a happy peaceful birthday is noticed, made rich in comfort by the love and

letters of his children and grandchildren. So the year drew to a close. Many short journeys to and from Birmingham and Wednesbury had been taken, also into Wales. We had had much pleasant intercourse with our children, though not without anxiety on the score of health,—also your dear father had diligently used the gift given him for the edification of others, scarcely a Sunday occurring throughout the year without the mention of the subject which had occupied his thoughts, and on which he had spoken.

He closes his diary with Addison's lines :—

“ When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.”

1869.—In May your father went on to the Continent with Henry. They were only absent about ten days, during which time I was at Church Hill, where there was serious illness in the nursery ; it was a time of much anxiety to the dear parents, but their child was spared to them.

In the early autumn we enjoyed together a visit to Helme Lodge, and to our relatives in the north, and spent a few very pleasant days at the lakes, always a great treat to us. Later on we were in Devonshire, and whilst at Torquay visited Kent's Cavern, in the study of which he afterwards took great interest.

In September our beloved brother Robert Howard's health began to fail. This was a great sorrow to us. We were so closely united to him and to our dear sister that we could not but deeply sympathise with them.

On the 15th December our aunt, Elizabeth Howard, was taken from us at the advanced age of ninety.

A visit to Henry closed the year, and we had to give thanks for all the Lord's great goodness to us and ours.

1870.—Interesting family events mark this year—the marriage of our youngest son in September to Alice Gertrude Thomson, to our great satisfaction, and the addition to our circle of three grandsons.

A very pleasant journey to Switzerland—which was greatly enjoyed—with Henry early in the year, and a happy time at Brighton late in the year with some of our children, were amongst the events that gave varied interest to our busy life. Writing on the cinchonæ—working at analyses for the Government—care and interest in the slate quarry business—occupied him from day to day, but from all these the Lord's Day was a day of rest, and he found a constant blessing in devoting it to the study of God's Word and ministering to others. He was much occupied in the study of the Epistle to the Hebrews, on which the following year he published a small volume, which has been much valued.

1871.—The early months of this year were occupied with interests similar to those which engaged your father's attention during the preceding years. We spent May and part of June at Tunbridge Wells, and whilst there our beloved brother Robert Howard, whose health had been declining, died at Ashmore on June the 2d. We returned home for the funeral, which took place at Abney Park on June 8th. The death of this beloved brother was much felt by us. It left your dear father the last survivor of his family, and in many ways it touched him closely—especially in the loss of the sweet and endearing religious fellowship in which these two dear brothers had so happily walked together for about thirty years.

In July we went to Buxton and spent some pleasant weeks there, our niece R. M. Cowherd being with us. My health was much benefited, and we returned home by way of Wood Green, where we were joined by Dillworth on his return from the Continent. We also paid very happy visits to our dear children at Areley and Coombes Wood, and returned with very thankful hearts on the 9th September.

A lecture to the Pharmaceutical Society occupied some time for preparation, and was delivered on the 1st November. In this month a new house was built for the cinchona plants, in which they were placed on the 9th, and were a great interest to

your father, who had thus the opportunity of careful study of this family of plants, about which he was so much occupied.

We spent the Christmas at Birmingham with our beloved children, so ended the year. The last day was Sunday. I copy a memorandum:—"Thankful for a year of mercies, and hopeful that the new year may find me cleaving unto Jesus with renewed purpose of heart. 'He restoreth my soul.'"

1872.—In the first months of this year three grandsons were added to our family.

In April my husband was at Coombes Wood, when our dear daughter and her baby had a merciful preservation. In a severe thunderstorm the house was struck by the lightning, but through the Lord's mercy they escaped without injury.

This year your father joined the "Victoria Institute." He took a deep and prayerful interest in this effort to stem the tide of infidelity, and sought to show that Science and Scripture were not at variance. He wrote a paper almost each year to the end of his life; these were much appreciated, and are a very valuable legacy to his children.*

He spared no pains or labour to make these papers accurate and complete, and they bear the marks of much patient diligent research.

In June we went to Wood Green, and from thence

* See list of papers in Appendix.

to Westmoreland, where we had a very happy time with our brothers and sisters, returning home on the 16th July.

In the autumn we paid a visit to our beloved ones at Court, and enjoyed also the society of my dear sisters.

On the 2d December I find my husband at the Victoria Institute, on the 3d at the Society of Biblical Archæology, and on the 5th at a meeting of the Linnean Society. So the year passed away, full of mercies; trials and anxieties there were, for these are inseparable from our state here, but we had a full cup of blessing, and could indeed give "thanks that we were brought to the close of the year in peace."

1873.—This year seems to have been fully occupied with various religious, scientific, social, and family interests, mentioned day by day in the Diary. Much writing occupied the time at home—a paper for the Victoria Institute, and papers for the Pharmæceutical Society on the subjects connected with the cultivation and study of the cinchonæ. Mention is made of intercourse with various scientific men—amongst them Dr. Flückiger and Dr. Weddell are specially noticed. A slight summary by your dear father may suffice.

"At the close of this year I have to record my

deep sense of the goodness and mercy and forbearing love of God.

“How graciously has the Lord helped me in service, covered all my defects, restored my soul, and led me in the paths of righteousness for His name’s sake. Four grandchildren have been given, and none taken away. May the Spirit be poured upon all who belong to me, and may all live to His praise, and finally be gathered into His glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord, and for His sake. Amen.”

“December 31st, 1873.”

1874.—We began this year at home, and had some quiet evenings, much enjoying reading together part of “Prideaux’s Connection,” into which your father entered with interest, though not new to him. These evenings were especially precious to us both, and are amongst my very sweet remembrances. We got through a good deal of reading; and I so greatly enjoyed sharing the works with him, and having the advantage of his acute and discriminating mind.

On the 4th June he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. From “The Chemist and Druggist” I copy the following memorandum:—

“F.R.S.—John Eliot Howard and Henry Bowman Brady are on the list of selected candidates to be enrolled as members of this honourable fellowship. Heartily we congratulate them on the well-merited distinc-

tion ; more on this account do we congratulate the Pharmaceutical Society which they both adorn. Mr. Brady is distinguished beyond his immediate sphere for his researches in natural science, the published results of which are not the less remarkable for the delicate beauty of the illustrations traced by his own pencil. The name of Mr. Howard is inseparably connected with his life-long investigations respecting the identification and the chemistry of the cinchonas."

In August we paid a very pleasant visit to our relations in Westmoreland. We also had a little journey to the Lake district in company with our dear Mariabella, which we much enjoyed, returning home by Coombes Wood and Wood Green, where we visited our dear children.

The end of the year found us with our children at Cannon Hill and Spark Hill, where we had much happiness with our beloved families.

1875.—The first fortnight was spent with our children. We returned home from Areley on the 16th January. We were again with them in March and April.

In June we had a visit from our brother and sister Cowherd, when our brother was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society. Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding their meetings in London, and we had the privilege of sharing in these. The meetings, for men only, specially interested my dear husband.

On the 3d July our brother-in-law, John Hodgkin, died at Bournemouth, after a long illness. He was buried at Winchmore Hill on the 8th, on which occasion a large family party assembled at Bruce Grove.

On the 10th July we went down to Wellington. From thence to Weston, where we had a very pleasant short time with our dear Sarah Maria. Afterwards to Llandudno, where we spent some time, having some of our dear ones with us.

On the 9th September your father writes:—
“Happy day with my dear wife, remembering mercies received in forty-five years of married life.”

Our daughters S. M. and M. E. were with us this autumn, and we had much quiet domestic happiness. The loss of several friends by death was much felt by us, but though there were many anxieties and cares connected with service in the Church of God, and also with the care of our family, yet the Lord gave us much peace and joy, and crowned our path with blessings.

1876.—Our first journey this year was to Wellington to attend the funeral of our dear brother-in-law, Henry Fox. At the time our sister was very ill and confined to her bed, but she was restored to a measure of health, so that we had the privilege of her company amongst us for some years.

This year I find my husband much occupied in the

completion of his work on the "Quinology of the East Indian Plantations," begun in 1869, but completed this year, and published on the 10th August.

In May we went to Helme Lodge. Our brothers William and George Crewdson were both at this time very ill, and a few days after our arrival our brother George fell asleep (at the Wood). The funeral was on the 15th inst., which we had the privilege of attending.

We remained at Helme Lodge until the 20th May, and then took leave of our dear brother William, uncertain whether we should meet again in this life, but this privilege was granted to us.

Our beloved friend and cousin Mary Stacey was taken to her rest during our absence from home, and very greatly we missed her.

In July we were at Barmouth with Frank and Alice, and a little later Howard and Bella joined us. We had a very pleasant, happy time, and after spending two nights with our kind friends at Pen-y-bryn, returned home by way of Stone. August was spent at Buxton, where we met pleasant friends, and were benefited in health. Several sketches taken by your father here and at Barmouth are valuable memorials of this summer.

In October our dear Alice was suddenly taken ill. We had a very anxious time, going down immediately on hearing of the attack.

Your father shared deeply this anxiety from November 1st to 4th. He writes, "All these days and nights passed in great anxiety, leaving but little record on the mind, except prayers and answers, day by day." The Lord heard prayer, and on the 16th he returned home much cheered as to our beloved child. I remained until the 9th December, when we had the great comfort of leaving our daughter much recovered. "Left our dear Alice to the loving care of our God."

On the 30th December, I find this entry—"Finished up my work at Stratford, thankful to be liberated, I trust, for the Lord's service."

1877.—Your father was occupied in preparing and giving some lectures to the young men at Harley House, in whose welfare, and preparation for the work of the Lord, in which they hoped to engage, he took great interest—this, and the meetings of the Victoria Institute, are noted in his Diary.

In April a journey to Holland in company with Henry and his wife, and sister, afforded much interest. The occasion of the journey was the "Congrès International Botanique" at Amsterdam, and as he was one of the "Jury Cinchonologique," his time and attention were occupied in a way very interesting to him. He met here several scientific friends, amongst them Dr. Weddell,* whom I believe he saw at

* Dr. Weddell died in July of this year.

Amsterdam for the last time. His letters give many interesting details of this journey. He returned home a good deal fatigued and far from well, but soon recovered his usual health and energy, and enjoyed the visits of our children and grandchildren; taking, as usual, his place of service at Brook Street, both on the Sunday and the week evenings.

A paper for the Victoria Institute was in hand at this time, the annual "Address," with which, as indeed with all his writings, he took great pains, sparing no labour to make them as perfect as possible, and most patiently bearing criticism and suggested alterations.

July we spent at Weymouth, called there by the death of Frank and Alice's little boy. Your father could not be absent from them in their sorrow, and his deep sympathy and loving care were very helpful to them.

We had a pleasant family gathering at Weymouth, Howard and Mariabella, Zachary and Eleanor having lodgings; the house which we had with Frank and Alice being near, we were much together, and our dear Alice was much benefited by our lengthened stay there.

In August and September we paid visits to Helme Lodge, and saw our other relatives in Westmoreland, returning to Spark Hill, and seeing each of our daughters in their homes, and also paying a visit at

Stone. He greatly enjoyed these visits; to see his children happy in their own homes was such a joy to him, and for this he did truly thank the Lord.

From this time we were at home, occupied with various interests, writing for the Victoria Institute, preparing specimens of bark, intercourse with gentlemen connected with the cultivation of cinchonæ, &c.

On December 11th, I find an entry, "Cheered this day by letters from my dear children, and thankful to God for all His mercies.

" 'Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.' "

1878.—We spent January of this year with our children, chiefly at Birmingham, returning home to the usual round of duties and service. In April your father had a severe attack of illness, which lasted three or four weeks. During most part of this time one or other of our daughters was with us. It was a sweet happy season; and when your father recovered there was a good deal to interest him in his own line of research. Robert Cross, the bark collector, was in England, and had several interviews with your father, who entered warmly into the examination and care of the plants brought from South America by Cross, and intended for the Government plantations in India. He was a good deal occupied at home; we had many

pleasant drives together, and many quiet evening readings, which we much enjoyed.

In May we went to Torquay to join our son and daughter from Court, also Frank and Alice. Your father was not strong; the complaint from which he suffered hung about him, and he needed much care. In August he was again quite laid aside; we were at Spark Hill, where he had good medical advice and loving care. All the autumn your father had repeated attacks of jaundice. We were paying visits to our children, and no pains were spared to add to his comfort. His patient cheerfulness and his happy trust in God were very striking.

On the 6th November we went from Stone to Wood Green. He was ill when we left Stone, and this was the commencement of a very severe attack, which detained us about a month. We left Wood Green at the end of November, and stayed a day or two at Cannon Hill to rest, reaching home on the 4th December.

On the 11th (his birthday) he writes:—" 'Certainly I will be with thee,' is a promise that cheered me on the morning of this, my 71st birthday. I do believe the Lord has been with me thus far on my journey. May its end be bright and happy, and an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom."

On the last day of the year there is the following entry:—"Very happy evening with our dear Joseph

and Ellen and their family dining with us. The year closed amid special mercies, my dear wife and I reciting together the 103rd Psalm."

1879.—Early in January I had an attack of illness, which as usual drew forth all the tender anxiety and love of your father's heart. He writes on the 20th—"Think thou upon me, O my God, for my soul is cast down within me, my beloved wife so weak, and my heart so burdened. Why art thou cast down, my soul? Hope thou in God."

On the 30th he writes—"This day I record the Lord's mercies with a thankful heart. 'I called upon the Lord in distress, and the Lord heard me.' The doctors report that my dear wife is almost entirely relieved from the congestion of the lungs and very nicely. Bless the Lord."

Since our visit to Torquay last year the subject of the caves of Devon, &c., had occupied much of your father's attention. On the 3d of February he read a paper on the subject, which was well received, and excited a good deal of attention and interest.

This year the second edition of "The Shepherd of Israel" was published, and the passing this through the press was a work of some labour, but one which was of great interest.

The early months of the year were much occupied with the care of those over whom he watched with a pastor's heart; and with writing for the Victoria

Institute, desiring to bring the truths of Scripture forward in opposition to the unsound views of the day, especially connected with science; also carrying on his investigations in quinology, and writing papers on various points as they were brought to light.

In May we went to Llandudno where, in the company of our children, we spent some pleasant weeks. We were at the Hydropathic Establishment, and here he found some service for the Lord. He was asked to conduct the morning readings in the drawing-room, to which he gladly assented, and we had also some pleasant and profitable Scripture readings in our own room.

The remaining months of the year were spent in quiet work, and in intercourse with our dear family, here and at their own homes.

1880.—The early part of this year was spent at home, occupied as usual: we had visits from several of our children and grandchildren. Sundays found your father seeking to minister the Word of Life. Mondays either at the prayer-meeting or at the Victoria Institute; whilst the prosecution of studies relative to the cinchonæ family, and writing papers for different scientific periodicals, filled up much of his time.

In May we went to Birmingham; from thence, at the end of the month, to Helme Lodge, spending two or three weeks with our relatives, and returning

home about the 19th June. We had visits from our children till the end of July, when we went to Buxton, and spent three weeks very pleasantly, meeting friends, and having our dear Sarah Maria and her eldest daughter with us. We were both benefited by the change, and returned home with thankful hearts.

The 9th September was the anniversary of our marriage, our golden wedding-day. It was indeed a memorable day. We went down to Weston-super-mare, where we had engaged rooms in the hotel, and there had the joy of meeting our children and grandchildren. All our children except Z. and E. Lloyd were with us, and some grandchildren from each family; we were a large party, and our hearts were indeed filled with praise and thanksgiving. In the evening some sweet verses composed by my dear husband were read, and we had a short service, the subject chosen being Ephesians v.; then united prayer closed this very happy day. Your dear father and I remained at Weston until the following week, when we went to Tonedale, as there was illness at Court. Our beloved sister Mrs. Henry Fox was very feeble, but we had several opportunities of being with her, and a sweet service in remembering together our Lord's death before we parted, and returned home at the end of the week. We were at home for some time, and then went to Birmingham,

where, with our beloved children, we spent the last portion of this year, so full of mercies to us and to our family.

1881.—The beginning of this year does not present many incidents; we were at home till March, your father fully occupied with writing and various interests.

On the 18th March we went down to Wellington, and spent a happy fortnight with our children at Court. Then we were for some weeks at home, but on 2d June we went down to Areley, and afterwards to Stone.

We came home to the Mildmay meetings, and saw some dear friends, though we did not attend many meetings. In July we went down to Llandudno, where again with dear ones around us we had a time for which to be very thankful. In August we went to Buxton, our dear Sarah Maria and Anna being with us. It was a very wet season, but we were very happy in this quiet retreat, and your father found abundant occupation in reading and writing, and not a few opportunities of service for his Lord, which he was ever ready and thankful to embrace.

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of the year except the addition of several grandchildren, bringing up the number to forty-five. On the whole this was a quiet year; your dear father and I

were much together, often driving out in the morning, making calls, &c., and in the evenings when he was at home, reading aloud—cheered by frequent visits from our dear ones, whom he always rejoiced to have with us.

1882.—The early months of the year were passed at home, but in May we went to Llandudno, taking with us our grandson Ernest, who, a few weeks before, had had a bad fracture of his left arm. His parents were with us at the time, but hastened home, and they fully experienced your father's loving, tender sympathy in this trial. Sarah Maria was with us at the Establishment, and others of our dear ones in lodgings near us. So we had again a very enjoyable time.

On the 25th July, in her 81st year, our dear sister Rachel (Mrs. Henry Fox) entered into rest. We did not go down to the funeral.

During this summer there had been much blessing in the preaching of the Gospel, chiefly during our absence; but we returned to share the joy and help to gather in the sheaves. Thirty converts were added to us at Brook Street, and your father's heart was made glad and thankful for the Lord's goodness.

This addition to our numbers made us seriously feel the need of a larger place for meeting, and led to the purchase of the remainder of the lease of the

Lecture Hall. This gave him a good deal of occupation, as he undertook all the arrangements, and it was with great joy of heart that he invited the Brethren and Sisters to tea on the 6th of October, in the remodelled room; and on the following Sunday, the 8th, he writes—"We met the first time with thankful hearts at the new room; spoke in morning on Luke xix; evening Acts iii." To how many prayers for blessing this seemed an answer is known only to the Lord.

1883.—This year opened upon us at home. On the 5th January a missionary friend from Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, arrived, and was a good deal with us through the early weeks of the year. We went down to Birmingham on the 23d. Our daughters had kindly proposed this visit, that we might be with them during Mr. Moody's visit to Birmingham. It was a great gratification and interest to your father to attend many meetings, and he felt great unity and deep interest in the work. On the second Sunday in February he was at the men's early morning Bible-class, carried on by our son and daughter, E. R. Lloyd. He much enjoyed this class, and seldom missed an opportunity of being present; his visits were much appreciated, and the instruction given was greatly valued. We returned home on the 21st February. Our son Howard Lloyd was at this time much out of health, and

your father's heart was much exercised in prayer for him; he thankfully notes the answers to these prayers.

On the 5th of March he read a paper "On certain Definitions of Matter." This was the last he wrote for the Victoria Institute.

I may here add my testimony that these papers, thirteen in all, were written with much prayer, and with earnest desire to bring forward the truth according to the Scriptures, and to stem the tide of unsound scientific views, which were a grief to his heart. Our grand-daughter, M. H. F., was with us this spring, and we had many home pleasures—intercourse with our children—attendance at the meetings where your father usually ministered the Word, both on Sundays and at the two services in the week—the anniversary of the Tottenham auxiliary of the London City Mission, when a number of friends dined with us, an occasion which was always a great pleasure and interest to him. He delighted to bring together, *as Christians*, those who were somewhat separated by different lines of thought, and thus to show that our *oneness* is in Christ.

In April writing a paper for the Linnean Society occupied some time—this was read on the 3d inst., and illustrated by plants from his houses. In May E. R. and M. E. were with us. Writing for the Pharmaceutical Society was occupying his attention,

but he found time for the enjoyment of social intercourse. We had some pleasant drives, and happy evenings. In his most tender way he was thinking of and caring for me, as I was not well at this time.

By the middle of June I was so much recovered as to be able to accompany our dear Sarah Maria back to her home; here we stayed till the 10th July. It was a time of much enjoyment to us both, especially so in the pleasure he had in the company of our elder grandchildren, with whom he had much happy intercourse, and which has left very pleasant memories for them. He so loved to share their thoughts, to try to clear away their difficulties; and whilst making nature and science interesting to them, to lead them on in those deeper truths of Divine Revelation which were so precious to his own soul.

From Court we went to Areley, where we spent a fortnight—then a few days at Stone House, and thence to Spark Hill. Mariabella and Alice were within reach, and though we did not stay at their homes, we saw them, thus being less or more with all our beloved ones. We little thought it was their beloved father's last visit. He was particularly well, bright and happy—able to enjoy, and take interest in all. Ah! it is in much love that the future is hidden from us.

August was spent at home; various scientific

papers, &c., occupied time, but we had many very pleasant drives together, your father setting himself at liberty to take me out. Early in September he took me to Buxton; dear M. E. and one of her little girls were with us there, and the time passed pleasantly. Mr. Haslam was holding a mission, and he was interested in attending the meetings.

We returned home at the end of the month to make arrangements and take leave of our dear sons for their journey in Brittany, and also to be in readiness for the 3d October, on which day he received from the president of the Pharmaceutical Society, Mr. Carteighe, the Hanbury gold medal. It was a great gratification to him to have this mark of appreciation from his fellow-men; but he frequently said to me how earnestly he desired that he might be able on this occasion to speak to the glory of God, and to show that whilst he highly valued science he far more valued the truths of the Bible, always maintaining that these two when understood were not in opposition to each other. His desire was granted, and on this, the last public occasion in which he took part, he bore witness to the truth he so loved and valued. His diary contains a very short but significant notice of the evening:—"Pharmaceutical Society—Received the Hanbury Medal from the hands of the president, Mr. Carteighe. *Laus et gloria Deo soli!*"

On the 11th of the month he went to Ackworth. I was anxious he should have stayed two nights, as I thought the hasty journey too much for him, but I could not persuade him; he would not leave me longer than he could possibly help.

On the 7th November Frank and Alice arrived. We had arranged to spend a few days with them at Brighton, and went down on the 12th inst. We remained to the 17th, having pleasant weather, and all much enjoyed the change, the fine drives on the Downs, &c.

Our dear children parted from us at London Bridge; we returned home. On Sunday your dear father was quite well, and he enjoyed the day, speaking in the morning on 1 Thess. v. 9, 10, and in the evening on Genesis ii. This is the last entry in his diary.

On Monday he went to town, but in the evening appeared to have a cold, and at my persuasion he gave up the prayer-meeting. Tuesday he was not well, and about the middle of the day was in so much pain that we sent for our medical attendant. He was downstairs on Wednesday, but poorly, and worse towards evening. In the night a shivering fit came on, and we sent early in the morning for Dr. May, who was quickly with us, and immediately telegraphed for our nephew, Dr. Wilson Fox—he came to us at once; his uncle knew him and was much pleased to

see him, but so far as we know he had no consciousness that he was so soon to be with his Lord. My two dear sons, Dillworth and Joseph, and dear Ellen were with me, and about 12.30, without apparently any pain or struggle, he most peacefully fell asleep —“ So shall we ever be with the Lord.” Amen.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS, ETC.



To M. H.

GLASGOW, *9mo.*, 6th, 1834.

I am safely seated, not as I expected when I left Helme Lodge, in Alexander Cruikshank's parlour, but in the travellers' room of the "Black Bull," one of the best inns in this thriving, bustling, dirty place. My journey thus far, through the kind care of a gracious Providence, has proved very prosperous and pleasant. I parted from my dear father and Dr. Hodgkin, finding it was necessary to take different routes from Carlisle in order to reach our place of destination at the time we desired. In one point of view I do not at all regret this, as it has given me the opportunity of seeing Dr. Wardlaw, a pleasure which otherwise might not have fallen to my share.

But I must begin with a more systematic account of my two days, or I shall scarcely satisfy thy wishes to hear how we have fared. Our ride over Shapfells was enlivened and rendered very pleasant by the company of the doctor, whose fund of information is really very interesting. At Carlisle we were the

guests of George Head (at Rickerby), where we spent the day, and were introduced to his wife, who is much of an invalid. The conversation was animated and interesting; the state of society in our own body and the religious world at large, baptism, the Supper, the evangelical party in the Church, Erskine, &c., forming some of the topics. G. H. says he has been much interested in the latter, though he thinks him quite deluded. I was much pleased with my father's views on almost all points which were touched on, characterised by liberality and charity even towards the Churchmen, and also with our host; I took but little part. We left about eight o'clock, and returned to Carlisle. Dr. H. paid three visits, after which we retired to rest till 4 a.m.; at five o'clock we parted, my father and the doctor having been very fortunate in obtaining places to Edinburgh.

I was obliged to shift for myself, and was fortunate in getting a place in the mail hither, where I arrived at two o'clock, after a pleasant journey in company with two savants—I suppose bound to the Edinburgh meeting.

The new line of roads is one of the most dreary imaginable till we reach Hamilton, and nothing to be got to eat but oat bread and whisky. The history of the Moravians occupied me agreeably. I am amused to see that Scotland is so like my recollections, unchanged so far in any feature—I wish it was more

so in the temperance line ; but it is 'encouraging to see that of all the many gentlemen I have met to-day, I have not noticed one taking whisky, except two fine young men, who have just been having a talk here over the toddy-glass.

After dinner I sallied out, and wishing to form my plans for to-morrow, mustered all the brass in my composition, and called on Dr. Wardlaw to be sure he was at home, or I would not stay here. He received me very kindly, and expressed great pleasure in the recollection of his visit to Kendal. I was shown into his study, where he was preparing his sermon, and it was a real pleasure to have a glimpse of this excellent man, though at the expense of calling without an introduction. . . .

It is not what I should choose to spend to-morrow at an inn, but quite hope to be very comfortable ; and with my Testament, a sermon of Judson's (the Burmese missionary), which is published here, the mission in Greenland, and perhaps attending worship three times, as Dr. Wardlaw preaches afternoon and evening, I hope to pass the day not altogether without profit, if the fault be not in myself.

I have been contrasting my feelings and situation with those with which I visited this city six or seven years ago ; not, I should hope, without some feeling of gratitude, for truly the causes for thankfulness on many accounts abound to me most un-

worthy. I need not say how much I long to be again in the "happy valley," though very well and comfortable here; but I find much more reason than when here last to agree with Dr. Johnson that "the best thing in Scotland was the road out of it." I do not feel as though the society I am going into will be a very favourable atmosphere for improvement in any but intellectual respects, but external circumstances do not make, but only develop and make us feel what is wanting in our hearts.

To M. H.

EDINBURGH, 9mo., 9th, 1834.

I have much pleasure in stealing a few minutes thus to converse with thee on this welcome anniversary of our happy union. Much indeed should I have enjoyed sharing it with thee, and reviewing the mercies which have marked the four years of married life we have been privileged to spend together. Ours has indeed been a happy lot; far more so than I could have ventured to anticipate. May we have increasingly thankful hearts to ascribe praise to our Redeemer and the God of our lives, and an increase of faith to trust Him in all respects and at all future periods.

My tarriance at Glasgow was productive of much interest, and I do not find that I missed anything

here at all to be put in competition with the satisfaction and pleasure I enjoyed in hearing Dr. Wardlaw. I went in the morning to his chapel, but Dr. W. did not preach. In the afternoon at two o'clock I again attended, and heard the doctor preach a sermon much more full of practical application and feeling than I expected. After strangers had withdrawn he administered the sacrament to his congregation. I went up into the gallery, and was interested in seeing the mode of administering the ordinance. It seemed a truly Christian and uniting season, so that I should doubt the soundness of the faith of those who would reject the ordinance *if thus administered*.

I returned to the inn, dined with the party of gentlemen, and attended the chapel again at six, when Dr. W. preached a very good sermon on falsehood and covetousness, taking as the base the story of Ananias and Sapphira.

At half-past ten I set off in the mail, and can give but little account of the journey here. I arrived about three, and by a considerable measure of what is called good fortune, got a bed at the inn. I came up to A. Cruikshank's to breakfast, found my father and the doctor well, and a large party at this hospitable table. . . .

Part of the day was spent in the School of Arts, a large, handsome Grecian building, which is appropriated to the British Association for the time of the

meeting. I saw Mons. Arago, a celebrated French savant, who with Oerster and John Dalton are the stars of the present meeting; but I am much disappointed in not finding Berzelius here, nor any foreign chemist of great eminence. M. Arago is chiefly distinguished in discoveries respecting light; he is rather a heavy, good-natured looking man—animated, however, in conversation.

In the evening, at eight, was the great meeting in the assembly-room, to which we set off, trudging through the rain, which continued yesterday and to-day. How to describe the scene I scarcely know; some call it an intellectual *rout*, others a *mob*, another Armageddon, &c. Imagine a vast saloon capable of holding more than a thousand persons, lighted by three immense chandeliers of brilliant cut glass, and filled with a motley assemblage of ladies dressed in the highest style of fashion, others more simply, others plain, and some—that is, Amelia Opie, Alice Horner, and our two companions—in plain Quaker costume; gentlemen of all classes and descriptions, lords, dignitaries of the Church, a member of the Order of St. Croix decorated with his insignia, &c.

The business of the evening was confined to Professor Sedgwick's making a long and brilliant speech on leaving the chair, and Sir Thomas Brisbane on taking it for this year—a short one. Professor Sedgwick made a capital speech on the advantages of such

an Association in promoting a good feeling between different countries, and tending to consolidate peace—a sentiment warmly applauded—and in the promotion of science, &c., alluding to the objections usually made to the cultivation of science as fostering intellectual pride, and cautioning the society against meddling with politics or religion. . . .

This morning, in the section of chemistry, I have had a great treat, and my thoughts filled with atoms, combinations, &c., in place of thoughts on our wedding-day.

Since the above was written I have been dining with two hundred and fifty gentlemen, thence to the evening lecture, both of which were rather tiresome to me. The drinking of healths I do not admire, and so consulted my own health by abstaining; we met with some interesting company.

To M. H.

EDINBURGH, 9mo., 13th, 1834.

I have spent a week here full of interesting recollections, and of real opportunity of acquiring increased knowledge of chemistry.

The gentleman with whom I breakfasted on 4th day is the English clergyman here. I soon found myself placed at ease by finding him an advocate,

though a moderate one, of the separation of Church and State. I met there Professor Powell of Oxford, Mr. Barclay (the Member of Parliament), Dr. Reid, W. Gregory, chemist, and one or two other gentlemen. The same day, I think, I made the acquaintance of a Dutch chemist, Van der Thoorm, and found myself able, by brushing up my French, to converse tolerably well with him. The evening meetings have been much more full of interest and excessively crowded, but since the first night I have been kindly allowed a place on the platform. Sixth day evening we were absent, and enjoying some lively company here. Nothing can exceed the kindness of our hostess and her family, and indeed in all directions we have met with the most liberal and hospitable treatment.

I have been able, much to my gratification, to meet with the most distinguished chemists here, and to examine their specimens, &c.

To-day we have had a finishing meeting, at which Lord Brougham did us the honour of being present, and making a very neat speech, which I was much pleased to hear. He said, in seconding a motion of thanks to M. Arago, that he considered these associations important, not only in a scientific, but in a national point of view; that the establishment of friendly relations of this kind between scientific men in different countries tended to render

more easy that which ought to be the one grand object of statesmen, the establishment and preservation of peace on earth and good-will among men. It had often been justly remarked that war is a game which, were nations wise, their ministers would not dare to play at, and that as men in growing older found that life was too short for personal quarrels, so as the world grew older and wiser he trusted that we should be able to throw away national animosities. These sentiments, I need hardly say, were loudly cheered.

So was also a neat and truly Christian speech of Dr. Abercrombie's last night. He was alluding to the idea that science made men infidels. This, he said, was not the case. Those whose intellects were of the highest order, might still, more than others, feel their own insignificance when compared with the Author of their existence, while infidelity is the offspring of *ignorance* joined to *presumption*. The absence of Dr. Chalmers from ill health has been a loss in regard to the dignity of Christian allusion.

We dined with Benjamin Horner on 4th day at the house of Mr. Nasmyth, and his lady requested us to write in her album, which occupied part of our time. Joseph Christy and I have been making a collection to circulate amongst the members of the association the report of the Parliamentary Committee on drunkenness.

I commenced this letter last night after returning

from a grand dinner at which Sir T. Brisbane, David Wilkie, and many other distinguished men were present, and was pleased to observe the degree of temperance which seemed to prevail. No one who left when we did (and a great number left before) could have drunk more than a small bottle of wine, and many had not taken much more than a glass, though perhaps twenty toasts were drunk, among the rest John Dalton and the Society of Friends.

I have two engagements on 2d day, morning—one to visit the laboratory of Drs. Gregory and Kemp, the former a very clever self-taught genius, who showed us most beautifully the condensation of gases into the liquid form; so I cannot say exactly the time I can reach you.

From J. E. HOWARD to R. BALL.

TOTTENHAM, *Nov. 3d*, 1835.

We had this summer in our neighbourhood a curious exemplification of the wisdom of our ancestors. In pulling down the old Bow Bridge, which was built about A.D. 1100, and removing the superincumbent stratum of gravel, &c., it was found that the old track consisted of ruts so deeply worn in the very crown of the arches, that the engineer who superintended the work assured me that by their calculations two inches more would have allowed the wheels

to come through. It is supposed that for 150 years no gravel was laid on the stones composing the arches. What a beautiful illustration of the safety of keeping to the old track ; I should like to commend it to the morning meeting. They seem much disposed to tread in the steps of the wise men of Essex, and keep to the old track, till that which supported them is worn through.

TO RICHARD BALL.

HELME LODGE, 19th, 3mo., 1836.

I have long been wishing to answer thy last kind letter, but have been engaged the last few days in completing a paper for my uncle, I. C., on the tendency of the doctrine of the Inward Light to Deism, as exemplified in the *various dissensions and secessions in the Society of Friends*. The substance of my inquiries I have comprised in two large sheets, which would prove, I think, to any candid mind, that the establishment of the Inward Light as the primary rule tends directly to Deism, by bringing the Scripture revelation to the test of *reason*. I mention this partly to show that I have not been quite idle in this noble cause, that of the evangelical reformation of our Society, to which, if we can contribute so far as the effectual enlightenment of but one individual, we

shall enjoy a reward far beyond the acquisition of any earthly treasure. Some other subjects have also claimed a considerable share of time and earnest consideration, especially the Temperance Society, to which I am in duty bound, as well as by inclination, to afford my best aid—and of the gigantic, though infant power of which I had no adequate conception till this visit to the manufacturing districts. The Total Abstinence societies are a mighty engine for good if wielded by Christians—for evil also I fear they will prove if injudiciously left to Unitarians and Owenites as their conductors.

The following paper was written on the same date as the above letter:—

“ What do we (Evangelical Friends) believe as to Immediate Revelation ? ”

We believe that, in His unspeakable mercy, God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give unto us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. This beautiful and comprehensive passage of Scripture, we think, points out that enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit which is experienced by every individual who is brought truly *to believe* on Jesus Christ (as He is revealed to us in the Scriptures) to the saving of the soul.

The Holy Spirit leads such believers safely along the track marked out in the written Word into the practice of holiness, into conformity to the will of God, and enables them to bring forth "the fruit of the Spirit in all goodness and righteousness and truth," keeping such from every delusion, as they continue in faith and prayer and the appointed use of the lively oracles of God, and assisting them to discern in what peculiar mode of service, according to His will revealed in Scripture, they may best serve Him.

