

THE LAST DAYS

OF

J. N. D.

(JOHN NELSON DARBY.)

From March 3rd to April 29th, 1882.

WITH PORTRAIT.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

SYDENHAM, CHRISTCHURCH :

Ernest E. Wright, Printer, 36 Colombo Street.

1905.



JOHN NELSON DARBY.



*[These Notes are intended for Private Circulation
among Brethren only.]*

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OF
J. N. DARBY.



11TH MARCH, 1882.—“ He went about a week ago to Bournemouth, accompanied by Captain L., young Mr. H., and the Swiss attendant. He seemed better for the first two or three days, and Captain L. returned; but after that he rapidly sank, and on Thursday Mr. H. (the elder) and Mr Stoney went down.

Mr. Stoney remained two hours, but while there Mr. Darby had to be carried upstairs to bed, and Mr. Stoney helped to carry him. When upstairs Mr. Darby kissed him, and prayed for the Church of God and the testimony, and poor Mr. Stoney was quite overcome. He rushed down from the room in tears, and could with difficulty be persuaded to see beloved Mr. Darby again.

H. G.

Extract from Notes.

“ My husband returned last night, after 10 p.m., much cut up. He had a sweet visit, and the precious man greatly enjoyed seeing him. He would have him come up quite alone, and talked on every subject; then proposed a little prayer for the Church, which he did most touchingly; for the servants to consider Christ’s glory; for my husband individually, etc. After concluding, he prayed for those outside, that they might be led into the unity of the testimony; they commended him to the Lord and kissed him. After he had left he sent a message after him asking him to come back, as there was still a little time before the train. There was much more, which he will probably tell you some day. But oh, our hearts are crushed more than I can tell—more than I expected.

9TH MARCH.—He dwelt very much on the rest that remaineth.—“ You see it is God’s rest.” He spoke frequently of God’s goodness, as if cheered by the way the work was progressing. He then proposed prayer for the Church. He prayed most touchingly for the servants, that they might continue for Christ’s glory; and again for those outside, that they might be led into the unity of the testimony.

From Mr. H. to M. B., Bournemouth.

9TH MARCH.—You will be grieved to hear that dear Mr. Darby seems to be fast failing. He sits out in the garden when he can; but yesterday he

thought he was dying, and settled all his little matters.

Dr. C. W. asked him whether he had any especial thoughts in view of death. He said, "There are three things which I have dwelt much upon :

1. God is my Father, and I am His gift to His Son.
2. Christ is my righteousness.
3. Christ is my object for life; and my joy for eternity."

Another time he said, "I can say, though in great feebleness, I have lived for Christ—in life it has been Christ. There is not a cloud between me and the Father."

From Dr. A. B.

"And do you really think, Mr. Darby, you are going to leave us?" "Oh, yes," he said, in his quaint little way: "the spring of life is gone. The only thing is, that it seems to me to make such little difference, though I doubt not when I shall see his face." . . . I can't give his own words, but he spoke of the ecstasy of joy it would be. Then he said he hoped that the brethren would be more like a garden after a summer shower. His heart goes out after the dear brethren, that they may be more occupied with Himself; that, though the Lord had humbled them, they may be as clear shining after rain.

On Sunday, 11th March, he sent for us; and when we got to his room, there he was, propped up in bed, with a little bed-table across his knees,

and his bible and a candle-stick. He wanted "to have a little reading before going to bed, that was all." We were amazed. He primed himself up for the occasion, dear old man, and gathered all the strength he could find, to give us a little word on the Seven Churches.

His little word last night was very sweet. The longing and burden of his heart is for a brighter and clearer testimony from the saints, those whom the Father has given to Christ in his love, that they may come forth from His presence prepared to do His will. He likes to talk about the Lord, and all He has led the brethren into and *through*. "His own hand did it."

Again he sent for us, for a little reading—Eph. iii. It was wonderful to listen to him, he was so fresh and bright. It was like the old general saying his adieu, and giving a few last commands to a little remnant of a scattered army who had kept with him; Paul, the aged, on his departure, giving a word of encouragement to those he was leaving.

I once ventured a foolish remark as to our being left here, and the path a dark one. "It is not to me," he said, "the Lord is the same."

10TH MARCH.—He was very cheerful, and was talking of what brethren ought to do. It is beautiful the way that Christ is in his heart to the last.

