

words of which he was supremely fond, and which he gave out most frequently—

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father! Abba! Father! cry.

When Mr. P. entered a family, it was understood that each of the inmates would be addressed, and receive an admonition proportioned to his estimate of their spiritual necessities. This practice rendered him a terror to some of the timid unconverted, and often they fled from the house on his approach. In one house there was a daughter who used to hide herself behind the screen, out of the way of his questions. But one day, while hiding there, she was alarmed at his prayers; for he besought the Lord mightily to send an arrow through the screen, and convince that sinner who was hiding there that she could not hide from the eye of Him with whom we have to do. Such was the impression made on her conscience, that before he rose from his knees she was kneeling beside him in an agony

of tears. The prayer was then directed towards another blessing, and before long the young woman was enabled to rejoice in the love of a reconciled God. A similar result followed a similar petition in another place in the town. Many were at the windows, hearkening. "O Lord," said Mr. P., "send an arrow of conviction into the hearts of those outside." Scarcely had he spoken before one of the most stout-hearted sinners was filled with fear of perdition; and, pressing through the crowd into the meeting, told publicly what had taken place in his soul. They prayed for him a-while, and he returned to his house, rejoicing in the glowing hope of eternal life.

The revival was sustained for a considerable period; and our friend, during its continuance, was indefatigable in his exertions, visiting from house to house, admonishing private persons, and holding prayer-meetings in all parts of the town. When the Spirit of the Lord visited a house, his influence often fell upon more than one member of the family. Often has Mr. P. been seen kneeling with the husband, wife, and one or more of the children, who were agonizing for mercy at the same time. A mother, who had found peace her-

self, was often instrumental in bringing salvation to her whole household. The moral results were of a most delightful character, and particularly so in the case of some of the most inveterate and abandoned sinners. "We have seen," said one of the brethren, exulting shortly after the outpouring, "we have seen the man who for years was the pest and terror of the neighbourhood, but now converted, become the instructor of the honest inquirer, and administering consolation at the bedside of the dying. We can point to the aged sinner whose locks had grown gray in the service of the devil, whose house was notorious as the haunt of dissipation and vice, now converting that very house into a scene of social prayer, made specially remarkable in the village as the birth-place of souls."

As is usual at such times, a number of the persons who received benefit were already members of other churches, but had not found previously the actual enjoyment of personal religion; they retained their former connections, but carried into the bosom of their own churches the zeal and joy they had just obtained. It must not be concealed, that in a few years' time several fell back into

the world, others were called away by business, and several were taken to their final rest, mostly dying in the triumph of faith. The result at the end of a year, so far as the Wesleyan body was concerned, was the addition of forty steady members, and the creation of two new classes. The effect upon other religious bodies in the town was to rouse up among them the spirit of prayer, and an earnest longing for the renewed visits of the Holy One.

The day on which this singular and gracious work began was ever after considered by our friend as a high day, and he took care to observe its anniversary (24th February,) as a day of prayer and praise in Kilsyth itself. It is said that on every one of his subsequent visits there for that purpose, one or more souls were born of God.

About the autumn of 1837, a considerable number of persons were brought to the knowledge of the truth, chiefly by Mr. P.'s instrumentality. One sermon of his was made eminently useful, and is referred to at the present day, under the title of the "Whinny Park." In this discourse he compared the human heart to a field, which, when unculti-

vated, produces noxious weeds, but under the hand of a diligent farmer, the weeds disappear. "If," said he, "the cultivator neglect his land, the noxious things soon spring up again, and if he abandon it altogether, the weeds will be more numerous and ranker than they would have been if the ground had never been tilled. So the grace of God will keep down the depravity of a wicked human heart; but a backslider will find himself worse than an unconverted man." Several persons were deeply convinced and affected under this discourse.

One person, at present a leader, whose wife was brought to God in consequence of the above-named sermon, was induced also to seek an interest in the blood of Christ, and soon found rest to his soul. His prejudice against our friend had been strong, regarding him as a fanatic, or very like one, but now he cultivated a close acquaintance with him, and opened his house for prayer meetings. "I have seen," says he, "much of the power of God in those meetings, and especially when brother Patrick has been offering his petitions to Heaven, particularly on one occasion, April, 1838, the room was crowded almost

to suffocation, and the people thronging about the door, unable to obtain an entrance. One woman, who was very hostile to the work, nevertheless, pressed with violence into the midst of the room, and almost immediately began to cry out for the salvation of her soul, and a few days after obtained her desire. During this meeting, six souls found peace with God, four of whom still retain their piety." At another meeting, two females obtained liberty, after a struggle that was piteous to behold, the elder trembling to such a degree as to occasion Mr. P. to say she was as much like the Philippian jailor as any one he had yet seen. One woman, who had been trained to a rigid observance of the forms of worship, but alas! only to the forms, was considerably offended at the confidence of Mr. P., when she heard him speak of the Deity as "*my* God, *my* Father, *my* Saviour," etc., and declared that although she had attended kirk all her days, was quite moral in conduct, and could answer all her *questions* as well as any body in the town, she dared not use such kind of language. On closer self-examination, however, she began to suspect that all was not quite right within, and she

therefore sought an interview with our friend. The result of this conversation, by the blessing of God, was a clear conviction in her mind that she was still an unconverted sinner, and that whatever her doctrinal creed might have been, she was in fact a Pharisee, and out of Christ. Deeply humbled, she was now content to seek the Lord in the simplest way, and rested not till she found the knowledge of salvation, and could profess as confidently as any, The Lord is become *my* salvation. Immediately she became anxious about the spiritual state of her husband. "Oh, speak to my man! pray for my husband!" etc. In a few days, he also cast away his confidence in formality, and ventured in faith upon the Lord Jesus Christ. His anxiety was equally excited for the safety of his mother, long reputed a pious woman, because of her extensive acquaintance with the letter of Scripture, but whom he knew to be destitute of heart-changing religion, and he brought her into acquaintance with Mr. P., whose instructions and prayers were made instrumental in bringing her, with two other sons, and two daughters, to the saving knowledge of the truth. All these continue to profess their

enjoyment of the pardoning love of God to the present time, except one daughter, who, some time since, died in the Lord.

So great was the number of those brought to God, that a class of new converts was formed, consisting of about forty persons, and yet it was believed that not above one-half of the number benefited joined the Wesleyan Society, the prejudice against both the doctrine and discipline of Methodism being very strong in the town. Still the work of conversion proceeded.

It is not to be understood that Mr. P. was personally present with all those who found peace at this period, but he was, directly or indirectly, connected with nearly all, and was the main instrument in the hand of God of the good that was then done. His soul yearned over sinners, and his enlarged heart craved the salvation of all. For this he spared no pains, and thought no self-denial or labour too great. On one occasion he prayed with almost overpowering earnestness for a revival of spiritual religion in the "Steeple" Kirk, (his memory failing at the moment to supply him with the minister's name,) and in all the other congregations in the town, together

with similar blessings for Falkirk, Denny, Stirling, Doune, and Fintry, naming them: "O Lord," said he, "let thy work spread over all the land." It has been remarked by many, that a literal answer was soon afterwards given to almost all this mighty prayer.

During the following three or four years, there was a general quickening of all the other denominations throughout the town; extra preaching services were appointed; sermons were delivered in the open air; a church of Independents was gathered, and meetings for prayer were systematic, and very numerous. For twelve months successively there was held every week twenty prayer meetings connected with the Established Church, ten belonging to the Relief congregation, eighteen of the Methodists, and nine among the Congregationalists, and all this within the precincts of one parish. No wonder if faith were mingled with these numerous petitions, that a blessing, copious and extensive, was at length poured out.

Accordingly, on the 23d of July, 1839, in the parish church, while the Rev. Mr. Burns, jun., was officiating, the long sought power was present; an influence fell upon the vast

congregation of a most surprising character. All were affected. Some moaned because of their sense of sin and danger; others shouted because of their present lively sense of acceptance with God; and many because they now saw their long sustained prayers answered. The scene in the church aroused the anxiety and fears of many, who dreaded lest the apparent disorder might occasion scandal, but the excitement was irrepressible. All day and all night the anxiety and prayers of the seeking souls were sustained, and the number of penitents was continually increasing. Multitudes flocked into the town from all quarters in a short time; the church was generally full; numerous private houses were almost always occupied as places of worship; and in the dark night might be heard resounding from the various coverts of the haughs and glen the voice of mourners secretly agonizing in prayer with the Lord.