We thus consider the salvation of the soul from first to last to be dependent on the *immediate operation* of the Holy Spirit on the soul of man, but this ought not to be called *immediate revelation*.

We do *not* believe that the Gospel is revealed by the Spirit in the heart of man independently of outward means of conveying the Scriptural message of reconciliation, and consequently cannot consider anyone resting on the only sure foundation laid in Zion, who is building on some supposed immediate revelations, rather than on the testimony of prophets and apostles. To the minds of these chosen instruments objects and ideas were presented which had never before been brought before the mind of man, in order that they might become the authorised instruments for conveying these to their fellow-creatures to the end of time. We do not believe that the guidance

to be expected in the present day is to be looked for in the way of such immediate revelations as were granted to apostles and prophets. It is not denied that God *could* impress new ideas on the minds of His children, or that He may not be pleased at times to do this as an act of special providence.

We therefore do *not* believe in Immediate Revelation (strictly so called) to ourselves as the foundation of faith.

TO RICHARD BALL.

STRATFORD, 27th July, 1836.

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And now, my dear friend, to come to the main purport of my letter. The subject which fills our thoughts is the step on which my dear wife and myself have resolved, and intend to put into execution, to-morrow (5th day) evening. Thou wilt I am sure give us thy prayers and fellow-feeling, in our receiving the rite of baptism, and I should like thee to be with us in spirit. It is not without much serious consideration and prayer that we have decided thus to confess our Saviour at this time, but strong conviction of the duty, and circumstances opening the way have decided us on this step. We are decided on immersion as the original mode, and as representing the believer resting on the death and resurrection of Christ, and dying to the rudiments of this world,

and rising again to newness of life. Our cousin, E. Wright, junr., joins us in it. We have great reason to be thankful for the mode in which our dear relatives have received the announcement of our purpose, and also for the peace and satisfaction of mind with which we are looking forward to the rite. We shall be baptized in public together with some of our neighbours, but we do not at all join the Baptist body by this act. What our subsequent path may be remains for future consideration. Many of those who have left Friends without joining the Church, and those who stand as we do, have strong desires to unite in simple communion, breaking the bread and drinking the wine as fellow-disciples in simple manner. Whether this will take place, I do not yet know. We are uniting in a Bible-class, in an evening in the week, and find it very refreshing and instructive. Do let me hear from thee soon, if thou hast time; but let me beg thee not to overwork the poor body so much as thou hast done the last year. We had a visit from our Overseers about non-attendance of some of our meetings. We told them our views pretty fully; they were exceedingly kind, apparently very desirous to keep us; unable to bring sound scriptural argument for Friends' disuse of Baptism and the Supper; but resting on the authority of our "church," and casting our burdens on it—a convenient mode truly of quieting one's conscience. Mary Knowles, in reply to a similar argument from

Dr. Johnson, asked "what sort of a figure a 'church' would make in the day of judgment?"

TOTTENHAM, *July 16th, 1836.*

MY BELOVED MOTHER,—We do feel really grateful to thee for thy truly kind and welcome letter, which we shall consider as a valuable possession, and are thankful that the intelligence of the state of our sentiments has called forth in thy mind such a glow of truly maternal and Christian feeling on our account.

I hope we shall be enabled to follow the advice thou hast given us; and believe, my beloved mother, thou mayest be assured we desire not to act in a hostile or harsh spirit, as I think we never have felt more love for our friends, even for those who differ very widely from us. We are placed in circumstances in which the kindness and the judicious and Christian counsel of our beloved relatives and dear friends are more than doubly welcome, since—though we are quite satisfied it is our duty to act in conformity with our convictions of duty—the difference in sentiment from many whom we love is and must be productive of some painful feelings. Truly should we lament the consequence were our views to lead us into the world; indeed I never was more fully sensible of the evil of many things from which members of the Society are exempt by a kind of prescriptive right, but I trust many circumstances concur with our own conviction

on the subject, in rendering such a result less likely. Many excellent members of the Society in this and other neighbourhoods are one with us in sentiment on these points, and I hope we shall not only keep that delightful bond of union which now subsists among us, but be blessed with an increase of that fellowship which is in many respects so useful to the Christian traveller. . . . We have commenced a weekly Bible-class with some of the Friends who unite with us in sentiment in this neighbourhood, and simple as is the association we think it will be very useful to us. I shall be sorry if we lose any part of the views of the Society which will bear the test of truth, as there is so much that is really excellent interwoven in the system. I deeply regret the manner in which some Friends who have left the Society have thrown themselves off from Friends, as I believe it not likely to be beneficial either to themselves or to those whom they have left, and I can sincerely say we have no such intention. Indeed there are no persons with whom one can more comfortably co-operate in charitable associations, or mix in ordinary intercourse; and as the Society undoubtedly contains very many bright examples of Christian excellence, it seems uncharitable to act thus. We feel that the visit which we have received from the Overseers places us in a different situation. I should at present prefer quietly resigning my connection with the body to being considered a disorderly member, or under dealing.

18th.—I feel, my beloved mother, that I cannot adequately express our thankfulness for the great kindness which thy letter evinces towards us. . . . With very dear love to my father, I remain, my dear mother—Thy much obliged and affectionate son,

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

TO RICHARD BALL.

TOTTENHAM, 19th, viii., 1836.

I am much obliged to thee for thy kind expression of interest in our baptism. It was indeed a memorable and, I would trust, a profitable time to us. It is a solemn act of professed consecration of ourselves to God, which cannot be forgotten, and must have an influence for good or evil on the character. So far we have great reason to be thankful that we have taken the step, and in all the perplexity which still remains, we yet have a peace which we would not surrender for any earthly good. We are quite at a loss what to do about the Lord's Supper and religious connection. The whole subject is beset with difficulties, because we are bound to consider the influence of our conduct on others, and our connection with the Society gives us an influence over many minds, which we ought not to destroy by, as thou says, doing anything contrary to, or omitting to do anything required by, God's Word. If we meet together, a few evangelical friends, to observe this

rite in simplicity, some would perhaps join us in it, who cling very much to the Society, and have no other opportunity of observing it. I *know* that Friends at Tottenham would not disown for the observance of these things, if persons still attend meeting regularly. As regards ourselves, I do not see that it has diminished our power to do good among Friends here, though it is certainly considered more completely giving up Quakerism than anything we could *say* against any fundamental principle of the Society. I am truly glad to say we are on very good terms with all parties, and only regret giving pain by our "dark views," unless that pain proves salutary to those who feel it. The condition of the Society is deeply interesting. I have no doubt many are aware of the evil of birthright membership.

We have had an interesting sojourner in our parts, Dr. Morris of Philadelphia—a quondam Friend—with his lady. He belongs to the Episcopalian Church, and is much acquainted with, and interested in, the Society. His description of the state of Friends in Philadelphia is that of Egyptian or rather Papal darkness.

TO RICHARD BALL.

STRATFORD, 24th, ix., 1836.

. . . I know thy kindness will excuse this delay in writing, when I mention the care which just now

rests upon me in respect to several publications in relation to Society matters and temperance, and the various considerations connected with our present position in the Society, the mode in which that must be terminated, and the *real* character of other religious bodies. In reference to this last subject, we have decided upon not joining any existing society just at present, but rather waiting and watching the progress of events, and hope to be allowed to unite in taking the Lord's Supper with the Baptist-Independent church at Tottenham. Two Independent churches in the neighbourhood have offered this privilege to Friends, and I hope many will avail themselves of it. We intend, should nothing prevent, to send in our resignation of membership next month; and as we should be unwilling to lose any occasion of bringing our dear Friends to behold more clearly the unsearchable riches of Christ, I intend to write pretty fully and openly the reasons for our dissent from the existing state of things in Tottenham Monthly Meeting. I refer to the cherished views of the orthodox and the practice connected with them. I wish it were in such a state, that I could send a copy for thy kind suggestions before it is sent in. . . . Our beloved cousin, Mary Stacey, was baptized the evening before last, together with individuals who will continue in connection with Methodist and Independent bodies, as well as some who are joining the Bap-

tist Church—in all, eleven persons. The service was particularly interesting and solemn, and I cannot doubt that a good impression would be produced on a very crowded audience by a powerful Gospel sermon. Our dear cousin described the feelings which impressed her mind at the time in the contemplation of the divine harmony of the plan of redemption, and the manner in which each Person in the ever-blessed Trinity stands related to the believer, as such as she could never forget. This dear devoted Christian has to pass through considerable difficulties in reference to her present views—one near relative scarcely would believe till it was over, that she could be left under, what he considers, such a delusion of the devil, and can scarcely bear to speak of it with patience. Many Friends were present—how many I do not at all know, from the crowded state of the congregation. Thou wilt have heard the particulars of dear E. Bates' baptism, and the very interesting state of feeling which he described himself as subsequently experiencing, especially the love which he felt towards his opponents in the land to which he is returning, with the certain prospect of afflictions and persecutions for the Gospel's sake. How deeply interesting thus to see this veteran of the Cross counting all things loss that he may keep the commandments of his Saviour. I regret that it was not more public, especially as the middle party accuse him

of secrecy in it. I also *wish* he could have taken the view that immersion was the best mode, as he would have felt the ground of the argument much stronger under his feet. . . .

TO RICHARD BALL.

TOTTENHAM, 9th, xi., 1836.

Cousin M. Stacey, E. Wright, my wife, and myself have applied for permission to take the Lord's Supper with the Baptist Church here, without pledging ourselves to unite in any points except the essential doctrines of the Gospel. They have acceded to our request with cordiality, which is to me cheering, as showing that what we apprehend to be scriptural principles of union among Christians are gaining ground in some quarters.

TO RICHARD BALL.

STRATFORD, Dec. 26th, 1836.

I feel it particularly kind in thee so soon to take up the pen to inform me of the result of the second deliberation on the subject of introducing the reading of the Scriptures in meetings for worship. I am truly glad that thou wast helped so fully and faithfully to show the duty and privilege of this engage-

ment, and feel assured that thy labour will not be in vain in the Lord, but that fruit will in some way be found to His praise, only do not let it rest. Both my cousin, Mary Stacey, and we (that is, my wife and I, for little of a Quaker as I am, I have a great respect for the judgment and Christian feeling of our "women friends" in its right place) hope thou wilt bring it before the quarterly meeting. We may often learn a lesson from men whose religious principles we disapprove, and in this instance I would commend to thy notice the great master of the art of moving the popular mind, Daniel O'Connell. I was interested with a remark in a speech of his a short time since, in which he said that if he valued himself on anything as a public man, it was in saying the same thing many times over. If a new truth be only repeated once, some few *may* receive it, but if it be sufficiently often reiterated *many* will be influenced by it. This principle, so simple and so true, is one which I have often sadly too much lost sight of, and from this circumstance have been often admitting too much doubt of the success of the truth spoken in love. Therefore do go on, agitate—agitate—agitate, and my best wishes and the prayers of many good Christians will go along with thy efforts. I sent the spare sheet with the advertisement, and a copy of the part of thy letter relating to the proposition to my dear father on the day which I received it. He has

been trying his hand in a proposition to Pontefract Monthly Meeting, which that body seem to have borne about as well as the Thames would to have an ox roasted whole upon it *to-day*, and what may be the differing result in either case in future I know not. It was no less fundamental and effectual a measure of reform than to proclaim free toleration, or rather to divest the Society of its character as a religious society, and allow it to retain that of a *moral* compact for the support of certain principles and practices which almost all consider to be good and advantageous. However, the conservatives would not even listen with any patience to such a presumptuous desecration of Zion, and many hard things seem to have been said of our Manchester Friends and their allies.

. . . Hast thou seen Beverley's work on the present state and future prospects of the Christian Church (*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*)? thou really must buy it, and if so I am sure thou wilt read it. I quite agree with him in thinking that modern dissentism wants a new crystallisation (to use a chemical phrase), and do hope that those who leave the Society will not lose the opportunity of benefiting the Christian Church by hastily swallowing other systems. . . .

TO M. H., AT ACKWORTH.

21, 2mo., 1837.

The review of the past few weeks is certainly fraught with great motives for thankfulness amidst all the chastening which it has pleased our Heavenly Father to lay upon us. He has hitherto remembered mercy and not turned away His ear from hearing our prayers when we have cried unto Him. May we hear the rod, and who hath appointed it. It is well sometimes to mount a little elevation in our progress to come to a point at which we have leisure to look back a little, and survey the road by which our gracious Shepherd has led us; to look within and see whether self and our enemies within the citadel are mortified, and, as Martin Boos would say, *nailed to the Cross*, or whether the Canaanite is invading and taking possession of our borders, and to look upward and forward, if we may, toward that fair land of inheritance which lies before the Christian traveller. Our present separation, my beloved companion in tribulation and in blessing, and partner of all my interests, my pleasures, and my anxieties, affords me the opportunity for this, and the precious opportunity which has been permitted us, of witnessing the Christian faith and the calm resignation to the will of God, not only of our most precious

invalid,* but of our dearly loved parents will, I hope, be ever remembered by me.

I am much pleased to find that our energetic friend, J. R., has established an evening meeting for reading the Scriptures, &c., on 6th day evening. Our cousin, I. B., appears, by a note I have from him, to have united in it, and I trust it will be much blessed. I mean to be there (D.V.) on next Friday at 8 P.M.

Postscript.—My dearest, I cannot allow thy natal day, the thirtieth milestone in the pilgrimage of this life, to be passed by without a salutation from my hand, and an assurance that he whose path thou hast brightened for the last six returning birthdays of thine, is not unmindful of thee on this. May a kind Providence spare us yet to be helpmeets to each other in this vale of tears, and when that blessed day comes to which we should still look forward as the consummation of our felicity, having been “planted together in the likeness of His death,” may we rise together in the likeness of our Lord’s resurrection, and enjoy fulness of pleasure at His right hand, where sorrows, and cares, and pain shall never enter.

* Our sister, Rachel Howard.

TO R. BALL.

February 24th, 1837.

Last evening thou wouldst, I am sure, be with us in thought and aspirations to the throne of grace for a blessing on the little beginning,* and it will be a comfort to thee to learn that it was a season fraught with encouragement to those who had previously been almost pressed down by the weight of responsibility attending the undertaking. J. R. had been quite poorly, chiefly, I think, from anxiety, but was able to attend and open the meeting with a fervent and suitable prayer, as also to represent our object in meeting, and to take part in the proceedings. The attendance was very encouraging. I should think fifty or sixty men were assembled in a large apartment of the London City Mission-house, chiefly young men friends. Our dear brother Robert explained his views, on behalf of those who called the meeting, as to the best method of conducting it, the dangers to be avoided, and the advantages which we hoped would result. He read the second chapter of Matthew, and the first or part of the first verse again.

The fulfilment of prophecy in the time of our Lord's Advent; the wonderful love and goodness of our Heavenly Father in so loving a lost race; the joy expressed by Zacharias, by Simeon, by Mary at the

* The meeting for reading the Scriptures, mentioned on p. 94.

sight of the Child thus raised up as an horn of salvation ; the character of our Lord as God and true Man in one adorable Person, and as thus held forth as the Saviour by prophets and apostles ; the adoration consequently rendered to the young Child ; the joy with which prophets had foreseen His Advent, and that delightful hope which the apostles expressed of seeing Him again hereafter, and which could not be shared by those who had no saving interest in Him, but must say with Balaam, “ *I shall behold Him, but not nigh ;* ” and the need of personal interest in Him—filled up the hour with subjects of such intense importance that the time passed rapidly away, and I should think the general wish would have been to have prolonged the time, but punctuality was adhered to, and the meeting was closed by cousin I. B. in prayer about 9 o’clock. Time will show whether clouds will overcast a cheery dawn, or it may, under the divine blessing, prove the rising of the Sun of Righteousness to some benighted souls.

To R. M. B.

March 3d, 1837.

I am ashamed of the date of this letter. My excuse must be that I find a multitude of things to attend to on my return, and that I am not so executive as a party whom I could name. We are

thankful to receive continued accounts of increasing strength on the part of our beloved sister,* though we rejoice in this improvement with trembling, knowing how frail a treasure she is, as regards this life. I was delighted on my return to find that an energetic friend, J. R., in conjunction with my cousin, I. B., had issued circulars for the foundation of a Bible-class for friends on 5th day evening in London, and had engaged a room at the house of the City Mission in Red Lion Square. We have had two meetings there for this purpose since, attended with great satisfaction and encouragement to those who commenced the work, though J. R. suffered so much in health from the effects of anxiety, as to be obliged to return home for a few days to recruit. My dear brother Robert took the chair, at least read the portion of Scripture, and on the first occasion only J. R., my cousin, I. B., and myself took part ; but last evening two of our Kendal friends, who happened to be in town, and one or two others taking a share, added much to the general interest. The meetings have been begun and closed with prayer, and held with great seriousness thus far. The attendance has been very encouraging, and so large last time that I believe there was scarcely a seat unoccupied. The subjects to which our first evening's reading related, the second chapter of Matthew, were exceedingly

* Then ill at Ackworth.

important. The *person* and character of our Lord—His office as Saviour of His people, &c. &c., and not less so, perhaps, the questions and observations which arose on the third chapter—Repentance, its absolute necessity, its true nature, conversion, prayer, looking to Jesus, examples of true repentance, of transient sorrow, &c. Many friends above the junior class have attended, R. Y. among the rest. It is not quite pleasing, I find, to one or two at least of the “Ministers and Elders;” but happily we do not stand in need either of their license or that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Pray for us that a blessing from on high may rest on the effort, which to the minds of some of us possesses indescribable interest, and that nothing may occur to mar its usefulness from our want of wisdom and spirituality. It cannot surely be attributed to party motives, since Evangelical Friends, Church, Methodist, and Baptist views present their *minor* discrepancies among the little band who commenced the work.

I have lately read a most interesting letter from that dear warrior of the Cross, E. Bates. He seems rather too many for his opponents, and their four charges—two in reference to his publications, one to Baptism, one to denying the doctrine of the Holy Spirit—have, it seems, broken down, so I fancy they will resort to ostracism *alias* lynch law. . . .

TO M. H., AT ACKWORTH.

TOTTENHAM, *March 6th*, 1837.

We had an interesting Bible-class yesterday, Sunday; the subject of the difference of the Old and New dispensations, and the gift of the Spirit under each, occupied a large share of our attention. We seemed to arrive at the conclusion that the Spirit of *Adoption* (of *Sonship*) peculiarly marked the Gospel day; that the Spirit was given in its sanctifying, as well as prophetic and miraculous, power to prophets, priests, and some kings, but that there seemed no evidence of its being generally enjoyed by Old Testament believers, while Christians have the privilege of being kings and priests unto God, with the privileges which attached only to these under the Old Testament dispensation. . . .

In the afternoon several of our dear friends joined us in receiving the memorials of the dying love of the Redeemer; we had a sweetly comforting and animating season together. I felt, I think, more strongly than ever before, in anticipation, the force of that passage—"Let a man examine himself," &c. (1 Cor. xi. 28), but in the participation had a delightful view of Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour, through whom, though unworthy as the thief on the cross, we have freedom of access to our Father and our God.

To M. H.

STRATFORD, *May 24th*, 1838.

Thy accounts of the dear children and of thyself were most welcome, and while thankfully acknowledging the comfort derived from their receipt, I would not omit due and grateful commemoration of the goodness of the Lord to me, in giving me a happy Sabbath and a sweet refreshment after the toils of the week. We had very good sermons both morning and evening, and I was much refreshed in speaking to the poor people at Wood Green, and on my solitary return could but exclaim—

“I should, were He always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.”

I do exceedingly value those refreshings, which seem to come to us most independently of earthly sources, and such as might enable us in the event of the drying up of earthly streams still to say, “Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” *

* My dear father (Crewdson) was at this time in London attending the Yearly Meeting—of course still a Friend, but he was anxious to obey his Lord’s commands in baptism. Arrangements were made for this, and the service was a deeply interesting one.—M. H.

TO M. H., AFTER LEAVING HELME LODGE.

July 5th, 1838.

I enjoyed my lingering views of the sweet valley and the blue mountains, and began to think my residence in this sweet enchanted place had been almost like that of the Roman army at Capua, as, though happy and thankful, I felt much at leaving, and the exquisite enjoyment of all the good things which this world can afford requires great care on the part of those so much blessed in this way as are our dear friends, lest it should impair that decision of religious character which fits us to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." I learnt the hymn our sister gave me, and read some of my book, with which I was rather disappointed; but not so with the Book of Joshua, which, as well as part of Judges, I have read with great interest.

What instruction is contained in the conduct of Joshua, on whom the lesson of the 600,000 perishing in the wilderness seems not to have been thrown away. How careful was he to observe and do all that the Lord commanded him, and to give the same in charge to the people before his death. And how earnest the Israelites were in cleansing themselves from all taint in the matter of the altar erected by the two and a half tribes. Yet even this Joshua and even this host of the Lord sinned, as appears, grievously, by

judging by outward appearance and not consulting the Lord in the affair of the Gibeonites, and the covenant made with these enemies of the Lord is assigned, as I understand it, as the reason why the Philistines were left in the land, and consequently as the first step to all the subsequent idolatries and sins of the nation.

We passed through a very heavy thunderstorm in Lancashire, with drenching rain. The evening was beautifully calm and serene, such as Isaac would have chosen to walk out into the fields to meditate—such as Baxter might have employed in stealing away from the noise of the Puritan camp to compose his “Saints’ Rest”—or such as, maybe, one of those setting suns when “the whole earth is at rest and quiet, and breaks forth into singing”—when the indignation is overpast, and “mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other, when truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven.” The glaring iron furnaces looked strange under the mild beams of the moon, and it was not less so to dart into the vaulted tunnels at the rate of twenty to thirty miles an hour.*

* This journey was partly by coach, partly by rail, occupying nearly twenty-four hours.

To M. H.

STRATFORD, *Sept. 28th*, 1839.

Thanks for thy welcome messenger received this morning, containing tidings fitted to cheer the heart, and to call forth fresh praises to our gracious Lord, "Who doeth all things well." How kind and gracious is our Good Shepherd, and how does He interweave in the very features of our daily life and of external circumstances, types and shadows, as it were, which, rightly understood, might tend to lead the loving heart to dwell on the attributes and gracious ways of the Lord of love.

I was thinking this morning in breakfasting at dear Robert's how sweet a type the assembling of a family at the morning devotions or around the social meal is of that immortal morning which shall call those who "sleep in Jesus," the spacious world around, from their quiet resting-places to begin the New Song, and to drink of the new wine in the heavenly kingdom with Jesus for ever. Again, what a beautiful type might we make of the departure of the swallow. Her business in these cold regions is over—they no longer yield her fit sustenance; she waits for a favouring gale, and then in companionship with her fellows, springs aloft from earth, and wings her way to the regions of the sun to bask in those climes of light and solar warmth. But sweetest and

dearest of all are those types chosen by our dear Lord Himself from the strongest earthly tie, the marriage union—"If I go away, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." His heart is still with His bride, though absent. In the midst of the glory of the Father's house He is thinking about her, and looking forward to the joyful day of union; and should not our hearts, understanding this His love, and knowing that we are complete in Him, say, "Why is He so long in coming, why tarry the wheels of His chariot?"—"I am my beloved's, and His desire is towards me,"—"Come, Lord Jesus." The loving wife does not dread the return of her lord, nor fear that when they meet again she shall find the heart of a faithful husband changed towards her, and no longer finding delight in her society. Much more should we dwell with confidence on the love of Him, who has once for all shown His love for His Church in giving Himself for her.

TO M. H., AT HERNE BAY.

1843.

I enjoyed drinking tea with the dear Tregelles's, and through the Lord's mercy, spiritual refreshment at Orchard Street. To-day I have met with some trials in looking after the poor saints here. Oh! how much should one possess of love, joy, peace in one's

own soul, to walk in the footsteps of the Good Shepherd amongst His sheep. There is great want of pastoral care, I fear.

It is not scolding in public, but looking after and praying for Christians in secret that is really needed, and after all nothing can be perfect till the return of Jesus. One of my great temptations is that of disgust and weariness. How gracious of the Lord to have given me such a beloved helpmeet to win me back to brighter thoughts, and help me in every way. And above all how good God is to us! A Father's love, a Saviour's precious blood, and the Holy Spirit's sustaining comfort. What themes of endless praise!

TO THE SAME, AT HERNE BAY.

1843.

I have been very closely occupied in correcting the press since I got the proof* yesterday. I feel quite satisfied that it is right to meet the pernicious doctrine in Mr. G.'s book, and hope the Lord will give grace to put personal feeling aside. This is, I think, the great danger in controversy, but to indulge it would be a denial of the Cross. If I am crucified together with Christ, why should I contend about a *crucified thing*, that is, *myself*, my own character, reputation, opinions, &c. The Cross tells out more of my *badness*

* Of a pamphlet entitled " 'New Views,' Compared with the Word of God."

than all that man could say besides. In other respects I think controversy good, for even Christians are often so idle and indifferent to truth that they will learn it no other way. May our Lord own and bless this service for His name's sake, and also forgive all its defilement.

TO M. H., AT HELME LODGE.

STRATFORD, *July 9th*, 1838.

Thy news was all very interesting, and not least so respecting our dear little ones. Do tell them that papa loves them very dearly, and often thinks of Helme Lodge and the dear ones there, and try to make D. and S. M. understand how much Jesus thinks about us and loves us, though we don't see him now, but that He will come again to earth some day and take us to live with Him in a happy, happy home.

I wish dear E. would employ her beautiful mind in giving some of these ideas in an attractive form to children, as well as the other instructive pieces she has written. If I could write as she can, I would try to bring the newly-strung chords of the childish heart to vibrate in unison with the harp of David, or the lyre of Isaiah, in reference to some of these subjects—and I do not believe the difficulty would be great. The young mind is not naturally worldly, just

as the mind of mature age is. The young being looks abroad with joy and wonder at the expanding universe opening its charms before him, like a moth just emerged from the chrysalis, and trying its new-found wings beneath the mild moon and the starry sky—all is new—all is wonderful, and unbounded credulity marks the first epoch of man's wakening powers.

Happy to me were the hours of childhood and early youth ; but do not suppose I think there is anything spiritual in all this. On the contrary, it pains me to see at times in my children the same feeling which I know as well as if it were yesterday. May we be forgiven the many omissions of duty towards them, and cast ourselves in believing prayer on the promises of an all-sufficient God. But to return, childhood is the season for strong impressions, and I do not think we are right in giving *one* kind of these impressions only ; as we grow up, experience of this weary world's ways and doings produces cold mistrust, calculation, and a multitude of feelings akin to, and cherishing the natural infidelity of, the heart. This is all far less reasonable, when applied to God's revelation, than the unlimited credulity of childhood ; and supposing the heart to remain unconverted, yet would it not be a blessed thing to have at least the imagination pre-occupied with something more inspiring and more substantial, than the airy nothings of romance and

fiction? Do suggest it to her (E.) ; and whilst I think of it, it has occurred to me that something which passed about the locality of heaven, would convey perhaps a very different idea of my views to what I would wish ; in fact, I have no views about the matter. This I believe, that God is everywhere present, working or overruling all things according to the counsel of His own will, and this in a way very different to the notions of ancient or modern Epicureans, who think it too much trouble for the Almighty *ἀντουργεῖν ἅπαντα* “ to do all with His own hands,” and therefore deify a nondescript set of beings called “ The laws of nature.”

I was struck with the exquisite beauty the other day, whilst riding over here, of a head of oats which I took from a passing cart-load. Just look how the foot-stalk swells out at the juncture with the stem to give strength where it is most needed, and then the taste displayed in the arrangement of the parts. Was it “ a law ” whose mind was occupied in making this head of oats?

I drove cousin M. S. to Little Portland Street yesterday, and as usual I enjoyed the service more than anywhere else. Dorman was there and spoke, and Wigram helped to show forth “ the living, loving Saviour,” our great High Priest, our union in Him and the power of the love of Jesus in raising us above this present evil world, the attracting point to

the saint being in the person of their dear Lord. So that by our heavenly Father's mercy, in tasting the good word of life, we found some sweet odours from the fields of promise—cordial, and reviving to the soul. Sin appeared exceeding sinful, and Jesus altogether lovely. We had also something on the present state of the Church and our duty, quite "Plymouth," I admit.

I said Dorman was at Little Portland Street. I find the Bishop of the great Independent congregation at Bristol wrote to the deacons of Mr. Dorman's chapel a letter, on which they represented to him, that he might preach the second coming of the Lord on Tuesday night but not on Sundays. On this and other accounts he has left them, and is happy and busy, and not at present without funds. What would the Apostle Paul say were he here now? Would he be obliged to go to the church? I could fancy him at Little Portland Street or at the Jews' synagogue in Duke Street, but nowhere else, except by the highway side.

TO M. HOWARD, AT HELME LODGE.

STRATFORD, July 9th, 1838.

. . . I trust we have none other desire than to walk according to the mind of the Lord as expressed in His revealed will, and *everything* I see around me

here tends to make me more thankful to be in this position. I do consider Plymouth views to be a peculiar *blessing and comfort*, and desire to be very thankful that in this day of treading down and of perplexity to many, the Lord has given me so dear a *partner and fellow-helper* in the Lord—the best earthly blessing. Everything tends to show how rare true religion is, and I think there is more admission of this lamentable truth than at one time among all classes. It is a great comfort to feel entirely satisfied and settled in one's own mind, and to be sure that this does not rest on any man or set of men is also a confirmation, for if the devil should be suffered evidently in any way to prevail over the Plymouth Brethren, which I strongly trust he will not, as I believe many of them to be of God's elect and walking in *obedience*, what would it tend to show but one more corroborative proof of the state of things in these latter days? . . .

May the Lord give thee much joy and peace in believing, and much comfort in every way according to His gracious will. Dear love to all the circle, and a kiss to each of the darlings.

TO HIS MOTHER.

SIZERGH, 10th August, 1838.

My dear father kindly returned me the texts I had selected on the final perseverance and assurance of the believer, with his comments while at Tottenham. I think, if I understand rightly, his views approach more nearly than they did to what are called Calvinistic sentiments. I do believe that the doctrines in question are eminently calculated, when rightly held, to promote holiness and love to Christ. We also *honour* the Lord most when we rest most simply on His word, which can never fail. John v. 24 seems to me to settle these questions—"He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but *is* passed from death unto life." Taking these as the words of Wisdom as infallibly true, we have a sure refuge against all that might assault our faith. 2 Cor. iv. 17 is also very strong, taken with collateral passages, because if the believer in Christ is "a new creature" or "a new creation," having the Spirit dwelling in him, he has thence power to mortify the flesh or the corrupt nature which still exists, and to persevere looking unto Jesus, until the new creation shall be developed in all its glory, when the risen saints shall appear in the likeness of their glorious Lord. It is a work *begun* which the

Lord will carry forward to completion for *His own name's sake*. I think we are often tempted to look discouragingly on our hopes of salvation, because we look on salvation *only* as connected with our own welfare. There is a still higher end in view, the glory of God, and we ought to plead with Him for *the sake of Jesus* that we may be of those in whose salvation His glory is exalted and "*His soul satisfied.*" Here we have strong ground for confiding hope, though at best poor, erring, imperfect creatures, and having no plea but sin and wretchedness in ourselves as creatures.

TO R. BALL.

STRATFORD, *August 29th*, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sure you have not forgotten me, though I know it only by *feeling*, or some vague induction from the nature of things; and to prove that I have not forgotten you, I now take pen and paper for a short gossip with you, over matters which I could wish you and I were together to discuss. Since we last met I have seen a good deal, and thought a little about what I have seen, and now how I wish I had you here to compare the contents of our different budgets, for how to unfold what may be in mine I have yet to find, and to tell the truth I am not just now feeling much exhilarated, though having

abundant reason for thankfulness in again settling in at home with my beloved wife and little ones. If I were to draw a picture of the human heart, after the manner of Swedenborg and those of that school, I should put in some dark corner a large shrivelled toad, looking the more hideous the more light is cast upon it, and averting its eyes from the stream of light cast on it from above, and then I would call that ugly beast *self*, for in all its workings it resembles this picture—does it not? If it were not for the faithful saying that “Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,” what would become of those who have some discernment of the evil of sin in themselves and others? The more I see of the world around and within, the more I am prepared to acknowledge the truth, “there is none good but one, that is, God.” But why, you will ask, tell me all this instead of something of real news respecting what you have seen? Partly perhaps to apologise beforehand for what may prove a dull letter. In settling down again at home, one feels strongly that it is a somewhat difficult path we have to tread in, while on the other hand I trust we have entered upon it with a desire to keep the commandments of the Lord—I do not mean in relation to leaving the Friends, but in declining to join the Dissenters, and meeting on the Lord’s Day for Communion. That we have not joined the latter I feel cause for much thankfulness, and I

also see that we may be more likely to be useful to the Friends than standing in any other relation. I am also truly thankful that we have not participated in the too general prejudice against the Plymouth Brethren, for while with them and with all others I would desire to maintain entire independence of judgment and action; on the other hand, it seems to me a great privilege to share in many of the truths which they have been the means of prominently bringing into view. I am especially glad of the way in which they uphold the full doctrine of justification by faith, which one of my most intimate Baptist friends tells me he thinks has much declined among them of late, and of course we all know this to be the case in the Establishment. . . .

It seemed to me from what I saw and heard of our dear Evangelical Friends at Manchester that the horror which one of them in particular entertains for the Brethren and their views is a serious disadvantage to them; because, in relation to the priesthood of believers and the liberty of ministry, it is evident that they do not understand their position, and from this cause probably and several others in which they might be helped by some approach to the Brethren's views, they are, according to the estimate of some of their spiritual members, not getting on as we would so earnestly desire. The town Mission and the Sunday-school, however, are prospering under their

care, and these two institutions comprise, doubtless, a large amount of good to others. But on the whole I think I see that what at one time I for one much wished—the formation of a new sect of Evangelical Friends—though it might possibly have benefited the old body, might not have been at all a blessing to the Christian world at large. I think at Kendal the aspect of things is on the whole more encouraging, and it is very delightful to see the influence of true piety among the circle there. What my dear father and mother Crewdson will do, I do not know. They at present continue to go to meeting. If they leave or are forced out they will perhaps go to New Street (E. Wakefield's congregation). Ed. Wakefield and the little body associated with him are going on very happily. They have about forty or fifty in communion, whom I met one evening at his house, where they had a church meeting, and I have not for long spent a more pleasant and, I hope, profitable evening. The Brethren are also getting on well at Keswick, and at Bowness, where my dear father and mother Crewdson and my wife were staying; they attended the meeting two Sundays, and were much pleased. I think most of the objections raised against them at Kendal were quite frivolous, or else the remains of Quaker prejudice against the doctrines of grace. There is danger of exclusiveness and sectarianism creeping in, but I do not think the fault

lies *now* (at all events) on the side of the Wakefields. When I look back to my first visits to Kendal, the change is extraordinary. The doctrine of the resurrection was then ridiculed—the “Guide to True Peace” in vogue, and J. J. G.’s exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity thought (but a little previously) very heterodox. We may well say “What hath God wrought?” and not wonder if all do not yet see eye to eye on every point of scriptural truth—

“Time flies away—away—away—
Like torrents on a rainy day”—

quoth John Knox, and I find it runs faster than the current of my sluggish thoughts can imprint themselves on paper. Post time approaches, but I must thank you for your very welcome contribution to *The Inquirer*.* I hope its name is Gad (a troop cometh). But how could you think we should put it in after the 24th? however, I trust it may do much good next month. We get on very comfortably with it, but want more circulation sadly.