14TH MARCH.—There has been a wonderful improvement since Sunday, and the water rapidly decreasing, and he feeling better in every way; and says himself that, perhaps the Lord is going

to leave him longer, now that he has had a peep into the other world. He took the reading last night. You know he said before leaving London that if it was any comfort to the saints to have him He would still leave Him. The change has been sudden, for even on Saturday a telegram was sent to Dr. Woolston that he was sinking. The doctor had said he would probably not be with us more than four or five days, or he might go any moment.

15TH MARCH.—He is weaker, but converses very brightly. He said to Mr. E., “I have no ecstasy, but I have profound glory.” He often said, “It is the same Christ I have known all these years, not another that I am going to.” He counsels brethren to read John’s writings.

22ND MARCH.—He thinks himself better, and feeling how idle he has been he has been writing in his M.S. book. He lay awake composing hymns.

25TH MARCH.—He expounded Psalm xxiii. to those around his bed, repeating verse by verse, and commenting on each. He is so cheerful, and so full of peace—cloudless peace filling his soul. He said, he does not look on death at all. He had had the Lord with him *here*, and he should have Him *there*. That was the difference. He said to a brother, “Cleave to Christ and to the brethren.” In his wanderings one night he exclaimed, “*He quickens whom He will.*”

16TH MARCH.—Mr. P. writes :

“Dear Mr. Darby continues on, though with great weakness, yet with occasional energy, this day. He dictated a really beautiful letter to young Hewer to one in the West of England troubled about Ramsgate. He ought not to have done it, I think, but he not only did it, but did it well.”

16TH MARCH.—Mr. A. writes :

“Dearest J. N. D. up to Monday last wished the brethren to be with him. To meet his desire, a few days before returning to London to be with his own friends, J. B. S. with H. went to him, the latter reporting him to be much worse. J. B. S. returned after two hours. The next day Mr. A., A. P., and F. C., who is J. N. D.’s executor, called. He spoke at times blessedly to them, and then, wandering, speaking as to where the funeral should be, and that he did not wish for any demonstration. On Saturday evening last, to the surprise of brethren in the house, he summoned them to his room, where he was in bed propped up. He said he wished to speak to them on the 3rd chapter of Ephesians—Christ in the heart by faith. He had a clear voice, and appeared strong for the moment, expressing some beautiful thoughts. He kept on saying that he trusted the brethren would appear as “the clear shining after rain,” after the trouble and exercise of soul. He spoke of the unspeakable joy of going to be with Christ.

17TH MARCH.—It does not seem like death, he is so calm and happy, and talks of it as naturally as possible, making every necessary arrangement himself. He lay awake composing hymns.

19TH MARCH.—His own remark was that he was sorry that he had given the saints so much trouble to come and see him die, for he did not think he was going to die after all.

22ND MARCH.—A message at Park Street was delivered (19th) from Mr. Darby. “His love, and to keep near Christ, and thus discover all that was wrong, so that we may know what He is to our heart.” All his heart goes out to the brethren, and he longed to press Christ upon them more than ever, and says, if they only keep humble God has blessing in store for them.

Two brothers, Captain T. and Mr. G., who had not seen him since he went to Bournemouth, went to take leave of him, but it was thought he was too weak to see them. They only stayed two minutes, and could not distinguish all he said, but his look was full of affection, and he seemed very bright and happy. That was on Friday last (17th).

21ST MARCH.—Brethren still arriving from all parts for a last word with him, and he has been able to see them all, which looks as if he was somewhat stronger. . . . He enjoys sitting up at the open window; feels and looks more comfortable.

Mr. E. J. A. writes:

“Mr. Darby’s improvement still continues. He

takes sleep now when it comes. He was regarding it as stupor, and fighting against it. Last night was a good one till four, but he was wandering. He knows it has been so in the morning.

26TH MARCH.—Mr. A. P. writes :

“J. N. D. is still weaker : considers himself to be departing to be with Christ. He read Psalm xxiii. He is bright and clear, but very weak, and nights bad,

28TH MARCH.—He continues much the same. Thought himself better, and has been writing in his M.S. book ; but those about him think he grows weaker. He says himself now that he believes the Lord is going to take him, but he cannot say as to the time.

On Sunday he was very weak ; they almost thought he was going ; yet next morning he was up, dressed, before 8 o'clock. His mind is clear. He wrote a little paper, and gave directions as to his letters and other things. He keeps his window open on account of his breathing, which is difficult at times. He thinks John's writings should be specially studied at this time.