During the week at which the revival was at its height, out of door preaching was held every afternoon in the square; and, on one of these occasions, while the Rev. A. Somerville was preaching, such an overwhelming

influence accompanied the word, that forty or fifty stout able bodied persons fell to the ground as if dead. On being removed to a house, and recovering themselves, they all cried aloud to God for mercy. The Rev. W. Burns continued the service in the open air, until the shades of evening coming on, the multitude adjourned to the parish kirk, where a prayer-meeting was commenced, which lasted till the morning was far advanced. This evening, a beautiful illustration of Christian union was exhibited in the meeting, Churchmen and the Methodists, Relief people and Independents, forgot their peculiarities, and harmoniously laboured together in the one object of leading unhappy souls to the footstool of a pitying and pardoning God. A person returning home at two o'clock in the morning, says, "We heard the sounds of prayer and praise, weeping and rejoicing, on every hand in various parts of the valley. I suppose we passed by twenty or thirty prayer meetings on our way home, chiefly composed of young persons who had retired in small companies for a more private devotion."

The Kilsyth revival of 1839, has been minutely portrayed in printed documents;

published at the time, and need not therefore be described here. On this occasion, the work was general; in 1835, it more particularly affected the Wesleyans, and was then regarded with suspicion by persons who now were cured of that prejudice. At this time the word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified. Persons from the neighbouring parts came, and found salvation, and not a few from very distant places, who returned to their homes happy in the love of God.

Without knowing what was going on, our friend P. was led to visit Kilsyth, just at the commencement of this work, and mingled with rapture and zeal in the whole movement, not making himself prominent, inasmuch as the guidance of affairs was in the hands of the ministers in town, but yet pervading those more private departments of labour in which he knew that his strength chiefly lay. Many persons whom he attended at that period, and whom he privately led up to the cross, are still to be found, gratefully acknowledging him as their spiritual father, and among others a young woman who had cherished a long time a silent enmity against him, because of his obtrusive piety,

and yet could not divest her mind of a secret awe, believing him to be a favoured son of God, was convinced in the course of the revival of her own sin and danger, and became very miserable. A number of circumstances combined to impress the thought that Mr. P. was endowed with extraordinary favour of God; and in her humble state she sought him out amid his evangelical visitings, and at once opened all her mind. It was a consolation to her to hear him say, she was not far from the kingdom of heaven; but as yet she did not obtain the assurance from God. The next day, finding her still hesitating to put forth the simple act of cordial faith, he led her in his usual method to contemplate the ability, willingness, and presence of the Saviour of sinners, urging her to make the venturous effort. "I shall believe," said she, "I do believe." "Jesus is mine!" It appears that while uttering these words, she actually did make the venture, and after repeating them again, she burst forth in singing, making the house resound with the words,

"My God is reconciled," etc.

This instance is quoted merely as a sample

of many, very many, similar ones occurring at that time. These simple and sudden changes have proved the beginning of a new and holy life, and, in many cases, sustained to this hour. All the churches in Kilsyth, long after the first commotion had passed away, were thronged with earnest worshippers, and the cause of God received a lasting benefit. By December, in that year, the little Wesleyan Society numbered one hundred and sixty-six members, besides those who were kept "on trial."

It now became necessary to erect a commodious chapel for regular worship. The "Lodge" that had been so long occupied for that purpose was dear to many as the birth-place of their soul, and they were reluctant to leave it; but the numbers now inconveniently thronging it at every meeting, and the impossibility of gaining admission for multitudes, rendered it imperative to procure a larger place. A subscription was therefore opened, and the usual efforts employed with such success, that a plain commodious house was built, capable of containing four or five hundred persons, which was opened for worship on 31st May, 1840, by the Rev. Robert

Day. The blessing of Heaven was not withdrawn from the new establishment, and many souls have since sought and found the Lord in that place.

Particularly in the year 1845, a good work commenced among the young people, and was advanced by an awful event which befel three young men who occasionally attended the preaching, and had been subjects of the Spirit's striving, but who trifled with the grace of God and their own souls. One Sabbath day, the weather being hot, they agreed to spend the afternoon bathing in the dam. It appears that both conscience and the Divine Spirit remonstrated against the violation of the holy day, and the victim himself felt unusual misgivings, yet they persisted in their intention; but they had not been at the water many minutes before one of the party sunk to rise no more in life, and another, by venturous and vain efforts to save his companion, was so exhausted that he was himself saved with extreme difficulty. The consternation caused by this event was overruled to the spiritual good of many who knew all the parties, and the two survivors themselves turned to the Lord in penitence and prayer,

and are now witnesses of Jesus' willingness and power to save. Mr. P., according to his constant habits, was soon in the midst of the inquiring youths, aiding them by his advice and prayers. Several of these are now steadily walking in the ways of the Lord, and give promise of becoming ornaments of the Church.

CHAPTER VI.

WALLACESTONE.

Gives up business—Apology—Prayer—Visits Wallacestone—The first day—Four Converts—Commodious preaching—Many brought to God—Society formed—Open air Service—A New Chapel—Opposition—Removes his residence—Village preaching—Anecdotes—Division of the Circuits—Visits other places—Symptoms of disease—Last Sabbath—His death and funeral.

In the intervals of time between the more stirring seasons, in which he was chiefly confined to Kilsyth, Mr. Patrick made excursions to distant parts of the country, everywhere and at all times intent upon the one object of extending the saving knowledge of his Redeemer, and had an encouraging measure of success. He scattered the Gospel seed far and wide, and in many localities where he had not the happiness of seeing what might be called a harvest, there are to be found solitary plants of righteousness, and even groups growing up towards maturity, the results of his labour.

When at home or moving about in his

ALEXANDER PATRICK.

127

own circuit, after the excitement had passed away, he was still intent upon his work, visiting regularly for the purpose of religious conversation, holding prayer meetings, and preaching at every opportunity. The defect in his sight disqualifying him for any secular employment, the eagerness with which he was welcomed almost every where, seemed to demand, that he should devote himself to the sole work of God. His own love and zeal confirmed this view, and he seemed heartily to enter into the Apostle's resolution, "I am determined to know nothing among men, but Jesus Christ and him crucified."

He had often now to defend himself from the charge of disorder in his former meetings, which was urged against him by certain parties. He replied with truth, that he never tolerated any proceeding different from what is usual in religious worship generally, except a vehemence and earnestness of manner, that was habitual in him above most other men, unless there was manifestly some extraordinary work of the Spirit going on. When the conscience of a hearer compelled him to cry out for mercy, then rules and forms of mere decency were made to give place; for, said he,

"the truest order at such times, is the very thing you call indecent." "A huntsman" said he, "will ride along the highway very decently, while no game is in view, but as soon as it is started, dykes and hedges are nothing to guide him, he is then regulated only by the movements of his object."

It occasioned him considerable pain, to see any of the young converts relax in their ardour. "My bairn," he would say, "ye maun gang daily to the well, if ye're for cool, caller water. The well's always free, but ye canna draw enough for a life at ane time, ye maun gang again and again." He judged of their piety, not as some supposed by the continuance of excitement, but by the steadiness of their character, and their conscientious attention to the whole service of God; and affirmed that as their souls advanced in grace, much of the turbulence of their first religious feelings would pass away, and be replaced by solid principle, and confirmed resolution. I observed, said he, that the tin can when first placed to catch the falling stream rattled, and sounded, and made a "wonderfu' noise," but as it became full, the sound grew less and less. Just so it is in the

heart of a young Christian. Noise is natural but not necessary. True religion is, "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

Sensible from his own experience of the importance of prayer, he was jealous of the attention paid to the prayer meetings in his neighbourhood; and generally while he resided at Coatbridge, he would rise at six o'clock on the Sabbath morning, to go round to the homes of his friends, and rouse them from their slumbers, that they might be present at the early prayer meeting on the Lord's Day. He conceived that this exercise in a manner sanctified all the exercises of that day, and that barren meetings might reasonably be expected, if the morning prayers had been either omitted or slighted.

As it was his endeavour to bring the audience up to the house of God in the spirit of prayer, so he himself sought a preparation for his more public duties by the same means. On coming to Kirkintilloch, to preach one Sabbath, he kneeled down on the threshold of the Chapel, and besought a blessing; he did the same in the midst of the Congregation, and again at the pulpit stairs, before he

entered. The censorious will denounce all this as trick and hypocrisy, but those who knew him best, might regret its eccentricity and carelessness of man's esteem, but they saw in it only the visible manifestation of what was habitual in his heart, that although the outward act was unusual, the state of mind that dictated it was characteristic. That day several persons professed to receive convincing or converting grace, under his ministry.