* *The Inquirer* was a periodical begun in 1838, and continued for the next two years, in which your dear father was much interested, bearing the responsibility as to expense, editorship, &c.—though in this latter he had able helpers. The volumes relate to the religious interests of the times, which were then so much occupying his attention, and contain much information, and many well-written papers. .

TO M. H. AT HELME LODGE.

TOTTENHAM, 13th June, 1839.

. . . I feel quite recovered from the fatigue consequent on the mental and spiritual feast at Leamington, and in want of nothing but more faith and grace. It was very sweet to hear of your welfare from Birmingham, and the "little word" was very seasonable and welcome. I do not wonder at the slow progress of the train, as it was said to be one of the heaviest that ever left London, and one of the attendants thought would pay nearly £700. What will be the effect of these railways on this, our Babel-building, self-important age? Time will show, and I suppose by and by it may be said again, "and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do," and then mighty Babylon will fall as a mill-stone cast into the sea. Certainly I do feel very great cause for thankfulness, that our minds have not been permitted to be held back by prejudice and the love of this present evil age from the reception of some great outlines of prophetic truth which (with whatever variation of detail) throw a flood of light on the present circumstances of the Church and the world, and the shaking of those things which can be shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. I feel much pleasure in the thought of

thy being at Kendal, or rather at Helme Lodge, and trust thou mayst be able to throw a gleam of sunshine across the path of our dear parents, and to be the instrument of blessing in leading forward towards a fuller reception of the blessed, blessed truths of the Gospel of Jesus, those by whom they are surrounded. On the other hand I feel satisfied that I am in my right place here, at least till next Monday. . . For one reason on account of *The Inquirer* business, to which I have begun to attend, having an interesting letter from R. M. Beverley this morning, giving the account of the position of affairs at Birmingham, on which I need not enter. R. M. B. says he "now considers himself one of the Brethren," in which I shall tell him he has got beyond me, for I cannot pledge myself to any brethren but the sect which were called Christians first at Antioch.

In reference to leading on a convert, he says—

"My heart is warmed with gratitude in the thought of what our gracious Lord has done for S——. Would not parts of the Gospel of John be useful to her? I hope thou prays much with her, and also explains the Word. It is a most important thought of Wigram's that communion with God is through the *written Word* as well as prayer, being taught His love and grace out of it by the Spirit."

TO RICHARD BALL.

TOTTENHAM, *December 31st*, 1839.

I dedicate a portion of the last hour of the fast-fleeting year to commencing an answer to your last *most welcome* letter—a letter which has indeed called upon us to carry our thanksgivings to our gracious Lord on your account, and instead of those petitions for your restoration which have often occupied our lips, to render *praises* for the mercies which our Jesus has been preparing for you.

“Thy ways, O God, with wise design,
Are framed upon the throne above,
And *every* dark and bending line
Meets in the *centre* of Thy love !”

Deep indeed must have been your heart-enjoyment in immersing your beloved children in the typical waters, and sweet the thought of eternal life begun in them, a life connected with Him, the second Adam, who raised from the dead, dieth no more—death hath no more dominion over Him. I delight much in the scriptural doctrine of the regeneration of the Church in the death and resurrection of Christ, and in baptism as the type of this, and the expression on the part of the believer of his having been one with Christ in His death and resurrection. I have baptized this year my dear brother and sister (R. and R. H.), Mr. and Mrs. Myers (ex-Lutherans), missionaries to Deme-

rara, Mme. Dufour (an ex-Romanist), and Arthur West (a Friend), and have had much happiness through it. . . .

Oh! my dear friend, how has the Lord led us, as the blind, by a way that we *knew not*; of all strange things in the world, this one would perhaps have seemed some years back most unlikely to come true in my personal history. I have also to thank God for what gives me much more pleasure, the hope that He has made me instrumental in the conversion of more than one or two this year, and in this I do and will rejoice, though sometimes troubled at the small amount of evident conversion from the ministry of the Word. Again I have to recount among the special mercies of the past year a trembling hope which I *would only commit to your care*, of the conversion of my eldest girl through the instrumentality of our dear brother Dorman. Surely goodness and mercy then *shall* follow us all the days of our lives, and we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever!

Another special mercy is our being now most happily united to my beloved brother and sister Robert in sweet religious fellowship, in answer to many prayers, and now it is granted how cold are our thanksgivings. Yet the Lord hath done great things for them whereof we are glad, and their increased joy and peace and grace is most evident. One thing

still presses on my mind, that my beloved mother may be clean delivered out of that Quakerism, that "pit wherein is *no water*," and when that is accomplished, which I earnestly desire may be soon, not a hoof of our immediate family will be left behind in Egypt; for those who have slept in Jesus as Friends, and whose dear spirits are now in Paradise, wait there the morning of the resurrection, in which glorious company of perfected saints there will I am sure be no name or sect to be found. "They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." That is the title to admission. I must now conclude for to-night, as it draws towards midnight, and I wish to hail the new year in concert with my beloved wife in another manner. Adieu.

1st January, 1840. Welcome the beginning of another year! Can we not say with Cowper, "Haste then and wheel away a shattered world, ye slow revolving seasons," &c. I must now try and give you some details of the little gathering at Tottenham. We meet now in all about thirty-three or thirty-four for Communion when all are present. I have much refreshment through the Lord's grace, though the ministry is not what I would wish. We have too much *teaching* and too little *exhortation* to be what meets my apprehension of Heb. x. 35. How striking the "*so much the more*," as ye see the day approaching. Compare Mal. iii. and see what *there* is written

of the Jewish remnant. However, there is much love and unity, and evident blessing among the saints, and we have thus far had scarcely any of those difficulties to contend with which are objected to in open ministry; and what is a special blessing, I think, we have been remarkably kept from unsound or questionable doctrine in general, even in minute shades, and in the preaching of the Gospel to sinners, and the exhortation of the saints. At other times we have been through the Lord's mercy, greatly helped, and have very much enjoyed the labours of our brethren Curzon, Dorman, Stewart, &c. My dear brother will, I trust, begin to take his part in the Communion, as I believe he did acceptably at Birmingham. We have had three services on the Lord's Day, and one in the week. This latter is now changed into a lecture night on Prophecy, of which we have had five—two from Dorman, three from Tregelles—very interesting and edifying. The attendance is very good, though we meet none such favour and help from the Dissenters (*i.e.*, the leaders) as you do, but rather steady, and most determined, and not very scrupulous, opposition. The Methodists are also hostile, but I do not wonder, as we have robbed them more than the Baptists of their members. The chief power of drawing the saints together at Tottenham as yet has been the *plain and full Gospel message*, and it is delightful to see the pleasure of those who have

for years been pining after this, going many a weary mile to get it. Anything beyond this, and the knowledge of personal interest in Christ is Greek and Hebrew to most, even real Christians, at the first, any consideration I mean as to the unity of the Church or principles of Communion, &c. The Friends hang off almost entirely, and one more and more sees what indeed was evident enough from the first, that it was not "the love of the truth" *simply* which actuated very many of those called evangelical. Still I cannot say I have yet lost my interest in these, though it is singular how much one's mind is taken off from caring about classes or parties as a whole, and one's love and interest brought to rest on the *individual saints*, and one's thoughts of the state of *the Church* cannot stop short now of the *whole body of the elect*. *Many* things (oh! how many) I should like to talk over with you. I wish you would *come and see and help us*. Two who were hearers to profit, and who thought of uniting in the Communion, have slept in Jesus. One, an aged saint, who died in the arms of one of our communicants, just as he had been talking over the sermon of the evening before, on the coming of the Lord—the other a timid-spirited widow, who found peace amongst us, some of whose last words were—"Blessings for ever on the Lamb," &c. I have very increased interest in the people at Wood Green. We have four or five to break bread with us from thence,

now and then, and several in very interesting states of mind. I spoke there three times last week, and have three times this. One poor woman is just now under very deep conviction of sin. The Lord grant she may find peace through the blood of Jesus! One thing is rather singular; we have not at present in communion one dependent on the saints. I expected more flocking to the loaves and fishes. Among the more educated, and really also the most interesting of our little company, is a Scotch lady, a granddaughter of Boston, who wrote the "Crook in the Lot," &c. She has "the crook" in an ungodly husband. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

STRATFORD, *November 21st, 1840.*

(After referring to the prospect of family reunion, the letter continues). But there is always some uncertainty about the things of time. It is the blessed meeting when "the general assembly and Church of the first-born" meet together, when sorrow shall for ever be passed, and *all* tears wiped away from off all faces. And then how sweet it is, dear mother, to think that the qualification for joining that assembly is not found by any of the company *in themselves*, in their own worthiness, but that all render thanksgiving as being *washed* from their sins in *the blood* of the Lamb, and then to know that

there is preciousness in that atoning blood to present even the most consciously unworthy, as without spot, or wrinkle, or *any such thing*, and that the language "thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee," is addressed even to that bride who thinks concerning herself that she is "black as the tents of Kedar," though in the eyes of her beloved "comely as the curtains of Solomon." I have been thinking a little on the fifth chapter of Revelation, how all the Church are there seen employed in worship and praise. A place given them nearer the throne than even the angels, and a song more full of praises to the Lamb. They can sing "not only that He suffered thus, but that He suffered *all for us*," and surely the riches of God's grace abounding over sin will be greatly magnified when that multitude whom no man can number shall be seen all washed *clean* in the blood of the Lamb, though among them will have been sinners of the very deepest dye—sins red as crimson made like wool, and scarlet (or double-dyed, for scarlet was a colour not given by *one dip*), sins made like *snow perfectly* white. There Paul, the *chief of sinners*, will meet those "his joy and crown in the presence of the Lord" (Thess. ii. 19) who were once "unrighteous," and that to a degree (1 Cor. vi. 9-11), but the "good news" came to them through his means, they *believed it*, and were at once washed, justified, and in a very important

sense sanctified also, even by blood (Eph. ii. 13). But I forbear pursuing this theme, delightful though it be, and sweet as is the name of Jesus on this account to poor lost sinners once, who now have fled for refuge to Him to be sheltered in Him, like the dove hid in the clefts of the rock !

FROM M. STACEY TO J. E. AND M. HOWARD.

TOTTENHAM, *May 15th, 1841.*

Your dear children and their excellent governess spent the afternoon with us yesterday, as happy and pleasing a group as any fond parent need desire. Dillworth full of intelligent vivacity; S.M. so sweetly cheerful and kind to her little brother that one could not but think of the mother and grandmother as types of the endearing character we may expect her to become; the confiding Joseph, with bright eyes that look inquiringly as if half wishing, half fearing, to hear about eternal things; the bonnie M. E., with energetic faculties so well balanced that one trusts the weaker vessel in which they are located will not suffer by their exercise; then the dear little old-fashioned child that has father's features invested with the gravity of age. I could but think, observing his tendency to compare and judge, what a capital instructor in Scripture readings he may become,

and that when I come forth tottering under the weight of years my young brother may give the Scriptural solution of many a text that now rests upon the shelf with me. I could indeed pray for the conversion of all your children with confidence that such petitions are according to the will of God.

TO S. M. HOWARD, AT VENTNOR.

1842.

When all things smile around us, and we are enjoying the beauty of the landscape, and the freshness of the air, there is a danger that our deceitful hearts may forget that this world is not our rest or home. It is the world which crucified Jesus, and there is a voice (as it were) which comes to us from His Cross saying, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted." But how *very* gracious it is of God to give us to know in His blessed Word that Jesus has made peace by the blood of His Cross (Col. i), so that though we are pilgrims and strangers here, we are through grace no longer strangers to our Father's heart of love, nor to our Father's "city of habitation," for the blood of Jesus is our boldness now in going to the throne of grace, and will be our title to entrance within the pearl gates (Rev. xxi.), where nothing that defileth can enter. The Lord would have us look forward to the day of our meeting with Jesus,

and find our joy in that blessed hope, and so sometimes He sends us trials and sorrows here to make us remember these things and pray more about them. My very dear girl, I am going to tell you something that will, I am sure, give you real sorrow, such as you have never yet known, and I hope you will pray much to the blessed Lord Jesus to help you to bear it, and to bless it to you. Your very dear cousins, Eleanor and Anna Rebecca, you will never see again in this world. My tears flow while I tell you that on Thursday it pleased the Lord to take them both away by a very sudden and unexpected death. But then, as regards dear Eleanor especially, I have great joy to think that she had believed in Jesus, and is gone to rest with Him, to wait that blessed day of resurrection when we shall all meet again who have loved the Lord.

They were being bathed in the sea at Arnside, near a large rock, and the tide, I suppose, coming in. Dear Eleanor, I suppose, jumped or fell off the rock into the deep water, and then one of the servants and then her dear mamma went in after her. Poor Anna Rebecca followed her mamma and another servant, and all would have been drowned, but the Lord in His goodness so ordered it, that a boat was passing, which took out my dear sister (your aunt) and one nursemaid, who were, though with some difficulty, restored; but it was an hour before they

could find the dear little girls, and much more before they found the other nurse, and all were quite dead.

Well, my dear little girl, Jesus loves us still—His love changes not, and when we see Him we shall know that our Jesus hath done *all things* well.

To W. D. HOWARD.

HELME LODGE, 5th October, 1842.

Now that I am here with your dear mamma, my thoughts often turn back to the dear little group at Ackworth, and I hope this morning to find a letter from you or from some one else, to tell me of your welfare. How kind it is of God to allow us thus to hear of each other when we are far away. I was reading yesterday about Mrs. Moffat, that one time when her husband was away from her, and she had none but savages round her, she had great reason to fear that her husband had been murdered, and one said that part of his saddle had been picked up, or another something else belonging to him, and she could not for two weeks prevail on any one to go and seek for him, and bring real news about him. At last God brought him safely back. Now Mrs. Moffat loved her husband, and, as he says, nothing could have supported her mind under these circumstances, but being able to come in prayer to God as to a

Father, and find strength from Him. Now in this life, my dear boy, there are many times when we find especially the need of having "a Friend that loveth at all times," and "a brother born for adversity." This Friend is Jesus, who came forth from God that He might be the Friend of the friendless, and taking part *Himself* in *our* adversity, might raise poor sinners to eternal joys. Now if men's hearts had not been hard and blind, they would have seen infinite loveliness in this. Men talk of nobility, and generosity, and self-devotedness, and admire these qualities; but where do we see all this, and in addition, as the foundation of all excellence, infinite *love*—God's love—but in Jesus?

I want you to think much of *Him*, dear Dillworth, because there is nothing that can really fill your heart till you know God in Jesus. You have good spirits now and enjoy many things, but I know that your heart is not at rest, and there is a longing for something not yet possessed; but Jesus says, "He that believeth on Me *shall never* thirst," he has found the spring and fountain of joy, while the world is led astray by a kind of *mirage* of the desert, which covers the glowing sands with delusive pictures of lakes and islands and scenes of delight, but when the traveller reaches them all is disappointment.

So Bruce, when he had reached the great object of his ambition, the discovery of the fountains of the

Nile, stood alone in the silence of night, and felt a wonderful melancholy steal over his spirit.

Kendal Valley looks very beautiful. It is a place where I have spent many happy hours. I should like to have you with me, and to take you to ramble with me over the mountains, where you could neither see nor hear anything that reminds you of man—you seem to be alone in the universe, and the bleating of the sheep that stray there sounds startling and unearthly. And then you climb some lofty eminence, and see far and wide the varied surface of this earth which God has given to the children of men, and made so wonderfully to meet their need. Mountains against which the clouds collect, to furnish rain and feed the streams which carry fertility below—lakes and rivers, meadows full of cattle, and hills covered over with corn. I have stood on Scaw Fell Pike, the highest point in England proper, and seen over the sea and the Isle of Man in one direction, and far into Lancashire, and the Yorkshire Hills, and over the Frith into Scotland, a long, long way among the blue hills. You can look on the map how far this would be. On a clear day you can see the Welsh Hills. Then almost all Cumberland lies before you—the low coast with its indentations, as it were a model in miniature under your feet; and Westmoreland—West-Moor-Land—named from its wild moors, among which, ridge behind ridge, my eye

sought out this dear valley, dear to me because your dear mamma and perhaps some of my dear children and others whom I love were there.

TO M. H., AT HELME LODGE.

ACKWORTH, *May*, 1843.

. . . I am so glad to hear that the time is passing so pleasantly. They are safe whom the Lord keeps. Dillworth has just come in; he has been a ride to Brackenhill, most of the way by himself. It reminds me of my young days, and of my rides with my dear brother Joseph and my sisters. How have those days passed away! not that I wish their return, but it is not easy to find that increasing heavenly-mindedness which one used to anticipate as a sort of natural consequence of advancing years. I am inclined to think the reverse is nearer the truth, and that *age* without *grace* only roots the old Adam more firmly in his native earth. Youth (at least in some minds) is susceptible of deepest abstraction from earthly things, at all events for a season, but even here there is no stability, less of course as regards character than in Christian old age.

It is truly cheering to witness the peace and blessing resting on my beloved parents. It is like the beautiful golden gleam of evening light that renders

some autumn days the most lovely of the whole year. The burden and heat of the summer over, autumn having poured out her rich stores and *no winter to dread*, but an eternal spring and never-ending day.

I think this fondness for autumn is connected in my mind with desire for *rest*. I am weary of strife, weary of the world, and especially in some sense weary of the Church, as disappointed in all; but, blessed be God, not disappointed in Him, but having found in Jesus surpassing loveliness and excellence of dignity and grace, as well as that He is indeed the friend of sinners, and having found rest for my sinful soul in His tender and most loving embrace. I mean, that independent of what Jesus has *done* for us, what He *is* in Himself is a source of endless delight. And to know that nothing shall separate us from His love! this crowns all.

I got a new thought on the way here as to the 37th verse of Rom. viii.—“In all *these* things we are more than conquerors.” Evidently “these things,” from within or without assailing to endeavour to separate us from Jesus. They spend their strength, pass away, and we remain *masters of the field of battle*. So we are *conquerors*, but not only so, we rise and reign, and for ever and ever triumph; so we are *more than* conquerors through Him that loved us. It is not said that we more than conquer every temptation. This would not be true; and if our

song of praise rested on the assurance of this, we must hang our harps upon the willows.

Jesus is "the Amen" to our souls. This is the joy. The amen gives "*steadfastness*," "stability," "faithfulness." These are, I think, the thoughts connected with the Hebrew word, and our "amen" is found in Him "who died, yea rather that is risen again, *who is even at the right hand of God*, who also maketh intercession for us." But for this all our hope would be like a cheque on a good bank and for a large amount, fairly written but wanting the signature.—Yours in tenderest affection and the enduring bond of that love which shall not pass away,

J. E. HOWARD.

To M. H.

ACKWORTH, *May 6, probably 1843.*

If I did not miss you, dearest, so much, I should be so happy in this quiet spot. The Christian is not made to be a stormy petrel on this world's billows, but a dove to hide in the clefts of the rocks, to "build her nest and rear her young in the secret places of the stairs" (the ascents to the temple of God).

I do feel so happy among many cares in trusting that our little flock are being cared for in this thing as in everything else by Him whose Word says the

parents ought to lay up for their children, and who gave His Son for us and blessed us with *all spiritual blessings* in heavenly places in Him, before we ever had one thought turned towards that Father in blessing. Before one cry of ours had gone up through the hands of our Intercessor, our Father had sent the spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying Abba, Father, and this to help our infirmities, and had also "called" that glorious High Priest to minister at His right hand for us, Who has filled His hand with incense of His own merits, and waving the golden censer, fills all heaven with the sacred perfume of His name, in which our poor prayers go up to the Father with acceptance. Truly "our Father" has richly laid up for us.

To R. M. B.

TOTTENHAM, Feb. 19, 1844.

My dear wife is quite poorly yesterday and to-day.

It is a great attainment surely, and a point I have by no means reached, for "those that have wives to be as though they had none," for care and sorrow grow thickly among the trees of every earthly Eden, even at the most tranquil times. We cannot stay at Elim, for the trees there are rooted in the earth, and Israel has to learn to be fed with angels' food, and the wells of water are to be exchanged for

streams from the smitten rock. There is, however, this special blessing in the married state (in addition to all the rest which I prize exceedingly), that our loving Father makes it the means of teaching in secret many a lesson of dependence, many a trial, many a deliverance, many an exercise of soul of which the world knows nothing, but of which He sees the "needs be," and of which He surely intends us to receive the rich blessing, and I do trust that I have learnt some lessons in this way, though I am a dull scholar and have much need of the prayers of my brethren—I hope you do not forget me in this. "Lead us not into temptation" is a most needful prayer to me, not only as regards common and everyday circumstances, but those scenes of storm and agitation when God entirely crosses our will and throws us back on this lesson, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." In such circumstances I have found two most opposite states of feeling. One (through the grace of God) of much submission and great joy in the spirit—the other the rebellion of a will that makes me, as it were, tremble to think still dwells within.

But the promise is sure.

To R. M. B.

ACKWORTH, 3d October, 1844.

Thank you much for your deeply interesting letter, and for the details so very cheering of the Lord's work with you. Truly you have much to make you happy in regard to those things which do not perish with the using. How delightful the thought that those to whom the Lord has blessed your ministry will be your joy and *crown of rejoicing* in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at His coming! As to the sale of your house I greatly sympathise with you, for though new creatures in Christ, we do not yet lose the power which remembrances and associations belonging to the old creation have upon our strangely constituted nature, and we none of us like to have our nest stirred up and our rest disturbed; but then it is all to *teach us to fly*. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings." What a detail of painstaking care is here on the part of the mother to make her newly-fledged brood partakers of her own joy and power in ranging freely through the field of air, the empress of all the feathered race! The Lord give you, dear brother and friend, to "abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost," and to see,

though afar off, the kingdom and glory to which you are called, so that you may quit (if called to it) without vain regrets your truly sweet earthly portion. Ours is *not* the resurrection promise to Daniel in *this* respect, "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand *in thy lot* at the end of the days" (Joshua xv., &c.). I am a very Jew in nature, and should well have understood and liked such a promise in his place, but ours is far higher as to circumstance of glory; however, Daniel may share in this too. "His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His face, and *His name shall be in their foreheads.*" How remarkable that dear E. W. W. should just be suffering perplexity and trial from his beautiful dwelling not suiting his health, and, moreover, the ruthless railways threatening almost its existence, and just after sympathising with him your letter bids me feel and pray for you under somewhat similar circumstances. So it is, that we cannot have everything here. As good old John Newton says, if we have gold here it is not transparent, and if we have glass it has not the splendour of gold; but hereafter in the heavenly city these things will be combined, "pure gold as it were transparent glass." Your situation is too hot, and W.'s too cold and damp, but wait but a little and you will be both suited, for "the former things will have passed away."

To R. M. B.

TOTTENHAM, *March 13th, 1845.*

I think it will be better to send you a few thoughts on *Anastasis* as I proceed with the book, than to wait for more leisure when I may have completed it, as I shall perhaps lose sight of what now interests me in the progress of the inquiry.

I do not stay upon the introduction, though I question the assertion that "the human race is progressive in mental development." If man is only now "in the lowest forms" after 6000 years' schooling, he must have very little of the "progressive" in his nature. And it is surely not increased intellectual power, but simply *cumulative experience*, which marks the present race of man, as compared with the dim ages of the past. I strongly suspect there would be found far more of intellectual power in the works of Zoroaster than in the system of any modern American writer.

How very shadowy the proof attempted in p. 17, of the "progressive advance," "from tender germs to ripened fruits." This is a most unfortunate illustration, for the *perfect thing* as to the power of growth is the fully formed but *unripe* fruit, then commences a process of *chemical* action, that is to say, of *decomposition* resulting from the diminished power of

vegetable life, and issuing in the perfect *sweetness* and *ripeness* of the fruit; but this is only a *stage* in the downward path, just like the colour of the autumnal leaf, and chemical action will not stop until all the atoms (which by the mysterious action of life in the plant have been placed in a variety of unwonted combinations) are again resolved into their primordial state—ready in *this* state to be used again by the young germ just emerging in vigour from the mass of what *we* call corruption, which corruption is but *nature's kitchen* preparing her savoury dishes for the young nursling. Then, again, the “everlasting circle” begins to run its course in the progress, maturity, and decay of the young plant. This is a digression, but may perhaps fall in with subsequent arguments.

I pass on to the first chapter, as to the question of *identity* in a perpetually changing body (p. 37). “Strictly speaking,” says our author, “no man has the same body now that he had seven years ago, as it is in about this period that a complete change is held to take place in the bodily structure, by which we may be said to be corporeally renovated. This is *a fact*,” &c. Now if it were so, which I deny, why should man not be immortal? Why should he pass through the states of infancy, adolescence, manhood, decay, decrepitude, death, in exactly the same manner as a plant. Supposing *no sickness, no disease* to occur—this, it is obvious, is the natural *progress* of

man. He is born, grows to maturity, reproduces his kind, and gives place to his successor on the stage. Death, it may be said, is the wages of sin. No doubt; but then we find in Gen. iii. the provision for *renovation* in the fruit of the tree of life, and being shut out from *this*, man dies *in the order of nature* (p. 22). But the *fact* of this continual change. Let us look at it more closely, for there is here something which perhaps after all baffles investigation. A plant goes through the same stages as a man—tender infancy, mature age, and the hoary head are in man what the sprouting germ, the strong stalk and expanded flower, and the withering, shrinking, dying autumnal state are in the plant. Why does the hair turn white? From the same cause which is operating through all the body, diminishing the channels of circulation so that at last the *machine is worn out*; but how worn out, if always renewed? The two things cannot be true. If I were always having new wheels and new pinions, &c., to my watch, so that no part escaped this mutation, would it ever grow old? There is doubtless the incessant transit of particles. The little red globules of the blood are the carriers of the oxygen of the air from the lungs to the most remote extremities, and again every useless noxious particle is carried away in this continual wondrous circulation and transpiration. The whole kingdom of *man* incessantly on a stir like the streets of London, and yet London is the

same still. Ever changing and yet but *one city.* Now here comes the Gordian knot of the question which I have *never* seen untied. Can you do this for me?—only do not cut it. What is it which maintains this identity? In a city it is of course the will of man to reconstruct that which is decayed in the same place and shape, so that I now walk through a royal exchange just as I walked through a royal exchange some twenty years ago. The same and not the same. But in man *what* is it which determines the accruing atoms to their respective stations so as to preserve, not *precisely* identity of form, less still identity of substance, but still *material* and *substantive identity*, and this from the cradle to the grave? Could we solve this, we should, I apprehend, have a key to the doctrine of identity of the body in resurrection. Bush tells us (p. 51), “while the body is alive, the vital functions are indissolubly connected with the presence and functions of the *soul*. When death takes place, the principle to which the animation of the body was owing departs and leaves the body a mere mass of inert lifeless matter, subject, like all other matter, to the action of chemical agencies, by which it is gradually resolved into its primitive elements.” Very true, I dare say, but then let us understand what we mean by *soul*, because by the same reasoning by which he proves that man has a *soul*, by the very same we prove incontestably

that a horse has a *soul*, and moreover that the plant has a *soul*, and whatever hope of immortality thence arises to the *man*, of course is shared with the horse on which he rides, and the oat plant which supports the horse. "The vital principle, the true seat and subject of animal identity" (p. 53). Very good again! I suspect it is so. But just as true of my horse as of me. But (p. 63) "the mere animal feels itself, but is not conscious of itself;" doubtful, very! If the horse could speak I think he would tell a different story. "The personality of a *human* being is centred in that which thinks, and reasons, and wills—which loves, and fears, and hopes—which suffers, enjoys, and feels. The vital principle, whatever that be, is intimately and probably indissolubly connected with the intellectual and moral principle, but no philosophy has yet shown that it is identical with it."

Well! but what are these two its? Are they, as I should say, soul and spirit? And is the soul that which I have in common with my horse? Responde Solomon.

J. E. H.

To R. M. B.

TOTTENHAM, July 1st, 1846.

I have been reading in my journeyings to Stratford and back some works which tax my powers of meditation beyond their strength. To *ruminare* is what a cow does after she has gone over the field and lies

down at leisure, and this last I cannot now do. First, "Thoughts on Animalcules," by G. A. Mantell, LL.D., &c., suggesting the inquiry, "what is life?" when we see this mysterious something enshrined in such minute atoms of creation. The "monads," for instance, consist of but one single cell in some kinds, in others an aggregation of cells, and yet they "perform all the functions of animal life," namely, the *maintenance of a particular form for a certain duration of time*, the elaboration of materials of support from food, locomotion, and the continuation of the species. This last act is performed in these minims of creation, by dividing themselves either into two or four parts. "When this process is about to take place, the granules within the integument or case seem to be divided by a transverse line; this gradually becomes more apparent, and at length the containing case itself contracts along the course of this line, and the monad appears double. Both parts now have an impulse to separate, and an entire division now takes place, the two become perfect individuals, and swim off in opposite directions."

Here the law of reproduction seems opposite to that established in reference to man. Instead of two becoming one flesh—*one* becomes *two*, and so on *ad infinitum*! Now if these little creatures have *wills* (and they must have in pursuing their food, &c.), how do these *wills* divide, and whence comes

the impulse to this strange leave-taking of the opposite sides of one's self? Thus in the "floating coloured slime" of our ditches formed by these animalcules, we may find questions which perhaps the mind of Newton could not solve. I should say we have watched these little beings through my microscope ourselves, and I have no reason to doubt the relation. I am glad to find that Mantell does not at all agree with the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," whom he convicts of want of philosophic correctness in assuming the identity of the original embryos of all created beings. The *unchangeable* identity of type seems on the other hand to be the law of creation as far as I can trace, with some curious exceptions, chief among which is the strange metamorphosis of the queen bee from the grub of a working bee by her being fed on a particular kind of food. But then the working bees are all barren females, and the change to a productive state is always accompanied with other great changes in the appearance.

The second book I notice is Kirby and Spence's Entomology, which I have given to my son, John Eliot, to cultivate his taste for the study of nature.

"What are we to say to instinct?" this book suggests. The authors show its wonderful range in the bees and ants, and yet its difference from reason; but withal there seems to be a mixture of what may

be suitably called reason in the actions of these little animals—as, on the other hand, in man there is a mixture of instinct with his predominant reason, shown most especially in the savage in his powers of tracing out his prey, finding his way through the pathless wilderness, &c. &c. Thus, dear friend, have I led you a long chase through a wide field in which I am lost—the *wonders of creation*; but I can come back and meet you in the *new creation*, where we have given to us (though so unworthy) power to trace out the *wisdom* and *love* that shine forth immeasurably, and show us in the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ wonders on which we may dwell to eternity, and yet not fully unravel them. How wonderful that we sinful worms of the dust should range to such heights of glory in the pastures of life led by that Good Shepherd's hand! May we learn more of Him.

TO M. H. AT HELME LODGE.

ACKWORTH, *September 6th*, 1844.

It will be a great pleasure to me if I can in any way contribute to the comfort of my beloved parents. This, dearest, seems now to be allotted to us by our kind and gracious God, and you in the more especial manner are permitted to enjoy this privilege.* In

* During my mother's illness.

this I rejoice, though feeling some difficulty as to plans, &c., and also fearing that your own precious health and spirits will suffer. But indeed we never can repay the debt of gratitude we owe to those who so tenderly cared for us in infancy, and to your dear parents I feel that my debt of obligation is great both for the surrender to me of such an inestimable treasure, and also for the unvarying kindness I have received from them.

I am indeed unworthy of all, yea, of the very least of these mercies with which our God and Father has crowned our path, and have been reflecting, I trust with some thankful feeling, on the past deliverances and present blessings which the Lord has vouchsafed.

I like the old quaint hymn:—

“Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.”

Would that I could more perfectly learn this lesson, “Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace !” When shall I cease to care and contrive and to seek to secure blessing for myself and those I so tenderly love, as though *I* were God to them and to myself? Perhaps never till this poor wearied heart finds its eternal rest in that blessed One who cared for me upon the Cross in a way I never should have sought

—cared for me even to the laying down of His most precious life, that the Good Shepherd might lay hold of the lost sheep and bear it home with rejoicing. And yet I cannot fully trust Him to provide for me and mine through the wilderness. Oh! my dearest earthly friend, I am learning *this*, though perhaps little else, that *Jesus alone* is infinitely lovely. But here truly we see but in part; a little of His glory is seen, but unbelief and the power of things seen and temporal, how much do they not hide of our “Beloved, showing Himself through the lattices.” Here is a beautiful glimpse of the heart of Jesus, and one which your circumstances, dearest, may endear to you. Read John xix. 26, 27. In the midst of the agony of the Cross and of the *deadly thirst* He cared for her who gave Him birth. There was one heart which He who knew what was in man could trust for the tenderness of its feeling and the depth and steadfastness of its loyalty (through grace) to Him, and to John, the beloved disciple, the apostle of love, the one who writes that “*God is Love*,” to him Jesus left in special charge to care for His widowed earthly parent. What an honoured charge, and how will its discharge be rewarded in the day of glory. Even in the languor and pallor of the Cross, and when exhausted nature might seem to need to concentrate all her energies on the maintenance of her own dying flame—then the Father’s glory and the blessing of

His friends—of His enemies—these occupied the thoughts and lips of that unselfish One. Truly His lips were like lilies dropping sweet-scented myrrh. The Lord bless you, dearest, and fill your soul with heavenly peace. Yours ever affectionately.

TO M. H. AT SANDGATE.

STRATFORD, 25th August, 1846.

Your letter received this morning has been a comfort to me, and I am glad that you are able to minister to the comfort of our dear father and sister. How kind the Lord is in keeping us all in safety. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," for surely we have many unseen foes around us, and unless the Lord kept us under the shadow of His wing, we should soon feel their power. I had much comfort in preaching the Word last evening to a large and attentive company from Hebrews iv., especially vers. 12, 13, in connection with the beginning and end of the chapter. I think the Lord very graciously helped me and answered my cry, for I felt particularly empty of all good, and pleaded that word—"If the axe be blunt, He putteth to more strength," for I felt that I was indeed a blunt tool, and that the power must be from above. . . . The morning has seemed incredibly

long ; the "lazy, leaden-footed hours" have seemed as if they would not end ; and yet I have been tolerably busy, and find things going on pretty well here, and nothing particularly troubling ; but I have been watching the clouds and wind, and thinking whether you were exposed to their influence on the treacherous deep, and to the dangerous gusts from off that deceitful shore. Oh, how I hate the sea when those I love are on it. In every sense I wish the time were well come to me, and the world, and those I love, when there shall be "no more sea," though I would not miss the intervening glory either. But I think my great aspiration is after *rest* in the presence of Jesus. My resource is in the throne of grace, and I have much to send me there just now. . . . The Lord bless you much, dearest, and keep you very near to Himself. *There* is safety when we are leaning on the Beloved.

TO MARIABELLA.

HELME LODGE, *March 18th, 1847.*

I am glad to have received a letter from you, and write you one in return. I was at Liverpool on Monday, and went round the new docks there, and was glad to see a great deal of flour and rice and other things good for food, which the Americans call

bread-stuffs. Amongst the rest there was much Indian corn, and I shall send you a few grains, which you may ask James to sow in a pot, and put in the hot-bed.

You remember Joseph, how he opened the store-houses and sold to the Egyptians. He did not sell for *nothing*, but Jesus does, for He gives grace and pardon and life without money and without price.

Some poor people have died in Ireland with money in their pockets because it was so far to go to buy meal, but a believing heart will never find it far to go to Jesus. He says, "Ask and it shall be given you."—Your affectionate Papa,

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

TO THE SAME.

HELME LODGE, *June 15th, 1847.*

I hear that you have been poorly, and that you are writing me a letter, and for these and other reasons I write to-day to you. I send you a picture of scenes dear to me, especially because I traversed them with your dear mamma in our wedding journey, when we climbed together these mountains (Langdale Pikes).