30TH MARCH.—Miss E. writes :

“Mr. E. saw Mr. Darby yesterday morning, and he said his face looked like a little child. He had a good deal of sleep the night before. They think the dropsy is keeping off paralysis. He asked about Parkstone, and sent his love. He was told the brethren prayed for him, and that one asked that he might be kept from the attack of the enemy. He said, ‘*Tell him the enemy has not come near me.*’”

“ Mr. E. adds, ‘ He is abiding in Christ ; his thoughts Christ’s interests down here ; the beauty and the glory of the Christ he is going to ; ’ writing letters to those in foreign lands, and to those who have fallen out of their rank in the testimony. He gets up and has his breakfast at 8 o’clock. Mr. E. seemed greatly cheered and elevated by the interview.”

FRIDAY.—He seems better at times, but really is not so, and grows weaker day by day. A brother went to see him this week, and found him in the balcony, and left after shaking hands with him ; but Mr. Darby sent for him to return, and talked with him ; told him in what drawers to find some letters he wished him to have ; his mind and memory so clear. Mr. P. quoted to him the last verse of Psalm xxiii.—“ Surely goodness and loving kindness shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of Jehovah for the length of the days,” and he responded, repeating the whole Psalm, verse by verse, and commenting on each as he went on. He generally goes to bed at 3 p.m., and gets some hours sleep in the evening. The night is sometimes trying, from his breathing being affected.

APRIL 3.—Mrs. E. writes :

“ The tidings to-day are much more trying. The night bad and much greater weakness, and state of the heart low ; the dropsy increasing. He was not up all day yesterday, for the first time. We saw him a few days ago, so beautifully bowed down and restful. My husband says, in writing to Mr. H. T. :

“ Everything we hear concerning him is lovely, and in keeping with his life of devotedness and service ; always says, in speaking of the Lord, *‘ It is the same thing ; He is now just what I have always known Him ; no change. ’* It is sweet the bright hopefulness he has as to his testimony, and brethren going on in a truer and brighter way than ever : seeking more the outside path with the Lord. So his dear heart is cheered before his departure. He has been writing to the French Brethren, and to the Germans. It is a privilege to have known him ; our hearts are bound to him ; and it will be joy, as some one writes to me, to see him enter the joy of his Lord—such a true and faithful servant he has been. It is most remarkable, there is not a trace of gloom anywhere ; no cloud at all. Every one feels that the race so blessedly sustained, and the work filled up, is now drawing to a close, and that he is only changing his place, about to join those who have gone before, soon to be followed by those who remain : and when that comes to pass, oh ! it will be joyful indeed ! ”

5TH APRIL.—Mr. L. writes :

“ The beloved man is certainly a shade better. He said yesterday (Tuesday)—

‘ Dieu a arrêté la mort. ’

and both yesterday and to-day he has been very quiet. The bad crisis of Monday seems to have passed. I should not be surprised at his lasting some time longer. All in the Lord’s hands. We have to be thinking about His glory, and the blessing and establishment of His saints, which He is ever set upon.”

5TH APRIL.—Mr. B. said that he was wonderfully quick and alive to everything, though often wandering, especially at night. He spoke affectionately to L., and said, “ If it is with Christ, it is with the brethren,” and he said, “ and *vice versa.*”

8TH APRIL.—He allowed W. L. to feed him. His love for him is great.

11TH APRIL.—Sometimes he soliloquizes to himself thus—

“ Well, it will be strange to find myself in heaven ; but it won’t be a strange Christ—one I have known these many years. How little I know of Him ! I am glad He knows me. ” “ *I know my sheep.*”

He said, too : “ I never knew till the other day, or thought, that ‘ We love *Him* because He first loved us ’ refers to God, not Christ, as I have imagined. This is plain from the context.”

23RD APRIL.—Dear J. N. D. gets gradually weaker. . . His legs are much swollen, and his breathing often difficult. . . Every possible care is taken of the dear patient—nothing lacking. C., the Swiss attendant, sleeps with him during the night. The house is in such beautiful order, and everything goes on so quietly that you would not detect there was such an invalid there, did you not know it. Mr. K., of Folkstone, saw him a few days back, but he could only say to those near him, “I know him.” In fact, it is difficult at times to catch his words.

Mrs. H. goes in occasionally. At one time he said to her, “I am not a demonstrative man, but I have a deep, deep peace, which you know. Once he asked her what she would be thinking about if she were expecting to be soon with the Lord. She replied, “I fear it would be my children.” He then told her of one who had been able to commend them to the Lord’s care, and afterwards entered so gently and kindly into her feelings. He said recently, when C. was in his room for the night, “What is the justice of God?” C. replied, “I suppose His placing you on this sick bed.” “Oh! no, no, no,” he said; “that is the love of God.”