At the commencement of the year 1842, a new field of labour and usefulness was opened to him, in a quarter little expected. A miner who had received much profit from the labours of Mr. P. in Airdrie, had occasion to remove to Wallacestone, in the parish of Polmont, Stirlingshire; but after some time, finding no food for his soul in his new residence, he came over to invite his old friend to spend a few days in Wallacestone, and to labour to reclaim his fellow-workmen. This proposal was rather startling, and excited much thought and prayer, before it could be acceded to, but at length Mr. P. consented to go.

This part of the country was then in a

state of deplorable spiritual destitution; at a considerable distance from the parish kirk, and no one greatly caring for the souls of the people. The population were therefore miserably sunk in morals. Without restraint, and almost without shame, the most open sin was commonly practised. Drunkenness, brawling, gambling, and general licentiousness met the eye every day, and almost every where. The people, a hardy, fearless race, were chiefly addicted to the boisterous and turbulent vices, and their sport was fighting of cocks and dogs, and often even of men, so that they were denominated in the surrounding parts, the Wallacestone "lions." It seemed a hopeless attempt to preach the Gospel to such a neighbourhood, and the preacher who ventured here, appeared to be devoting himself to certain suffering, and final defeat.

Prior to this application, a number of believers at Coatbridge, with Mr. P. at their head, had covenanted to pray for an open door of usefulness, and an outpouring of the Spirit. This invitation seemed to them all, an answer of prayer, and although in its own aspect, the undertaking was very unpromising.

they knew that the divine blessing was all sufficient to ensure success. They therefore agreed to set apart a portion of every day, to pray that the power of God might accompany their friend's labours, while he ventured, in dependance on Heaven, to unfurl the banner of the cross among these bold sinners. And in his subsequent movements, it was no small comfort to our friend, to remember that he was sustained in his undertaking by the earnest prayers of his brethren at home.

On Feb. 11, 1842, he set out on this excursion, and on arriving at Wallacestone, took up his temporary abode with Robert Waugh, (the friend who had invited him, and who was himself then only a lodger), expecting to return in a few days. The first evening was spent agreeably with his companion, in conversation about the late revivals, and after family worship, they all retired to rest. On the morrow Mr. P. was left alone, his companion being obliged to attend his labours underground. The family with whom he was staying, being by no means religious, felt uncomfortable in the presence of such a man as he evidently was, and kept at a painful distance, only approaching him at meals,

or when summoned to his room to worship God; an exercise they could not refuse, yet, at that time to them very irksome. But after a few hours they began to pity and sympathize with their guest, on account of his loneliness; and inasmuch as they had themselves neither the heart nor the head to sustain a conversation suited to so holy a man, as they deemed him to be, they resolved to send for a woman, the only one of their acquaintance whom they themselves thought to be religious, that she might converse with their guest according to his mind, and so find him amusement till his friend returned from labour. When she arrived, Mr. P. at once began to inquire about her soul's salvation. The good woman replied, "I am a member of the Established kirk."

"O, indeed I'm glad to hear that then you have taken the Sacrament?"

"Yes, mony a time."

"Well then what is the meaning of the Sacrament?"

"I dinna ken, may be ye ken better nor me, and ye'll explain it a'."

"Ah," said he, I'll try;" and so proceeded to give an evangelical exposition of the na-

ture of that ordinance, and of the qualifications necessary to a worthy communicant. He then referred to the Confession of Faith, and the Westminster Catechisms, on the subject of justification and its fruits, particularly assurance of a personal pardon, expounding and applying this soul-searching doctrine, as he went along, with his usual earnestness and fidelity. The Spirit of God so wrought with his discourse, that after a while the poor woman was speechless, convinced that she knew no more about inward vital religion, than did Nicodemus about the new birth. She was greatly humbled, and became very miserable from the fear that she had sinned unpardonably, by her unworthy communicating at the Lord's table. She hurried home; therefore, from the presence of the man of God. On her way back her convictions deepened, and she spent the whole night in prayer to the Lord for mercy. Her husband was much annoyed at this disturbance, and could not imagine what it could mean, but thought she had gone mad, and resolved to send her away in the morning. However, before morning his passion passed away; the scene had changed. In answer to her prayer,

the poor woman obtained a clear manifestation of mercy, and now rejoiced aloud. Her husband listened, was himself convinced of sin, and becoming distressed in his turn, he spent the time till day-light, in calling upon Jesus to save his soul. At an early hour he went to the lodgings of the stranger, for the benefit of his advice and prayers; the very sort of request to delight our friend. After much explanation of what Mr. P. always called "the simple plan of salvation," and united prayer, the poor man ventured to accept of Christ by faith, and went home disburdened of his load of woes, rejoicing in God.

This circumstance which took place under the eye of his host and hostess, so affected them, that the whole of this day was spent in directing them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of world. And by eventime, there were four precious souls filled with the unspeakable joys of a present salvation. It may easily be conceived with what unmingled delight Mr. P. himself witnessed those gracious interpositions of divine mercy. The news of these events ran through the place with rapidity, and many came to see

this extraordinary stranger, who could turn the world upside down. Some stood at a distance with a sort of superstitious awe; others however conversed freely, and besought him to preach them a sermon. To this he readily consented, and from that time he preached almost every evening for several weeks.

A school-room was procured as a preaching place; the congregation was large; many were pricked to the heart, and cried out for mercy, and a considerable number obtained the pearl of great price, and were added to the Lord. The people here having a warm and lively temperament, felt keenly the pangs of penitence when they were actually affected by the Divine Spirit, and being quite unsophisticated by the manners of large towns, they put themselves under little or no restraint in the expression of their distress, or of their joys. The scenes therefore that now occurred were of the most exciting character; but wise steps were taken with the utmost promptitude to prevent the good work from evaporating in mere excitement.

Mr. Patrick, amid all the commotion of a boisterous revival, kept a steady eye on church

discipline, and continually remembered his own subordination to his minister. He therefore sought to gather those who had found peace into companies, and lost no time in informing the Superintendent of Glasgow of what he was doing, requesting ministerial aid and sanction, together with a supply of class-books, rules of the Society, etc.

In about six weeks after his arrival in the place, by the blessing of God upon his solitary labours, forty-six persons were capable of uniting in church-fellowship, most of them able to testify that they had conscious peace with God, through believing in Jesus. On March 27, the Rev. T. Williams, one of the ministers of Glasgow, visited them, and formally instituted two classes. His preaching on that occasion was owned of God, and that visit will not soon be forgotten. It appeared that many present were made the subjects of deep feeling, which they restrained till after the usual benediction was pronounced at the close of the service, and the congregation was actually breaking up, when one young man could contain no longer, but cried out vehemently that they should pray for him. The congregation turned back, and instantly be-

gan a prayer meeting. Other persons in the same case soon vented the distress of their souls in loud prayers, now that an example was given, and not less than twenty penitents were then at once crying for mercy, several of whom obtained peace before the meeting finally ended. At the next quarterly visitation, in June following, the Rev. John Simon gave trial-tickets to seventy persons, and read and expounded the Rules of the Society to those present. The Church being thus organised, a regular and steady increase followed both in numbers and grace.

Meetings for preaching were held in various houses, and often in the open air, vast numbers of hearers attending, and some of them from very great distances. Wallacestone is a small village, standing on the top of an eminence which commands an extensive and beautiful view. In the low grounds at the foot of the hill lay the village of Redding, and in the back ground the eye runs over the harbour of Grangemouth, and traces the course of the majestic Forth till it is lost in the wide ocean. Before the spectator are the Ochill hills, and to the west, in the midst of a rich carse, is Falkirk, Grahamston, the

Carron water, and further back, there rises a rugged mountain scenery, over which, still farther back in the dim distance, the gigantic hills of Argyllshire are seen lifting their heads, and, as it were, peering over the scene. On one of the highest points of the hill is erected a plain stone pillar, bearing the name of the great Scottish patriot, WILLIAM WALLACE, with an inscription in Latin, "HIC STETIT, 1298." The tradition current among the inhabitants is, that on the day of the battle of Falkirk, that hero, disgusted with the envy of the Scotch nobles, withdrew his division of the army, vowing he would not co-operate in the fight, or rescue any man that day; that he posted his men in this neighbourhood, and himself mounted this eminence to view the disastrous conflict carried on in the valley below, and that this pillar marks the exact spot where he then stood. The vignette on our little page gives an accurate representation of this memorial; and it may be added, that of the cottages in the background, that to the extreme left of the picture was Mr. P.'s residence, being the first house he ever entered in the place, and that from which his mortal remains were brought out to be car-

ried to their long home. This "Stone" gives the name to the village, and was to the earliest Wesleyan congregations the favourite point of resort for open air worship. A preacher taking his stand at this place, with a group of the inhabitants of the nearest houses around him, was easily observed from various and distant parts, and, without any other summons, the people immediately flocked in companies from the muir, and neighbouring villages in the low ground, to hear the word of life. 'Twas delightful from this commanding spot to look around at the hour of morning worship on the Sabbath day, and to view the numerous parties of human beings, who, but a few weeks before, were revelling in open and abandoned wickedness, now thronging from all directions towards this spot, and toiling up the steep, to bow before their Maker, and listen to the tale of redeeming love. The ideas of turbulence and havoc, so long familiar to them, and which the associations of the memorial on the ground were so calculated to recall, were all displaced from their minds by thoughts of the scene of Calvary; and longing desires to be approved by the Prince

of Peace, and to be made like unto him, filled their hearts. On some occasions, the word delivered on this spot has been accompanied by a power similar in its effects to that which attended the ministrations of Wesley and Whitefield. The hearers have literally fallen to the earth in companies, deploring their past ingratitude and rebellion against God, or rejoicing with an overpowering joy because they had now found his mercy.