They were not then black and gloomy as in the picture, but such changes will come over the face of nature, as well as over the world within our breasts; but in the midst of all we read of a most kind pur-

pose that God has, even to bring us to Himself and then to know Him more fully.

In the 33d chapter of Job we read of a man brought low by sickness, and of God's goodness in saying, "Deliver him from going down into the pit, I have found a *ransom*." The precious ransom is Jesus, whose blood is of infinite value in the sight of God. God has Himself found out this *ransom* for poor sinners, and He bids us trust simply in the ransom He has provided without our help or asking Him for such a blessing. He so loved the world that He *gave* His only-begotten Son. I want you, dear girl, to receive this *gift* of salvation in Christ as a *free gift* from God, simply through believing. Do not make difficulties in your way, but simply cast yourself on Jesus. His blood cleanses from *all* sin.—Your affectionate father,

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

TO THE SAME.

FOLKESTONE, *May 19th*, 1848.

Since this view * was drawn there has sprung up the Pavilion about where the white boats are. It reminds me of a bee-hive, so full, so busy, and all so nicely arranged! It is true there is no *honey*, but there are plenty of *cells*, and a sprinkling of young ones, some of which make themselves heard, and

* A picture of Folkestone.

others peep out and are seen. I have not seen any queen—at least I think not, but there are plenty both of male and female workers and no *drones*, unless the whiskered foreigners who lounge about outside and smoke segars are to be reckoned as such. There are no sentinels at the door to fan the hive, but there are some always at the door, and directly any person rings a bell, of which there are 100, one of these rings another and tells the right servant to go to such a room where he is wanted. I suppose *somebody* built this hotel and contrived everything so curiously as I see it. It could not come thus together by *chance*. Who ever heard of the waves tossing up a ready-finished Pavilion on the sea-shore? And in this wonderful world, in which everything is so much more curiously contrived than in the Pavilion, we understand by faith that it was formed by *the word of God*, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. How wonderful must be the wisdom and the power of God, who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast. “He stretcheth out the north over the empty space, and hangeth the earth *upon nothing*” (Job xxvi.). He bids us look unto Jesus and be saved, so that His love is as great as His power, and knows not beginning nor end. May God bless you, my dear girl, and make you happy in Him!—Your affectionate Papa,

J. E. HOWARD.

TO M. HOWARD.

DOVER.

We had a very pleasant walk this afternoon, keeping under the vast majestic cliffs till near the South Foreland, and then wending inland, and home at the back of the castle. We are far enough from Shakespeare's Cliff, and not very likely to reach it in our excursions.

The Kentish breezes are delightful even to me. I long you could enjoy them with me. The grey meditative light of the quiet afternoon, and the scenery, brought forcibly back the remembrance of other days. I thought of Broadstairs, of Herne Bay, of you, and of the enjoyment we had together in the love of our dear Lord, when first we knew the freeness and fulness of His grace. It is happy to know that this good Shepherd changes not, and that *He* is the same in *His love* yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In this, dearest, may we take courage, and know that the Lord will give *grace* and *glory*—*no good thing* will He withhold.

TO M. E. H. AT BURNHAM.

TOTTENHAM, *Friday Evening.*

It seems so long since I saw you, and so long since I have written to you! Indeed I have not once

taken my pen to write to you all these long weeks. How is this? Not that I have forgotten you, for there is one thing I do for you every day, and what do you think that can be? It is, dear girl, to pray for you; but then, you know, this will not do instead of your praying for yourself, and believing for yourself. I hope among all the pleasures of the seaside you do not forget this.

I have had a large branch of a mulberry tree, which your kind aunt (Elizabeth Howard) gave me, planted in the garden; * I hope it will soon take root and grow, and that the little buds which now begin to show their green will burst forth into beautiful dark green leaves, fit for the pasture of your silkworms.

How curious it is that when a branch of some kinds of trees is thus cut off and stuck into the ground, it should begin at once to *form roots* in order to suck up the moisture, &c., from the ground, and so feed itself. It is as if when a man's arm had been cut off, fingers were to grow on the stump, because he wanted to lay hold of something!

Surely in this we see the wonderful wisdom and the care of God over His works.

In the first chapter of Hebrews, Jesus is spoken of as upholding *all things* by the word of His power! And so He upholds your life and mine, as well as the life of this mulberry tree; and the same verse speaks

* Now a good-sized tree, 1884.

to us about His having by *Himself cleansed our sins*, and thence flows hope of endless life to us! I want you, my dear girl, to try to learn more of Jesus.

Dear mamma and I should be very glad to have you back again, but we think of you as very happy, and hope the Lord will bring you safe to us soon. Mamma's dear love.

TO ELEANOR, AT ACKWORTH (AGE 7).

TOTTENHAM, June 1851.

I hope I shall have a nice letter from you before long, and that you will tell me all about Ackworth.

I should like to know how dear little Philip is. How happy it is that the Lord has given him grace, now that He has seen right to take away his strength, and that if he dies he will go to heaven. I hope my dear Eleanor will remember that the Lord has given her added days not to be wasted, but that she may seek to know more of Him.

I have read through the Gospel of Mark to-day, and I only read of *one* time that Jesus was much displeased in this account of His whole life, and when do you think that was? you will find it in the 10th chapter, 14th verse. It was when the disciples rebuked those that brought young children to Him, that He might bless them. So you see Jesus is grieved that anything should keep a child from coming to Him,

and He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

I hope my dear Eleanor will be diligent in coming to this gracious Saviour. I send for dear grandpapa and grandmamma a piece of verse I have written, about sending the Gospel to China.*

TO ALICE.

TOTTENHAM, 8th June, 1851.

It seems a long time since I took leave of my sweet pet in the railway carriage. That day Mariabella was very poorly, but we asked the Lord to make her better, and He did so, and now she is so nicely, and looks so well sitting up in bed. Indeed she has been up a good long time, I believe. How well it is we have a friend in Jesus, to whom we can go at all times to ask Him in prayer to help us.

I was reading this morning how He was "moved with compassion" when a poor sick man came to Him to be helped. I think you know what compassion means. It is the sort of feeling that makes us pity others and try to help them.

Now if you go to Jesus to have your sins forgiven and to be made fit for heaven, I am sure He will be "moved with compassion" for you.

* "The Chinese Cypress."

To W. D. H.

ACKWORTH, 29th June, 1851.

I have been watching the shadow pass the hour of mid-day on the sun-dial. How many thoughts does the sun-dial, as the visible representative of the flight of time, suggest. That *shadow*—how it levels earthly distinctions and spoils the brightness of all worldly glory!

“Sceptre and crown must tumble down
And in the dust he equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.”

And what is of much more importance, how many does it summon from a sinful world to the bar of eternal justice, to give an account of all things done in the body! Alas! how unprepared as to the many who tread the broad path unconcerned.

One of my tenants here is drawing near his end, but he has, through God's mercy, a clear Christian hope. Surely “wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things which we can desire are not to be compared to her.” What would all the treasures of the Exhibition be to him, in comparison with this hope?

My knee is certainly improving, but not up to walking yet.

To M. H.

UMBERSLADE HALL, 2d Nov., 1851.

Your welcome letters cheered my heart and made me, I trust, thankful for the much mercy which has followed us.

Oh! what joy would it be to be made a pillar in the temple of God, and to go no more out! To enjoy the very opposite of all the instability and feebleness which mark all our ways here, and to have the unclouded joy of communion, and that for ever and ever. I do think the Lord has a purpose in leading me to this forced retirement, that I may seek and enjoy His blessed presence—that hidden joy which is so marred by the strife and the conflict of the world. How easily could the Christian heart incline to “the calm retreat, the silent shade,” and think these the special scenes made by the sweet bounty of our Lord for those who follow Him. But the path of Jesus is, after all, our exemplar; and His way, though at times in solitude, was for the most part amid the busy throng of men. He went about doing good. There will be time enough by and by to gather the twelve manner of fruits of the tree of life, and to walk by the side of the course of the pure river of water of life clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

I believe also that this is the way the Lord would

heal my bodily infirmity in answer to the prayer of His people, the "lump of figs," as it were, which under God's blessing will effect the measure of restoration He is pleased to give. . . .

TO MARY ELIZABETH.

UMBERSLADE, *Nov. 6, 1851.*

. . . I want to hear from you, and to know how you are prospering. This morning has been bright and beautiful, much milder, indeed warm almost as summer. The leafy dress of the wood is beginning to be surrendered to the cold touch of winter, to be laid by in Nature's wardrobe, and after undergoing a few needful changes, to take its course again in the ceaseless circle of all created things. There is no waste, no hurry, no instability in the works of nature, and the beautiful leaves take their exit cheerfully in bright colours, as those who have well performed their part and leave it with honour.

I am so pleased with my newly-acquired powers of walking. I seem to myself like a young bird fluttering round the nest, and led by degrees in wider and wider circles from the place where it so long lay inactive, and sometimes I seem like a caged canary. If I could but wing my way to you how pleased I should be! Dear S. M. is a sweet companion, but still it is not home. I have, however,

fixed to stay (D.V.) over another Lord's Day if all things are well at home, and with my dear parents. I am enjoying our morning and evening meditations on the precious Word of God. It seems so fresh to me. I hope you are increasing in knowledge and love of the Bible. Peace be with you.

TO ALICE.

UMBERSLADE HALL, *Saturday*, 1851.

It is, I think, your turn to have a letter, and I have picked up a peacock's feather which I thought you would like. The peacock and peahen have just been strutting before my windows, before dear Sarah Maria and I went our walk; for I do walk now without crutches, and with only a stick. As we were walking a very fine pheasant ran across our path, and we have seen several hares or rabbits at different times. I think if it please God I shall get better here; I shall always have a pleasant remembrance of this old house, which looked so gloomy when mamma and I first came to it. So it is often in life, that things which look threatening at first are often made the greatest blessings to us. I hope you are trying to learn about the wonderful works of God, as they are written in the Bible, and to come to Jesus, who loves to have little children come to Him in prayer. Many

poor children have no one to tell them of Jesus, the sinner's Friend, and no Bible to read. How glad we should be that the poor Chinese can now buy Dr. Gutzlaff's New Testament for threepence. I think you would like to spare threepence to buy a Chinese testament and give it to a poor little Chinese girl to teach her the way to heaven, would you not?

Dr. Gutzlaff is gone to heaven now, and can do no more for these poor heathen, but we who stay behind must try and help them.

TO R. BALL.

TOTTENHAM, *February 25th, 1852.*

It has pleased our heavenly Father to take from our care to rest in the bosom of her Saviour the ransomed spirit of my beloved mother, and on next Saturday we purpose committing to the dust the dear remains of one so much and so deservedly beloved by us, in hope of that approaching day when Jesus shall return to take His purchased possession. Yesterday afternoon, a little before two o'clock, her spirit peacefully took its flight, after a few hours of severe pain, followed by exhaustion, in the midst of which trying circumstances her patient committal of herself to the Sovereign Disposer of all things was both consoling and instructive. My dear mother's

long and useful life afforded her no ground of trust in looking forward to eternity; her sole reliance was on the merits of the crucified Saviour, the Friend of sinners, to whose precious blood she fled, and of whom we had been speaking on last Lord's Day in His character as the antitypical serpent of brass. For several days she has been rather indisposed, but there was nothing to create serious alarm till the night before last. On Monday she was with her accustomed cheerfulness attending to various matters, and enjoying the society of the family circle. Yesterday morning she was quite collected, and united feelingly with me in prayer. *Now* she is at rest! How wondrous the transition! For her I rejoice, yet cannot but feel her loss, "as one that mourneth for *his mother.*"

TO M. HOWARD.

PARIS, CITÉ BERGÈRE, *June 4th, 1852.*

. . . This is certainly a most beautiful city, the queen in brightness, far surpassing all her compeers so far as I have seen them, but I should not like to have my lot cast here. The people seem from this short acquaintance to have so much the character of grown-up children, so carried away with trifles, so excitable and so little governed by reason. We passed in coming at Pontoise the remains of a railway

station burnt by King *Mob* last December, and the same reasonable personage previously (as Dr. Weddell told us) burnt a bridge (that of Reform too) because they had been accustomed to pay a half-penny toll on it. At the same time they are well kept in order at present, and this no doubt is a great blessing. The French reason or think too little, and we English too much, and as a nation there is perhaps more guilt lying at the door of England than of France; but England is gloomily guilty and on calculation, France merrily sins and thinks nothing of it. The love of *fame* here takes the place of the all-usurping love of *money* in England. But enough of this. I am surprised with the fresh complexions of the people, not darker at all than in London, and also with the extreme order, so far as I have seen, in the streets. This is no doubt the effect in part of the all-pervading police, which regulates everything, arranges the conduct of the vicious, and the colour of the bills posted to announce lodgings to let, so that one may know at once whether these are furnished or unfurnished by the simple inspection of the colour, yellow or white. We have met everywhere with the greatest civility and attention. Dr. Weddell kindly gave us his company yesterday, and was most useful in examining the collections of barks, &c. (which I have now completed, with small and probably unimportant exceptions).

TO M. HOWARD.

PARIS, CITÉ BERGÈRE, No. 11,
June 24th, 1852.

Whilst waiting for breakfast I begin a letter to you, for the post goes out in the afternoon, and "My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee," yet I cannot answer for it that this will be shown out in a long letter, as I anticipate having again a busy day. I was so thankful to have so good an account of yourself, of our dear children, and of my dear father. How kind and gracious the hand of our heavenly Father! May His loving-kindness be continued to you and to us! Yesterday morning was spent under Dr. Weddell's guidance in the Jardin des Plantes. The barks cost me some hours of close inspection, and yet fully repaid this. They have those I sent beautifully arranged in paper boxes with glass lids, and those Dr. W. brought in like manner. Our sons amused themselves the best they might meanwhile, and then we went to dinner at Dr. W.'s. Madame W. is a very agreeable Spanish lady, and speaking Spanish with her two little girls and to her husband, whilst Dr. W. and I conversed in English, and madame and I in French, so that the variety was sufficient. The boys and I both thought the dinner very good, and did justice to it, although the beautiful green peas were to have

come after the meat by themselves, and the fine Kentish cherries (cherries of Montmorency here) showed we had made two or three degrees of southern latitude. We are all through mercy very well, and my knee bears the fatigue surprisingly. The evening we called on M. Guibourt with Dr. Weddell, and found the chemist very busy dissecting a brother chip, (M. —), who has been selling quinidine for quinine. It was very amusing both to D. and to me to see our Stratford experiences repeated, and also to find the bark from which this had been made the quality of which I had previously told Dr. W. . . .

TO M. HOWARD.

PARIS, No. 17 RUE NEUVE DES CAPUCINES,
April 23, 1854.

My letter is begun on the Lord's Day morning, which seems to open on this great city as if Jesus had not risen from the dead, and indeed since He is considered to be offered every day afresh, it is not to be wondered at that there should be so little manifest of His risen life. I long that the Gospel might have free course and be glorified amongst this people, who are toiling as in the fire for very vanity—among the poor for the means of life, and amongst those above them often for a bubble or a breath—*pour la gloire!* They are much more industrious apparently

than we sometimes fancy them, the women particularly seem always at work in the shops and everywhere, and Paris contains, I believe, a larger population (in proportion) of *artisans* than any city in Europe. We went yesterday to see the manufacture of Gobelin tapestry, and I longed you could have been with us to see the extreme beauty of the workmanship. Some of the finest paintings and the best masters imitated with wonderful truth, and the exquisite flowers and fruit, such as it would not be easy to transmit any idea of; and then such luxuriant carpets! but I will not dwell on this—suffice it to say we were highly gratified and saw the whole process of manufacture. We had before this seen the Louvre, and afterwards dined with Dr. Weddell who “*nous a reçu parfaitement.*” . . . We are going this morning to the Eglise Réformée of M. Monod, and shall probably hear Horace Vernet, one of their great preachers. May our gracious God give both you and us consolation and strength from the secret place of His sanctuary. . . .

TO M. HOWARD.

PARIS, No. 17 RUE NEUVE DES CAPUCINES,
April 23d, 1854.

It is now the evening of the Lord's Day, and we have found, through His mercy, more refreshment

than I ventured to expect in attending at the Eglise de l'Oratoire, which is the principal church of the Reformed Protestants. It so happens that we have heard two of their chief men, M. Coquerel, *aîné*, in the morning, and M. Monod in the evening. The service in the morning did not begin till 11.30, but was not over (including the Lord's Supper) till about 2. There is great simplicity in the mode of conducting the service, and nothing like the English liturgy. M. Coquerel is very eloquent; but his age, which must be considerable, militates a little against the clearness of his voice. His sermon was on the text, "We being many are one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread," showing the original institution of the Lord's Supper as setting forth the union of the one family of God, deducing historically the corruptions with their causes, and after a very good assault on the mass (it is high mass to-day) finishing by exhorting them to cleave to the better path. I much enjoyed the sweet hymns; the first was, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks," &c., forming in French a touching hymn, which in this strange land drew tears from my eyes. The sermon was a sort of exposition of Brethrenism, without sectarianism, and though I consider the absence of discipline a serious defect, I felt free to unite in the Lord's Supper, which was given very much in the manner to which we are accustomed—at least, so far as being

passed from one to another along the table—only the table is several times filled with communicants, to each of which companies the pastor made a nice warm-hearted address. I got also into the Sunday-school held in the chapel, and saw a little (though but little) of that before the service. . . . M. Monod struck me as a man of more mind than Coquerel. He spoke well, and I was glad to find that I could follow very well. In the afternoon we visited Père la Chaise, once the seat of the Jesuits, now the abode of the dead. It is a strange sight to English eyes. . . .

TO M. HOWARD.

PARIS, No. 17 RUE NEUVE DES CAPUCINES,
April 24th, 1854.

. . . We went this morning to St. Denis to see the tombs of the kings—tombs only, for nothing, not even “sordid dust,” lies there. In the mad fury of the Revolution of 1793 the Convention decreed that the bones and ashes of the monarchs of eleven centuries should be taken from their resting-place of ages, and cast indiscriminately into two trenches near. However, St. Denis is now greatly restored (for Babylon is putting on her holiday attire in all directions), and very beautiful was the sunlight streaming through the painted glass, and falling on marble floor, or sculptured pillar, or ancient tomb;

happy is it that the pure light of God's creation cannot be sullied even by the inventions of man. Here Napoleon plundered a vast treasure deposited near the altar, and here he married (?) Marie Thérèse. Here are the vaulted passages, the sculptured likenesses and tombs of the kings of France from Clovis downwards, and very interesting is the association with the past. You would have been delighted with a beautiful statue of Marie Antoinette; Dagobert, the founder of the chapel, was the first buried here. He was managed by the monks in a manner told in quaint relief on his tomb, for you see a monk dreaming and behold his dream! that this same Dagobert was carried away by fiends, who look very *mauvais sujets* indeed, and that he could only be rescued by the saints, who are represented pulling him out of the boat in which these furies held him captive. So this same Dagobert was persuaded to found this abbey, and hence arose the long-cherished glories of St. Denis. By the way I have noted the omission of the second commandment in the church of la Madeleine to be correct, and have also marked the inscriptions on the front of this edifice, one of the most beautiful in Paris, which is dedicated to the omnipotent God, *through the intercession of St. Mary Magdalene*. What a mediatrix for poor sinful men, to say nothing of the women of Paris! Popery here is picturesque and poetical, but has not, I should

think, the same hold on the credence of the people as in Ireland. The rest of the day was occupied chiefly in *bark* studies at the Jardin des Plantes, &c. . . . And now adieu for the night. May our gracious God and Father keep both you and us under the shadow of His wing for the sake of Christ *our* Mediator and High Priest.

TO MARIABELLA.

TOTTENHAM, *June 11th*, 1854.

I snatch a few moments after the labours of the day to thank my dear girl for her most welcome letter, as I do not well know how soon I may have another opportunity. The shades of evening are closing in, "the night cometh (as to nature) wherein no man can work," and how suited this grey twilight, this season inclining to meditation, to the thoughts suggested by this as applied to spiritual things. I have been speaking chiefly from Revelation xx. 10 to xxi. 9, and I pray that the Lord the Spirit may bless this to many hearts, for who can give earnestness to seek first the kingdom of God but this blessed Spirit, or who can quicken or keep alive the soul but He? Let us therefore seek the renewing of the Holy Ghost. I was deeply shocked yesterday to hear of the present state of one with whom I might almost say we set out in company in

our heavenward voyage—now drifting rapidly, I fear, towards the gulf of destruction. How all things, my dear girl, seem to say to us, *Be earnest!* Do they not? I hope you will derive much profit from your present visit. I am so happy to think of you with your dear aunt, and to receive such good accounts from you. I left your dear mother and dear Eleanor yesterday, and I hope they are both deriving good from the change.

I hear there was a grand assemblage at the Crystal Palace yesterday, and more than a thousand voices united in melodious song, but how much sweeter and more soul-satisfying is the melody which we may make in our hearts in praising Jesus for His love. The Queen was in the Crystal Palace, and *she* was the great centre of all the bright throng, but I read of the “city” in Rev. xxi. that *the Lamb is the light thereof*; this will be the joy of the ransomed. How poor and mean will all earth’s pageants seem in the glory of that day!!! This has not been the subject of my discourse, but it occurred to me while writing. . . .

TO R. M. B.

TOTTENHAM, *December 12th*, 1854.

. . . I read, but not at all carefully, the account of the spirit-visits in America to which you refer,

and was rather surprised to find them to be in some way connected with my old friends the Quakers in one of the ramifications of that body—that is, the Hicksites, if I read it right. As to the whole question of spiritual manifestations, I feel that it is one which cannot be *altogether* dismissed as an imposture, although I think there is very much of imposture mixed up with it. In fact, if intercourse is obtained, as I suppose is possible, with the spirit-world, there must needs be in this very fact an inlet to a world of fraud and falsehood, for it is not with the spirits of the just that this intercourse can now be obtained, but with those who are awaiting the judgment-day, and in a state of misery in Hades which they may wish to disguise, and may be able to render imperceptible to those with whom they come into contact. In fact, all the descriptions from Greek and Roman times downwards are only consistent with this view of the matter, in so far as not from one of them do we obtain any true information of the character of God in Christ, nor do we see anything but unsatisfied yearnings after earthly things—their thoughts are still of the earth earthy, and not in accordance with a bright and glorious heaven of the redeemed.

The sole exception which occurs to me is that of the spirit of Samuel, brought up by the witch of Endor, who utters a true prophecy and says, "Tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be *with me*," *i.e.*, I

suppose, in *Hades*. In what sense we must take this association of the good and bad in Hades is doubtful, but from our Lord's parable of the rich man and Lazarus we may infer that some communication was held notwithstanding the intervention of the great gulf which separated them.

There is, however, so much of the parabolic style in the description, that it is perhaps purposely intended not to lift the veil, but only to convey the deep spiritual instruction by so far giving us a glimpse as was needed for this purpose.

And further I have little doubt that some great change was operated in the state of the *righteous* dead in Hades, by our Lord's descent and the work He wrought there by the Spirit, so that what might apply to the spirit of Samuel, might not apply to those who are at rest in the bosom of Jesus in the Paradise or third heaven, to which Paul was admitted. . . . I think the state of Hades is evidently an expectant and imperfect state, and that the popular notions which represent the *final* state as perfected on death are quite inconsistent with Scripture.

As to *place* I question whether our notions of the material universe have any relation to the truth when viewed from the other side of the question, that is from the spirit world. It is not the easiest thing in the world to satisfy one's self chemically and metaphysically that matter really exists—wit-

ness a very clever book, "Daubeny on the Atomic Theory." Don't be alarmed, however, for *in common sense* I do not doubt it, but I do doubt the relations of the one world to the other; "beyond the bounds of time and space," &c. is all moonshine to me. Why not here? or there? Do we not see a perfect *independence* of the obstacles of matter, and *control* over its powers even in angels, as in the deliverance of Peter out of prison? The angel enters without the doors being opened, strikes Peter on the side with a blow that *might be felt*, then his chains fall off, &c.

I look upon the material universe rather as a series of types and symbols for the manifestation of the power and wisdom of God, and neither excluding nor including His spiritual kingdom—as a *reality*, not an Indian "maya," but as deriving its chief sublimity from that which is *beyond*, not in the sense of distance of space, but in the depth of real existence. What relation has the light which pervades the body of a glow-worm to the worm itself? Is the light a *substance* or not (in a chemical sense)? a subsistence it is certainly, and probably an electrical effect. But what then is electricity? How wondrously in electricity and light do we seem removed out of all our gross notions of space, matter, and time. I suppose we could send a message by electric telegraph from here to the Crimea in less time than it would take

to transmit the idea from the eye to the brain of a slowly perceiving person, for astronomers have proved in one instance that this defect occasioned a notable loss of seconds in one observer. After all, how immense is our ignorance! On the boundary circle of our knowledge hangs a Cimmerian night of uncertainty, never to be dispelled in this state of being, but *here* we can rest, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, and gazing here certainty grows more and more in the believing soul, to be swallowed up in an everlasting day.

To S. M. F.

ACKWORTH VILLA, *July 27th*, 1856.

It is seldom that I devote any part of this day to letter-writing, but the long quiet afternoon here gives me the opportunity of expressing those deep affections of paternal love which, expressed or unexpressed, ever dwell in my heart. To you and to our dear son our thoughts often turn with fond affection, and we do bless God that He has united you together and given you a husband so truly suited in every sense to be a strength and stay and comfort to you, and also in giving you to be helpers of *each other's* joy in the Lord. We have now quite a nice company meeting here on the Lord's Day—a *picturesque* congregation, like that of an old country church. Poor

old Anthony Green and Allan Mason this morning, the very picture of old age, and that blessed, as I trust, with Christian light. We had also some new faces this morning. The subject dwelt upon was from Luke xxiv., "Did not our hearts burn within us," &c., and I think we felt something of the preciousness of personal communion with the Lord and of the reality of His ever-abiding love, and the sustaining presence of the Comforter. I feel as if I increasingly prized the privilege, because I have for a day or two been poring over old family memorials of 100 and 150 years ago, showing the thoughts and feelings of our predecessors, who seem to have been fond of keeping diaries. That of Peter Briggins, who was a kind of druggist in Bartholomew Close 150 years ago, is *very* dry as to religion, though amusing as to passing events in "King William's" days, and the writer's visits to Newington Meeting with his "*dafters*" Marabela, Mercy, and Gulielma, &c., and so on to *Tatnum* (I hope you discover the place of your nativity), which was in those days a quiet village, apparently as separate from London almost as Ackworth is now, and if you failed in securing a place in the once or perhaps twice a day coach, you might e'en walk back, and brave all the perils of highwaymen. This Marabela was an ancestor of ours, not the first of these that had the name, for it is now the seventh generation, if I understood right

the result of our researches yesterday. The name is variously written. It is Spanish, and sounded "Mariabeya" as near as I can give the sound in English letters.

This is a digression, and so apropos of Mariabella is the mention of a journal by my grandfather's sister of this name giving the details of a journey on horseback into Cornwall, passing through Wellington, &c., and giving some very amusing narratives, and a picturesque description of the pack-horses and the narrow lanes of your locality.

I was going to say that the reading of these memoirs does not at all tend to make me wish to get back into the old religion (almost the *new* one in P. B.'s time), nor yet to live in those days of punch-ladles and periwigs, of lotteries and pillions, in which you find cartloads of good advice to a young married couple (good at least in the writer's own estimate), but terminated by a promise to send recipes for making "Irish *usquebaugh*" and another gout-producing potation.

My Grandfather Eliot, however, seems to have been a *really* religious man, and I should quite hope found his way to heaven through a sea of mental fears and conflicts, for, though a staunch "Friend," I think he rested on Christ for salvation, and it is therefore a pleasure to think that he prayed for his grandchildren in his last hours. Their lives would

strike us as possessing singularly little variety or interest, and the wear and tear of a few weeks now would seem to equal that of a year or two of these peaceful, well-conditioned, powdered old gentlemen, in whose diaries "*I at home all day*" seems to fill up lack of all other matter.

It is some consolation here to find others have been idle before me—though I have not *quite* borne that character, as I have been writing a little Scripture examination on the shepherd character of Christ, chiefly for the Jews.

For yourself, my beloved daughter, and for your dear husband, how many are our thoughts and prayers! May grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

To R. M. BEVERLEY.

PENRHYN ARMS, PENRHYN,

August 21st, 1856.

Speaking of his father's declining health, he says—"Why should we regret leaving this present scene altogether? We have not the sad uncertainty of Lucretius, into whose magnificent speculations I dipped pretty deeply when at Ackworth. He certainly had before him the vision of all modern chemistry as a theory, beheld but not proved, and I am delighted as a *chemist* with his eloquent reasoning. But how sad for such a mind to have no fulcrum out

of self to rest upon, no 'Thus saith the Lord.' I do not wonder at his putting an end to his existence—it was enough to overset so finely strung a mind. It is an infinite blessing to sit down beside the well springs of living waters and to know them all *freely ours.*"

TO ELEANOR (AT ACKWORTH).

Lord's Day afternoon, 1857.

I have met with such a nice anecdote this evening in reading with dear Mariabella "The Life of Spencer Thornton," that I copy it out for you and for dear Alice. It is this:—

"A little boy was once on the top of a roof where several men were at work. He was looking about him and his foot slipped and he fell. In falling he caught by a rope and hung between heaven and earth, where he could neither get up nor down. At this moment a kind man ran out of the house, and standing below with open arms, called out, 'Let go the rope and I will catch you; I *can* do it.' The boy considered a moment, and then let go his hold, and dropped safely into the man's arms." The little boy believed the man was able and willing to save him, and he trusted him. Jesus is like the kind man. He stands with open arms and calls you to come to Him and trust to Him. Believe Him,

and He *can* and will save you. It is one day past the longest day, so now the days will begin to shorten till Christmas. Time flies, and soon will all be gone. I hope my dear Eleanor and Alice will both be prepared for eternity.

TO HENRY.

WELLINGTON, *August 2d, 1857.*

I reached this place safely on Friday night, and on Saturday we laid the little coffin of our precious Katie in its last resting-place, a very beautiful cemetery surrounded with richly-wooded valleys and hills, and the sun shining so gloriously over all as if nothing like death had been there. Is it not strange, dear Henry, to think that only so few weeks ago she was so full of life and spirits, so bright and happy? But she is happier now, and though the tears fall when we see the nursery so quiet and deserted, yet we must remember that Jesus will soon come again, and wake up that little sleeping body even though it should have crumbled into dust, and that He will gather her and all His people around him in bright and glorious bodies like His own. Will not that be a morning full of gladness and of songs of joy and praise? I want you, dear Henry, to make very sure that you are a believer, and to think of the coming of Jesus.

TO DR. KARSTEN.

February 8th, 1858.

. . . You will be interested in hearing that I have recently obtained by purchase from Madrid the autograph manuscript of the last work of Pavon—"Nueva Quinologia," completed in 1826. It contains very elaborate descriptions of fifty species of cinchona, including some now otherwise classed. There is also a preface by the author in Spanish, which I have only partially examined yet. With this I obtained more than fifty authentic specimens of the barks of Pavon's collection. I intend (D.V.) to publish this work with notes, and I hope by that time to have received specimens from Peru which will help to elucidate the subject, as since I saw you I have made acquaintance with a Spanish gentleman—a native of Loxa, in Peru—who has been engaged in the bark trade, and has given me much information, and promised specimens also. I hope, therefore, to be able shortly to send you what I trust will interest you, and I will bear in mind the desire you express for botanical specimens.

TO M. HOWARD.

TOTTENHAM, *March*, 1858.

I have been gratified by receiving to-day the promised specimens of the red bark tree (leaves and flowers) from Chimborazo, and though promised others still more complete, these confirm and elucidate my previous researches. There is a pleasure in coming up with the game after such an intellectual chase. Still, after all there are higher pursuits and nobler joys for the Christian.

TO MARIABELLA.

WELLINGTON, *Monday evening*, 1858.

I have been to Yeovil to see the eclipse, but like many *sublunary* schemes my hopes have been mingled with disappointment. After a pleasant ride with my brother and sister, Henry and others, we reached Yeovil; but the clouds had been gradually gathering wildly around the scene of grandeur, and as ten o'clock drew near I had given up all hope of seeing anything worthy of notice except the darkness, which, closing over the landscape, was becoming *grand*, though not equal to the descriptions. When I thought something really like the blotting out of the luminary was about to take place, and that darkness was to assume for a moment her ancient reign, sud-

denly Mr. Dyer (in whose garden I was watching the phenomena) exclaimed that the period of greatest obscuration was over, and almost immediately the clouds opened and disclosed the most brilliantly beautiful crescent imaginable, but the annular stage was past. Then the envious clouds hid the beautiful vision for a short season, but again to be revealed at intervals, as, with gradually increasing power, the wondrous fount of light dispelled the shadows which had gathered over his path. The most remarkable thing to me was that so small a portion of the sun's disc could manifest so large an amount of illuminating power.

. . . And now, dear Bella, good-night! may our God and Father have both you and us in His holy and safe keeping.

TO R. M. BEVERLEY.

ACKWORTH VILLA, August 10th, 1858.

. . . I have been reading Huc's "Empire Chinois," and Mrs. Speirs' "Ancient India," and have got rather deep in Buddhism and the Indian philosophy, of which, by the way, it is a development, though not of the hierarchical system. It is the Quakerism of the East, similar to the thoughts and feelings of my natal religion in a degree which few are prepared to apprehend. Two or three facts seem new to me

of late. One, that the religion of the Veda, such as you have it, is distinctly pre-Brahminical and allied to the fire-worship of Aryana, wherever that was, from whence the Sanscrit-speaking Agni-worshipping people descended to the Punjaub and the Ganges, there subduing the aborigines and incorporating them as the Sudra or low-caste with themselves. Then Brahminism arose, the invention of the hierarchical sect, who attempted to secure their own power and influence very much in the same way as the Roman Catholic priesthood. Oude, or then Ayodhya, was the old centre of the power of the pure Brahminical race, or children of the sun, distinct from the lunar dynasty who colonized more widely. I think that great resemblance will be traced out between these Aryans and their sun-worship and the sun-worshipping Incas of South America, whose language, by the way, is said to be also strikingly akin. They are first cousins of our Teutonic ancestors in language, and even in feature strikingly similar, and considering themselves the *white* race when they subdued India—in opposition to the “black Asuras,” the aborigines who still maintain their existence in the hills and forests of Central and Southern India, and with one race of whom, our friend, the missionary W. Bowden, is getting an intercourse which promises very hopefully. Among these aborigines, caste, which is so fearful an obstacle to the Gospel, is not found.

On the other hand human sacrifices, &c., prevail.

But I am getting away from their religion. Another fact which I gather is, that Buddhism is but the development of the mystical philosophy of the Sanscrit people through a person of powerful reforming mind, who called himself or was called Buddha, which is a kind of sacred title.

Again as to the existence of a Supreme Being. This is certainly entirely unknown to Buddhism, and here lies its strongest contrast with Christianity. It is astonishing what difficulty seems to have attended the earlier European writers on this point of Eastern mental history. I think that I can understand it, though it is not easy to give a logical definition of this state of non-faith which is so opposed to the need of the heart of man, and also to the earlier traditions of the human family, that it is not probable that in any nation it has ever existed *absolutely*. Some gleams of light as to the Being of God penetrate, but they are like lightning flashes, only leaving the darkness more palpably obscure, and not driving away that darkness. The "Brahm" of the Indians is evidently no Person, so evidently not, that to approach *it* one must sink, as the mystics say, "into nothingness," and lose all idea of one's own personality, much less must one attach any conception of personality to *that* which is the object of contemplation by the eye

of the soul and, by no means, of worship! In fact, you ask the Buddhist priest, "Do you worship the gods?" and the answer very properly is, "No, the gods worship me."