One evening he had spoken rather sharply to C. Next morning he inquired what the reading had been about. He was told, “Abiding in Christ.” “*I was not,*” said he, “*abiding in Christ when I spoke to C. last evening. Now, C., if you see me in anything unsuited to Christ, rebuke me. Now, mind you do.*”

Copy of a Letter from Dr. A. H. B., Sundridge, Bournemouth, 29th April, 1882.

“ It is hard to have to communicate intelligence which will bring a pang to many a heart. You will have heard ere this reaches you, that beloved Mr. Darby entered his well-earned rest this morning, at 5 minutes after 11. He had been evidently sinking for 36 hours previously, had not spoken at all, and scarcely ate anything, noticed nobody, and seemed in a semi-unconscious state. I asked him yesterday if he knew me, upon which he opened his eyes and smiled. One cannot but feel that real love would rejoice that he is now absent from the body, and present with the Lord. What a welcome ! but what a loss to us ! A life of devotedness, and entire consecration to Christ. It would be impossible to describe the feelings and thoughts, and memories, and anticipations that rushed through one’s heart as I looked at him just passing into the presence of the Saviour whom he loved, and the Master whom he had served so really, so simply, and so unostentatiously. L., H., and I were in the room about 10.30. He was then breathing very rapidly, as he had been doing for some time previously ; the mucous in his throat was very distressing, and his feebleness made it impossible to cough it up. Suddenly I noticed a change in his breathing, and went to his side. His heart was then failing, and respiration ceased.

We called up all in the house, but he began to breathe again. However, respiration became more and more difficult, until at last it ceased, stopped

entirely, and we were all left silently looking on the earthly tabernacle.

Mr. S. then prayed, and thanked the Lord for what his life had been, and for what we had all received through him, that it might abide. Mr. H., too, and then L., but he broke down. I shall never forget this season. It is beautiful to see the calm, dignified repose upon his countenance. Oh! what will it be when he awakes in His likeness, conformed to the image of the Son? This we shall share in common when Christ comes. But there is a glory and joy which are special. 1 Thess. ii. 20.

“ Called by that sacred name
Of undisclosed delight,
Blest answer to reproach and shame,
Graved on the stone of white.”

An Account of the Funeral, Compiled from Letters, Memoranda, etc., etc., by Messrs. A., H., R., and W.

The dear servant fell asleep, with the quietness and peace that had characterized him in his long and devoted life, at the retired house of a brother in Christ, Mr. A. T. H., Sundridge, Bournemouth, whom God had graciously allowed to minister comfort and ease to his ministering servant in his closing days. He had said, on the previous Thursday, “ I feel like a bird, ready to fly away ; ” and, on the following Saturday, 29th April, 1882, at 11.5 a.m., in the presence of all in the house, standing around his bed, including Messrs. H., S., L., Dr. A. H. B., L., H., and G., he departed to be with Christ.

The interment was arranged to be at the Bournemouth Cemetery, on Tuesday, 2nd May. A

meeting for prayer was held at the house, Sundridge, at 11.45 a.m.

As the visitors entered the Hall, to assemble in the large drawing-room, where the meeting was to be held, the coffin, a large and handsome one, met their gaze ; and, in passing it, the sad, solemn fact for them was,

He is gone ;

“ A great one has fallen asleep.”

God's chosen vessel, who had toiled and laboured to feed His flock, and to unfold the truths and glories of His Word and His Christ, was departed to his well-earned rest. His work was done.

Upon the coffin-plate was inscribed—

JOHN NELSON DARBY,

BORN

NOVEMBER 18TH, 1800.

DIED,

“ In the Lord,”

APRIL 29TH, 1882.

The beloved saints, chiefly brothers, variously estimated from 100 to 150 in number, gathered together in the room (where his last words in a public meeting were heard on the closing verses of the 3rd Ephesians—Christ dwelling in the heart by faith) waiting on God in silence. The solemn silence was broken by Mr. C. S. giving out one of Mr. Darby's own hymns, No. 19, "Rest of the saints above." The company broke down with grief in singing it. Strong men wept like children, and many a hoary head was bowed with inexpressible sorrow, for the loved one that had been taken from them. This was followed by Mr. McA. leading the saints in thanksgiving to God; first for the bright glory before us, and then for the all-sufficiency of Christ, and the certainty of His blessed presence *all* the way through the wilderness. Next Mr. H. H. S. prayed that the removal of our beloved brother might be used to our blessing in leading us to more occupation with Christ, and devotedness to Him. Then Mr. L. prayed very touchingly, thanking God for His gift to the Church, for His servant's faithful stewardship, and his devoted and consistent life. The dear brother was so much affected that he was unable to continue in prayer.