During the summer season, and on days when the weather was fair, the humble worshippers cared little for any other covering except the high canopy of heaven, but as winter drew near, a house became necessary. The first winter various places were used, but the inconveniences were found to be too great to be endured again. The school-room was not always to be had, and no other room existed large enough to contain the congregation, not to mention other difficulties that occurred; so that it was resolved to erect a plain and convenient chapel for their own use as a sanctuary in the wilderness. The people were poor, but they were zealous, and hardy, and self-denying. Never, probably, was there a Society more determined to help itself in

such a cause than they were. With a very small amount of assistance from friends at a distance, a neat little place of worship¹ was at length erected on the banks of a burn which runs in a bottom between two braes, in a pleasing picturesque scene, just midway between the villages of Wallacestone and Redding, and within an easy distance of Rumford and Stanerigg. It was opened for worship by the Rev. T. Williams, in the autumn of 1843, and has since proved the birth-place of many souls.

It is not to be supposed that a Church could thus be gathered and organized entirely without opposition. Accordingly, not long after the success of Mr. P.'s labours became apparent, he was interfered with; but the good hand of God was upon him for good. Attempts by various parties were made to convert the work into mere idle controversy, but they failed. Some sought to persuade the young converts that they were entered upon a "soul-ruining course," but they had too clear an evidence in their own consciences that God was reconciled to them, to listen to

¹ See the Frontispiece.

such insinuations. They knew that a few months before they were in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity, and were fast hastening to destruction; that since that period they had been led to seek and find pardon and peace in the blood of the Lamb; now they had joy in the Lord as their portion, and were walking in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. And when they considered the results of the instrumentality under whose influence they had been brought, in leading them from sin to holiness, from misery to exceeding peace, and making them new creatures in Christ Jesus; without the aid of extensive learning, or keen logical powers, they found sufficient evidence in their own personal experience to convince their reason that true and honoured servants of God were among them. An anonymous attempt was also made from the Press to pervert the young converts, but, although written with much apparent affection, and distributed with zeal, it failed to serve the intended purpose. The writer, who could not be suspected of absolute ignorance, was, nevertheless, so offensively disingenuous, as to defeat his own object. Nobody was so weak as to suppose

the doctrines he chiefly attacked were held by his opponents; his blows, therefore, fell only on an enemy of his own creation; and, on the other hand, the strange doctrines he himself insinuated were known to be held in abhorrence by the very denomination he professed to defend. It was therefore wisely judged that a printed reply was quite needless, and the result justified the course adopted; for the Society were, by the very opposition itself, only the more confirmed in a cordial attachment to both the men and the means which had been so blessedly instrumental in saving their souls.

Mr. Patrick, thankful for the extraordinary success with which God had crowned his labours in this neighbourhood, and deeply sensible that the new converts required a constant diligent attention, in order to their preservation and growth in grace, was also aware that an extensive field of possible good was lying unregarded in the localities all around; he therefore yielded to the urgent request of his friends, and took up his permanent abode in Wallacestone, giving himself wholly to the care of the religious interests of the people.

A vigorous system of visitation was now

adopted and sustained; and by the aid of the zealous members, supported by the local preachers from various parts of the circuit, the word of God was proclaimed in numerous places in the neighbourhood. Conversions took place from time to time in Redding, Lauriston, Grangemouth, Borrowstouness, Avonbridge, Western Divities, Shieldhill, Rumford, and Blackbraes. Not unfrequently the most unlikely persons were brought under the saving influence of Divine grace. On one occasion a man, now an honoured member of the church, left his house with feelings of deep malignity towards our friend, and fully determined to insult and beat "blind Sandy;" but, under the very sermon he intended to interrupt, the convincing Spirit reached his heart, and he became a convert both to God and his servant, and has often openly acknowledged with shame the wickedness of his purpose on that occasion.

It is marvellous how the enmity of the human heart is sometimes aroused against a useful preacher, when not the slightest provocation is given. Mr. P., when passing a smithy one day, was assailed by a man, who came out of it railing at him, and loaded him

with the most dreadful curses, continuing his furious swearing while he was within hearing. After getting beyond his reach, our friend retired behind a hedge, and there, in urgent prayer, besought God to have mercy on the man who had so cruelly insulted him; and quietly proceeded on his way, to occupy himself with other matters. What was his surprise, about two hours after, to see that very man come to him to ask his pardon. "Man," said Mr. P., "I forgive you; ye did me no harm, but you must not rest till ye get God's forgiveness. Come, mon, and I'll gang to the throne o' grace wi' ye, and see if God will no forgive you ta." They both knelt and prayed there where they were. The Lord heard and answered, and set the sinner's soul at liberty before they parted.

There was, indeed, comparatively little of open persecution in the neighbourhood, yet the faithful preacher had to endure many sneers and much obloquy, but he had grace to endure it without reply, or he only replied by prayers and blessings. He was overheard one day at prayer in a plantation by a scoffer, who, in mockery, cried out plaintively, "Ha! Sauney Paterson; Sauney, come and convert

me." (The person had mistaken his name.) Our friend paid no attention to the interruption, but continued at his devotions. When he rose from his knees, he felt a confident hope that good would be effected that night, and so it happened, for at the prayer meeting, that very evening, five souls were converted to God.

There was a woman in Wallacestone who troubled Mr. P. very much, seeking by every means in her power to grieve and torment him. She cursed and swore at him, and strove by all possible ways to damage his character; and seemed bent on serving Satan with all her might. Her open mocking and bitter malice at length affected Mr. P. in so unusual a manner, that he made the whole case matter of serious prayer to God. After he had some time proceeded in this course, at length the persecutor was found in a wretched state of mind, crying out, "What must I do to be saved." In her distress she sent for her former victim; he, however, would not attend the summons, yet he added, "I am going to a house in the neighbourhood, (naming it) and if she come there to me I'll speak to her, but I'll no gang at present to

her house." Accordingly she attended, being now willing to submit to any thing. He conversed with her some time, still doubtful in his mind whether or not this call might not be a mere pretence, and only another of her cunning attempts to mock and vex him, and ridicule the sacred cause in which he was engaged; but when he went to prayer with her, he found such nearness of access to the throne of grace, and so much of the power of God resting upon him that his fears gave way, and he arose from his knees fully persuaded that God would soon make her a monument of his mercy. So sincerely was she affected, and so deep her feeling, that while he was explaining to her the way of salvation she actually fell into a fit, and was very ill indeed. After many tears and a very hard struggle, she was enabled to step into the glorious liberty of the children of God, by giving up her all to Christ. The peace she then gained she still retains, and has ever since that hour been one of the happiest of the members of this happy Society.

Meantime the number of believers in church-fellowship continued to increase. Eleven

classes were in lively operation, and about one hundred and fifty members regularly met in them. Many who had received good were providentially removed to other localities; and, it must be acknowledged, several fell back into the world and sin; but a firm and diligent discipline has been continued long time, and by the blessing of God is confirming and edifying a thriving church, already too numerous for the building they occupy comfortably to contain.

The various institutions usually connected with an active Christian society have been established in the place. A Sabbath school containing about one hundred scholars, and twenty teachers, with a respectable and increasing library, has been opened; a system of tract distribution is in active and extensive operation; and a day-school was opened in the vestry of the chapel, which has numbered as many as one hundred and forty pupils. The late depression of trade indeed has occasioned, for the present, a suspension of its operations; but it is in contemplation to revive it, and it is expected with much greater advantages than it formerly enjoyed.