This is rather puzzling to a straightforward English writer, but is in fact perfectly correct and logical. The "that" (or Brahm), within the priest is so much greater than all the gods put together that they, in fact, derive their origin, not by *creation*, but by a certain sort of accident from this "that," which one fine day deposited an egg, from which Brahma, Vishnu, Indra, and all the other fry proceed. I am running out my paper whilst chatting with you, and *time* too holds on its way and bids me be brief. Well then,—another fact. It is no wonder that Buddhism, proclaiming all men free and equal, and alike competent to practise "Dharma," or in Quaker language "truth," should make so many converts, and specially amongst the down-trodden races of the mountains and the Deccan (or south), in Ceylon, &c.—should spread so greatly and oppose such a resistance to the Hierarchy. The priest was to the Buddhist but like "a great clod of earth," as G. Fox said of the clergyman he somewhere saw in the pulpit, and the "truth" was within themselves. "He who practises *ceremonies* for the sake of obtaining merit or reward, will never attain perfection or absorption." Then came the fierce

struggle between the priests and the mystics, and Buddhism was crushed in Oude, and all the sacred precincts of the Ganges, only to grow more vigorous in Thibet and China and Mongolia, and to embrace as now perhaps one third of the human family in its torpedo-like arms. Another fact indistinctly gleams upon me, and that is the interchange of thought and feeling between declining Christianity and advancing Buddhism. It seems now to be admitted that Buddhism borrowed some things from Christianity in its later—not in its earlier—forms, and on the other hand how *very* much did Christianity borrow from Buddhism! All the recent discoveries point to a much more intimate intercourse between the East and West in the ante-Mohammedan days than was imagined—the Greek kingdom in Bactria appears to have been in most intimate relations with the states on the Ganges, and the coins remaining show the amalgamation I refer to. By the way, Lao-tze, the founder of one of the three great religions of China, and contemporary with Confucius, is said to have travelled into the regions of Bactria, and somehow drank into the same doctrine with Pythagoras. I wish we knew more of the Greek kingdom of Bactria, and of all the results of Alexander's expedition to the East.

TO M. HOWARD.

TOTTENHAM, 9th September, 1859.

I quite regretted almost as soon as I had posted my letter, that I did not recollect you would receive it on our wedding-day—that happy anniversary which I have had so much pleasure in commemorating, though in loneliness. Surely there are very few couples who, after twenty-nine years' experience of married life, can so testify to the Lord's goodness therein as we can, dearest, and the deep and true-hearted affection which we feel for each other is surely a seal of the Lord's goodness resting on His own institution. I delight thus to trace the wise appointments of our God in this and everything else, especially as looking forward to that scene into which no sorrow can enter, and to which, though we can but dimly scan it, our privilege is to look forward through the merits of our Saviour. *There* the same beautiful adaptation—the same happy beneficence, will be experienced in full fruition and without any alloy of earth. And then how much are we blessed in our children! very increasingly do I feel this, and thank the Lord for them all.

TO R. M. BEVERLEY.

LORDSHIP LANE, 21st March, 1860?

Your letter received to-day has interested me amazingly as it touches on some points respecting which I *think* and *feel*, and yet have no converse with any one. I suspect this may be the case with some others. You know that I am naturally and by education somewhat of a mystic, and I was taught to seek after God as the existing One, if peradventure I might feel after Him and find Him. This state of things gave place, through His infinite mercy, to the shining in of the gospel of His grace, and now I happily rest—where all Christians repose their trust—on the merits and atoning blood of a *crucified Saviour*; but I am quite conscious that I come to this from an opposite quarter to most of my brethren in the faith—conscious also that many of the thoughts which satisfy them do not satisfy me, and that there is much connected with my inner history, *or life, rather*, which I could not explain at all fully even to myself, and for the full clearing up of which I must wait till the curtain is raised and an immortal state unfolded to my view. In this connection I especially prize the gospel and the epistles of John, whose especial calling was to set right the Oriental tendency of thought (in itself always prone to gnosticism) by testifying to “that which was *from*

the beginning, which we have *heard*, which we have *seen with our eyes*, which we have *looked upon*, and *our hands have handled* of the Word of Life." This is glorious, and the faith in God manifest in the flesh is to me an unspeakable rest from a troubled sea of thought and feeling. You and I find rest alike at the foot of the Cross. You have a *logical* mind and I have not, my tendency being rather to what Coleridge calls *ideas* (is it not?) than to *thoughts, word-clothed* on these subjects; moreover, I feel assured that even in this life, spirit may hold in measure communion with spirit without the intervention of words. The *logos* in man, the word-defining faculty is essential to all accurate definition as to created things, but I doubt exceedingly its province being lawfully extended to that which is above creation, the high and holy One who *inhabiteth eternity*. What a grand thought is that, but how impossible to grasp! How can I understand that past, present, and future are alike not only unveiled but *present* to Him? How can I bring into any logical shape the thought that our Lord could speak of Himself whilst still on earth as the Son of man *which is in heaven*, or that John could speak of Him as the only-begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father? (John i. 18.)

So as regards the definition of Personality, which you approach rather from a different side, I think

the idea you attach to the word *hypostasis* is exactly that which I sought to express by the term *Person*, which certainly does convey to many minds the undesirable thought you suggest in reference to it. The Vatican MS. has the passage I referred to above, thus—*θεὸν οὐδεὶς ἑώρακεν πώποτε· μονογενὴς θεὸς, ὁ ὢν εἰς τὸν κόλπον τοῦ πατρὸς, ἐκεῖνος ἐξηγήσατο.* This seems to me to be in all probability the original text, as it is the more unique and peculiar mode of expression. It is interesting thus to compare our views of the same subject, you coming to it from the West as it were, and I from the East.

TO M. HOWARD.

TAN-Y-BWLOH, *July 31st, 1860.*

I left Llanrwst at half-past eight this morning in a slight mizzling rain, which continued with little intermission to Cwmorthin. It could not, however, take away the interest with which I looked upon the beautiful scenery of Glyddar River, as we wound along under rocky knoll and wooded crag and scar—near Betws-y-Coed the country is so picturesque that for five miles artists say it is unrivalled in England. . . . The weather improved towards afternoon, notwithstanding all the evil prognostics of the cattle lying down in the pastures, of the wind in the

S.W., and the old Moel Siabod and his loftier compeers putting on their night-caps. So I conclude the weather here, as elsewhere, is uncertain. This evening has been lovely, and the gleams of light on this valley and the distant mountains quite a study for a painter. . . I wish you could have enjoyed with me this evening in Festiniog Valley, but trust that in the performance of your quiet duties towards my dear father, and our dear children, you find the sweet smile of our gracious God and Father, and know that His wing and guardian love are over you. May He keep both you and all our dear ones in safety, and give us all much of the light of His countenance for Jesus' sake!

TO ELEANOR.

TONEDALE, December 11th, 1860.

I feel inclined to tell you of our safe journey, and our arrival at this scene of deep and solemn interest. It is so happy to witness the peace that Jesus gives to those who are bereaved, and that they are able really to *lean* upon Him; and it is so realising a view of heaven that is presented by all that we hear of the last hours of that beloved sufferer whose mortal remains now rest in the drawing-room, previous to their being conveyed to their last resting-place—*last* I should not say, since Jesus shall raise up

even the poor body in the likeness of His glorious body.

Wednesday.—I meant to have sent this off last evening but was prevented: I went up to Shute Cottage to tea, and enjoyed seeing your dear sister looking so well and happy in the midst of her little charge.

Dear Eleanor, your uncle was one who honoured Jesus, and God has said, "Them that honour Me, I will honour," and surely this has been made true in his case. . . .

To M. H.

BEDDGELEERT, *August 16th, 1861.*

I hope, dearest, you have had as good a night as has fallen to my share. I rise happily this morning, and able to say in the language of the Psalm I have been reading, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." I daresay I have the benefit of your prayers, though perhaps you were scarcely stirring so early as I was. I was out and visiting the grave of Gellert not long after seven, and now have a nice time to write to you before our Board of Directors make their appearance. . . .

I shall think of you to-morrow with much affection, I trust, and hope to have some little service at

Tan-y-Bwlch, for I do not see that one's own failure and weakness should hinder the lifting up and exalting that "lovely Jesus," precious Saviour, who is indeed precious unto me.

. . . Give much love to our dear girls, and to Harry, and receive ever yourself the lion's share (for I believe I have a large capability both of loving and hating), from your (what shall I say) ever most faithfully attached husband,

J. E. HOWARD.

To M. H.

TOTTENHAM, *September 8th*, 1861.

It has dawned upon me that I cannot send you a line to cheer you on the morning of our wedding-day, so I shall try to despatch this letter by the post of this afternoon to reach you as I hope to-morrow evening. I wish you could see how nice this dear old place looks, only so wanting your presence. The house is all in order and looks so neat, and now when lighted up by the smiles of our dear daughters, so well furnished, and Dillworth so evidently enjoys having us back again, and John was here to welcome us, both looking as well or better than often, and remarkably so, considering that they have had really warm weather here, as the brown and parched pastures testify. The garden is beautiful and the little robin singing his best, and the slight autumnal

mist of the morning disappearing before the bright sunbeams speaks of the southern land in which our God has ordered our happy lot together for these many years of married life, in which He has crowned us with so many and rich blessings personally, and above all things, in the knowledge of Himself, and secondarily in temporal mercies. How rich I feel in you, dearest, and how rich we both are in our children! Surely it is a recompense for many an anxious hour to see such a family as ours growing up to take their place in society! Not that I would encourage in you or in myself any other than grateful thoughts, ascribing all the praise where it is really due, to the bountiful Giver from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift. As to myself, my only refuge and trust is in Jesus and in Him crucified. His blood and righteousness my only plea. I have been reading the beatitudes this morning, and though I have a humble hope that our God is perhaps perfecting *some* of these things more in me, yet alas! how grievously in all things do I come short! and though I *hope* I am hungering and thirsting a little after righteousness, yet I seem, on the other hand, often to be going astray. I do not know even how to weigh my own demerits or to measure my own sins, and my alone trust is in the *mercy* of my God from first to last.

You will have heard how nicely we were enabled

to accomplish our journey, and I am glad to add that all are so well and cheerful this morning. I hope it is the same with you, but feel much for you in the fear that our so early and rather troubled departure may have increased your tendency to headache. Give my love to our dear children, and tell Henry to remember, with my love, my charge to him to be a *man* in caring for his mother, and a dear son in obeying her. I will not write more now, except to send my dearest, warmest, and most faithful love to your own dear self, from your loving husband,

J. E. HOWARD.

TO M. HOWARD.

TAN-Y-BWLCH, *February 26th, 1862*

I started about a quarter to seven this morning, and had a fine ride through the crisp morning air. The varied tints of the trees by the side of the clear and glaucous Gwdyr, and the gleamy effects which shone forth when the sun began slowly to master, and then emerge from the clouds, were such as a painter might have studied to advantage, and if he could have transferred to canvas, might have filled a distinguished place amongst the candidates for public fame. The birch with its gleaming white stem and purple buds—the russet oaks and ashes, with velvet doublet of moss half-hiding and half-revealing the

jutting crags and cheerful cascades, and heathery slopes, gave many a picture such as no artist paints, and such as I wish you could have shared with me. Cambria's distant higher summits snowclad and at first shrouded in mist, as if they had not yet laid aside their night-array, nor washed and dressed for visitors; but such glorious gleams of light lit up first one and then another hill-side! I enjoyed a morning psalm. What beautiful words are those, "Thou wilt show me the *path of life*; in thy presence is *fulness of joy*; at thy right hand are *pleasures for evermore!*" And yet some say there is no revelation of the future life in the Old Testament. The mountain pass was "clear, but oh how cold," so that I was glad of the walk up to Cwmorthin to get warm again. I reached Tan-y-Grisa before a quarter past ten, and had a long day's exploration of the works under most favouring skies. I am well satisfied with the winter's work, and glad that I came, as I have gained a great deal of information, and set some things I hope on a better footing.

TO M. HOWARD.

TAN-Y-BWLCH, *April 10th, 1862.*

I had a charming walk this morning through Mrs. Oakley's grounds before breakfast. The rhododendrons are magnificent, and the effect of the rich

pyramids of gorgeous blossoms amongst the woodland. English surroundings are something extraordinary and captivating, I was going to say paradisiacal. I thought of our blessed Jesus, how His walk was through the thorns and the briars of this world, and far from its garden delights, that He might win for us that precious gift of eternal life. May we love Him more and serve Him better, dearest, till we see Him in glory!

TO M. HOWARD.

11 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON,
March 7th, 1863.

The all-exciting show which has turned the heads of the good people of London in anticipation has now passed, and the best of it—the hearty welcome to the youthful Princess—has come off with unmistakable *éclat*, although the elements have not been altogether propitious; but it is now fine, and the sun will perhaps shine by and by. We had a capital view, thanks to my nephew's kindness, and are all quite interested with the appearance of the Princess Alexandra. She looks to me entirely queen-like in feature and bearing, but not perhaps quite so pretty as her sister, the Princess Dagmar. However that may be, I wish her and her consort the best of blessings for time and for eternity. The sight calls forth feelings for the future which differ much from

the sanguine anticipations of youth—not that I mean they are at all shaded with gloom, for I trust the blessing of God will rest on the exalted couple thus commencing life in accordance with His revealed will, and I think the connection altogether one in which the nation ought to rejoice. I believe I share in this feeling, though an unbidden tear would rise from I cannot tell what source, when I saw the young and lovely bride, the future queen, perhaps, of this favoured land, and, it may be, the one in whom our posterity will feel the same interest and watch with the same true-hearted affection that we have felt towards our Queen, for whom I trust this day will indeed be the opening up of a bright vista of promise that may be realised in due season. . . . The tail of the procession is now passing, and we are waiting for the clearing of the streets till Bradley can make his way to the door. We got here very nicely, and quite without any difficulty. Joseph and Ellen and Crewdson Waterhouse are with us.

The carriage containing the royal family of Denmark interested me much—a pleasing family group, and the poor little boy quite tired and fast asleep on some one's knees.

To S. M. Fox.

SPARK HILL, February 6th, 1864.

A few words of loving greeting on the occasion of your birthday, though unable to tell out all the fulness of the thoughts which might come even unbidden, and certainly *ought* to overflow, and lead me to call upon my soul, and all that is within me to bless the Lord for His loving kindness in giving me such a daughter, and in giving to her such a husband and such dear children, and above all, such happy hopes and rest in Christ for all. Would that we could serve Him with more gladness of heart, who loved us and gave Himself for us! I am sad sometimes when I think of my age, and the large portion of my life that must have passed away, and I have so little attained or overcome; but then how thankful we may be to turn to Jesus, to look away to Him who has said "It is finished," and to lose ourselves in Him, "accepted in the Beloved." And yet how much ought I to speak in praise of Him-whom I have owned as *Master*, to encourage you who are now in the fulness of strength and life in the service of such a gracious Master, such an ever-indulgent Lord. I have been full of fears from my youth up, and yet He has filled my cup with earthly blessings, so that I can say "my cup runneth over;" and as regards the little service I have sought to

render to Him, in this also He has overwhelmed me by His loving recognition of it all, and by giving me to see that it is not in vain in the Lord, so that if I were not to speak His praise the stones might indeed cry out!

So you see, my beloved daughter, I have come to the end of myself, for I dare not say, that if I had my life to live over again I should live it better, but as regards my God and Saviour, I have only begun to trace out a little of the glory, to contemplate some of the beauty, and to understand and to feel a little of the love. Let us help each other in prayer, that we may dwell more in the atmosphere of wonder and of praise—of holy admiration and joy—that we may have more of heaven whilst on earth, for truly I greatly need this. We must forget the things that are behind, and press forward to the things that are before, to the crown and the prize! I want a spirit “steadfast with God.” Give much dear love to your dear husband, and all kinds of affectionate remembrance to the children, and for yourself a father’s best wishes and earnest prayers.

TO JOSEPH.

TOTTENHAM, *June 13th*, 1864.

I do not like the day to pass without sending you a word of loving sympathy, for truly our thoughts

dwell almost constantly with you, and we do pray to our heavenly Father to strengthen and comfort you all under this heavy sorrow that He has permitted to come upon you, for I conclude from the letter this morning that we can look to but one termination of your trial. However, there is a bright side as regards my beloved cousin herself, for hers has been a life which has adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things; and in all the relationships of life—as a wife, as a mother, and as a friend—she has succeeded beyond most, in showing forth the virtues and graces of the Christian character, and now she has an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom. And what better can we desire for ourselves than thus to make the port full freighted, and so to have done with the waves of adversity of this present world? Truly the time is short, and the great point is to gather up the blessing which is doubtless hidden for us all in this sad dispensation.

TO MARIABELLA.

COURT, *October 9th*, 1864.

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I have been reading with much interest Flourens' reply to Darwin on "The Origin of Species," which is entirely to my mind in the lucid and admirable

manner in which he exposes the personification of Nature, and the subtle entanglement of words, endowed with the power of things, in which he has involved himself and his reader.

It is curious to see the French academician coming forward to maintain the existence of God, and quoting Voltaire for this end against our English philosopher.

I am now deep in Laplace, and am more delighted than ever with his "Exposition du Système du Monde," and am glad to find that I had formed a correct general view of his theory.

TO R. M. B.

LORDSHIP LANE, *February 21st, 1865.*

I am deep in microscopic studies with my John, who is just now with us with his wife and family. He surpasses me much in this particular, and has just been making me a very nice drawing under the microscope of crystals, seen in sections, of the Peruvian bark. He is tolerably well, though this cold ungenial weather causes him rather to flag. He has also been troubling himself with theological questions, infant baptism, &c., not much to the benefit of his weak health. I give him Solomon's advice "neither be thou over wise; why shouldest thou destroy thyself?" My Alice is translating for me a letter

on these (microscopical, &c.) subjects to Dr. Phœbus! name most auspicious for clear discovering power. So you see I have good help from my children. I am also reading with much interest the work you commended to me of M. Nicolas. There is a great deal of real research and original thought in this author, who is much more readable than the Germans; indeed, his style is clear and attractive, though not always convincing. His chief defect as to reasoning seems to me that which he shares in common with most of the rationalistic school, but on this perhaps we should not quite agree. I cannot force myself to wade through Kurtz, though I have often tried, and though he seems to me to be a devout man and a real believer, so I suppose I have not at all a German mind. How curious the difference, by the way, between the French and German mind. Two authors have just published on a question which you know interests me, the Quinquinas. The Frenchman Planchon is lucid, fluent, beautiful, making the most of all sources of information—nothing original. The German, Phœbus, has observed intensely, measured to millesimal parts of an inch, studied profoundly, and written a book in that horrid German which makes me sigh when I take it up. Poor Dr. Phœbus! I am afraid from what he tells me that it makes him sigh too when he thinks of the printer's bills. But these Germans do really love

science for *its own sake*, and love *nature* for its own sake, in a way that no other nation does, not even the English. I am running on, but though I have not yet begun to answer your letter definitely, yet nevertheless you will see by what I have written a little of my thoughts. I am not a scholar as you are, and only partially believe in criticism which seems to me nearly as often to lead to wrong as to right conclusions.

TO R. M. BEVERLEY.

TOTTENHAM, June 12th, 1862.

. . . I have been busy with Mr. M'Ivor and the Indian barks. He has fallen in love with one of my species, the plant of which is *unique* in England, and has set to work to put in many layers from it in order to transport it to India. It is almost incredible, but he says that not less than sixty acres are now planted with the posterity of the species (*C. officinalis* var. *Uritusinga*), which I gave them. Mr. M'Ivor and his partner have now an estate of 1100 acres under cultivation with cinchonæ, and in a short time they expect to rival South America in their export.

TO M. E. LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, December 12th, 1865.

I do most truly thank you for your loving letter,

and the sweet text you sent me. I most cordially thank you for your loving remembrance of my birthday. It is indeed cheering to be assured that I have not lived in vain as regards those dear domestic relationships with which the Lord has blessed me, in a family of so much promise and a wife of so much preciousness. To be certain that our children love and desire to serve the Lord is indeed a great joy. And to see them walking in the truth cheers the path, which might otherwise present some ruggedness. (After some remarks as to health, &c., the letter proceeds)—

I am cheered with the result thus far of our tea-meetings with the Brethren and Sisters at Brook Street. They have been responded to very cordially, and seem likely to lead, through the Lord's mercy, to a revival of blessing. We are now about 190 in Communion. I did not think there had been so many, and we continue to receive additions.

I have had a very welcome letter from Mrs. Guinness, in the course of which she mentions that she was converted under my ministry twenty-five years ago, and has since preached the Gospel to some thousands of her own sex in different lands.

TO MARIABELLA.

THE COURT, *July 26th*, 1866.

It was truly kind and thoughtful of you to send us such early news through dear Frank's telegram of the arrival of our party at Christiania. We shall hope to hear some details of their voyage before very long, but I fancy it will be three or four days before a letter sent on their arrival could reach us. It is interesting to find that the Atlantic cable is so nearly laid, and that this enterprise approaches its successful termination, so that news from all quarters (but not from heaven) will crowd upon us with increasing rapidity. . . . I was sent for yesterday by Lord Cranborne, so you see what it is to fall in with the times, and to advance in one's opinions; indeed, I always believe in *progress*, and have a great objection to ride a dead horse. I was not asked, however, what common sense would dictate as to the management of the London mob, or I flatter myself my advice (though a little late) might have been valuable. As it was, I had a long interview, and was very courteously received (he shook hands at parting), and studied his lordship, as he also very evidently studied me. He is a very talented debater—next, I believe, on the Conservative side of the house, to Disraeli—and possessed very abundant phrenological development, with a good deal of hair mixed rather

largely with grey. His look has left a singular impression upon me.

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *October 6th, 1866.*

I have just time to send you a few lines of loving greeting and sympathy to cheer you and your dear husband, if it may be, in your quiet home on Sunday. I hope you will be enabled to find rest, true Sabbath rest, in a Father's love, knowing that "every dark and bending line meets in the centre of His love," and trusting that the present trial may be in His hands the means of averting some yet greater trouble, or conferring some blessing which could be secured only in this way. I have noticed that it is with human life as with the day, at least in these regions. If it begins all perfectly bright and unclouded, it is apt to be shaded ere noon; and a somewhat grey beginning, on the other hand, often leads to the fairest mid-day sky. It is, even when we can see no other good from it, a positive benefit to have suffered, as in no other way do we learn to be really tender-hearted and sympathising, and moreover, it often draws out the love and sympathy of our friends. You see how wise and submissive I can be *on paper*, and I believe you will be so in practice, and it is a great pleasure to think of having you with us ere

long, and to hope that we may be the means of helping to build up your strength again.

To HENRY.

TOTTENHAM, August 13th, 1867.

. . . I have a letter from Lord Cranborne to-day, cordially thanking me for the specimen of the *first East Indian bark* sold in London which I sent him.

To HENRY.

TOTTENHAM, 1867.

I turn from labour and toil to have a little pleasant chat with you, as I shall not be meeting you to-morrow, and to thank you much for your very interesting and acceptable letters. I am now getting through some of my work, which has made me feel rather too busy. I read a paper last evening before the Linnean Society, which formed the chief business of the meeting, and led to rather a spirited discussion, in which I got a good deal complimented, which indeed in some sense I deserved, having been hard at work for the Government. However, I gain something if only in permission to exhibit the Indian barks and their products at this great Babel show at

Paris. I have been putting up 180 specimens of different barks for this, and they are, I suppose, to be sent to-morrow.*

To M. HOWARD.†

PARIS, 1867.

. . . I have spent the day at the Exposition, which is already very interesting, and in my opinion much maligned, for it will fully equal its predecessors. Our own case is very satisfactory as D. will be glad to hear. . . . It seems the jurors will take each separate class of objects by themselves. They have examined as yet only one, carbonate of soda! The barks look very nice and excite much attention.

* This collection is now at Stratford.

† From M. E. Lloyd's letter I copy a few lines showing your dear father's lively interest in his visit to the Exhibition.

“VERSAILLES, April 11th, 1867.

“I want to tell you how exceedingly we have enjoyed dearest papa's and Harry's little visit. I never saw papa more bright and active and young, and his intense enjoyment in everything was almost touching to me. I did feel so glad he came. He really is a wonderful man; after that long fatiguing journey he was up and had written such a clever French letter to Eleanor before breakfast, then set off by the first train for the Exhibition and rushed about all day. He and I went round the whole of the picture galleries, and he did so enjoy it! He is very much pleased with their stand, and it certainly looks most scientific and interesting—Dillworth's bottles ‡ look so very nice, do tell him—the barks and camphor, &c., look beautiful.

‡ Containing a collection of salts of the cinchona alkaloids.

I have seen Barnardo, who seemed very glad of the interview. They have had difficulty, but the cause was decided in their favour this morning, and they may now go through the city with their evangelising work, which seems likely to be much blessed. . . . I do not think our case could be better, and we cut out our French competitors in some of their articles. They make, however, I must say, a very good show, but we are unique in barks and in Dillworth's preparations.

There is a rich treat for D. in Danish and Norwegian and Bavarian pictures, which are beautiful.

The Lord bless you, dearest. I finish in haste, with much love.

TO M. HOWARD.

CLERMONT FERRAUD, *April 11th, 1867.*

. . . The dawn of this morning found us traversing the fertile plain, and approaching the mountains, from which the veil was being slowly lifted, whilst man (and woman too) was going forth to his work in the fields until the evening. On reaching this place we found a good, though old-fashioned inn, the *Hôtel de la Paix*, and refreshed ourselves by a comfortable two hours' rest in bed before breakfast, since which we have felt little the fatigue of a night journey. After breakfast and taking counsel with our host, we engaged a two-horse vehicle with a capital driver, to

see the remarkable things, reserving any ascent of the Puy, if we make it, till to-morrow. It does not seem at all worse to climb than one of the Westmoreland mountains, nor more lofty from this level. The really Swiss-looking mountains are behind and much further off, covered thick with snow, and scarcely losing it in the summer. . . . But how, dearest, shall I tell you of the beauty of this country, seen by us to-day under most favourable circumstances? If the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France are so charming, what must Switzerland and Italy be? The spring is full upon us, and not only all the charming spring flowers, some of them garden ones, and some quite new to me, but the fruit trees covered with blossom, and all the delicate tints of green welcome us. We drove through a tract exactly resembling some of the views of the Holy Land, the terraced-looking hills cultivated to the tops; and round the picturesque town one sees on most of them little pleasure-houses, which complete the resemblance. We made our way up, climbing the last piece to an old ruined tower at the summit of one of the conical hills, amusing ourselves with the novelty of things around us, a beautiful green lizard among other things attracting our attention, and H.'s rather covetous admiration. The view was charming, but much surpassed afterwards by what we saw from Gergovia, a ruined old Gaulish town on the summit of a hilly

plateau, up which we drove by a route made expressly for the Emperor to visit this now celebrated spot, he having ascertained the situation of the old site, and given its name to a newly-designated village. We found some antiquities on the spot, and H. has been purchasing others since our return. I wished much you could have been with me to enjoy the most striking panoramic view I ever beheld, under the wonderfully clear light of this transparent atmosphere, and with enough of cloud shadows to enhance the view. The Puy du Dôme with all the hills of Auvergne, exhibiting the volcanic conformation described by Sir J. H., and backed by the lofty range I spoke of; and then, far away south, range behind range, towards Spain, the Cantal range towards the Mediterranean, with such charming châteaux perched on the hills, and old-fashioned towns and villages, one under a cliff of basalt, another on the very crest of a hill, &c., and then range behind range, *La Montagne du forêt*, the hilly, mountainous, forest tract of the higher Lyonnais to an extraordinary distance, then northward an immense rich-looking plain over which we looked, I am afraid to say how many leagues, and with here and there a conical volcano rising up in the midst as if to say what *might* become of all this loveliness. And the transparency and purity of the air, so different from our own land; but do not think I am proving false to my own loved

home, for many things speak of popery dominant here—the crucifixes, the nunneries, &c., mark the darkness that prevails, but I have found glad reception for some of H. Bewley's French tracts, giving them to the children, who are a particularly bright-eyed, cheery-looking, stumpy little lot; and to see them working in the vineyards, or with their small cask of wine and bread resting at noon, is quite a sight. How different they are to the Parisians! and even their language sounds more like Italian. They say *chemino*, for instance, for *chemin*. Our daughters would be interested by thinking of us as in the heart of the district from whence a Molière brings his *bourgeois gentilhomme*, as I must suppose by the terminations in *ac*. . . . I must write a line to D. about the Exposition, and hope to be able to tell him more of the Pays d'Auvergne when I have seen more of it, and especially of the volcanoes. The horses are adorned with trappings like the Spanish pictures, and with foxes' tails to keep off the flies. The oxen are yoked together with the most picturesque carved yokes. The vineyards interest me much, and I hope to describe the culture they are just now receiving, *mais pas à présent*.

We have now had our table d'hôte, and much talk with a small German, so I must conclude, doubtful almost in what language, having talked English with the waiter.

TO M. HOWARD.

CLERMONT, *April 12th, 1867.*

. . . We have just returned safely from our ascent of the Puy de Dôme, which we accomplished without difficulty, having a good guide, and afterwards we ascended a lower mountain to see the old crater inside. This was the Puy de Pariou. We had a long and interesting walk, and for a gentleman of the respectable age of your husband, I think it must be admitted that our eight hours' excursion, including walking about four of the same, was quite sufficient, but I am thankful to have accomplished it well. Henry is in capital spirits, having bottled a green lizard, which swarm in the sunshine on the rock, and if let alone are beautiful creatures indeed. The great variety of plants in flower charmed me very much. The view was similar to that I described yesterday, but of course more extensive, and the wind having changed to east, the air had lost the brilliant transparency of that view which I shall not soon see exceeded. The Mont d'Or looked very Alpine to-day, but the most curious effect is that the whole range of Puys seen from the Dôme is exactly like the moon seen through a telescope. A great stream of lava has flowed to the west, on which almost nothing seems to grow. The rocks are everywhere volcanic, and we walked through ravines just like

the cinder-heaps at Wednesbury. The "sources" of water are very fine, reminding of the upper and nether springs given to Caleb's daughter; but how much one wishes that the people knew how to draw water out of the wells of salvation. The priests seem to have it all their own way here at present. I think much of you all, and shall be thankful when the time comes to rejoin you, dearest, and our beloved ones. How great are the privileges we enjoy, and how much one feels the blessing of having such a resort as Brook Street, I mean outwardly, and how *precious* the precious blood of Christ seems here, where the people seem really devout, but their devotions are the saddest thing of all. . . .

TO M. HOWARD.

VERSAILLES, April 17th, 1867.

. . . Everything here speaks of the greatness of man's powers, and his dominion over nature; but to meet, as we did yesterday afternoon, all the *beau monde* of Paris returning down the Champs Elysées from the Bois de Boulogne was rather sad, though very interesting. I never felt so completely transported back to the days of old Rome, and I might be pardoned some thoughts as to the amount of pity that would be accorded by these same gilded beauties if the cry rose again, "*Christianos ad Leones!*" *Je*

n'aime pas, ce me semble, les mœurs Françaises; but the order that reigns is admirable now under the Empire. I was awoke this morning by the bugle-call mustering a host of cavalry just under our window, for below us lives the general. It was a gorgeous sight. I do certainly very much admire Paris and Versailles, and all is so wonderfully improved within my recollection.

We found at the Exposition a fine model of the Puy de Dôme country, about ten feet square, which gave us an excellent idea of this strange volcanic tract. I am just going now to see the Palais with our party and return to lunch.

TO MARIABELLA AT COURT.

TOTTENHAM, April 19th, 1867.

In the Pays D'Auvergne I learnt what I knew before, that Colenso is a very insecure guide in geology as in everthing else. I had certainly no thought about him in planning this visit, but when our *cocher* stopped on one of the richly-cultivated hills lining the Auvergne, the garden of France, in order to show us the subsoil which, as laid open by cutting, is seen to be simply volcanic ashes, and these covered by a deposit of rich marl, I learned that the whole country had been for some long period

under water, from which alone this deposit of mud could have proceeded, and it recalled the bishop's description of the crumbling away of his faith in the Bible, which he says in his preface was specially shaken by his increased knowledge of geology, which taught him that it was impossible that any flood like that of Noah's could have taken place, since these volcanoes of Auvergne, covered, as he incorrectly represents them, by pumice stones and light matters, could never have resisted the action of such a deluge, "but do not exhibit the slightest sign of having been so disturbed."

In my short visit I find palpable evidence, not indeed of Noah's flood, but of the above hills having been covered by a depth of water, and also learn from geologists that the whole plain of Limoges was once a great freshwater lake, and all else is otherwise than as the bishop describes. The volcanoes, though some of them are doubtless geologically ancient, have also been in action in the human period, as is evident by the Breccia containing human remains, and even up to the third or fourth century of our era there seem to be records of volcanic action, which, though now only felt in earthquakes of slight power, may at any time again burst forth. . . .

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *August 27th, 1867.*

I thought it would cheer you to hear that we have had most happy and pleasant letters to-day from both dear Mariabella and Alice—the former from Paris, the latter from Edinburgh. Both seem wonderfully well pleased with their husbands, and to find in their society much to make up for the loss of what they have left behind at Lordship Lane. So it has been from the beginning, and so it ever must be, for we trace in this one of the arrangements of our Creator God, whose ways are all infinitely wise, and so we must not complain nor wish otherwise that which is so ordered for the best. . . .

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

BRISTOL HOTEL, BRIGHTON,
November 26th, 1867.

How soon this month will have passed; and this beautiful day which has cheered us with its fresh west wind, and its almost summer-like sea, has already passed away whilst I write, and so we speed on towards life's grand issue—and how wonderful must that issue be! I trust that many were aroused to think about this last Lord's Day evening, when the Town Hall was crowded in every part, to hear

the two noble lords, who both spoke well, and to the evident arousing of many of their hearers, so that as nearly as I could compute about five hundred stayed the second or "inquirers'" meeting, and I hope real good was done. It was quite cheering and happy to me. . . .

I hope to send both you and Alice the book on Darwin* by first opportunity; it will create a sensation in some quarters, and I hope do good.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

TOTTENHAM, *December 12th, 1867.*

I cannot let this post go without thanking you *very much* for your most dear and valued letter, and also, through you, dear Howard for his, which was truly welcome. Again I have to thank you for your share in the very luxurious and, I fear, almost too costly present which it has been my joy to receive on my birthday. I can only say nothing could be more complete. I should like to respond fully to all the *precious* thoughts in your letter, which do me good and cheer me. It was a happiness to me yesterday to think of the many prayers of my beloved children for my spiritual blessing, and to feel assured that these will be answered, as also to find a present instalment. I must not trust myself

* "The Darwinian Theory Examined," by a Graduate of the University of Cambridge (R. M. B.).

in this letter to enter much on a description of my own feelings, which like my employment and like life itself were varied and busy enough—a Cwmorthin Board in the middle of the day, and a baptism of six or seven persons in the evening, not leaving very large space for quiet meditation; besides that, the arrival of our beloved Frank and Alice, and their accounts of our dear Eleanor, then a visit from dear Joseph and Ellen, and then waiting dear Dillworth's return from a visit, and so the day came to a close at last. May our heavenly Father grant that the rest after life's day may indeed be sweet, and surely "this is the promise that He has promised us, even eternal life," and "so shall we *ever* be with the Lord," and this assurance is all that we can need. I cannot say that I should not like to know more about all that blessed future towards which I trust we are all hastening, and my title to which I rest most entirely and alone on the merits of my dear Lord and Saviour—on the righteousness which is of God by faith, and as to the washing away of all the stains of earth, on the cleansing power of His atoning blood; well then to be *with Him* "who has loved me and washed me from my sins in His most precious blood," *this* will indeed be heaven, and with this I may well be content. In the meantime to gird on the armour, and to run the race, this is the clear present duty. But I did not mean to dwell on these themes so long.