Next, Mr. C. S., with much thanksgiving for the blessing that Mr. Darby had been to the whole Church of God, prayed that his death might be used to speak to the hearts of all the saints at large that knew him; and that his writings might continue to be largely blessed to believers generally.

Then Mr. K. prayed with lowly confidence in

God. Mr. McA. gave out hymn No. 284, "Thou Hidden Source of Calm Repose."

This closed the meeting.

At Mr. McAdam's suggestion, the letter left by Mr. Darby was then read, first by Mr. Hs., and again by Mr. Hd. It is as follows:

"MY BELOVED BRETHREN:

"After years of communion in weakness, I have only bodily strength to write a few lines, more of affection than ought else. I bear witness to the love not only in the Lord ever faithful but in my beloved brethren in all patience towards me; and how much more, then, from God, unfeignedly do I bear witness to it. Yet I can say, Christ has been my only object; thank God, my righteousness too. I am not aware of anything to recall, little now to add. Hold fast to Him; count on abundant grace in Him to reproduce Him in the power of the Father's love; and be watching and waiting for Christ. I have no more to add, but my unfeigned and thankful affection in Him.

J. N. DARBY."

(Said and taken down later):

"I do add, Let not John's ministry be forgotten in insisting on Paul's. One gives the dispensations in which the display is; the other, that which is displayed.

"I should particularly object to any attack being made on W. Kelly."

"BELOVED BRETHREN:

March 19th, 1882.

"I feel satisfied that if there be recognition of God's hand upon us, and lowly confidence in the

purpose of the Father for the glory of His own Son, there will be a great deal of blessing, and spreading forth into the doors which He opens.

Luncheon was provided at the Landsdown Rooms, through the kindness of a brother.

At about 2.30 p.m. a special train ran in from London, bringing between two and three hundred brethren, and soon there were congregated about one thousand saints, including some from Ireland, Scotland, and distant parts of England, anxious to have fellowship in the last solemn act of delivering the body of the servant into the hands of the beloved Master who bought it.

The coffin was carried to the plain hearse by eight brethren. There were no mourning coaches, and only a few cabs containing some who could not walk well the long distance to follow it. The rest walked to the Cemetery by another route to avoid demonstration, as the beloved brother had desired his burial might be quietly performed. At about half-past three, the body having reached the Cemetery, it was so placed on two poles, that twenty brethren could share at once in carrying the precious remains of this honoured servant of the Lord; and the bearers being often changed, about one hundred shared in the privilege. The body was not taken into the chapel.

The meeting at the grave commenced with singing the hymn No. 229, "O Happy Morn, the Lord will come," given out by Mr. McA.

Mr. S. then read Matt. xxvii. 59-61. He said, "What a contrast between the burial of the Master and the burial of His servant, for which so many

of us are assembled here to-day. Joseph of Arimathea found a place for the body of the Master in his own new tomb, where, with the help of Nicodemus, he reverently laid it ; but how few the mourners, just two lowly women. What a tale it tells us of the reality of the Master's humiliation. We have our sorrow around the servant's grave, but how far greater was that of those few who wept around the Master's ; and of a character, too, how different ! Bitter desolation and unrelieved sorrow filled their hearts, for they were burying, as they thought, in that new tomb all their hopes as they laid His body there. They had trusted that it was He which should have redeemed Israel. But He was dead, and all their hopes for the future of their nation were therefore dashed to the ground. At the moment they knew nothing of the resurrection—we get that in the next chapter—and the joys of their hearts through it. But we are here around the servant's grave with knowledge that the Master has risen ; that He is with us here in our sorrow, and that He is coming soon to take us all to be with Himself in heaven. How could we possibly have come here to lay this loved one in the grave with confidence did we not know the blessed hope of resurrection ? As we think of all that flows from His resurrection, what joy mingles with our sorrow ! In the presence of death it does not become us to eulogise the dead. One name only of all who have walked this earth is worthy here to be remembered and spoken of, even He who has annulled death and him who had the power of it, and Who will, we know not how soon,

call forth from the tomb the bodies of His sleeping saints, and take up His living ones to be with Himself for ever. The Master died, and was buried; but he is risen. "Christ, the first fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming." We place the body of our beloved brother in this grave, with this our blessed hope, to comfort and cheer our sorrowing hearts.