At the Conference of 1845 the Glasgow

Circuit was divided, and the rural division of which Wallacestone formed a part, was constituted a separate circuit, having an additional minister appointed to labour in it. Mr. P. therefore felt it somewhat less necessary to confine himself to that locality, and consequently made excursions to distant places, as he had formerly been accustomed to do, striving to extend, by all means in his power, the spiritual kingdom of his great Master. He, consequently, on invitation, visited Dunbar, Cockenzie, and Edinburgh; and in each of these places was made the honoured instrument of leading souls to the sinner's Friend. Particularly in Dunbar during his later visits the Spirit of God was poured out, and a pleasing revival took place, so that the number in the Society was nearly doubled.

The autumn and winter of 1847 he spent at home in his beloved Wallacestone, comforting and caring for the flock, and rejoicing in the marked success which had attended the labours of the local preachers and the regular ministers, especially those of the Rev. G. A. Page, who visited the place regularly every alternate week during three years. Our friend was as assiduous and prompt as ever in co-

operating in every work of faith, and labour of love. At this time it began to be suspected by some of his friends that they observed apoplectic symptoms upon him, and warned him accordingly. But his energy was not to be bridled. In the course of the winter a slight attack put him more on his guard against excitement, but nothing could induce him to desist from toiling in the vineyard of his Master; until at last, at the Spring quarter, the insidious distemper which long seemed to lie dormant awoke in its strength, and hurried him away with terrific suddenness.

Several weeks before his death, says the Rev. G. Page, I met with Mr. Patrick in the quarterly visitation of one of the classes at Wallacestone. It was not his own class; for being a kind of father of the society, he occasionally visited different classes, and his appearance among them at such times was hailed with delight, and awakened among the members an expectation that they should realize a special season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. At the time now referred to, the whole of the meeting was pervaded with a hallowed and melting influence, and that influence became deeper and more im-

pressive when Mr. Patrick, with his usual unction and power, gave a statement of his Christian experience. Part of it was as follows, but related in his Scottish accent and idiom—"I tell you what it is, children, I have to fight every day. I am no sooner awake than the enemy attacks me; but I go straight to the throne, and I plead with my Father, and I look to my Saviour: the enemy tries hard, but I plead on, I lay hold on God; and O! how sweet he gives me the victory, and then there is no room for self, no room for the devil, no room for sin; all my heart is filled with God. But, children, this is *every* day work with me." This account may serve to show the deep tone of Mr. P.'s piety; but it is impossible to describe in words the power and spirit with which he uttered it.

Mr. Patrick's last Sabbath upon earth was a memorable day. It was a Sacramental Sabbath. Such days at Wallacestone are generally high days in the best sense of the words. This was pre-eminently so. About a hundred and seventy communicants sat down at the table of the Lord, almost all of whom only six years before were utterly ignorant of personal religion, and to whom the very name of

Methodist only excited wonder. And he who had been the first and chief instrument in promoting and bringing about these glorious results was one of the number. Had it been known that that was to be last time he was to sit down with us at the Lord's table on earth, what had been our feelings; how deep, how overwhelming had been our emotions! God, in infinite wisdom and mercy, hides from us the events of the future, even when they are close at hand. If, however, we had no premonition of his death, subsequent reflection upon the services of that day produces the pleasing conviction that God had fully prepared his servant to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Towards the close of the service our venerable father was called on to engage in prayer. It was a precious season. He had more than ordinary liberty. His language and spirit told that he had power with God, and the shower of heavenly influence that descended upon us all was sufficient proof that he prevailed. Such sweetness, such melting of soul, such solemnity, so much of that "sacred awe that dares not move, and all the silent heaven of love" were present to our hearts, that we felt rather than said, "Lo!

God is here." Several times during the prayer Mr. P. exclaimed, "Glory, glory, my soul is full of God."

At the love-feast in the afternoon, he told us that he knew it would be a good Sacrament. His Father had given him an assurance of it while he was pleading for it in his closet. To this pleading in his closet, his wife referred after his death. "O, how hard," said she, "and how long he did pray for that sacrament!" In the love-feast, allusion was made by the minister to the death of John Hunter, which had taken place not many days before, and the whole congregation united in singing,

"Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize," &c.

In the vestry, at the close of the service, he said with deep and solemn feeling, "Poor John Hunter has gone home first. John and I have had many a fight side by side." This was said in allusion to their united efforts in bringing souls to Christ. Before another Sabbath dawned upon the earth, he and John were waving their palms and tuning their voices together in the presence of God and the Lamb.

It was observed that at the last class-meeting he attended, his mind was in a very solemn and spiritual frame, and on his way home he remarked to a young friend who accompanied him that he was deeply impressed with a belief, notwithstanding he felt no particular bodily disease, that his mortal career was almost run. He had nothing to trouble his mind as to his own prospects in eternity, but the cares of his family, and the anxiety for the welfare of the society in Wallacestone lay heavy on his heart. The prayer of his soul was both in a spiritual and carnal sense, *Lord, bless my neighbours!*

On Wednesday, March 22, he spent a considerable part of the day in visiting the sick, and praying beside them, as was his custom. His health seemed as good as usual, and his spirits tolerably buoyant. About half-past six in the evening he arrived at the house of Mr. D. Baxter, where he was expected to indite a letter to the Quarterly meeting upon the business of the circuit.

He seemed fatigued, but not ill, and almost immediately entered upon his present duty. His host had written part of the intended letter at his dictation, and inquired without

any suspicion, "What next, brother Patrick?" Waiting some time for a reply he looked up from his paper, and observed him with his head hanging upon his shoulder helplessly, and that he was attempting to mutter some broken sentences. Calling his wife, D. Baxter immediately endeavoured to lift him to his feet, and get him to walk into another room, holding each an arm, but it was vain. His strength and all power to help himself was almost instantaneously gone. He seemed in a little to recollect himself, and said, "This is death." Another friend and his wife, both members of the Society, were called in. They attempted to lift him into another room; "put your hand, said he, under my oxter (armpit); I think I could walk if I got to my feet." He tried again, but it was in vain. It appeared that for a moment the thought of his afflicted wife, with whom he had spent many happy years, gave him some uneasiness. "I must go home." They quieted him in a little time, and his mind seeming to regain his wonted self-possession, he said, musingly, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" and after pausing a while and looking round upon his anxious friends, he exclaimed

in triumphant faith, "I have gotten the victory through Jesus Christ my Lord." The suddenness of the fatal attack and anxiety to help, combined with the inability to recollect at the time any plan which might ease and save their beloved friend, disconcerted his attendants, so that what religious discourse transpired, chiefly originated with himself; but the time between the stroke of death and the loss of all his powers was so small as to give but little opportunity for any intelligent conversation. Some friends brought in a little spirits, supposing it might benefit him, which he refused, saying he was a teetotaller. It was alleged that he took it only as a medicine. "Will it break my pledge?" said he; "if so, I'll no take it."

After a while he said again, "I have lately had a sore conflict with the enemy, but, thank God, I have got the victory." "Brother Brown, I am a poor sinner." "Yes," says his friend, "but rich in faith." "Aye," replied he with animation, "and heir of the kingdom; Christ is precious." "David," said he, speaking to his friend, you will perhaps hold my hand when the spirit leaves the casket. O we shall have a glorious class-meeting before Jesus, sitting on the throne!"

Medical aid was sent for while his friends laid him on a bed, and soon an attempt was made to let blood, but uselessly. Cupping instruments were applied in vain; nothing could arrest the lethargy which now seized him, and he sunk gradually into the most profound stupor, and at about half-past seven on Thursday morning his happy spirit took its peaceful flight to a better world.

His unexpected decease cast a gloom over the entire Circuit. Many shed tears of bitter sorrow, and multitudes both felt and said, We have lost our father.

On the 27th his remains were conveyed to their last home in the Polmont churchyard, attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, many of them from a great distance. Prayer was offered, and appropriate portions of holy Scripture were read in the open air near the "stone;" the scene of his former successful labour; and the procession then slowly descended the hill, occasionally chaunting the usual funeral hymns. The body was borne on the shoulders of the friends after the English manner, and it was touching to observe the mournful zeal which was displayed by every person in the vast

procession, most of whom were his spiritual children, to have a full share in the office of *bearing* his honoured remains to the grave. With the exception of those alone who were officially prevented, every individual present actually took part in this work. The solemn service used in the English church was read at the grave, and after prayer and an address by the ministers of the circuit, amid many tears and loud affectionate acknowledgments of religious obligations to the departed, the sorrowful assembly dispersed.

The society assembled soon after in their own place of worship to humble themselves before God, and spent the evening in weeping and prayer, that the good Lord would watch over the bereaved flock, and guard his own cause.

Such was the triumphant and honoured end of Mr. Alexander Patrick, an humble and laborious servant of God. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

CHAPTER VII.

HIS CHARACTER.