TO HENRY HOWARD.

THE COURT, *May 4th*, 1868.

I am sitting upstairs with your dear mother and sister, and we have been speaking of our dear ones, and you among the number, and have recalled that to-morrow is your birthday. This has decided me to send you a word of loving greeting with our much love and wishes for many happy returns. To you, dear Henry, life naturally seems opening, while to me it seems slipping from under my feet. Each state has its peculiar trials and temptations, and young or old we need much grace that we may be found among the overcoming ones who shall sit down with Jesus on His throne. My heart clings to you with fond affection, and I long for you that your path may be guided aright by the counsels of heavenly wisdom, and that it may be brightened in due time by the ties of domestic affection; but everything in its season, and I do not think the season has come for that yet. I trust your *present* prospect of a continental journey will yield much pleasant and profitable material for future thought, and that it will in all respects be useful to you. . . .

TO HENRY HOWARD.

TOTTENHAM, *June 18th*, 1868.

I hope you are by this time turning your back

upon the mountains, and that you have had enough of them for one while. Mountains (I read in Cruden) are "high places whereon idols were worshipped;" and so, if we are too much possessed even with the fairest scenes of nature, we may forget to serve the God who made it all, and become like those who worshipped and served the *creature* more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever! Mountains again on the same authority are "places of power and authority in a kingdom," and there is too much disposition to climb up these at the present time in England. Mountains again are "the most lofty and powerful enemies," and though I do not wish you to turn your back on your enemies, I do not wish on the other hand that you should be enslaved by them. The devil took up our Saviour "into an exceeding great and high mountain to show Him all the kingdoms of the earth in a moment of time," and though there are no mountains in this neighbourhood, yet the old enemy manages to set a good many, especially of young hearts, on stilts of his own manufacture, so that they get quite enough view of the world, and of the glory and beauty of its superstitions, to corrupt their minds and to induce them to fall down and worship him. The angel, it is true, took John up into an high mountain to show him that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, but though I trust good angels guard you,

yet I do not think you are likely to be favoured with any such vision. On the whole, I wish you to abide in the valley of humility, where the dew lies long and the birds sing all the day, and the shepherd lads sing, "I am content with what I have," and all goes as it should, though I have not honest John by me to tell me exactly how. I remember the way down into it was difficult, and that it was through some slips got there that Christian was brought into conflict with Apollyon. I would advise you to see to your feet in going down, and mind you get well shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

TO M. HOWARD.

MY BELOVED WIFE— . . . I am going home by B. Seemann's, as he writes to buy a small quantity of quinine, and leaves for S. America to-morrow. To-day I have been with a Spaniard, Señor Rada, who, accompanied by his wife, has brought a cargo of bark down from Bolivia by a new route to the Amazon. . . . I am to entertain Señor Rada to lunch to-morrow (D.V.).

TO M. HOWARD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *September 15th*, 1868.

. . . I have had a long talk with C. R. Markham,

and curiously have a letter from Cross from Sylvia in the heart of the Andes, but as it is only dated the 1st August, I do not know whether the writer has suffered at all from the earthquake.

TO M. HOWARD.

SCARBOROUGH, *September 23rd*, 1868.

I have been able to do some writing for the Government, for which I hope to receive another *grandis et verbosa epistola*, as I find one here to thank me—no great payment for one's trouble, if that were all. I have also the promised letter from Señor Rada, and find that he has sent the specimens to D. Hanbury. So I am not quite without employment or useless, and I am sure it is pleasant to Mr. Beverley to see me.

TO M. HOWARD.

TOTTENHAM, *October 14th*, 1868.

. . . I have the proof from the Government of my Report and De Vrij's. It is quite worth while even in a business point of view to follow out these questions to their solution. I have a letter of interest from Mr. Broughton, and am likely to be occupied (D.V.) part of to-morrow in preparing specimens for Mr. T. West.

TO ALICE LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, Dec. 11th, 1868.

“Let us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for He is *kind*”—

expresses the language of my heart in turning my thoughts to your sweet home and to yourself to thank you for your loving and most welcome letter. How *kind* the Lord has been in giving me such dear children, and filling their hearts with love to your dear mother and me. How *kind* He has been to you in these past weeks and to your dear husband and the sweet babe—so let us take fresh courage, and praise Him for mercies past or *yet* unknown, believing that

“His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.”

I do like to dwell on the theme that His mercies are *built up* for ever, not like the bright clouds, fleeting and unsubstantial, but like the great mountains that He has established for ever.

Oh! if His mercies were measured by our deservings, how could I look forward with peace? but if our acceptance is indeed in the Beloved, if His blood and righteousness are our plea, then indeed may we wake a cheerful strain of praise to the bountiful Giver of *every* good and perfect gift. Thanks many for *your* welcome expression of love. It in all things,

cover included, quite meets my taste, and sweetly tells of your affection.

I am so glad to hear your dear little rosebud prospers. May the blessing from on high and the dew of His grace rest on her and on her dear parents, and may you be kept as under the shadow of the wings of our God and Father.

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *December 11th*, 1868.

Your nice present was most welcome, and still more the love that prompted its being sent. I have also to thank you so very much for your letter, so full of those sentiments of filial affection which it is a real joy to be assured of, and that not the least at a season which reminds of the approach of age and the swift passing away of my years as a "meditation" or "tale that is told." Well, surely, the summing up of it all should be in the language of the Psalmist, "Thy *mercy*, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake not the works of thine own hands."

So old men should praise God as well as young men and maidens, and certainly if the *experience* of His wondrous patience and grace and loving-kindness can lead to striking a fuller note of praise, this should not be wanting from me, for I am every year more sensible what a debtor I am to sovereign grace,

and how *good* the Lord has been to me in all my path.

I am so pleased to hear of the welfare of the dear little girl. May the richest blessing rest upon her, and may Heaven's protection be continually round you and yours.

To M. H.

SPARK HILL, BIRMINGHAM,

December 31st, 1868.

The last sun of this year set upon me at Coombs Wood. I reached Birmingham quite comfortably, after a solitary journey, and met Harry, who seems quite well and in good spirits about his undertaking. . . . And now, my beloved wife, let me say how fondly I turn to you in thought, as this year, with all its strangely varied page, is being numbered with the eternity of the past. Would that the bright morning of the coming of our Lord might shine upon us two, and that we might be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air; but if it be His will that we should tarry, may He be pleased graciously to grant to us that sweet companionship which has so greatly brightened our path, and been the source of such untold blessings. So it is not in mere compliance with custom that I do from my heart wish you a happy new year and many of them, and that

each year may find us advancing towards our heavenly home—that we may be more sweetly comforted by the Spirit, and raised above the hindrances as well as protected from the perils of the way.

TO HENRY HOWARD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *March 27th*, 1869.

The Russians salute each other on Easter Sunday with the words "Christ is risen!" and I say the same to you as the very best news I can send you, and as reminding you that since you are "risen in Him," it becomes you and me to seek to set our affections on things above, and to be heavenly and not earthly minded.

I am glad to hear you are enjoying yourself at Kendal, and shall be pleased to have a line at your leisure. I cannot but turn back with much thankfulness to those scenes so hallowed, and so dear, where I was led by the gracious hand of my heavenly Father to that union with your precious mother, which has been the special blessing of my life in many ways, and I pray that *when the right* time comes, you may be guided aright to one of those to whom Christ is precious, as He is only to those who believe in His name. Remember the words "only in the Lord." I hope you will enjoy

your visit, and that you and your companions will not venture unwisely on any expedition.

TO JOSEPH HOWARD.

THE COURT, *August 27th, 1869.*

It is hot and hazy, and seldom have I felt less disposition for exertion. Nevertheless I will tell you a little about the meetings of the British Association. On Monday I enjoyed the Geographical Section. The papers on the wonderful lands of Tierra del Fuego, and of the bay and straits rendered memorable by the loss of the *Wager*, were full of interest as described by an officer recently engaged in their survey, also another by an officer in the Prussian service on the vast tributaries of the Amazon, after which Markham called me up to the platform, and at the request of the President, Sir B. Frere, I gave an account of Don P. Rada's expedition down the Beni and Madeira rivers. Sir Edward Belcher, a fine old salt, greatly enlivened the section, and amused us with his laudations of whale beef and penguin breasts and merrythoughts. Moreover, by his help we "chawed up" the Gulf Stream, which must be ashamed henceforth to show its head at all, though the next day, in "that horrid section D," it was introduced to us as a marvellous power indeed,

having determined the destinies and migrations of nations and the climate of Europe generally, and in fact, according to the ideas prevalent in that section, having saved the Almighty a vast deal of trouble in determining the government and civilization of the world. Tuesday morning and Wednesday also I spent in section D, in which we had a very various dish of fare, some of it rather strongly flavoured. However, no doubt the ladies will have gathered many useful hints how to nurse their babies in future, and also how to keep their heads straight, so that they may be able in future to take less one-sided views of things than the present generation are apt to do. I cannot tell you how this is to be done, for I came in too late for the understanding of it, and as to the "nebulous hypothesis" of Sir John Lubbock, as the *Standard* calls it, I could not find the ladies had got an idea out of it. However, he thinks the Eskimo very jolly fellows, and would prefer living among them if there were no intellectual feasts to be had in England. I partly heard a paper on this same tribe to explain how in the world they got into their present quarters, which traced them as far back as the pre-glacial Pleiocene (?) period, so that they must be about a million years older on the earth than their cousins the Great Fish Indians. No wonder they have long memories. Generally speaking, I thought the papers "wouldn't

wash," as the ladies say, and sadly wanted some previous censorship.

To S. M. F.

February 10th, 1870.

I have been staying in for the last two days with a cold, and have consequently more time than usual upon my hands, and as we are expecting dear Alice and her children, I hope to be able to make my letter the messenger of their safe arrival. I need not say how many loving thoughts and desires for the welfare and blessing of you and yours it would also convey if it reflected faithfully our inward feelings.

Your dear mother thinks you need a word of encouragement, and that you are so apt to dwell on the sense of your own unprofitableness that you are too much cast down thereby. What then shall I say to cheer you, I, who am with good reason apt to get into this slough of despond occasionally? I cannot tell, unless it be to look off from ourselves more unto Jesus, and live the life that we live in the flesh by faith in the Son of God, *who loved us* and gave Himself for us. I have been reading the prophet Jonah, who certainly was not in himself an attractive specimen of humanity, but I find that he has some sweet things to say about the God whom he rather grudgingly served. "I know that Thou

art a gracious God and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil." So encouraged by this his faith, even when the weeds were wrapped about his head, he could say, "I am cast out of Thy sight, yet will I look again towards Thy holy temple."

Seest thou how faith wrought in the heart and language of Jonah ? and surely it ought to work even yet more brightly in thee and me.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

PEN-Y-BRYN, *September 7th, 1870.*

. . . The important day has gone off as well as could be desired. A bright morning awoke us to an early breakfast and long drive down the beautiful valley of Llangollen to the church, where the service was gone through with much feeling and realisation of the truths presented, and the bride looked very sweet, and dear Henry just as we could desire, both plighting their troth very distinctly to each other ; indeed, I never thought the service so good, or that I could have been so satisfied with it. The breakfast was enlivened by a Welsh harper and a band from the works, but there was nothing like gaiety unworthy of the occasion. Indeed, the speeches, &c., were very mildly cheerful. The happy pair left about four

o'clock, and since then has been a saunter and a time of rest to some and of perambulation to others.

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

39 BRUNSWICK TERRACE, BRIGHTON,

December 15th, 1870.

To-day has been wet, and since noon has confined us to the house, enabling us to get through a considerable amount of writing. Amongst the rest your dear kind letter to me on my birthday comes in remembrance, and claims an answer, so you must be kind and indulgent if my reply partakes of the dull and sombre character of the day. We have been cheered with good accounts of the dear ones at King's Heath, and also of dear Henry, for whose journey hither I have been trying to make arrangements. Edward has left us to-day, returning to-morrow, and I leave to-morrow for London, hoping on Saturday to meet Henry and Gertrude at Willesden to return with them to this place. Your dear little daughter, our charming grandchild, is a very bright light on our path these days, and we do not like to think of losing her, she is so clever and good, and finds her dear grandmother to be such a capital playmate. I look back to the time when she was so ill and I was away in Brittany, having quite given up her case as a lost one. So the Lord is often better to us than our fears. My

text on the 11th was the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy. Is not the connection between this and the temptation in Mark iv. a remarkable one? Truly "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord shall man live." So in Hezekiah's recovery from illness, as recorded in Isaiah xxxviii. 16, he exclaims, "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit: so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live." The Israelite was to see the covenanted mercies of Jehovah in his unswollen feet, and his garment outlasting the wear and tear of the wilderness, and so doubtless ought we to recognise the love of our Father in all those things that cause the outgoings of morning and evening to rejoice. I trust that your dear husband and yourself will be enabled in your new position to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour, and to cause it to be seen that your faith is indeed that which is productive of good works.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

39 BRUNSWICK TERRACE, *December 19th, 1870.*

Your dear mother wishes me to send you a birthday letter, and though I have begun by dating it wrong, I will proceed to send you a few lines which may be of use to you, if only to caution you against supposing that years necessarily bring wisdom, or

that if you should reach my age—why, I should have expected to have been almost free from all earthly dross, and nearly to have had my hand upon a golden harp by this time. Well then, my dear daughter, moderate your expectations, and yet press forward towards the mark for the prize of your high calling. I look back a good part of thirty years to the day that first ushered in your existence in this world, and I will not say how many thoughts arise in the retrospect, but certainly (as we sung that day) “*above the rest this note shall swell, our Jesus has done all things well!*” What mercies has He indeed made us prove since that time, and what love and devotedness ought to swell in our hearts! I do hope you are now much more at rest about your darlings, and that the Lord will graciously spare them to be a blessing to you, even as you have been to your parents, and now to your husband and children. It will be interesting to hear how the phosphate of soda suits dear little Howard. I suppose one part of the intention is to strengthen his bones, and if I recollect right it is one of the ingredients provided in milk for the nourishment of the young animal. It has been a lovely day, and dear Henry and Gertrude much enjoy it. Henry has even been a few steps outside the front door, and has much enjoyed the fine air here introduced through the window. You will judge by this that he is making

progress from day to day, and his spirits seem to keep pace with the improvement. Your mother unites in dear love and very many birthday wishes. We can indeed wish you many happy returns.

To W. D. H.

BRIGHTON, *December 22d, 1870.*

The eclipse is just over and the day has been brilliant, so that all the phenomena visible could be well observed. My part has been that of noticing the effect of the lights coming through small apertures into the drawing-room.

These gave all the phases of the eclipse as well as we could see them with coloured glass, and just now, seeing the disc *completed* in the lights, your mother pronounced that it was all over, which I did not quite believe, till I looked through the glass again and saw that it was indeed past.

To ELEANOR LLOYD.

2 FERNSIDE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
May 3d, 1871.

Your dear mother having a good deal upon her asks me to write a line to you to acquaint you with what you possibly already know, my dear brother's entrance into rest, which took place yesterday morning

at Ashmore. We had a poor account yesterday, and sent a telegram to Stratford, in answer to which we received the intelligence of his decease. To-day we learn that the end was painless, after a long period in which the powers of life ebbed gradually away. A more painless transition one could not desire, and whilst I feel much the separation, I cannot but rejoice that he is delivered from the burden of the flesh and is in joy and felicity, awaiting thus the coming of his Lord and Saviour.

TO HENRY HOWARD.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *May 4th*, 1871.

I have time to send you just a line of congratulation and a father's blessing on your birthday. How curiously the aspect of the Continental world has rolled round to a somewhat similar state to that which prevailed when you came into the world, and when I wrote a little piece of verse about the matter. Well, I am very thankful for the blessing God has given us in you, and also for the blessing He has been pleased to add to you in your dear wife, and I trust that your heavenly Father will give you the needed grace in your united path to live to His glory, and in all things to seek to conform to His will. . . .

TO HENRY HOWARD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *February 15th, 1872.*

Your two welcome letters filled our hearts with thankful joy, and your dear mother and myself do indeed acknowledge in this happy event of the birth of your first-born the answer to many prayers. . . We wonder what name you will give to your little man. I am not at all anxious on this behalf, but do earnestly desire that his name may be written in heaven. It is a satisfaction to think that your dear mother and I made this our daily prayer for you all, and that now we have so much cause for thanksgiving in what we see in our family, and we want the blessing to go down to children's children. "The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee."

TO ANNE STEVENSON.

LORDSHIP LANE, *March 4th, 1872.*

(After referring to some genealogical tables he says):—I do not at all despise the record of ancestry from which we may learn much as to our hereditary tendencies, and if there is anything advantageous, it is a thing to be thankful for; and whilst laid, as everything else should be, at the foot of the Cross, it is by no means that which should be despised or

thrown away. I am always glad to think that I am descended from "Friends," and always retain a sort of partiality—a kind of *national* feeling, towards the body. By the way, I have been looking up the tradition of my Howard ancestry, and do not know what to make of the story which is current about an ancestor who adhered to King James, and as a Papist lost lands (or life?) in his cause. Did you ever hear this, and did you ever hear that the son of this man joined the Friends? I fancy that he was committed to the care of female relatives when his father went abroad, but I cannot trust my memory about this. I fear that it is asking too much of you to write, but it is really so pleasant to receive a letter, and would be still more so to receive a visit from you. Our dear Frank and Alice Lloyd are now staying with us and their three nice little girls. We are rich in grandchildren, I am thankful to say, having had special occasion for gratitude in reference to the addition of three grandsons within a month, and the so far safe recovery of the mothers. We have now eighteen grandsons, and nine grand-daughters, so that really one feels quite patriarchal. Such a tribe furnishes many occasions for casting our burden on the Lord, and seeking their blessing in prayer. I do not approve of infant *baptism*, but I do of infant *dedication* to God. I think I am sure that God graciously hears and answers prayer, and

so one generation shall praise His name to another, and shall record His mighty acts. . . . —Your affectionate cousin,

J. E. HOWARD.

TO HOWARD LLOYD.

STRATFORD, *March 4th*, 1872.

Your dear mother and I both feel much indebted to you for your most happy and satisfactory accounts of our beloved daughter and of your dear children, including, of course, in very special and affectionate interest the dear little man who is the object of my present letter. We do feel that we have indeed a family thanksgiving for his arrival, and for all the circumstances of mercy attending the event. We could not but feel rather specially cast upon the Lord in prayer for our beloved daughter, as her health seemed so much interfered with, and now the answers to our prayers really surpass our poor expectations, and we feel humbled in the thought. You will wish to know my thoughts about the name, and as I find the previously suggested one must be dismissed, I can only say that I feel gratified by your choice, and I should say flattered by this and by all your over-estimate of me, if it were not that all this really casts one down in the dust. I *dare* not accept it nor count it a faithful portraiture before the Searcher of hearts, but I nevertheless value the love

which prompts you thus to recognise my true and heartfelt love and care for yourself, your dear wife, and your children.

TO M. E. LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *December 12th, 1872.*

. . . I have just been interested in finding, from a Chinese work of ancient order of merit, reproduced in part in a translation by one of our Chinese scholars, that there was a famine, or rather *drought*, for seven years in China in the reign of Ching Tang, whose reign lasted from 1756 to 1743 B.C. This coincides nearly with the date given in our Bibles for the seven years' famine in Egypt, and may be the same. Its termination appears to have been commemorated by a sacred vessel of gold (?) weighing three Chinese pounds and seven ounces. This vase is supposed to have contained an offering of vegetables, as shown by the simple inscription. The vase is richly ornamented with representations of the Shen, a kind of grasshopper or locust, and with a device supposed to indicate caution against voracious feeding. The scroll is what is called Egyptian. There are no idolatrous representations on any of the early Chinese vases. I have no space to enter on the Chaldean account of the Deluge as given to us last Tuesday evening week at the Biblical Archæological Society. It was most interesting . . .

TO ANNE STEVENSON.

LORDSHIP LANE, *January 3d, 1873.*

I am so glad that our gracious heavenly Father has spared you to us, and has given me the privilege of desiring for you all the blessings of "the upper and of the nether springs" of consolation for this opening year. May it find us all cleaving unto Jesus, and more and more prepared for our heavenly inheritance. How thankful should we be that we do know for ourselves *peace* with God, and also as you rightly say, that He has overruled our many failings to *humble* us and to prove us, and to prevent our "opening our mouths any more" as if we had attained or were already perfect! It is so happy for us to speak of the King in His beauty, and to encourage each other in the hope that we shall be with Him where He is, and be *like Him* for ever! I scarcely know how to express my obligation (and also on behalf of my dear wife) for your most kind and much-valued present of books—the possession of which will give us all the greater pleasure in that they bear the marks of your pencil, and the kind dedications to us in the beginning . . . I have just had time to cast my eyes over the character of Lord Weston. It is very curious and interesting, and may not be without its appropriate warning to his descendants. He evidently was not happy in his

religion. He had not, I suppose, possession of the one thing needful, "and therefore all his noble endowments turned to gall and wormwood, and left him to end his days as a disappointed and unhappy man." . . . We look back with great pleasure and interest on our visit to you. Since then we have indeed had many mercies and many things to exercise and try us. May we at last be found as polished stones in the heavenly temple.—Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

To S. M. F.

PALMEIRA SQUARE, BRIGHTON,
November 21, 1873.

I take the pen at the instance of your beloved mother to send you a few lines expressive of our true sympathy with you in the present trying state of health through which you have been called to pass.

It is easy to quote Scripture, and to say with James, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," but it is less easy to practise the same. Still, when we see the vanity of the world, and understand the tendency of our hearts to cling to it notwithstanding, I think we do learn in some degree to welcome the loving dealings of our God in leading us by a right way that we may come to a city of habitation. I have been conversing with

a Christian, who seems to feel it strange that trouble should come when she was seeking to walk closely with God ; but this should not be. I suppose that it is connected with a secret feeling that there is displeasure mixed with all this chastening, but I believe that this is a wrong notion altogether. It is *παιδεία* or *education* that we all have to experience, fitting us for attaining our majority in the heavenly state. Fancy your own disappointment if your boys should grow up without any elements of manliness in their character, as the results of too soft and delicate a bringing up. . . . I think God would have us learn much in connection with our care of our children, both as to His love and dealings with us, and how we should also be imitators of God in our care of those intrusted to us, in all *patience* not provoking them to anger, lest they should be discouraged, but training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Then I think that all chastening, though in a certain sense from the Father (see Heb. xii.), is also by the Son, who is set over the house of God, or rather His own house. Whatever, then, there be of real chastening, must be inflicted by that hand that was nailed to the Cross for us, and by that heart that exclaimed, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Is not this too much lost sight of when we are in trouble ?

To S. M. Fox.

Birthday, December 11th, 1873.

The love of my children is indeed sweet, and as the northern letters are hindered by the fog, yours were the first to greet me. I very much value your good wishes, still more your prayers, which I earnestly desire may be answered. Perhaps to-day I am more disposed to press towards the mark of my high calling than I shall be to-morrow, for I cannot answer for myself even for one hour, and am obliged continually to say, "Oh to grace how great a debtor." Nor would I have it otherwise, for when I have seen an end of all perfection in the flesh and of all trust in myself, then I betake myself to the thought of His loving-kindness which changeth not, and of the precious blood which *cleanseth* from all sin—ever flowing freshly and atoning for all our shortcomings.

I was delighted with the beautiful green colour of an aquatic plant growing in a waterfall, when at Cwmorthin, and gazing upon it I thought the secret of its verdure was in the incessant flow of that beautiful fresh water, and it brought to my mind some profitable thoughts.

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TO W. D. H.

FEAST OF ST. SWITHIN, DUNSTER,
July 15th, 1874.

A beautiful, cloudless, hot July day, real comet weather, and not a drop of rain, so I wonder what is likely to come. A few days' rain would save the turnips and be a great boon.

Your dear mother and I came here this morning, and I have been up to the castle, which is the residence of the Luttrells.

It has been a good deal added to, and in very good taste. It is certainly a very handsome residence, and commands beautiful views; but the thing which pleased me most was a most luxuriant lemon tree against the S.E. wall of the castle, bearing abundance of most beautiful fruit. It is somewhat protected in winter, but I see from the berries on other foreign plants that the climate must be very different to ours. The comet was very fine last night.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *February 22d, 1875.*

. . . Your dear mother and I have been looking at and in part reading together the life of John Dalton. There is a sad want of religion in his biographer, as it is to be feared there was in the philosopher himself. It is curious to trace the rise of the tenacity of

purpose and patient effort of mind which made him what he was as a chemist. "Yan med deu't" ("one must do it") was his favourite remark in his school-days, and this determination followed him to the end of the chapter. I met him at the meeting of the British Association in 1834 at Edinburgh, but do not remember much respecting this great man's appearance. I see that I mention, in some verses I wrote, the subjects on which he broke a lance with Dr. Thompson.

We rejoice to hear of the great blessing which has rested on the visit of Moody and Sankey to Birmingham, and long for the same for London. I must confess that I view with some trepidation the programme to which the committee lend their sanction. Those who have experienced London crowds will, I think, share my feelings. No doubt the Lord is well able to shield His servants, and if called upon to fight with beasts at Ephesus, I trust they will do valiantly and come off more than conquerors. . . . Your affectionate father,

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *February 27th, 1875.*

. . . I am glad that you were interested with my notes on Adam,* which you will observe relate to the Hebrew words for *man*. The text to which you

* See Appendix.

refer as combining Adam and Abel together are of quite another order. You remember that Eve said of her first-born, whom she called Cain (gain), I have *gained* a man (Ish, a fine boy), the Jehovah, probably, anticipating the promised seed. But she again bare his brother Hebel or Abel, and called him *breath* or *vanity*. Now the passage in Ps. xciv. 11, seems to say Jehovah knoweth that all the thoughts of Adam are Anath or vanity—all his produce is Abel or Hebel (one word), and in Ps. cxliv. 4—Adam is like to Abel. This play upon words is very common in the Hebrew, and often gives much force to a passage which we lose in translation.

By the way, some of the Jews think that Eve intended to call her boy "lamentation," from one possible derivation of *Cain*, but when she felt a mother's joy, this prevailed to render the name *gain*. Thus you see there was difficulty about this matter of names from the first. I see that Smith has got fresh light on the Chaldean legends, and curiously confirms the history of the once discredited Chaldean historian, Berosus. The name which this latter gives to Noah, Xisithrus, is found almost the same on the tablets, meaning "the reverent worshipper," and "Isdubar," as he called the hero of the Deluge legend, proves to be almost certainly Namarud or Nimrod; Nimrod being the Jewish travesty of his name, and signifying "Rebel"—the meaning of the

native name which occurs again in later times, being apparently the bearer of light, Lucifer, alluding either to a planet or the sun's disc, with which he was identified after death. I think that he was worshipped as Merodach (*Mars?*). See what it is to set me going in Hebrew speculations! I am so glad to hear the dear children are better.

TO HOWARD LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *May 24th*, 1875.

I am engaged in putting the finishing touches to my examination of Tyndall's Address, and shall perhaps ask you kindly to look over again the whole when complete. . . .

The council of the Victoria Institute have decided to have a *People's Edition* of this paper, so that it is especially important to make it as complete as possible, and I am already the debtor to many for their criticisms. . . .

TO W. D. HOWARD.

WESTON, *July 30th*, 1875.

I have had a most pleasant visit to Lydiard Manor, which is quite a typical sort of picturesque old English residence, and experienced a very kind and hospitable welcome from its inmates, including

Lady Beavor, who is related to Mrs. M'Knight, and staying with them.

Mr. M'Knight drove me over to see Avebury, which we thoroughly explored, and then walked up to the highest point of the Downs, called Tan Hill (modified in the maps to St. Ann's Hill), where on the 6th August there is a great cattle fair, corresponding to the Pardon of St. Ann in Brittany on the same day. One cannot doubt that the Tan or Taen of Baal used to blaze on this height, which commands a beautiful panorama in every direction, to a distance of from ten to twenty miles. We returned by Silbury Hill, a mound erected by human hands.

The gigantic character of this mound is as surprising as anything seen in Brittany, and the Wansdike is a work of equally surprising labour; but then this latter is evidently a work of defence, which Silbury Hill is not.

The stones at Avebury appear to be of greater antiquity than Stonehenge, as it is evident the builders trusted entirely to the effect of mass, not in any way touching the stones with any implement. I know not the exact height, but noticed one reaching up to the third-story windows of the adjoining house.

About twenty-eight acres were enclosed within a deep trench—a work of great labour, and then sur-

rounded with a ring of the vast stones some twenty or thirty feet apart, within which were two other circles of stones, the meaning of the location of which is not evident, and three huge masses formed perhaps a centre of worship. One of these was blown up with gunpowder not very long since. The very pretty village and groves of Avebury occupy with adjacent fields all the space which was once perhaps the Westminster Abbey of the British nation.

To S. M. F.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 12th, 1875.*

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,—Let me thank you in the first place for a most truly welcome and acceptable birthday letter.

Truly the lapse of time brings with it many reflections, some of a pleasant, some of a painful character, but your allusion to my little tract on "Imputed Righteousness" curiously takes me back more than a quarter of a century, and makes me feel how much more of a "Catholic," and how much less of a "Brother," I am than at the era of 1848 which preceded the disruption of the Brethren.

Indeed it is possible that you allude to a still earlier paper than the one which I enclose, and which I believe may be worth your reading. You will

distinguish between the sentiments of A. and B., and remember that A. expresses my views *now* as *then*. I cannot say that I have changed so much in my doctrines of theology, as I have in the hope of doing any good with the views of Christians generally. I sometimes wonder that my father should have spent so many fruitless efforts in trying to mend the Friends, and I suppose that my sons will look back on my efforts for the Brethren with like compassionate pity. But you must not suppose that I altogether regret or recall that which may seem to have borne no fruit that I am aware of.

Whatever rightly directed labour has been bestowed on individuals, will certainly bear fruit in the day of the Lord Jesus; and the *sects*, including the "Brethren," will work out their history of sin and shame (mind I speak only of their *sectarian* acting), and then will the Lord come—and perhaps the breaking-up of the Turkish Empire and the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope are heralds of his approach. May we be found in that day with our loins girt about and our lamps burning!

We had, I think, quite a happy and profitable meeting this morning, and it is a joy to me to assist in keeping up what, with all its imperfections, seems to me the nearest to the true standard of Scriptural worship.

We are sympathising with the sorrow of the

family at Pen-y-Bryn over the young bright life quenched. We are thankful that her faith and hope were so clear.

The visit of dear Eleanor and the children has been quite a joy to us.

Thanks for your texts, which are very sweet and precious. May you also prove them in your own experience.

TO HOWARD LLOYD.

TOTTENHAM, April 1876.

. . . I am busy correcting the press both for my Egypt paper and for my "Quinology." I am glad to think my task is nearly over in both.

We have had our thoughts much drawn to our dear cousin, M. Stacey, whom I visited last evening, and found her as she said, dying, but full of peace and joy in her Saviour. It was a scene to manifest the *certainty* of that hope which animates the believer. The *realising* sense of being for ever with the Lord was even beyond what I expected, and perhaps so also was the tax upon our feelings in the termination thus approaching of our intimacy of nearly half a century.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *April 11th, 1876.*

I thank you much for your precious letter. It is so cheering to hear from our beloved ones, and when feeling one's self like a squeezed orange, to be afresh reminded that they retain a pleasant recollection of the taste. I think both your mother and I are a little tired, and that a change will be acceptable when it comes. It is, however, little that we can speak of fatigue when compared with the exertions of others. We had the pleasure of showing hospitality last evening to a lady who is just come over from Burmah, to gain help in the work which she has undertaken amongst the Eurasian children. She is a widow, attached to the American missions; but they do not feel free to contribute except by sympathy towards this special work, because the Eurasian population is half English, and yet thrown back by their vicious fathers into the worst degradation of heathenism. Some of them dressed like English girls, with blue eyes and light hair. She has been the means of rescuing many, and has quite a nice school. More than a few have been converted, and are most promising as future missionaries amongst their kindred tribes. We were quite pleased with Mrs. Longley, and if she visits Birmingham I am sure you will show her kindness. . . . You kindly

inquire about my paper on Egypt and the Bible. I shall be most happy to send you a copy when I get one. At present I am without, having returned my last with corrections. It has been quite an interest to me, and I suppose to others, as the room was fuller than I have seen it. I feel it a subject I have made my own in measure, but more of an adopted child than one's own flesh and blood, if you can understand me.

My "Quinology" is now in the latest stage. I must have a good spell at, I hope, the last corrections of the press and the latest intelligence. This will all be completed before the colouring of the plates is done, which will take weeks. I am cheered by letters from Dr. Hooker and Dr. Weddell, whose favourable opinion on the botanical part I scarcely hoped to gain. . . .

TO JOSEPH HOWARD.

HELME LODGE, *May 9th*, 1876.

I have been over to the Wood to see your dear Uncle George, who seems drawing near to the close of his earthly career, but quite bright in his faculties, and unclouded in his Christian hope. It was a touching sight, and yet very full of brightness. Amidst the extraordinary beauty of a most lovely day, and scenery rendering earth attractive, a Chris-

tian family looking with Christian consolation *beyond* into the bright future reminded me of the lines—

“ The chamber where a good man meets his death
Is privileged beyond the common lot
Quite on the verge of heaven ! ”

We spoke of dear Jane's lines, and of “ God's own smile for ever and for ever,” and did not forget the *Name* on which all the consolation rests.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

WOOD GREEN, *November 25th, 1876.*

(After congratulating H. and M. on the birth of another child, Cyril, he says): I have just come from dear Alice's room. It is so sweet to see her enjoying her dear husband and children, and she is now very manifestly improving.* I hope we shall all praise the Lord with thankful hearts to-morrow, for “ He taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in them that hope in His mercy.” In the 148th Psalm both young men and maidens, old men and children, are called on to unite in the hallelujah in which all creation is to sympathise. You will perhaps feel not very brilliant, like one of “ the stars of light,” but you can praise Him nevertheless as “ a fruitful tree,” (v. 9) in quiet restful thankfulness. I think *boys*

* Alice was recovering from severe illness.

like yours are a special blessing, there cannot be too many of such "plants grown up in their youth." We want them all for the Lord's garden!

To S. M. FOX.

LORD'S MEADE, *February 5th, 1877.*

I wish to send you a line of cordial greeting on your birthday, and to express my desire that you may be spared to witness many happy returns of this anniversary (if the Lord tarries), and to have the privilege, together with your dear husband, of guiding your beloved family in the right way. How great has been the goodness of our God and Father to us, and how much have we to rejoice in the blessings vouchsafed to us in connection with the young and rising generation. Do we not behold, in measure, the fulfilment of the word in Isaiah xliv. 3-5. Surely the Lord hath poured forth His quickening Spirit, and the gracious results are, in measure at least, such as are described in the latter verses. I cannot spare these all for the Jews, but must claim them without detracting from their primary acceptation, as having a fulfilment in all the chosen ones, who will commit their offspring in faith to the God of all grace, who delights in the prosperity of His servants, and causes His blessing to descend

from generation to generation upon those that love Him. So I would encourage you and myself also to expect still more abundant mercies yet to follow.