Hymn No. 286, "Soon Thou Wilt Come Again," was then sung, after which Dr. W. W. read Gen. xlviii. 21, Phil. ii. 13, Rev. i. 17, 18: "Behold I die, but God shall be with you." "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." "And He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

As to the first he remarked, "Tears would most naturally fall from the eyes of those who surrounded him, as the Patriarch said, 'Behold I die;' and not to have shed them would have been out of the course of nature. But what comfort was in the words that followed, 'God shall be with you.' So, too, to-day, beloved friends, our tears may rightly fall as we surround the grave of this honored servant of God. Not to feel his death were wrong, for what he has been as God's vessel to us all in many ways, I need not say. Could his voice sound now in our ears, would it not be just to say to us, "God shall be with you." In this our hearts can and do rest. Our beloved

brother is gone from earth, but our God is not gone.

On the second scripture he said, "It is the same sweet truth here. Paul was gone—shut up in prison—but God was not gone; and the imprisoned Apostle counted on greater obedience, now that he was away than when he was with them. His absence gave greater scope, so to say, for God to manifest His grace and power, and this comforted the Apostle's heart."

On the third passage he remarked, "What were these words to the Apostle John? and are they not of living power to us also, beloved brethren? Surely! In a world of death, as this is, I know of no such cheer and comfort to one's heart as this—We know and love, and cleave to One who can never die. He has died for us, blessed be His holy name, and by His death we have life, eternal life. Yet still we are where death often afflicts us, as this day, and what solace and support are ours! 'Fear not,' He says; and why should we? This one goes, and that; this tenderly loved one is taken away; and that; this support snapped, and that; but He lives, and lives to die no more. What is it, then, we learn? Our hearts may go out towards Him, and there tenderly wind themselves round His blessed Person, with no fear that the rude hand of death shall ever snap them. No, brethren; He lives, and must be more and more the object of our lives' deepest devotion: and, I believe, what our God would teach us by the removal of our be-

loved brother, His Honoured servant, is not only to follow Him, as he followed Christ, but above all to make the Lord Himself our object, and find all our springs in Himself. We want no more, whatever be the need of the way, if only our hearts are in the enjoyment of the old saint's words, 'God shall be with you.'"

He then prayed that God would give us to know the full comfort of His own presence, while deeply mourning the departure of His servant, and that it might lead to increased devotedness to Christ and His interests.

(Some say Hymn No. 286 was then sung.)

Mr. S next read John xiv. 1-3, and 1 Thess. iv. 15-18, and said, "The precious truths contained in these and other scriptures have now become familiar to thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands in the Church of God. But some of us around this grave may be able to look back and remember the time when these great distinctive truths were forgotten and unknown. Yes; we can remember a time when there was not a person in the various districts from which we have gathered to-day that knew the blessed truth of the coming of the Lord to take His Church, or the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost on earth. He would acknowledge in the presence of our God, in the presence of death—as we commit this precious body to the Lord's care in this grave—the great goodness of our God and Father in using our beloved departed brother as His vessel to restore these and other blessed truths to the Church :

and what comfort and cause of thanksgiving that the Lord, who raised him up and gave him as his gift, is still with us. The Holy Ghost abides with us. Let our prayer be that the Lord may use his death to our blessing, and his writings more largely to the rich blessing of the entire Church of God." He then prayed that the coming of the Lord, as the immediate hope of believers—which our departed brother had, under God's hand, been the means of reviving—might more than ever be a living and operative truth in our souls. Hymn No. 234. "Lord Jesus, Come," was then sung, and, after a short pause, the body was lowered into the grave by ten brethren.

Mr. T. R. then prayed, commending the body to the keeping of the Lord until the bright and blessing morning of resurrection, and earnestly praying that we might all be kept steady in His way until that day. Hymn No. 179, "Brightness of the Eternal Glory," was next sung. After which, without being given out, as from heart and voice, there rose up in solemn, yet joyful strain, the Hymn No. 90, "Glory, Honour, Praise and Power."

This closed the meeting, and the sorrowing ones dispersed, no more to think of him here in willing and unwearied service for his Master; the one to whom any could resort for ready counsel in difficulties, comfort in sorrow, help and cheer at all times, and in all circumstances; but now to think of Him in the presence of His loved Lord and Master.

At 7.30 p.m. a further meeting was held at Landsdown Room.