It is probable that the name of the subject of this Memoir may never be heard in the circle of the fashionable and the gay. They neither know the man nor admire his way, and therefore his life and his death are to them alike indifferent. But among those who witnessed his labours, and especially who have been led to the enjoyments of real religion by his piety and zeal, the name of PATRICK will long be remembered with gratitude and love. The smallest circumstance that recalls him to their memory will be welcomed, and their children, yet unborn, will probably be taught to lisp his name.

In his person, Mr. Patrick was of moderate height, and latterly was rather corpulent. His fine, open, benevolent countenance, at once bespoke the goodwill of the spectator; and, in his whole demeanour, caution and fervour, humility and firmness, were so strik-

ingly blended, as to create a feeling of respect in all with whom he had to do. His natural temper was warm and excitable, but vastly more susceptible of joyous impulses than those of anger and resentment; so that, next to the consolations of religion, he delighted in the pleasures of friendship and society. His companions, therefore, were numerous, who both loved and trusted him. His sympathy and advice were much sought after and prized; and it may be added, that in the numerous confidential communications which were so often made to him, he was not more affectionate in his advice and counsel than he was faithful in preserving his secrecy inviolate.

As is shown in the preceding narrative, he had little opportunity to acquire learning in his early days. But he possessed natural powers, which, had they been properly nurtured and trained in youth, would have enabled him to take a very respectable position in life. His judgment on all subjects where the necessary information was at hand, was sound and good; and frequently his sagacity and wit were felt to be discriminating and keen. Yet he himself was often so

painfully conscious of his deficiency in that kind of knowledge and taste which can be acquired only by early and long continued habits of study, that not unfrequently he retired from positions he was really able to hold with respectability, from a simple distrust in his own qualifications. Very early in his public career he made an attempt to supply in some measure this defect, by forming, in Airdrie, a society of young men, for the purpose of mutual improvement. Their plan embraced reading, lectures, conversation, and debates. The range of their subjects was perhaps neither very systematic nor extensive, but it proved to a certain extent beneficial. This society continued to meet for a considerable time, and was at last broken up only by the pressure of the sterner business of life. Most of its members did well, and several are now moving in respectable and even influential spheres. The incessant demands of a young family, and the numerous engagements of an urgent nature connected with the immediate work of God, into which he was led about this period, prevented him, however, from deriving so much benefit from this association as he otherwise might have secured;

and the affection of his eyes, by which he was almost entirely precluded the use of books, befalling him soon after, he seemed to be excluded from all hope of literary improvement. His memory was good, and well stored with Scripture texts and facts, and numerous passages in the excellent collection of hymns in use among the Methodists; and he therefore sought to supply by meditation on these materials, and by the diligent study of his own heart, the defects of his education. His conversation was consequently almost entirely religious, and his style and matter fresh and original, and perhaps even better adapted to the class of persons among whom he was called to labour, than they would have been had he possessed greater early advantages, or had he not suffered the loss of his natural vision.

As a *Christian*, it may be remarked that his experience was clear and strongly defined. His conversion was preceded by deep penitence, and his acceptance with God testified by a distinct assurance of present pardon. In all his subsequent life he strove to walk as seeing Him who is invisible, and would not allow himself to live without daily following

the Apostle's advice, (2 Cor. xiii, 5,) "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves: know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" The consequence was, that his religion was to him an overflowing source of enjoyment. Unlike those who cry out, "The burden of the word of the Lord!" or who say of the Sabbath, "What a restraint, or what a weariness is it!" he, on the contrary, exulted in his God and in God's work. The true expression of his general feeling was, Hallelujah! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

It is much to be lamented that he has left no written account of the particular exercises or attainments of his spiritual life, and that what is here said of him in this respect is gathered from the recollections of his various friends, who at different times received verbal statements from him on this matter. Yet the testimonies are sufficiently numerous to demand assent; and they all concur in the statement, that in the early part of his religious career, Mr. P. became earnestly desirous of attaining that "perfect love which

casteth out all fear;" and it seems he silently strove with the Lord for that great blessing, and not in vain. On particular occasions, and to those friends in whose piety he had the greatest confidence, he detailed the circumstances connected with this exercise, and also those variations in his experience respecting this blessing which subsequently occurred; but he was not forward to speak on this high subject before men generally. It appears he ever ascribed the fluctuations in his enjoyment of this love to his own short-comings and remissness, and cautiously avoided any representation which might seem to imply changeableness or caprice in Divine grace.

His tenderness of conscience was remarkable in all his demeanour, in things small as well as great; and therefore he did not shun any duty because it was in disrepute or would make him appear singular. His determination appeared to be

"To stand approved in sight of God,
Though worlds judged him perverse."

Hence his readiness to adopt the Temperance cause, although he might be alone; and afterwards, when the practice of Total Abstinence was recommended, being convinced in his own

mind that it was his duty, he was among the first to take up the unpopular cause, and to bear the reproach. Conscientiousness must always be respectable in the eyes of Christians, but when not enlightened by the pure word of God, it may become a frailty and a snare. Scrupulosity is nearly allied to superstition and uncharitableness, and sometimes leads to much unnecessary suffering. Into this danger our friend fell once and again, but his increasing light, and the supply of God's grace vouchsafed to him in answer to prayer, recovered him to his comforts, and to his wonted strength.

In all the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel he had a full faith, and he most cordially embraced all those select truths which are regarded by the Wesleyan body as their peculiar charge. This was the result of conviction as much as of impulse. He brought his reason to the investigation, and he also applied the test of experiment, so far as means were afforded him, and the result was a satisfied conviction, or a "resting in the truth." Yet on one occasion, which lasted for several weeks, he allowed his mind to be entangled with difficulties respecting one of

the sacraments, which brought him into much mental suffering, and caused the only serious hesitation in the progress of divine life which is known to have occurred to him. On close reflection, however, he observed that he was attaching unauthorized and undue importance to a mere rite, and also that his difficulty was chiefly of a literary nature, mainly depending on verbal criticisms, of which he felt himself unable to judge, he therefore reconsidered the abundant positive evidences of the truth of those views of the subject in which he had been trained from his infancy, and so far settled his mind as to silence his own doubts, and to drop the question ever after with his friends. There can be no doubt that such was his conscientiousness, that whatever it might have cost him, had he been really convinced his Christian companions were in error, he would have borne a long and loud testimony against them for what he believed to be the truth. His own constant theme ever after was, not about externals, but "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel."

There was, however, one peculiar subject on which, in private conversation with converted persons, he delighted to dwell. He

was a firm believer in the doctrine of the future personal reign of Christ on the earth; and although he was not so unwise as to try to imagine a fixed time for his appearing, as many who hold the same opinion have very presumptuously done, yet he endeavoured so to live that he might be found ready whenever the Master might appear. He thought the Scripture of the New Testament was full every where of allusions to this event. It is not for us to call his reasonings on this subject in question, or to examine the rules of interpretation by which he sought to prove his opinion to be the doctrine of the Scriptures; whether his notions were well or ill-founded, they were to him a source of much hope and consolation, and he found in this theme, motives to diligence, watchfulness, charity, and almost every Gospel grace. In his public ministrations this subject was not often permitted to appear; but when discoursing on it with his private friends his soul seemed to expand with delight, and it was distinctly seen, by the rapturous hope that glowed on his countenance, he was living in a state of fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

In the arduous task of rearing a large family, he had many difficulties which tested his fidelity and general character, but amid them all he was enabled to maintain his integrity towards God and man, so far at least as to have a good report of all that knew him. On one occasion, indeed, a circumstance occurred in his family which caused much pain to his own mind, and proved a stumbling-block to some of his friends, and it was judged by the church that as he himself seemed not to have used all the caution which was justly to be expected from him, he should be put under a temporary and light censure. It has since been thought that this decision was harsh. At the time it gave him unspeakable pain, and the more so as he was in such a position that he could not vindicate himself without inculpating those for whom he was willing to undergo any amount of suffering. He therefore meekly submitted to the infliction, and left his case to be vindicated by the great Master to whom he commended his cause in weeping and prayer. He was heard. The Christian spirit with which he passed through this painful business restored him to the full confidence of his friends, and by

the ordeal his humility and patience were brightened and refined as by fire.