I find at present abundant occupation, though I am out of business, and have been writing out my third lecture, which is to be delivered (D.V.) to the young men at Harley House to-morrow. . . .

TO W. D. HOWARD.

TOTTENHAM, *December 12th, 1877.*

I thank you much for the lines of loving birthday greeting which I received yesterday, together with other letters from children and grandchildren, which were exceedingly welcome, and threw a halo of brightness over the day.

I feel that we have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come, and I pray that the remainder of my days may be passed to the glory of God, and that I may not be unmindful of the goodness and mercy that have followed me thus far in my pilgrimage.

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *December 31st, 1877.*

I wish to send you by this post just a line of loving greeting at the entrance upon a new year which, I

hope, may shine upon us externally with as much brightness as does this departing day, soon to close up the year, and to number it amongst the annals of the past. I trust it may please our heavenly Father to give you relief from the pressure of consideration of worldly care, prospering your path in this and in all things as far as seems best to Him who knoweth all things from the beginning. One thing, at all events, He has given us to know about the future, that He hath said, I will never leave thee, and never by any means forsake thee, so that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear." Certainly He will be near in every hour of special need, and leaning upon His arm of might, you may pass easily over the rough places of the way. We must not forget to thank Him for the mercies you, as a family, are at this time receiving from His hand. It is very pleasant to think of your bright home, of your dear husband, and of the dear children. How much you are blessed, my beloved daughter, as a wife and mother, and how much have your dear mother and I to thank God for in relation both to you and to all our dear ones! I want to tell you how very cheering and helpful your dear letter was to me on my birthday. It is an unsatisfactory tendency in my mind to be somewhat easily cast down, and your letter and those of other dear ones came in so kindly to cheer me, and to counteract the possible tone of something like regret

which might have mingled with the many feelings of pervading thankfulness. Again I thank you for it. We have been entertaining J. H. Taylor and his wife and family, and last evening he gave us a very bright and interesting statement of the present state of the China Inland Mission.

TO JOSEPH HOWARD.

THE COURT, *June 14th*, 1878.

I fear that through our unsettled life I have omitted to thank you for a very acceptable letter, the exact date of which I have forgotten, and I regret this the more as I have not told you how sincerely we sympathise with you all and with dear L. in the confession which our dear grandsons have been enabled to make, that Christ is indeed their spiritual food, and that they purpose by Divine grace to cleave to Him alone, and when the many voices in the world call them away from the above source of blessing, their resolution is to say, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." I hope they will have the privilege of attending ministry which shall lead them in the green pastures and beside the still waters; but the times we live in are sadly unsettling to many young minds.

TO M. E. LLOYD.

LORD'S MEADE, August 25th, 1878.

We have a very sweet remembrance of all your loving care, and a fresh endearing sense of that bond which unites us together in the Living Head above, and which none of the changes of this earth-and-time state shall ever prevail to sever. Joshua could only prevail so far as to lead the people into the *typical* rest, but "Jesus, the Son of God, is passed into *the heavens*," so that in Him, the "Forerunner," the army of the Living God have already taken possession of *the rest*. We have passed beyond the whole seven days experience of this world, and are already virtually in the eighth, being risen with Christ, and then—since we do suffer here below, we have all His gracious sympathy flowing forth to cheer us, until we also come to that rest into which He has entered, having ceased from His works which He wrought whilst here below, as God did from His own.

How precious then this day of anticipatory rest! How much of heaven in its passing hours! I trust you have had much blessing in all your labours of love this day. How cheering the thought, that all service truly rendered to the Lord is treasured up for eternity. With us it has been a very quiet day. Your mother kindly stayed with me this morning, and this evening only dear D. will be at the service.

The weather this morning was fine, but again this afternoon we have torrents of rain. I hope this may not be the case all over the country, or I fear the crops will suffer, which we saw in some part of the process of ingathering everywhere in our route home. The storm yesterday seems to have been tremendous in London; it was not so bad here.

I have been able to enjoy a walk to-day, and your mother thinks me almost presentable again. At all events I am feeling quite better in a certain sense, though scarcely quite well, and hope soon to have lost all trace of my ailment.

We have thought much of dear Zachary's tent service, and hope it has gone off well.

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 12th, 1878.*

Being out of business I am so very busy that I must be satisfied with a short letter in reply to your most kind and welcome letter to me on my birthday. I see that your dear mother has been writing to you, and she would tell you that I am really very nicely, and hoping through the Lord's mercy I may continue so. This cold bracing weather seems to suit me. You can tell dear Cecy that her picture * is come

* Painted by himself when at Areley.

down this morning, and looks so well in its frame, that I am not sure whether some eyes do not feel a little jealous at its being given to a *grand-daughter* ! I must devise some means of sending it down, and if you think it deserving of a more conspicuous place than a bedroom, I dare say my dear grand-daughter will not object, as I have written on the picture itself that it is given to her.

I earnestly desire and would pray that she may be growing up to give all the fulness of her young heart's affections to Jesus, and grow up to be one of His *jewels* in the day of His appearing.

TO THE SAME.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 24th, 1878.*

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,— . . . I am so pleased you like my painting. It will be to me a remembrance when I see it of a *very pleasant visit*, though shaded with some suffering and illness. I am so thankful now both on your mother's account and my own to be getting on so nicely, and the wintry weather which I rather dreaded seems quite to agree with me. So as often happens *that* comes true, "When most thou fearest, God is nearest." Anticipated evils often fail to come. Would that we could trust God more ! We hear to-day of Dillworth's safe arrival at Court. What a mercy it is to have so

many of our dear ones travelling safely, and also to hear of no accidents on the ice.

I have two letters want writing, two cheques want drawing. Two great blue-books ask me to look at them. One book on Kent's cavern has given me some two hundred pages of interest—one on Biblical archæology about the same (I do not mean to-day). One sick friend I have visited, and another I have written to. One call about a Tottenham society. Two cows and two pigs I have seen after, and fed various small birds. So I have not been quite idle.

TO HENRY HOWARD.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 31st, 1878.*

. . . A slight tinge of melancholy has always pervaded my life (Wer erfreute sich des Lebens, der in seine Tiefe blickt?), bright and happy as it has been with the abundant gifts of God's good providence, and very especially the blessing of your beloved mother spared to me, and such an interesting family, and so much reason to believe that both children and many of the dear children's children too are giving their hearts to the Lord. I do feel indeed at the close of this year that I should be one of the most ungrateful of mortals if I did not say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His

holy name ! ” What I want to say to you is, Do not trouble yourself about the *future*, but grow in grace and utilise the present moment. My anticipations of the future have almost always erred, and that on the side of gloom, and I have found that anticipated evils seldom come. On the other hand, I have never seen my path clearly chalked out before me, but I have been led by a way that *I knew not !*

Enough perhaps of this, and certainly the fading light reminds me soon to cease. I have been to-day to see New Bartholomew Close rising up slowly from its foundations.

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 11th, 1879.*

Your letter, together with others from my dear ones, have come very acceptably to cheer me on this my birthday. It is indeed most loving in its good wishes, and most filial in its kind appreciation of your dear parents. My Psalm this morning was the 103d, which expresses the feelings with which I desire to look back upon the past. I can only take refuge in *mercy* in the prospect of the future, and how much we have to thank God that we have an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil . . . The frost has returned here with added severity . . . It

almost frightens me to think of the Severn being frozen over, but I hope you will not let your dear ones venture too much on it, as I think of Windermere, but I know you are cautious.

To S. M. F.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 12th, 1879.*

Your dear letter received yesterday was a great cheer to me, though I cannot say that it did not bring tears into my eyes. I do indeed thank God for this mercy, amongst so many others, that He has given me so much blessing and consolation in my own family.

This seems to be more rare than one thinks it ought to be among Christians, and how much I should miss of blessing given in answer to the prayers of my dear ones eternity only can show. It is not only *prayers* from which I gain much, but also so much help from the mature Christian experience of those on whom now rests much of the work and service of the Lord. The Levites after a certain age were exempt from the somewhat onerous task of bearing on their shoulders the burden of the sacred things, but they were not, I think, exempt from *praise*. This is the "fruit of our lips," an offering well pleasing to the Lord, and I long to abound more in it.

The 103d Psalm came very nicely in our morning

portion to help me in this, and I much enjoyed a quiet day with your beloved mother and dear Bella and the boys, who came down in the morning with chaplets of chrysanthemums in honour of my birthday. . . .

I have been very busy with my forthcoming paper, which is now in the printer's hands, and to be read (if all be well) on the 5th January 1880!

How wonderful it seems to write the date. We really seem drawing towards the close of the century. Surely everything tends to make us raise the cry, "Come, Lord Jesus."

TO HENRY HOWARD.

LORD'S MEADE, *March 2d*, 1880.

Your letter this morning was most welcome, and we cordially reciprocate the pleasure which we hope to derive from seeing you. We had last evening at the Victoria Institute a paper from Professor Stokes of Cambridge, Secretary of the Royal Society. It was a full meeting and very good discussion. They put me in the chair, and another Fellow of the R. S., Sir Joseph Fayrer, Honorary Physician to the Queen, took part in the course of the evening. I think it was quite a success. I am correcting my paper for the People's Edition, and send you proofs of the illustrations. I trust also to send a revise for your

criticism. . . . I am glad to find that you are trying to do good in your parish. *You* are now in the forefront of the battle of life, and should use your opportunities for the Lord's glory. It was curious to me last evening to listen to a very old man (much my junior) in a speech containing the gathered-up wisdom of seventy years! I seem scarcely to have learned the secret of growing old yet. . . . One of our neighbours died some little while since aged (perhaps) 103—a fine old survival of the past century. Who will live to tell what the end of *this* century will produce? I am sorry to see that the opium traffic has yielded an increase of some £1,900,000, if I remember the figures right, or have I put them too high? When will this iniquity cease?

Your mother unites in very dear love.

TO ELEANOR LLOYD.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE,

Sept. 13th, 1880.

Your beloved mother asks me to send you a line to say that we are sending by railway the parcels of Bibles, which we hope will prove an acceptable remembrance of the very happy and privileged season in which we are sure you participated in spirit, though unable to be with us in person. I need not say how much our thoughts have been with you and

your dear ones, and our prayers to the God of our lives have often been presented to the throne of grace on your behalf. We trust in due season to have the added pleasure of hearing that these have been answered for you. I am writing rather in the midst of interruption, and have just been getting your dear mother to rest after the somewhat fatiguing process of being photographed, which I am glad is over. The rest and fine air have been very restorative, and I think I may say she is now *quite nicely*. Dear M. E. (who is a great help to us) agrees in this view. . . .

TO M. E. LLOYD.

March 20th, 1881.

Your dear mother tells me now that the post is soon leaving, that to-morrow is your birthday. I do not like it to arrive without a loving greeting from me. I have been staying in, as I did not think my presence was required at chapel, and have been brought into sympathy with your dear sister's *church* troubles; how unlike, and yet in some sense how like yours. How happy might Christians be if they would abide in Christ, and be rooted and built up in Him. I do not mean that it is not so with your dear sister, to whom and to her dear husband all the difficulties they have passed through have, I am sure, been richly blessed, and I hope also that these things

may be overruled for good to the young; but no thanks to those who disturb and unsettle the minds of Christians, "intruding into those things they have not seen, vainly puffed up in their fleshly mind." How precious Scripture is amidst all these things, as a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path. I always think of our walks in Cwmorthin quarry, of the dangers right and left, of the fate of poor Mr. Spooner, who chose to dispense with a lantern, trusting to his knowledge of the way, and the way itself had been cut away, so that he fell some forty-five feet on his head, and though not killed on the spot was soon cut off. Well, then, to hasten on—abide in Christ and keep the lamp well down to your feet, and may many happy returns of the day attend you and your beloved husband in your united path.

TO HENRY HOWARD.

BUXTON, *August 24th*, 1881.

. . . I think the baths are doing us all good. I have been working hard in different ways, and have just sent off a paper for the Pharmaceutical Conference which will excite a good deal of interest. I am, like Cassandra, fated to tell the truth in these botanical matters, and not to be listened to till it is too late. This is a touch of spleen from the weather—you will understand!

I enjoy the work of my researches thoroughly, also my revision of the Hebrews, which I think will be highly interesting to the few who will do me the favour to read it. . . .

To S. M. F.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 12th, 1881.*

I cannot tell you how much I have been cheered with the love and sympathy of all my dear ones, and how very welcome your dear letter is to me. Most cordially do I respond to your desires for me that the joy of the Lord may be increasingly my strength. The flight of time seems increasingly solemn as I have passed one of the latter milestones on the way, and I feel more than ever I did my entire *dependence* on the hand of love that has so graciously guided and kept me thus far. I certainly thought I should have grown stronger as a Christian, and all I can say now is—that I have higher, deeper, and fuller appreciation of the love and mercy of my God. I enjoyed much yesterday morning entering a little more fully into the blessed truths which the beloved Paul expounds to us in 2 Cor. v. May we more and more realise all the fulness of this glorious portion whilst we walk by faith and not by sight. Oh what a rest to think that our "God has made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin, that we might be made the *righteousness of God in Him.*"

Thus may we be always confident, knowing that whilst we are *at home* in the body we are not at home with the Lord, and so be willing, "rather to be *from home* from the body and *at home* with the Lord"—see the Greek of this very beautiful passage.

I am not giving you the substance of my discourse yesterday, which was quite different. Some of these portions of Scripture sparkle like diamonds with fresh light on whichever side they are turned. . . .

To S. M. F.

CANNON HILL, *February 5th*, 1882.

I sit down at your dear mother's request to write a line of congratulation to you on your birthday. What cause of thankfulness have we in thinking of you, and of all the blessings that have been showered around your path from the first until now. Truly I am overwhelmed with the thoughts of the Lord's loving-kindness, and know not how to express my sense of the goodness of God in giving *us* such a daughter, and in making *you* such a blessing to your beloved ones, and in filling your cup with such mercies by the way—the way, as we trust, to the heavenly city of our God, where we shall for ever praise Him.

We are in the midst of the excitement of Mr Moody's meetings, and last evening I had the joy of

seeing about 10,000 men listening to the earnest appeals of this true "fisher of men," and responding in so large a measure to his invitations, many hundreds owning their desire to accept Christ, and crowding into the after-meeting, on which he lays so much stress.

TO ANNE STEVENSON.

LORD'S MEADE, *September 29th, 1882.*

I write just a line to acknowledge your very kind and interesting letter, and also your very acceptable order for my tract, the first which I have received. I am much occupied in the new arrangements for the reception of our little body of "Christians," as I hope we shall, for the most part, be able to show ourselves by our *works*. To this end it is needful that we should be "built up together in our most holy faith." And who is sufficient for these things? I am endeavouring by the Lord's help to do what He enables me, and have been cheered this week by a large attendance at our prayer-meeting, and also at an address which I gave last evening on the church as "builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit," grounded on the wonderful and most comforting prayer of our Lord in John xvii., and on Eph. ii. 19-22, v. 22, 23, and on 1 Pet. ii. 4-11, leading up to the desire which I hope

dwells in all our hearts, "Grace be with *all them* that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." So you see we do not wish to establish a new sect, but wish to feed on the broad and wide "pastures of tender grass" (Ps. xxiii.), provided for us by the Good Shepherd Himself! . . . The "times of the Gentiles" are running out apace, and when Jerusalem shall cease to be trodden down of the Gentiles, then shall dawn the fulfilment of the great and glorious promises of the restitution of all things.

TO M. E. LLOYD.

LORD'S MEADE, *October 24th, 1882.*

We have sent off our dear ones for their western journey in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, which is not exactly cheering to our spirits; but we commend these and all whom we love to the protection of our God and Father, who, as we were reading this morning, "careth for us," so that we may well cast all our care upon Him.

I read your request for prayer to our meeting last night, and gave a pretty full account of your Christian effort, which calls forth all our sympathy.

The invitation to prayer was heartily responded to, and it would have done you good to hear the true and earnest requests poured forth by our brethren, not only by the older members of the con-

gregation, but by some of the fresh converts, full of glowing zeal and love to the Lord. Testimony was borne to your special service to the blessed Master in years gone by, especially by one brother, and surely blessing will result from all this exercise of soul before the Lord.

Whilst I thank the Lord for the great blessing He has given us in our daughters, both your dear mother and I are very solicitous that you should not be led into exertions beyond your strength, whilst we pray that you may be sustained and richly blessed in all that is according to His will.

I am seeking to devote the front room in the new building to the service of the young men in the congregation. It now looks very nicely furnished with bookcases, &c. (relics of olden times), and fresh painting, &c., so that I think it will provide an attractive place to spend the evening when it is filled with suited books, and I have already a promise from Dillworth to aid me in this respect. Fourteen young men gave in their names last evening (as a beginning), and others more than a few will I expect wish to avail themselves of it.

The storm seems now nearly over, and we hope that all but Thomas will have reached their destination at Bristol. He goes on to Wellington. . . .

TO HOWARD LLOYD.

LORD'S MEADE, *February 24th*, 1883.

. . . The weather has become much more spring-like, as I hope it is with you . . . He reneweth the face of the earth, and renews also gladness to the sick and sorrowful. Let us then not look on the dark side of things, for all will be right if we only trust in Him! *He* overrules all for the good of His chosen. Who this mysterious He is does not at first appear as in Psalm cxiv. Wonderful are His ways with His people, but in the end the explanation is found in "the presence of Jehovah"—the covenant God—the presence of the God of *Jacob*, of the weak and failing one, who found his name Israel only because he had wrestled with God and had prevailed.

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

LORD'S MEADE, *May 21st*, 1883.

Your dear mother, Ellen, and I have been sitting together and enjoying quite a feast of your letters—one of the 18th, received this morning, also one sent on so kindly by dear Howard, jun. We have thus been following you in your most interesting journey, and the beautiful gentians and other flowers help to transport our thoughts to the Alpine pastures, where

I saw the lovely gentians under the Jungfrau just at this time of the year. . . . The weather has been quite fine and enjoyable for the last week, and the apple blossoms have set wonderfully. I watch to see how the trees will dispose of their numerous progeny. Will you give my kindest remembrance to Mr. Goodall, and tell him I have just sent (in conjunction with Dr. Trimen) a communication on the influence of height above the sea on the production of alkaloid, to the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, in which it may appear this week or next? Also I have occupied part of an evening at the Linnean about Calisayas, so you see I have not been entirely swallowed up with attending to your dear mother, absorbing to my heart's deepest interest as that is.

We do not either of us fret about the overturn of our plans for Llandudno, but, I trust, really desire that all may tend to our furtherance towards that better country out of sight, of which we can speak as of our *Fatherland*, and to which some or other dear to us are often being called away. . . .

To S. M. Fox.

LORD'S MEADE, *December 5th, 1882.*

I wish to thank you for your truly kind and acceptable present. I thought you would like my opinion

of the book,* and may now say that we have read it carefully, and are much pleased as well as instructed by its pages.

It presents in an attractive form the strong points in Cornish Methodism, and allows us also to discern the weak points in the teaching. Does it not show that in the presentation of the Gospel there is in the first place an inadequate setting forth of the Father as the source from whence all this wondrous scheme of love and mercy flows? for *God* so loved the world that He *gave* His only-begotten Son; and in the next place there is not probably so full a statement of the fallen state of man as is requisite, nor of his trial as finished at the Cross, so that no plea remains for him but that he is a sinner, without strength and ungodly. This clears the ground for the glorious good news as preached by the beloved Paul in 2 Cor. v., "God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," and having committed to His ambassadors the word of reconciliation, "for He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." I wish this were truly preached both in Cornwall and elsewhere. I fear that not unfrequently what is called preaching the Gospel is not preaching the good news at all, but rather a call to man to come back to God on the

* "Simon Jasper."

ground of repentance, and in fact speaking to man as still under the old dispensation. . . .

Your dear mother has just brought me dear Effie's letter, which I return. How much I feel we shall miss her prayers; but then we must remember that we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and that He is able to save, and that to the uttermost, all who come to God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Dear Effie! *now* her work is *all* praise.*

TO MARIABELLA LLOYD.

LORD'S MEADE, *October 8th, 1883.*

It is with great pleasure that I receive your congratulations on the event of last Monday evening, † and I should have felt still more gratified by your presence. I had the opportunity of telling them in my little speech that I esteemed it my *highest* honour to be a Christian, and this is a distinction in which we all share.

It never occurred to me that you might like to come up for the occasion, and indeed I was very little informed what it was likely to be, until just

* Referring to the death of his very old friend, Miss E. D. Pinkerton.

† The presentation of the Hanbury Gold Medal. See *Pharmaceutical Journal*, October 6th, 1883.

before. It was quite unsought on my part, and outside of my usual scientific association. Mr. Carteighe, who performed his duties exceedingly well, is still quite a stranger to me. The medal itself excited much admiration. The bust of Daniel Hanbury is really an admirable likeness, and brings pleasantly to mind our old friendship. I have a letter of his in 1853 urging me to join the Pharmaceutical Society. I was particularly pleased that the choice of the council was quite unanimous, including the presidents of the Linnean, Chemical, and Pharmaceutical Societies—also another of whose position I am not sure, and H. B. Brady, F.R.S., from whom I had a most kind letter excusing his absence. It is so pleasant to me that my dear grandchildren as well as my children should be able to point to such a solid recognition of my labours. It weighs as much as, or in correct language it equipoises, twenty sovereigns.

TO E. R. LLOYD.

LORDSHIP LANE, *October 20th*, 1883.

I cannot allow this day * to pass without assuring dear Howard and yourself, as well as my dear daughters, of the heartfelt sympathy with which we regard your participation in the solemn and touching event which will mark its course.

* The day of Mr. Isaac Lloyd's funeral.

You have, indeed, very much to be thankful for in all the circumstances attending the peaceful departure of your dear parent; everything seems to have been ordered so as to make it as little painful as possible, but after all it *is* a wrench to the feelings to part with a beloved parent, and to think that all the little daily attentions and opportunities of intercourse are things of the past. We pray that the Father of mercies and God of all comfort may Himself comfort you, and that this may be a season of girding up your loins to run with patience the race that is allotted you, looking off unto Jesus. I long for myself and all my dear ones for more of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, by which we may live more in the future, and may understand a little more what it is to abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost.

We long to hear that none of you have suffered in health by the exposure, and hope it is as fine with you as with us, which will make a great difference. We do not forget dear Hannah Mary, and we should like a message of much love and sympathy given to her.

POETRY.

In the following pages will be found a few of the verses written by my dear husband, which I wish to preserve for my children and grandchildren.—M. H.

JUNE 22, 1831.*

SLOWLY the sun has sunk to rest
And closed the summer's longest day,
While to my lone deserted nest
I bend my slowly pensive way.

The heart, that lyre of untold power,
To every breeze of feeling strung,
Now vibrates to the enchanted hour,
Which round my path its sweets hath flung.

Coolly the grateful breeze of even
Plays o'er the parched and sultry ground,
Bright smiles in roseate tints the heaven,
Sweet silence reigns, and peace profound

* Sent to me on the occasion of my first visit to Helme Lodge after our marriage.—M. H.

Soothes all to rest; far, far away,
 Within the azure depths of air,
Some planet's silvery gentle ray
 Beams brightly on a world of care,

Sweetly, as the creation's face
 Were pure in the Creator's sight;
As when the morning stars His praise
 Sang, with the glorious sons of light.

And man, His noblest work—a soul
 Breathed from above, an earthly frame
Wrought wondrously, whose sway the whole
 Of nature owned—were still the same.

But ah! how changed—yon silvery queen,
 Though dimly seen, yet dear to sight,
Like beauty veiled in tear-drops' sheen,
 Might seem to mourn our hopeless plight.

Yet no—for He whose power and love,
 Whose state no angel's tongue can tell,
Left for our sakes the world above,
 And came as man on earth to dwell;

Bowed His meek head to scorn and strife,
 Through death the power of death o'erthrew;
Bore on the Cross our sins—His life
 Yielded for sinful man, and now

He hath ascended up on high,
Our pardon by His blood hath sealed,
Seeks by His love to draw us nigh ;
To us this Prince of Peace revealed

Will to His faithful followers give,
When moon and stars have lost their light,
Through endless years of bliss to live,
To reign and walk with Him in white.

J. E. H.

TO MY BELOVED WIFE.

JULY 9, 1831.

Thou loved one of my heart, whose name
Binds my heart's feelings captive still ;
And, now transformed, a stronger flame
More fondly through my breast can thrill.

'Tis sweet, when parted, thus to dwell
In fancied converse still with thee—
Unfold the heart, each feeling tell
From all restraint at length set free.

Sweet on the many-tinted past
To muse, and scan in days gone by
Hopes dim at first, but brightening fast,
Till lost in brightest certainty.

When, love! my sweetly yielding bride,
Thy fondly fearing, gentle breast
Ventured, along the path untried,
Thy dearest hopes with me to rest;

Parents, from childhood loved, revered,
Guides of thy early opening day,
Friends, by their kindness long endeared,
Sisters, companions of thy way,

Scenes, that with youth's warm hopes entwined,
Are rich in memory's magic store,
And round the heart a spell can bind,
More deeply felt as distant more,

To leave!—on no forgetful breast,
Nor yet, I trust, ungrateful—sweet!
Leaning, to bless—there mayest thou rest
Each care; there shall thy sorrows meet.

With chords of kindred feeling strung,
When struck, to vibrate still with thine;
When pleasure hath her roses flung
Around us, there mayest thou recline.

Its brightest joys are shared with thee,
Its wants, its wishes all made known;
Nor can thy "Friend" contented be
When doomed, as now, to dwell alone.

But longs, in thine own mountain land,
 To clasp thee to his arms, and meet
 Amid a brightly social band,
 Thy sweetest smile—where all are sweet.
 Till then, may each succeeding hour,
 Heaven's choicest blessings round thee shed,
 Still may'st thou pluck each choicest flower
 Of friendship, ere its bloom be fled.

J. E. H.

*AT THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH
 ASSOCIATION.*

EDINBURGH, 1834.

Like *one* small wave amid the dash
 Of Clyde's impetuous roar,
 Where momentary billows clash—
 Then, sparkling in the sunbeams' flash,
 O'er Corra Linn with thund'ring crash
 Bright foaming downwards pour;
 Then lose their transitory gleam,
 Commingling in the tranquil stream;
 Thus—meeting mortals giant-sized
 In intellectual mould,
 While light itself is analysed,*
 Gases to liquid form comprised,†

* By M. Arago, the illustrious French savant.

† Some beautiful experiments of this kind were exhibited.

Ultimate atoms minimised,*
 The form of comets told; †
 I spend around Edina's towers
 A week of lightly-footed hours.

Then speed from cold philosophy,
 From science-favoured strand,
 To bairns who climb their father's knee,
 To her whose smile is home to me;
 And tell the hospitality
 Of social Scottish land,
 Where nature rears her hardiest race,
 Foremost the ranks of mind to grace.

Yet will I leave a passing line,
 And breathe a heartfelt prayer,
 That where from pure religion's shrine,
 So long has beamed the light divine,
 Yet more the race of Knox may shine
 In grace and virtue fair,
 And—*whisky* banished from her shore,
 Scotland may prosper more and more.

J. E. H.

* Dr. Thompson contended for one-third parts of atoms, in opposition to Dr. Dalton.

† Professor Whewell compared them to a cloud of dust following a coach.

TO MY BELOVED MOTHER,

ON HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1839.

The pleasing flowers of spring long since are dead,
The summer rose has lost its sweet perfume ;
Rich autumn has its golden harvest spread,
And winter hastens on with cloudy gloom.

Yet beauteous are the tints that deck the glade,
The setting sun in mildest splendour beams,
And in its richest, loveliest hues arrayed,
The bow of heaven athwart the raindrop gleams.

See there the everlasting covenant sign,
Placed in the cloud for His frail creatures here
By that same loving gracious hand divine,
Whose bounty crowns the ever-circling year.

And, dearest mother, when we see it shine,
We *know* the flood shall not o'erflow again,
For God has said, "*I* will behold the sign"—
Nor dare we think His promises are vain.

But that same God, who in the beginning said,
"Let there be light," and forthwith there was light,
Has through the glorious Gospel message led
Thy mind to see a covenant more bright.

A covenant sealed by the heart's blood of Him
Who for our sakes died on the accursed tree,
That He His saints to reign with Him might bring,
Ransomed from death, from condemnation free.

Then fear not, dearest mother, round that throne
Whereon in glory Christ shall sit and reign,
The circling rainbow was in vision shown
To John—a token this not given in vain.

For *all* God's promises in Him are yea,
In Him, Amen! to endless ages sure;
Look up with joy, cast all thy fears away,
Who trusts His blood is certainly secure.

Thus shall the hope of resurrection beam
Its blessed light o'er thy descending day,
And Jesu's love flow in its richest stream,
When all things earthly wane and fade away.

What though the fig-tree blossom not—the vine,
The olive, fail to yield its wonted store;
The fields and flocks beneath Heaven's rigours pine?
In Jesus thou may'st triumph evermore.

J. E. H.

ON THE OPENING OF AN EVENING-FLOWERING
 DATURA IN THE MIDST OF A STORM.

JULY 14, 1848.

Sweet flower of eve, thy closely folded form
 Thou openest not to Sol's meridian ray,
 But dost thy lovely petals wide display
 When evening fades before the advancing storm.
 The thunder's roar to thee yields no alarm ;
 Safe in His hand, who fixed thy blooming hour,
 Who fills with nectared sweets thy fading flower,
 Thou dost thy short-lived task full well perform
 In setting forth thy great Creator's praise.
 Fain would I learn from thee to trust His care,
 And to commend *my* opening bud * in prayer
 To Him whose voice amid these stormy days
 Doth break the cedars—shake the nations round,
 But e'en the sparrow falleth not without Him to the
 ground. J. E. H.

THE SUMMER MORNING'S RAMBLE.

Sweet to me, dearest, was our walk
 By yonder ancient stile,
 And sweet our children's cheerful talk
 Which did our path beguile.

* Our infant Henry, aged ten weeks.

The meadows' bright attractive green,
The stream half hid from view
By clustering reeds and wild rose sheen,
The elms' rich summer hue.

And well I marked thy care to train
The youthful opening mind—
So soon ensnared by follies vain,
So credulously blind.

Our Eleanor, with longing eye,
Those verdant hills surveyed,
Which bright beneath the western sky
In beauty stood arrayed.

But thou didst show them distant far,
Too far for us to climb,
Yet didst thou care lest this should mar
Our present happy time.

For thou didst in the cup infuse
Such richly treasured store
Of honeyed tales, as thou canst use
To smooth such trials o'er.

And Eleanor with wonder heard
The squirrel's foolish feat,
"How by the sun-bright mountains stirred
He left his snug retreat.

“ But colder as he higher climbed
He found the mountain side ;
Repentance late for wish ill-timed
Then wisdom’s place supplied ! ”

Soon mayest thou prove the sweet delight
A mother’s heart can bless,
When skilled to guide the child aright
To heavenly happiness !

Soon may our youthful daughter prove
The joy of sin forgiven,
The peace that speaks a Saviour’s love,
A certain hope of heaven.

Far from the world’s deceitful height,
Beneath the Shepherd’s care,
May her young feet be guided right
In pastures green and fair.

J. E. H.

July 21, 1849.

*TRANSLATION OF A HYMN ON THE RESUR-
RECTION BY PETER THE VENERABLE.*

(Born 1092 or 1094.)

The gates of death are broken, and the strong
To the yet stronger One hath lost his prey.
The Cross hath overcome the hellish throng,
And let in light of heaven's eternal day.

For He who once created, now would save,
Though for the sinner He himself must die,
The Prince of Light must see the darksome grave,
And under death the fount of life must lie.

Hence Satan groans—a conquered foe—and now
His realm's laid open to the Victor's hand,
Who wreathed with thorns His own most blessed
brow
That He might crown with life the favoured band.

Thus gracefully, thus full of power, our King
Ensnared in his own toils our artful foe;
Then on the first day morn's awakening
He rose to heaven, and left the things below.

God rose again, and brought back man with Him
To share the blessing of His first estate,
And His bright image that had waxen dim
The Author suffering did again create.

Now He has opened up the living way
 To heaven's lost region where Himself is gone,
 And hence the joy of that eternal day
 From our *Forerunner* on my path shone.

J. E. H.

November 1849.

*ACCOUNT OF A RAILWAY JOURNEY, WRITTEN
 FOR HIS CHILDREN.*

NOVEMBER 5, 1850.

The wind, the stormy northern wind, is blowing,
 Sometimes in fitful gusts of wondrous power,*
 As if in chimney-tops great guns were going,
 Then fading, like the ocean's distant roar.

With swifter pace than e'en the wild wind's motion,
 I've glided from the loved ones left behind,
 O'er chalky hills, through fens, and near the ocean
 Where Boston's level's to the Wash inclined.

Then westward, wending towards the lofty towers
 Where Lincoln, seated proudly like a queen,
 Looks down on fertile plains and woodland bowers;
 Then north, where once waved Sherwood's forest
 green.

* 10 lb. per square foot—*teste*, W. D. H.

I've crossed the Lea, Ouse, Nen, and Welland River,
Old Witham too, which flows to Boston deeps,
The noble Trent (through showers to make one
shiver *)

And Don where "caster" of the Roman speaks.

Near where my honoured parents are reposing,
Whose welcome now it is my joy to share,
My rapid railway flight its course was closing
With sudden check upon the banks of Aire.

Yet swifter far than all I yet have spoken
The message soon by telegraph conveyed,
Would speed like lightning with electric token
That I this journey had in safety made.

How wondrous then the extent of human powers,
Dominion over space and over time;
Shall he who shares these not devote his hours
To themes eternal—to pursuit sublime?

One thought can speed more swift than lightning
glancing,
Whither the heart's affections love to rest,
May these with increased ardour be advancing
Toward Him on whom they may *for ever rest.*

J .E. H.

* *I.e.*, if I had been *outside*.

TO MARIABELLA HOWARD.

UMBERSLADE HALL, *November 4, 1851.*

MY DEAR MARIABELLA,—As I have written you a verse in remembrance of the old oak to which I walked this morning, I will not add a long letter, as you will see that you are not forgotten, and I have other letters and things to attend to. I am obliged by your letter. Every little scrap from Tottenham is welcome, and I long to see you all again, but I am encouraged to stay by believing that through continuance of this treatment I shall by the kindness of my heavenly Father recover my strength and walking powers. I hope you are trying to grow in grace and to perfect *your buds* for eternity.—Your affectionate father,

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

 THE OAK OF UMBERSLADE.

NOVEMBER 4, 1851.

I sit beneath an aged tree,
How aged none can say,
 Nor chronicle each century
 Since first it saw the day.

They think that of revolving years
Have fifteen hundred past,
Yet still its bulk the trunk uprears,
And still is rooted fast.

Though desolation and decay
Are eating out its core,
Though many a branch is reft away,
And all with lichens hoar,

Yet still, obedient to the law
Impressed in early time,
Its store of buds the summer saw
Complete ere autumn's prime.

And shielded well through wintry storms,
In spring shall these display
The various and attractive forms
Of blossom, leaf, and spray.

How strong the life that dwelt within
That wondrous acorn ball,
When rose the shoot so weak and thin
From which this mighty *all* !

Thus springs in the believer's heart
The life that never dies ;
Though death o'ercome his mortal part,
He looks towards the skies.

The *buds* of peace, and joy, and love
 Are all matured below,
 But only in the courts above
 The *fruits* perennial grow.