Dr. W. gave out the hymn, Go. 79, "Rest of the Saints Above." Mr. H. H. S. read 1 Samuel xvii. 50-58, presenting the Lord Jesus Christ before the saints. He then prayed. Then Mr. C. S. read Neh. xiii. 4-13, and Acts xx. 28-38, and referred to Mr. Darby's departure to the Lord, and the truth brought out through him, and to God having placed brethren in responsibility to distribute the truth given to them, Hymn No. 228, "Join all the Glorious Names," was sung.

Mr. T. R. then read Acts xx. 17-28, and, in speaking, dwelt specially on "God and the word of His grace," and on His faithfulness. Mr. C. S. prayed. Dr. W. referred to a remark of Mr. Darby's :

"The secret of peace within, and power without, is to be occupied only and always with good."

*Inscription on Tombstone in Bournemouth
Cemetery.*

JOHN NELSON DARBY.

As Unknown and Well Known.

Departed to be with Christ,

APRIL 29TH, 1882.

AGED 81.

2 Corinthians v. 21.

Lord, Let Me Wait for Thee Alone ;
My Life Be Only This :
To Serve Thee Here on Earth Unknown,
Then Share Thy Heavenly Bliss.

J. N. D.

An Extract from "The Christian Commonwealth," 11th May, 1882.

There has recently passed away one of the most remarkable servants of Christ that this country has produced. We refer to Mr. John Nelson Darby, whose decease at Bournemouth we briefly chronicled last week. It would have been too much to expect that any lengthened notice of this remarkable man should have a place in the daily papers, or that he should find a sepulchre amongst the great men of our national history. Nevertheless, it is true to say that the movement of which he was, at once, one of the principal leaders, was most distinguished for vitality, force, and widespread influence. . . .

It is not generally known that the Brethren, with whom Mr. Darby has been so long associated, refuse all application to the Press to advertise their assemblies, or to make known their work. Who can recall any answer to the unkindly, and often ignorant, criticism of opponents, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, remain unnoticed by them until this day. It is only true to say that their places of assembly are difficult to find; and, when found, are of such simplicity of character that no fictitious aids exist to attract the popular ear. Nevertheless, many of the great principles of truth advocated by them—their close adherence to the word of God—their remarkable and widespread literature, and their wonderful association during the past thirty-five years—

justly entitle them to a high position in the real Church history of our times.

The spiritual power of the Church of Christ—the perception of the true meaning of God's word—has seldom been seen to advantage in mere denominative institutions. Spiritual perception—the power of the Holy Ghost—the wonderful influences of Divine truth, whether upon individuals or masses—has never been largely identified with church organizations, as such; the power has been with the individual rather than the corporate body.

We are not insensible to the widespread influence of the teaching represented by such writers as J.N.D., and C.H.M. The principles of interpretation advocated—their clear spiritual perception—their suggestive analysis of the “deep things of God”—their calm and intelligent defence of the great doctrines of the reformation, and their vigorous testimony concerning the pre-millennial advent of our Lord—have given them a position for true and discriminating exposition, which is recognised and firmly believed by a very large portion of the spiritually-minded students of the Word of God in this and other lands. What is commonly known as the literature of the Brethren is familiar everywhere. Intelligent men and women by thousands, in all parts of the world, are not only associated with the Brethren, but they maintain a reality of worship and testimony at once powerful, resolute, and blessed—“Building themselves up on their most holy faith.” There

is a fibre about the Christian life of the Brethren that can and does stand the strain of trial in the army, navy, the civil service, and the uncivil world. We venture to say that amongst the English in India, to-day, may be found large numbers of Brethren, who are Christians indeed ; yea, burning and shining lights in the kingdom of our Lord.

Any one acquainted with the men of God in England, who, as pastors and evangelists, stand opposed to the rationalism and Socinianism of certain professedly Christian journals, knows how valuable and welcome are the varied publications, papers and tracts that have been so intelligently written and industriously circulated by the Brethren. Few libraries but readily, if in some cases quietly, appropriate the productions of the well known writers whose initials we have mentioned, as well as other names which we need not enumerate. Hundreds of clergymen and non-conformist ministers turn instinctively from the nothing-arianism of many writers whom the Press is wont to praise, to the rich and varied and spiritual utterances of these "Masters in Israel."

The higher truths preached by the Brethren 30 years ago were practically unknown, and to them mainly has the great honour accrued of making known to the Church the "manifold wisdom of God." Of the Brethren it may in truth be said, "By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report ; as unknown and yet well known," for of them, as of the Church of God in Rome (Acts xxviii. 22), it may be said that they have the honour of being "everywhere spoken against."