Among the more striking features of his Christian character was *humility*. When God puts honour upon a man by giving him a more than ordinary measure of success in his efforts to save souls, the great adversary generally labours hard to mar the work by engendering spiritual pride. Many a man of God has fallen into the snares that have thus been laid. Happily Mr. P. was not of the number. Although he was the chiefest of the apostolic men, who, under God, raised the cause in Wallacestone, and was the means of more conversions than any one man who visited the place, and though his fame was in all the churches for many miles around, yet his spirit and general deportment plainly showed that he felt like the Apostle—"to me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given," that I should bring many of the vilest outcasts to partake of the unsearchable riches of Christ. Frequently he admonished his hearers on this subject, and warned them not to praise man, for the good done was the work of God alone. When he testified of the grace of God that was in him,

as he often did with a holy boldness and spirit-stirring unction, his tone and manner were quite the reverse of the self-conceited spirit which says, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." "Not I, but the grace of God which is in me," was written in every feature of his countenance, and in every sentiment that fell from his lips. He was so modest and unassuming that at times it was with great difficulty he could be made to assume even his proper place. He had evidently learned the rare lesson of esteeming others better than himself. At public meetings, even among the people who significantly called him *father*—when the eyes of ministers and members were looking towards him with deep interest, and when every ear was attent, he was prevailed upon to speak only by urgent pressing. Though he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, yet he never made the least attempt to assume the command of even the smallest company of his fellow-warriors. His influence, his labours, his prayers, and his successes, were all laid meekly at his Saviour's feet, with the unfeigned declaration, "not unto me, O Lord, but to thy name be all the glory." It has been unwisely surmised that

he departed somewhat from his former humility, because latterly he discountenanced and reprov'd the terms of gross familiarity with which some persons saluted him. But this resulted solely from his kind concern for the families and children of his friends. He had observed that the habitual use of vulgar abbreviations, and a sort of nick-names, when speaking of Christian ministers and public men before children and servants, naturally tended to sink the persons spoken of in the estimation of the youthful hearers, and by weakening their proper reverence for such persons, to destroy the influence for good which might otherwise have been exerted. It is no uncommon reproach that the children of professors grow up to condemn the religious instructors of their parents, and to forsake their communion in adult life. There can be little doubt that much of this grievance springs from the thoughtless practice referred to. If ministers be despised, their ministry also will be scorned. Mr. P. himself ever spoke with becoming reverence of his ministers and brethren; and feeling that he himself stood in a peculiar relation, particularly to his spiritual children and their offspring in Wallacestone,

he desired for their sakes only, and not for his own aggrandizement, to correct so degrading and dangerous a habit in his own case, and it is to be hoped that his efforts will yet be proved to be not in vain.

But the most striking circumstance in his Christian character was his power in *prayer*. "I have seldom met with a man," says the Rev. T. Williams, "that had such access to the throne of grace. He wrestled with God. I have frequently witnessed the power of God brought to bear upon a congregation while he was pleading in behalf of sinners. He seemed to me to live in the spirit of devotion. He was the best exemplification I ever met with of that important passage, 1 Thess. v, 17, 'Pray without ceasing.'" The Rev. John Simon says, "I never saw a man that excelled him in a prayer-meeting." And his last friend and minister, the Rev. G. A. Page remarks, "All who have been eminent for grace and usefulness have maintained a close walk with God. The zeal which can blaze only before the public eye is not of God's kindling; and the man that is powerful only when speaking to and with his fellow-men, but who is shorn of his strength the moment

he presents addresses to his Maker, exhibits symptoms which cannot fail to awaken suspicions in the minds of reflecting Christians. But no such doubtfulness rested on our departed Brother. He was eminently a man of prayer. His ordinary addresses were agonizing. Inspired with a large measure of the faith which gives substance to the things hoped for, he at times appeared to be pulling down blessings from the skies; and while his powerful voice was pouring forth a torrent of supplication from his overflowing soul, showers of blessings fell on all around. The vehemence of his pleading has even become distressing to the cool observer. His very life was imperilled by the agonizing fervour of his spirit. Perhaps on some occasions he was betrayed by the earnestness of his warm-hearted fellow-worshippers into something like excess in manner, but never were his prayers mere sound. His was not vociferation for the sake of noise, or to catch the passing breath of applause; his whole soul was engaged, and there was an unction associated with his supplications, which showed that he had power with God and prevailed. Devout worshippers felt it good to be there, and many

a stout-hearted sinner fell before the power of the Spirit which was given in answer to his believing intercessions. Others who have been determined not to yield, have been repeatedly known to stop their ears, and rush from the place where the omnipotence of prayer was bringing down the overwhelming power of saving grace. His public exercises were well sustained by those of the closet. Often have I heard him advert to the communion which he there held with his Father, and to the nearness of access and the abundant blessings with which he was favoured. 'Friends,' he would say, 'if you would keep your souls alive to God, you must visit your closets. I get many blessings in public, but none half so sweet, none which so fill my soul as those which I get when I am alone with my Father.' Such acknowledgements he often made."

His character as a *preacher* was distinguished chiefly by earnestness, love, and zeal. He believed it his duty to do good by every means in his power, and he might also covet earnestly the best gifts, and especially to prophesy; but he never regarded himself as having the endowments which are desirable for

professional pulpit ministrations. His educational defects and bodily infirmity led him to remark, "I am not so sure about the pulpit, but I know well that God calls me to the prayer-meeting and the class." Yet although he was wanting in literary and scientific attainments, he had carefully studied the book of God, and was, beside, very familiar with the Westminster Confession and Catechisms, as well as with the standards of the Wesleyan body, and was therefore well instructed in the simple Gospel, and was no stranger to the intricacies of the human heart. And as to moral qualifications he had a burning zeal for God, and a yearning love for perishing immortal souls. He lived in the enjoyment of present salvation himself, and had a firm faith in the sufficiency of the word and grace of God to bring all men to the same blessedness. He fondly said,

"If all the world my Saviour knew,
Then all the world would love him too."

He was in a manner "thrust out" into the vineyard by these impulses, and could sincerely say, "The love of Christ constraineth me."

His preaching was just such as might be expected from such a man, actuated by such motives,—simple and energetic. It was the language of the heart more than of the head. Yet, by this, it is not to be understood that his discourses were vague or unedifying. Whatever subject he undertook, he treated with much strong sense. Omitting the niceties which were merely circumstantial or critical, and what his hearers as little needed as himself, he laid hold on the great and important truths of his theme, and showed them only, pointing out their bearings upon the hearts and lives of his audience. His imagination was sufficiently vigorous to enable him to bring to bear a mass of illustration, which, although it might be homely and quaint, was always found to be suitable, and as refreshing as it was original. The Rev. T. Williams says, "He was seldom at a loss for stirring and appropriate illustrations, by which he could make a subject exceedingly interesting and impressive; and considering that he had not the advantage of education to control and regulate his mind, it is surprising that he so seldom offended the taste of the most delicate and refined of his hearers. Had he

been favoured with a liberal education, he would have been a very superior man." His style was almost continual comparison and figure, chiefly derived from the things and occurrences of ordinary life, and his application of the present truth to the consciences of his auditors, was direct and incessant. Few men more than he could ensure an intense and continued attention from the hearer. For the purpose of securing this, he would often speak as it were in riddles, and maintain, of set purpose, an ingenious obscurity for a considerable length of time; and when he saw that he had provoked an impatient desire for explanation, and that his audience was consequently in a state to receive a deep impression of the truth he desired to convey, he would clear all up in a few words. Preaching some years ago in a country place, he said, "As I hope you are all my friends here, I will relieve my mind by telling you about my late troubles. I try to live in peace with all men, but it is in vain. I have a bitter enemy in Wallacestone, who is continually annoying and vexing me; sometimes saying all manner of evil things about me; sometimes scandalously flattering me to my face.

Yet all the while I know him to be hollow-hearted, and my worst foe. He follows me up and down every where, spoiling my prayers, my visits, and often sets on me on my way home from the preaching, saying all sorts of shameful and distressing things. He has sometimes made even my life a burden, and I can't by any means be rid of him. I removed to the Redding, but he followed me there, and by his base and wicked persecutions he has so grieved me that I have shed thousands of tears on his account, and prayed about him hundreds of times. I am often afraid lest he should at last succeed in ruining my character in the church, and perhaps sending my soul to hell. At times, I seem as if I could have patience with him no longer. I am sure I would do him no harm, and I heartily wish him well. He has sometimes promised to be my friend, but he is not to be trusted. He insulted me on my way to this place, and would accompany me even into the chapel. Yes, did you not observe, he even came up the stairs, and, in fact, he is now here in the pulpit. You wonder who he is? You are indignant at his impudence. Well, I will expose him. His name is Sandy Patrick."

He then proceeded to show that the carnal nature is every man's worst foe, and in a strain of similar observation, pointed out the necessity of conversion, and of Divine grace to protect and save the soul.