J. E. H.

THE CHINESE CYPRESS (written in 1851).

This tree, which is commonly planted on the graves in China, now forms an ornament of English gardens.

“This floweret bending o’er the tombs,
 Though it may seem to die,
 When spring returns again shall bloom,
 And rise towards the sky.

“But the loved form which rests beneath,
 Though of such heavenly mould,
 The long and wakeless sleep of death
 Shall prove in slumber’s cold.”

So sang the western Grecian sage
 In tenderest strains of woe,
 So plants the East from age to age,
 The cypress drooping low.

Ye, who have known sweet Sharon’s rose
 Its deathless fragrance shed,

Where your belovèd ones repose
Within their narrow bed,

Will ye not seek with blessed hand
This precious gift to bear,
And plant amidst "the flowery land"
A balm against despair?

From Sinim's shore we bring with care
Their graceful cypress tree.
O send the glorious Gospel there
The "dragon's" prisoners free!

J. E. H.

TO MY BELOVED WIFE.

ON THE 21ST ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING DAY.

And say they that the happiest hour
Leads but to disappointment cold,
The bridal day—an opening flower,
Which withers in its native mould?

Yet one-and-twenty years have fled,
Brightening our lot together cast;
And every year since we were wed,
I love thee better than the last.

When first love shed his purple light,
Thou wert to me an angel form,
Whose pure and radiant vision bright
Shone like a rainbow through the storm.

The pleasing pain—the fluttering heart,
The question “Shall I win or miss?”
Most gladly might these all depart
For certainty of waking bliss.

Then life's stern features put to flight
The dreams in which I used to rove,
'Twas but the more to bring to light
The depth and strength of wedded love.

The visionary dreams are gone,
Romance has lost its former part,
But in life's lottery I have won
A *wife's* true, faithful, tender heart.

Each year now added from above,
(Such hope's to us in mercy given),
Brings nearer to the rest above,
Where love is perfected in heaven.

Then let each line of wintry snow
Tell of the noiseless steps of time;
'Tis but to point from things below,
To hopes *enduring*, joys *sublime*.

Around the heavenly Shepherd there,
 May it be ours, with joy to meet
 The objects of our earthly care,
 Exalted to their Saviour's feet.

Then shall our cup with joy o'erflow,
 Then from our labours we shall rest;
 Backward we'll look on all below,
 And praise the Hand that made us blest.
J. E. H.

9th September, 1851.

LINES WRITTEN IN E. H.'S ALBUM, 1853.

A hive of honied sweets is here,
 And friendship speeds, with trustful wing
 From every blossom, far or near,
 Home to this hive its gift to bring.

This life is but the summer's day,
 The night is swiftly hastening on,
 Far be from hence the trifler's lay,
 For soon the day of grace is gone.

Then let the Rose of Sharon add
 The only true soul-healing balm.

Then shall these sweets make truly glad,
And Heaven shed down a holy calm.

J. E. H.

TOTTENHAM, *January 6th*, 1853.

TO MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

SARAH MARIA HOWARD,

ON THE OCCASION OF HER WEDDING-DAY, 3D OCTOBER, 1855.

I long to hail in verse the auspicious day
Which calls my daughter from my side away ;
To speak of hope's sweet blossoms clustering round,
And ask for joys to bless the new-tried ground.

But ever as I seek some verse to frame
To please my daughter, not to look for fame,
A father's heart the vain attempt denies,
And thoughts which lie too deep for verse arise.

My daughter! In that word what magic dwells,
What sweetness lies within its honeyed cells,
Where memory treasures up her varied store
Of bygone days, whose hours return no more.

That welcome sound fell gladly on my ear,
When in thine opening day, thy earliest year,
It told me of a precious treasure, given
To nurture as a chosen plant for heaven.

My daughter ! happy were those youthful days,
When thou wert sweetly drawn to wisdom's ways,
When from above the quickening grace was given,
Sealing the birthright treasured up in heaven.

Thy fair young form, in memory's glance I see
Descend to where baptismal waters be,
To give the open pledge, the covenant sign,
Of a heart claimed and won by love Divine.

My daughter ! at the eucharistic board,
How often have we owned our covenant Lord ;
Together broke the consecrated bread,
Whilst Christ His blessing on our souls hath shed.

And now a dawning day of earthly joy
Forbids the sigh that might that bliss alloy,
For sacred is the happiness it showers,
And heaven's own sunshine gilds its passing hours.

My daughter ! thine is now a chosen friend,
Worthy of thee ; and destined soon to blend
That title with a name yet dearer far,
Ere sinks the day beneath the evening star.

My daughter ! now a father's blessing take,
Fresh from the heart it flows for thy dear sake ;
Take with thee all a father's prayer can bring,
Of blessings flowing from a heavenly spring.

In helping others may yourselves be blest,
And prospering grace on all your actions rest,
With all of earthly good that can attend
Your path, as guided by your allwise Friend.

J. E. H.

TO MY BELOVED WIFE.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1880.

When first with heart to heart enlaced,
The opening view of life we scanned,
We *trusted*, though we dimly *traced*,
The unseen Father's guiding hand.

We knew but little of the love
That meant on us such gifts to shower;
The richest blessings from above
Were veiled beneath an earthly dower.

Then life was young, and days were bright;
Our hearts were full of joy and pride,
As hand in hand, with footstep light,
We climbed the mountain's breezy side.

How fair the scene that met our view!
How full the cup of joy then given!

So fresh the air, so pure the blue,
We scarcely sought another heaven !

If God but measures life by love
(As lately sang the expiring swan),
Our life, when seen from heights above,
Might seem but scarcely then begun.

Soon came realities of life,
And some we loved were called away ;
One as the bright and happy wife,
And two by gradual, slow decay.

'Midst darkening skies heaven's glory shone ;
Celestial hues the prospect spanned ;
We saw the rainbow round the throne—
We marked the Saviour's bleeding hand :

We passed through the baptismal pool,
And pledged ourselves to Him that day,
To walk for ever by His rule,
And own His sempiternal sway.

Swift passed the years with mercies crowned ;
And now we see another sight—
Children and children's children round,
To make our golden wedding bright !

How shall we spend its fleeting hours ?
Is it the old life or the new ?
Shall we not wake up all our powers
To gain some fresh, delightful view ?

What may our God have yet in store
To gild with light the autumnal day ?
What brighter scenes are still before,
When He shall call us hence away ?

Thus while we dwell on things divine,
And hold by faith our Saviour fast,
We'll say, He made our banquet shine,
And kept the best wine to the last!

J. E. H.

HOME AT LAST.

Not as "a stranger" only here,
But as a child brought home,
Where bright the eternal gates appear,
My soul, thou now art come.

Jerusalem, the bright display
Of Jesus' glory now,
Shines with the sapphire's purple ray
On my once careworn brow.

No more, with ofttimes dubious eye,
Shall I God's Word explore,
The Lamb's unclouded Majesty
My light for evermore.

Of Him,—though sad whilst there below,
I converse loved to trace,
How burns my heart with rapture now
I see Him face to face.

J. E. H., *Ætat.* —.

These lines, without date, were found written in his Bible opposite Luke xxiv. 18, after he had gone "home" on Nov. 22d, 1883, in his 76th year.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

It may be interesting to insert a little further notice of the general work connected with Peruvian Bark, and especially the history of the plant of *C. Uritusinga*.

I make the following extracts from the *Chemist and Druggist*, December 15, 1883.

“The firm of Howard & Co. began the manufacture of quinine in 1824. John Eliot Howard was then seventeen years old, and had recently gone to Stratford, where the house, of which his father was the head, carried on the business of manufacturing chemists. He embraced this opportunity for original study, and it became a lifelong interest; and much time and thought were devoted to the perfection of the process for the extraction of the alkaloid from the bark.

“In May 1853 he was elected a member (without examination) of the Pharmaceutical Society, but his first contribution to the *Pharmaceutical Journal* appeared in 1852, and was entitled ‘An Examination of Pavon’s Collection of Peruvian Barks, contained in the British Museum;’ this commenced in the February number of the journal, and ran through the year. The whole paper bears evidence of very careful and conscientious work, and accurate investigations, the numerous footnotes in

elucidation of the text simply teeming with information. In this important investigation he had the able assistance and advice of Dr. Pereira, with whom he formed a lasting friendship. About this time he was a regular correspondent of Dr. Weddell, also well known as a quinologist.

“ In the course of his researches on the subject, he was made aware of the fact that a large collection of barks made by the Spanish botanist, Pavon, and also a manuscript of his were for sale in Madrid, and in 1858 was fortunate enough to secure them both. He then devoted his energies to editing this hitherto unpublished manuscript, and employed the well-known botanical artist, Mr. W. Fitch, to go to Madrid, for the purpose of making accurate delineations of Pavon's specimens in the Madrid Museum. The result was the publication (in 1862) of the magnificent folio volume entitled ‘ Illustrations of the Nueva Quinologia of Pavon, and Observations on the Barks described.’ This work has always been accepted as authoritative upon the subjects it treats of, and is long likely to remain so. An immense amount of care and attention was bestowed upon it, in order to make it successful from a botanical and scientific point of view.

“ In 1859, a few years before this was published, Mr. Clements R. Markham (now C.B., F.R.S.) was intrusted by the India Office with a commission to introduce cinchona cultivation into British India. Before maturing his plans of action Mr. Markham sought the advice of botanists acquainted with this special subject. Among these was Mr. Howard, who rendered most valuable services and advice, which were freely con-

tinued throughout the whole period during which Mr. Markham had the enterprise in hand. The first analysis that Mr. Howard made was that of some East Indian bark, sent to him on May 23, 1863. The analysis was completed in a few days, and on the 27th he obtained quinine from it, the first obtained from East Indian bark in this country. On the 28th of the same month he reported on the same to the Government. This was the beginning of a long series of analyses which undoubtedly assisted the great enterprise in no slight measure. The reports were published in the 'Chinchona Blue-books' for 1866 and 1870. On October 17, 1873, he had the honour and gratification of receiving the following letter of thanks from the Government:—

“SIR,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for India in Council to convey to you his best thanks for the valuable assistance you have frequently given both by advice and by performing laborious and difficult analyses in the promotion of cinchona cultivation in British India. The important and costly works you have published on the cinchona genus have been of essential use, both to those who collected plants and seeds of various species in South America and to the cultivators in India. Your analyses, and the valuable remarks with which they are illustrated, have furnished excellent guides to those who are in charge of the plantations; and the numerous occasions, during a course of years, in which you have given advice and assistance of various kinds have furthered the progress of the undertaking very materially. His Grace* desires me to

* The Duke of Argyll, then Secretary of State for India.

assure you that the services which you have so zealously and constantly rendered are fully appreciated, and that your aid is considered by Her Majesty's Government to have furthered in no small degree the success of this undertaking, which will hereafter be most beneficial to the people of India.—I have, &c.,

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

“As the result of his investigations and analyses for the Indian Government, he published in 1869 the first part, and in 1876 the second and third parts, of his ‘Quinology of the East Indian Plantations.’ Many copies of these were officially purchased by the Indian Government and distributed to planters to assist the enterprise. It should here be noted that the whole of Mr. Howard's services were gratuitously given, with no official reward or acknowledgment beyond the thanks recorded above. Up to his death he was in continual correspondence with planters or men of high repute, such as Dr. Moens of Java, Dr. Flückiger of Strasburg, Dr. Trimen of Ceylon, Mr. Morris of Jamaica, and others. In the course of his scientific career he became acquainted with the various leading men in this special branch, such as Weddell, Pereira, Herapath, De Vrij, Kerner, and others, and was a member of the Quinological Conference assembled at Amsterdam in 1877.

“The last of his published papers was on ‘*Calisaya Ledgeriana*,’ which appeared in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* for September 1, 1883. This deserves special attention, from the fact that Mr. Ledger had just paid him a visit, and they had mutually discussed the subject. It is known that he was just beginning a research

on 'Hybridisation,' which, unfortunately for the interests of science, has been brought to an untimely end.

"In 1862 he presented the Indian Government with a fine plant of *Cinchona Uritusinga*, a variety of *C. Officinalis*, six feet high, which he had raised in his greenhouse at Tottenham, from seed sent to him by Señor Riofrio, from Loxa. This arrived in India in due course, and many cuttings were eventually successfully taken. This little tree is the original source of all the fine *Uritusinga* in the Government plantations. The value of this gift, if measured by the commercial value of its descendants, would probably be enormous. It was no small source of gratification to him to think that his gift had been productive of so much good." *

In reference to this plant Mr. Markham writes :—

From CLEMENTS MARKHAM, Esq.

INDIA OFFICE, S.W.,
Monday, March 3d, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—The *C. Uritusinga* sails from Southampton to-morrow; it was looking very well; the case has been carefully made on the most improved principles, and I trust it may get out safely. From a plant of that size a great number of cuttings will be procured in a very short time. I have given Lyall, the gardener, very minute instructions, and a long lecture on the constant attention that will be required from him; and I trust it will arrive safely. Sir Charles Wood will cause an official letter to be addressed to you, thanking you for your liberality in presenting the Government with so valuable a plant.

* From the *Chemist and Druggist*, December 15th, 1883.

From CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

21 ECCLESTON SQUARE, S.W.,

May 26th, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say I have now received a less favourable account of the *C. Uritusinga*. Its dangers were not over at Madras—there was still the ordeal of careless railroad officials to go through, before reaching the hills. M'Ivor says, on April 23d :—"Lyall has arrived with the plant of *C. Uritusinga* on Saturday, and I am indeed very sorry to say it is in a bad condition. It seems at Madras it was all right, but the railway authorities at Avenashy kept it standing in the sun on an open truck from 12.30 to 3.30 P.M. When it reached this place every leaf and tender shoot was scorched and burned up, and at present it looks very bad. The roots are in fair order, and I hope we may be able to save the plant, but on its real state I will be able to give a more definite opinion in a few days."

In August 1875 Mr. M'Ivor (the head of the Government gardens at Ootacamund) writes :—"The extent planted with *C. Uritusinga*, the plant sent out in the charge of Mr. Lyall, is over 70 acres, and originally 65,000 plants were planted, but of course the failures should be deducted, and this will leave in round numbers 60,000 plants, the progeny of the one you gave the Indian Government."—(Letter to J. E. Howard, extracted from "The Quinology of the East Indian Plantations," introduction, page viii.)

On the specimen glass containing some of the bark

sent home from this plantation, there is this memorandum:—"Sent me by Mr. M'Ivor, as natural bark of the above sort, *C. Uritusinga*, from the plantation of 60,000 trees raised from the one I gave the Indian Government.

J. E. H.

"See letter from Mr. M'Ivor, Dec. 16th, 1875."

From the notice of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 I quote the following:—"Messrs. Howard show an unrivalled collection of barks, including several from the new Indian plantations, and a specimen grown in England by Mr. J. E. Howard. It is exceedingly interesting to find that this English-grown bark also contained quinine, for a specimen of the alkaloid extracted from it and its sulphate are exhibited."

MEMORANDUM RESPECTING A SPECIMEN OF BARK WHICH ARRIVED IN THE FIRST PARCEL SENT FROM INDIA, FROM THE TREES MENTIONED BELOW, AND WAS PRESENTED TO M. LLOYD BY HER FATHER.

CANNON HILL, August 17th, 1876.

The attached bark is a portion of that described at page 83 of my "Quinology of the East Indian Plantations." The seed was sent me by Don T. Riofrio from the mountains of Uritusinga near Loja in South America. From these I raised plants in 1859 (see page 3), one of which when about six feet in height I gave to the Indian Government. It was sent out in a Wardian case, under the care of a gardener, and from it Mr. M'Ivor

succeeded ultimately in raising about 65,000 plants, developing into a plantation which contains by estimation at least 60,000 trees. The bark is very valuable, containing $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of quinine. It is the *C. Uritusinga* or true *officinalis*.

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

II.

WORKS BY J. E. HOWARD.

New Views. 1843.

Lectures on the Scriptural Truths most opposed by Puseyism. First edition, 1845. This work went through three editions.

The Protestant in Ireland. 1854.

The Island of Saints. 1855.

Christ Crucified—the one meeting-point between God and the Sinner. 1858.

Illustrations of the Nueva Quinologia of Pavon. 1862.

Seven Lectures on Scripture and Science. 1865.

The Quinology of the East Indian Plantations. The first part published in 1869, completed in 1876.

Notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews. First edition, 1872; second edition, 1881.

The Shepherd of Israel. Second edition, 1879.

Two Apostles and One Church. 1879.

Papers read at the Victoria Institute from 1873–83:—

On Scientific Facts and Christian Evidence.

On the Contrast between Crystallisation and Life.

On the Early Dawn of Civilisation, considered in the Light of Scripture.

An Examination of the Belfast Address from a Scientific Point of View.

On Egypt and the Bible.

The Influence of True and False Philosophy.

Creation and Providence.

The Torquay Caves and their Teachings.

On the Druids and their Religion.

On the Early Destinies of Man.

Scientific Facts and the Caves of South Devon.

The Supernatural in Nature.

On Certain Definitions of Matter.



LIST OF WORKS ON QUINOLOGY BY J. E. HOWARD.
FROM "PERUVIAN BARK," BY CLEMENTS R.
MARKHAM, C.B., F.R.S.

Illustrations of the Nueva Quinologia of Pavon. Folio, 163 pages and 30 coloured plates. London, 1862.

Quinology of the East Indian Plantations. Folio, part i. 43 pages, and 3 coloured plates exhibiting Structure of Bark. London, 1869.

Quinology of the East Indian Plantations. Folio, parts ii. and iii., coloured plates. London, 1876.

Examination of Pavon's Collection of Peruvian Barks contained in the British Museum (London, 1853); Appendix (1856). Also in the Pharmaceutical Journal, xi. p. 489; xii. pp. 11-16).

Observations on some additional Specimens of Peruvian

Bark presented to the Museum of the Pharmaceutical Society, 1855. (Pharmaceutical Journal, xiv. p. 61).

An Examination of Botanic Specimens at Kew, 1854. (Privately printed.)

Appendix to the Examination of Specimens at Kew, 1855.

On the Tree producing Red Chinchona Bark, 1857. (Pharmaceutical Journal, xvi. p. 207; and Journ. de Pharm., xxi. p. 142.)

Analysis of the first remittance of Nilgiri Bark, 1863. (Blue-Book, ii. p. 14.)

Analysis of the second remittance of Nilgiri Bark. (Blue-Book, ii. p. 30, 1863.)

Report on the Bark and Leaves of *C. Succirubra*, grown in India. (Seemann's Journal of Botany, i. p. 211, 1866; Pharmaceutical Journal, v. p. 74, 1864.)

Analysis of the Chinchona Bark and Leaves grown on the Nilgiri Hills. (Blue-Book, ii. p. 47; Journal of Botany, ii. p. 41, 1864; Pharmaceutical Journal, v. p. 74.)

Microscopic Researches on the Alkaloids as existing in the Chinchona Barks. (Pharmaceutical Journal, vii. p. 584, 1865.)

Analysis of the fourth remittance of Nilgiri Bark. (Blue-Book, ii. 134.)

On the Supply of Chinchona Alkaloids. (Blue-Book, ii. p. 379.)

Report on Bark grown in Ceylon. (Blue-Book, ii. p. 379.)

Analysis of the fifth remittance of Nilgiri Bark. (Blue-Book, iii. p. 34, 1866.)

- Observations on the present state of our knowledge of the genus *Chinchona*. (Report of the International Horticultural Exhibition and Botanical Congress, London, 1866; also *Pharmaceutical Journal*, viii. p. 11, 1867.)
- Report of an Analysis of the sixth and seventh remittances of Bark from India in 1867. (*Blue-Book*, iii. pp. 134, 260; *Pharmaceutical Journal*, ix. p. 243.)
- Analysis of Bark from British Sikkim in 1867. (*Blue-Book*, iii. p. 260.)
- Fresh Exploration of the *Calisaya*-yielding districts of Eastern Bolivia by Señor Pedro Rada. (*Journal of Botany*, vi. p. 323, 1868.)
- The *Calisaya* Barks of Eastern Bolivia. (*Journal of Botany*, viii. p. 1, 1869.)
- On the Cultivation of *Chinchona* in the East Indies. (*Linnean Society's Journal (Bot.)*, x. p. 15, 1869.)
- Sur l'origine du *Quinquina*—Colombie mou. (*Bulletin de la Société Botanique de France*, tom. xx. 1873.)
- Sur l'origine du *Quinquina Calisaya* de Santa Fé. (*Bulletin de la Société Botanique de France*, tom. xxii., 1875.)
- Note sur une espèce de *Chinchona* de la Province de Ocaña. (May 13, 1870, *Bulletin de la Société Botanique de France*.)
- On the Cultivation of *Chinchona* Plants under Glass in England. (January 1870, *Pharmaceutical Journal*.)
- On coppicing *Chinchonas*. (*Gardeners' Chronicle*, p. 418, 1874.)
- Introductory remarks to Mr. Broughton's paper on

Hybridism among Chinchonæ. (Linnean Society's Journal (Bot.), xi. p. 474, 1871.)

Chinchona trees grown at Utakamund. Description and Analysis. (Pharmaceutical Journal, ii. p. 361, 1872.)

Examination of the Leaves of *C. Succirubra*. (Pharmaceutical Journal, iii. p. 541, 1873.)

Report on the Chinchona Bark grown in Jamaica. (Pharmaceutical Journal, iii. p. 83, 1873.)

The Chinchona Plantations in Java. (Pharmaceutical Journal, iv. p. 21, 1874.)

Note on Mr. Broughton's Analyses. (Blue-Book, iv. p. 50.)

Views of the speediest means of supplying a cheap Febrifuge to the People of India. (Blue-Book, iv. p. 139.)

The supply of Chinchona Bark as connected with the present price of Quinine. (Pharmaceutical Journal, September 1877, p. 207.)

The fast-growing Variety of Chinchona called *pubescens*. (Pharmaceutical Journal, April 20, 1878.)

Origin of the *Calisaya Legeriana* of Commerce. (Pharmaceutical Journal, March 13, 1880.)

Chinchona in India. (May 17, 1879, Gardeners' Chronicle, p. 622.)

Chinchona Ledgeriana. (Gardeners' Chronicle, October, 1879, p. 457, with figure.)

Chinchonas. (April 3, 1880, Gardeners' Chronicle, p. 427.)

PAPERS WRITTEN AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF
"PERUVIAN BARK."

- Cultivation of *Calisaya*. (Pharmaceutical Journal, 3d series, xi. p. 244.)
- Red Bark. (Pharmaceutical Journal, 3d series, xii. p. 350.)
- On *Cinchona Calisaya* var. *Ledgeriana* (How.) and *C. Ledgeriana* (Moens). (Linnean Society's Journal, Botany, xx., p. 317.)
- Effect of Altitude on the Alkaloid in Red Bark. (Pharmaceutical Journal, 3d series, xiii. p. 1013.)
- Brief Note on *Calisaya Ledgeriana*. (Pharmaceutical Journal, xiv., 3d series, September 1883).

This list is not complete : there were various other communications made to the *Gardeners' Chronicle* and to other periodicals, which we are not able to collect.

III.

LIST OF SOCIETIES OF WHICH JOHN ELIOT HOWARD
WAS A MEMBER.

Fellow of the Royal Society; Foreign Correspondent of the Académie de Médecine of France: Corresponding Member of the Société de Pharmacie of Paris; Life Member of the Société Botanique of France; Honorary Member of the Netherlands Industrial Society, of the Austrian Apotheker-Verein, of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and of the Societas Physico-Medica of Erlangen; Honorary Correspondent of the Società dei Naturalisti in Modena, and of the Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie; Fellow of the Linnean Society and of the Royal Microscopical Society; Member of the Pharmaceutical Society, &c.

IV.

NOTES ON THE HEBREW WORD *ADAM*. BY
J. E. H., 1875.

AS this important point is much controverted I must request the reader to turn to the Englishman's Hebrew and English Concordance under the head "Man." This will suffice for our purpose, and we need only refer to the three first words, *Adam, Ish, Enosh*. Of these the first is used in all the different senses which we should express by *the human family*, whether as regards the intellect, for "the Lord knoweth the thoughts of Adam that they are vanity"—or the body, for it is in the persons of Adam that slave-dealers traffic, Ezek. xxvii. 13, the way of coming into the world, "though Adam is born like a wild ass's colt," or continuance in it, for "Adam born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble," or to finish up the history, "Adam is like to vanity." When Jehovah declares his resolution, "I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth," it is again the same characteristic expression "Adam," *i.e.*, the human family.

In 1 Cor. xv. we find as nearly as possible to be expressed in Greek the same term used for all men who are subject to death, for "as in Adam all die" (*ἐν ᾧ πάντες*

'Αδάμ). If, therefore, we search in Scripture for any portion of the human family not sons of Adam we look in vain. Such would not belong to "the first man Adam" (and they could not be before the first), neither could they come under the quickening power of the second Adam, for the first of the human family (ὁ πρῶτος ἄνθρωπος) became a living soul; but the last, or rather highest Adam, a *life-giving* spirit. The first Adam came under the sentence of death, and involved all those who stand under his headship; but the nobler Adam, while voluntarily submitting to the penal sentence which He had not incurred, was declared to be in resurrection the Son of God with power and also the firstfruits of those that sleep, the *χριστός*, the one anointed with the Holy Ghost in Whom all those who partake of His anointing shall also rise to endless life, for if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in His people, He that raised up the Christ from the dead shall cause to live ever the *mortal bodies* of His people by (διὰ) His Spirit that dwelleth in them.

As regards the use of the word *Adam* in Hebrew to signify "man," I need only further remark that the term appears to be carefully avoided when angels appeared or manifestations of superhuman personality, as to Abraham; when we read "three men" it is *Enoshem* in the original—or to "Manoah" when the word is *Ish*. Again in Daniel, "the man Gabriel," and the certain man clothed in linen, are mentioned under the latter term.

It would be tedious to enter into the question of the peculiar use of *Ish* and *Enosh* farther than to say that both seem to be used with very wide latitude of meaning as *person* in English.

Ish has further, as contrasted with *Ishah*, the special meaning of "husband;" moreover, where the contrast is between mighty men and poor men, great men are always called *Ish*, and poor and mean ones *Adam* (as in Isa. ii. 9, 15, xxxi. 8; Ps. xlix. 2); but the meaning of the contrast is very obvious, as we contrast a person of quality with the meanest of her majesty's subjects, which humble individual is nevertheless to be looked upon as "a human being."

February 1875.

V.

It is thought that it may be interesting to preserve this account of an ancient buried city, as since the visit here described the excavations have again been filled with earth and the land restored to cultivation.

DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO URICONIUM.

TO M. HOWARD.

CHESTER, 13th March, 1860.

I will enter at once upon the very interesting topics which have marked this morning's excursion. I set off at 8.30 in a fly to visit the remains of the old Romano-British city of Uriconium. My route lay through a very picturesque country along the banks of the Severn till I reached the site of the city, which is now marked by the pretty village of Wroxeter. It is a most beautiful situation, commanding an extensive view in various directions. The old Wrekin, hoary with snow, closing up the prospect on one side, while towards the south the Severn winds its way among pleasing knolls and woodlands, and in the distance the eye rests on two very lofty conical hills, on one of which, called *Caer Caradoc*, the celebrated chieftain whose name it bears (*Caractacus*) made his last stand against the Romans.

Further west the hills of Wales appeared in snowy garments. In this place there existed probably for several centuries, dating perhaps from the Christian era, a large and flourishing city, greater in extent and possibly in population than Shrewsbury, enjoying the arts and conveniences of civilised life to an extent far beyond what we are accustomed to think, and destined to fall a prey to some fierce marauders at the era of the downfall of the Roman state, and just before the Saxons had established themselves fully in the island. The multitude of coins show the period approximately. There is no doubt that the place was sacked and buried. They have found the remains of the inhabitants in circumstances which admit of no other explanation. A large portion of the male inhabitants probably fell in a conflict near the Severn, defending perhaps the ford or bridge, and of the rest some of the poor women had retreated to the hypocausts, and there met a less terrible death. With them in one place an old man had sought the same refuge, and perished over his box of treasure. The bones of very young children show that they were not spared. It is most probable that the ruined walls were still standing in the twelfth century, giving rise to a story of a deserted and haunted city in these quarters where guarded treasures were buried. All that now remains above ground is a fine fragment of Roman architecture of one of the chief buildings. The first excavations have had to be covered up again to make way for the cultivation of the turnip, but two acres are now being uncovered, affording most interesting objects of study, and presenting a scene strongly resembling Layard's view of the Nineveh explorations. They first

dig long straight trenches, and then follow out what appears to be an interesting clue. Beginning from the fragment I mentioned, which still stands some twenty feet above ground, and formed the end of some great public building—the excavations disclose in the foundation structure all the curious arts of building which marked the Roman colonists. In some places they come upon the paved streets—in others upon the stalls of the once busy market, where you can set your foot on the stone ascent worn by many steps, and follow the multitude that have disappeared for more than a thousand years from this scene. You may find their hoarded corn charred with the fire, and the remains of their apparently most abundant fare; for everywhere are bones of all kinds of animals—wild boars, stags, oxen, fowls, and even the legs of fighting cocks with very large spurs. And what is very interesting, some of the horns belong to a species of stag akin to the Irish elk; and there are skulls of an extinct mastiff, and of the likewise extinct *bos longifrons*, in one fine specimen of which there is a square hole made by the pole-axe with which the creature was killed. So that in the days when Uriconium flourished England must have been a wonderful country for game, and that of a noble description. I brought away some relics, such as it was lawful to procure, and amongst them so many teeth and bones that I had to dispose of some by the way, not liking quite such a freight. After the twelfth century the monks seem to have made great use of the stones of the burnt city for their own purposes, and many diggings were then made in search of treasure, so that there is no difficulty in understanding how the fallen charred beams and cast-away rubbish

should have covered up the ruins so completely—the plough coming in to perfect the work. Indeed, all the site of the city within a three-mile circuit shows a black and very rich soil, which the farmers do not at all like to see disturbed for antiquarian purposes. I wish you could have been with me, for the morning was highly favourable, and it certainly carried the mind back in a most interesting way to those early days. The arts of life were very far advanced. All kinds of iron implements were there, and are now seen in the museum at Shrewsbury—even the manacles by which the all-conquering Roman bound his captives; and there the chemist had his crucibles and his bottles, even square-moulded bottles, and his stamps for patent medicines, and the turner his articles of bone, and the ladies their combs of elegant pattern, and their hairpins in all variety, and their tweezers, and an etcetera of which I spare the detail. But what religion were they? Heathen, as far as any intimation is yet afforded; but I should not be surprised if Christian relics were also found, as this must be one of the first parts of the island to which Christianity penetrated, if, as is probable, the “Triads” are correct in stating that *Bran*, the father of Caradwg (Caractacus), was converted in the time of the apostle Paul whilst a hostage at Rome, and on returning brought with him three evangelists, who spread the knowledge of the truth in these parts. It is most likely that the people who sacked the city were they whose remains, buried in another part, furnish the extraordinary skulls—a race of one-sided beings, having their foreheads awry, and one eye projecting before the other. Not all the skulls show this, however, and I have scarcely

any doubt it was done by the mothers in their infancy to make them look horrible in war. They certainly had this peculiarity whilst alive, as it cannot have been produced (as our antiquaries talk) by pressure of superincumbent earth after death, for they were buried just beneath the surface. Their cranial characteristics—let it be spoken gently—are otherwise not unlike my own. I could not obtain a skull; but as the excavations will probably include a cemetery, the site of which is known, we shall probably have more information. One coin interested me specially, that of JUDEA CAPTA. Alas for the once chosen nation! They may well say, “*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*” “What part of the world is not full of the tale of our sufferings?” So there was exultation doubtless in Uriconium when Jerusalem fell, little thinking of the tragic end awaiting their own city, when the oppressed *sepoys* of that day rose in revolt and avenged on Rome *her* centuries of iron domination. Perhaps there were also humble Christians, who in some upper chamber (as Pliny says) “sang hymns to Christ as to a God,” and who will share a brighter triumph and a more glorious day.

VI.

THE poem from which the following translation is taken appeared in Goethe's "Sämmtliche Werke," vol. xi. p. 311, Cotta's edit. 1840. An interesting letter from Luke Howard, F.R.S., to the poet, giving some family history, may be found at p. 342 of this work.

POEM ON THE CLOUDS. BY GOETHE.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY JOHN ELIOT HOWARD, F.R.S.

When goddesss *Camarupa* * shows her power
 In atmospheric changes ev'ry hour,
 From light to heavy 'tis her skill to glide ;
 The folding curtains round us to divide,
 To draw them closer o'er us, or to show
 In brightest sunshine all the world below :
 We see her still in changeful shapes delight,
 Now here, now gone and vanished from our sight.
 We gaze with wonder at the silent show,
 And seek to grasp the forms that charm us so.

Imagination's power is now called forth
 To seek resemblances—though little worth—
 A lion threatens, or a mammoth's form
 Seems to presage a quick-advancing storm ;

* *Camarupa*? from *καμαρυνω*, to heap one on another.

A camel's neck appears, but slowly yields
To dragon-shape ; then next the peopled fields
Of heaven present us with a close array
Of columns marching to some direful fray ;
But vain their force against the mountain's breast,
Its rocky heights their serried ranks arrest ;
Swift messengers of cloudland come and go,
But fail to tell us what we want to know.

But Howard gives us with arranging mind
A new display of science's latest find ;
What once could not be brought within our view,
He grasps it fast, and makes *us* see it too :
He gives it limits, and when all is won,
Finds suited names, and lo ! the task is done ;
How vapours rise, condense, disperse and fall ;
Thine is the praise, to let us know it all.

STRATUS

(and Cirro-stratus).

When o'er the watery mirror's silent plain
Its exhalations turn to mists again,
The moon her spectral shadows doth unite
With phantom shapes of ghosts arrayed in white ;
Which childish fancy pictures when at rest ;
The cloud now gathers round the mountain's breast,
And summons to its aid the kindred forms,
Layer upon layer, presaging rain and storms,
Obscuring wide the middle height of air ;
Or rising higher if the weather's fair.

CUMULUS

(and changing to Cumulo-stratus).

When summoned thence to a more lofty height,
 The fertilising clouds appear in might,
 Towering in lofty masses o'er the scene,
 Strongly compacted, glorious to be seen ;
 Soon, as you feared, the thunder rolls o'erhead,
 Whilst wide beneath the drenching rain is shed.

NIMBUS

(Cumulo-cirro-stratus).

Drawn down by earth's attractive force at last,
 The show of high embattled towers is past,
 Raging in thunderclouds they pass away,
 So kingdoms perish, and so thrones decay ;
 Earth-born events have their appointed end,
 As towards the consummation still they tend.
 The speech flows downwards, whilst it thought
 explains,
 The spirit upwards, where it aye remains.

CIRRUS

(and Cirro-cumulus).

But higher still ascends the noble show ;
 Freed from constraint of earth, like those below,
 The clouds dispart, arrange themselves anew,
 A flock at rest " presenting to our view ;
 Again like carded wool appears the sight,
 About to lose themselves in heaven's own light ;
 Earth-born, but purified from earthly stain,
 " Infinite azure " welcomes them again.

NOTE.—I have omitted some of the transcendentalism of the poet, and have embodied rather more fully some of my father's ideas. The comparison—

“The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest,”

was often referred to by him with pleasure, as even to old age he delighted to watch the cloudscape.

“There viewed the white-robed clouds in clusters
driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of heaven.

.

Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene) ;
Others, detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.”

Bloomfield's Poems, vol. i. 91.

The comparison is better than that of Goethe.