John Darby's "Synopsis" is becoming a standard work of reference, and will take its place amongst the productions of the highest and best exegesis. His life has been one abundant labour and abounding success. He has now heard the welcome, "Come up higher," from the Lord, Whose honour was so dear to him, and Whose service consumed the great energy of mind and body that he possessed.

An Extract from "Men of the Time."

DARBY, John Nelson, youngest son of the late John Darby, Esquire, of King's County, Ireland, was born in Westminster in 1800; graduated in 1819, at Trinity College, Dublin, in high classical honours, and was called to the bar. He subsequently took orders, but not long after saw fit to abandon this position, only the more freely to exercise his ministry in Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, etc., etc., and at a later date, also in North and South America, the West Indies, New Zealand and Australia. He has translated the entire Bible into German, and the New Testament into French as well as English. Besides incessant preaching in these and other languages (chiefly among those commonly known as Brethren, or Plymouth Brethren) he has written on scriptural subjects so largely that his collected writings now in course of republication—independent of, and uniform with, his longest single work, "Synopsis of the books of the Bible," five volumes—will exceed twenty-five thick volumes, crown 8vo.

J. N. Darby—“Reality, Faith, Integrity.”

..... This was a young man, a most remarkable man, who rapidly gained an immense sway over me. I shall call him the Irish clergyman. His bodily presence was indeed weak—a fallen cheek, a blood-shot eye, crippled limbs resting on crutches, a seldom-shaved beard, a shabby suit of clothes, and a generally neglected person drew out at first pity and wonder to see such a person in a drawing-room. It was currently reported that a person in Limerick once offered him a halfpenny, mistaking him for a beggar. If not true, the story was at least well invented.

This young man had taken high honours at Dublin University, and had studied at the bar, where, under the auspices of his eminent kinsman, he had excellent prospects; but his conscience would not allow him to take a brief, lest he should be selling his talents to defeat justice. With all his logical power he had warm sympathies, thoughtful tenderness, and total self-abandonment. He, before long, took holy orders, and became an indefatigable curate in the mountains of Wicklow. Every evening he sallied forth to teach in the cabins, roving far and wide over mountains and amidst bogs, and was seldom home before night. By such exercises his strength was undermined, and he suffered so much in his limbs that not only lameness, but still more serious results threatened. He did not fast on purpose, but his long walks through wild country, and among in-

digent people, inflicted on him much severe deprivation. Moreover, he ate whatever food offered itself, food unpalatable and often indigestible. His whole figure might have vied in emaciation with a monk of La Trappe. I was at first offended with his apparent affectation of a careless exterior; but I soon understood that in no other way could he gain access to the lowest orders, and that he was moved, not by asceticism, but by a self-abandonment, fruitful of consequences. He had practically given up all reading but the Bible; and no small part of his movements towards me took the form of dissension from all other voluntary study. In fact, I had myself concentrated more and more religious reading on this book. Still, I could not help feeling the value of a cultivated mind. Against this my new eccentric friend (having himself enjoyed no mean advantages of cultivation), directed his keenest attacks. I remember once saying to him, "To desire to be rich is absurd; but were I a father, I should wish to secure a good education for my children." He replied, "If I had children I should as soon see them breaking stones as anything else, if I could secure for them the gospel of the grace of God." I was unable to say, Amen; but I admired his unflinching consistency, for now, as always, all he said was based on texts aptly quoted and logically enforced. He more and more made me ashamed of political economy, moral philosophy, and all science; all of which ought to be "counted loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus

my Lord." For the first time in my life I saw a man turning into reality the principles which others professed with their lips. Never before had I seen a man so resolved that not a word of the New Testament should be a dead letter to him. I once said, "But do you really think that no part of the New Testament may have been temporary in its light? For instance, what should we have lost if Paul had never written, 'The cloak that I left at Troas, etc., etc.'" He answered with great promptitude, "I should have lost something; for it was exactly that verse which alone saved me from selling my little library. No; every word, depend upon it, is from the Spirit, and for eterna! service."

In spite of the strong revulsion which I felt against some of the peculiarities of this remarkable man, I, for the first time in my life, found myself under the dominion of a superior. When I remarked how those bowed before him who had been to him in the place of parents, accomplished and experienced minds, I ceased to wonder in retrospect that he riveted me in such a bondage.

Extract of Letter from F. W. Newman.

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