He loved chiefly to dwell on the great doctrines of the cross, the necessity of the new birth, the nature and simplicity of faith, and the doctrine of Christian holiness; and in discoursing on these subjects he would really labour to win souls. His bodily powers were put into requisition, as well as those of his mind and heart. His voice, naturally very strong, was unintentionally raised to its highest pitch, his muscles were all in motion, the blood mounted to his face, and before he had been long in the exercise, he would be bathed in a general perspiration. On more than one occasion he has been obliged to lessen his clothing, or discontinue his discourse. His whole appearance when preaching, was that of a man in earnest. He was not a mere detailer of sentences, but a messenger of God, warning and persuading sinners. He spoke for more than life—he spoke for souls. The fact that he was delivering a sermon was forgotten in his eagerness for success in his

endeavours to convert souls. He toiled for effect—instant effect. The subjects on which he insisted did not require elaborate demonstration, but they needed to be pressed. He therefore laboured to persuade; he besought, entreated, urged his hearers to be reconciled to God; and nothing less than a present, actual surrender on the part of the sinner could satisfy his vehement earnestness. The consequence, under the divine blessing, was numerous conversions. There was an unction and a power attending his word that is sought in vain among many more recondite and polished discourses. His statements were so undeniable, that the consciences of his hearers were constrained to admit their truth and importance, and the earnest language in which they were conveyed, coming directly from the deep heart, found a response in the bosoms of the most unfeeling, and at the same time threw a fascination over his ministrations which it was very difficult completely to withstand. Those who had heard them once, (although perhaps offended at his vehemence and faithfulness,) desired to hear him again, and confessed that if he was not a veritable orator, "his words had sin-

gular power, and strangely groped about the conscience and heart."

As a *Revivalist*, we cannot but remark the strength of his *hope*, for he allowed himself to despond concerning no locality, however debased, nor would he despair of any poor sinner, however abandoned. His motto was, "God can of these stones raise up children to Abraham." And his *zeal* led him to undertake any enterprise which he believed was pointed out to him by Providence. No considerations of convenience, or honour, or emolument, seem to have guided him. Merely the satisfaction of serving his great Master, and gaining human souls to his cause, appeared his chief inducement. He shrank from no task, and seemed never to be weary in his beloved work. Winter and summer, day and night, were alike to him seasons for exertion and usefulness. In his various labours he proved himself to be *no Bigot*. He laboured not for party, but for Christ. The members of other sections of the church than his own shared his solicitude and prayers, and many, very many, of his spiritual children are to be found whose connection with the religious body in which they were trained

from infancy, he never attempted to loosen. It was enough for him to know that they walked in what is emphatically *THE TRUTH*: that is to say, in union with the Lord Jesus Christ by cordial faith.

As to the method he employed in his greatest and most successful undertakings, it may be observed that, unlike others who have laboured with similar design, he usually began with separate individuals. Having commended his object and effort to God's blessing in private prayer, he was next found by the fireside of the party for whom he was solicitous.

Here he would dwell on the evil of sin and the need of a Saviour. He would speak of the ability and willingness of Christ to save, and confidently assert that a knowledge of pardon was attainable in this life; and having described at large his own experience in this matter, he would unhesitatingly express his belief that a similar blessing might be enjoyed by any man who would use the same means. By persuasion and example, he would lead the sinner to plead at the foot of the cross, and thus, often in the quiet of the solitary cottage, its inmate has been won

to the exercise of saving faith. On some occasions his instruction and exhortation were obstinately repelled, and he has been obliged to wait weeks, and even months, before he could gain access to the unwilling soul; but he followed up his endeavours with a perseverance which would not be refused. When he saw that a sincere desire for present salvation was at length felt by a seeking soul, it was his constant practice to instruct him carefully in the way of approach to the Saviour. He directed the penitent to fix the eye of his mind on Christ as verily crucified for him, and at the same time to draw near by faith, and surrender himself to his Lord in an act of personal trust, receiving and welcoming Jesus into his heart as a present and sufficient Saviour. This act of the heart is of the essence of prayer, and is found to be generally put forth in the midst of a direct address to the Lord. He therefore urged prayer—prayer continued until the soul had actually closed in with the plan of the Gospel, and had consciously received the token of personal acceptance from God. He was anxious that the seeker should not stop short of that assurance of present pardon which is

given by the direct testimony of the Holy Spirit, for he was convinced that this is the privilege of all who seek it earnestly in faith, and he regarded the future happiness and usefulness of the convert as depending greatly on his clear enjoyment of this blessing. When a soul had found peace with God, or when several were really seeking it, he would call a public meeting, and the work was often by this means spread among others. But his meetings were not summoned in the first instance simply for the purpose of kindling an excitement, but because it was already glowing, and seeking an opportunity for expression. There can be no doubt that in these more public efforts, there is often brought into operation influences of a questionable character; mere animal sympathy, or motives of worldly interest, may find a place there. But what wisdom or piety will effectually prevent the intrusion of improper impulses into the worship of God? On various occasions Mr. P. has been applied to by persons who had not a sincere desire for the real Gospel salvation, which implies a deliverance from the power of sin, as well as from its guilt. They were either deceiving themselves, or

attempting to deceive others. But without supposing that our friend had the miraculous gift of discerning spirits, it must be said that he had a singular sagacity in detecting such deceivers, and was prompt and firm in reproofing them. Sometimes by a single question, or a few words of admonition, he has been enabled, unexpectedly, to lay open their real state to their own view, and that of others, when he would give a word of faithful and direct advice, and instantly turn to cases of more hopefulness and truth. His custom was to follow the new convert to the quiet of his own home, that he might rejoice with him in the domestic circle, and strive to turn the waters of life down all the channels of the family, for he longed to make the house a church, and to see all the members of the household children of God, and enjoying the consolations of personal religion. Hence, while he was revered in his public character, by his private and minute labours, which were crowned with great success, he became the spiritual father of many entire families, and an object consequently of very tender domestic affection.

It will be seen by these statements, that

although his labours as a whole were extended over a large surface, his peculiar mode of operation required a considerable length of time to be spent in one locality. His influence was not that of a brilliant meteor which flashed vividly for a moment and then passed away, but a modest, steady, continued flame. He sought not conviction merely, but conversion. He wished not to gather a crowded congregation, and for a time to please or astonish them, but to reform the locality, and build up a permanent church of God. He therefore took up his abode at the places where he was called to labour, and toiled day and night, almost without intermission, until he saw the cause of God established and systematized, and then he sought out other fields of labour in the regions beyond. In these enterprises he spent his unostentatious and useful life, until it pleased the great Master of the vineyard to summon him away to his heavenly reward.

In his relation as a *Spiritual Father*, he exhibited a large amount of almost fond affection. Those persons who had been brought to God by his own instrumentality, were to him objects of special interest. He seemed to bear them on his heart. When convers-

ing with them in the friendly visits which he often paid them at their houses, he was frequently the subject of strong and tender emotion. The benevolence of his countenance, the winning kindness of his expressions, the caution with which he commended, and the anxious gentleness with which he reproofed, all seemed to say, "And this I wish; even your perfection," "for what is my hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not ye even in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" When any of his dear children, as he called them, adverted to the time of their conversion, and referred to him as their father in Christ, his soul seemed to melt, and he would utter such expressions as "Glory be to God! all praise be to the Lamb!" etc., with most tremulous emotion. And many were the testimonies privately and publicly borne, especially in Wallacestone, to the success with which it had pleased God to crown his labours. In his closet exercises, he bore them up specially in his prayers; and if any of them had fallen into indiscretions, or turned his back on the good way, he would mourn and weep over that case with much of the spirit of the Psalmist, "O, Absalom! my son, my son!" His desire that they should follow on to know

the Lord in the fulness of his present salvation, and that they should adorn the doctrine of the Lord and Saviour in all things, was intense, and occasioned him much laborious and jealous anxiety. I have no greater joy than to *know* that my children walk in truth. In short, whether he wept or rejoiced, his whole heart was with them. And, on the other hand, their love towards him was almost as remarkable. They welcomed him as an angel of God and their best earthly friend, and esteemed his blessing on their heads, and his prayers on their behalf, as riches with which gold and silver cannot be compared. His name with them is more fragrant than a garden of spices, and his memory will never pass away but with the hearts in which it is enshrined.

A review of the foregoing narrative will teach us that an humble Christian who desires to serve his generation needs not despond because he has not the qualifications which are chiefly valued by the world. The want of literary endowments is not an insuperable obstacle in the way of religious usefulness.

If a man has attained an experimental acquaintance with the saving grace of God, so as to be able to point his dying fellow-sinners to the cross, he may become a benefactor to a large and blessed extent. The possession of striking talents, natural and acquired, may be helpful, but they are not absolutely necessary. Zeal for the honour of God, and an earnest desire for the salvation of souls, when guided by real piety and sound discretion, without adventitious accomplishments, may find a suitable field for honourable and beneficial operation in almost every direction. Prophets, apostles, and revivalists, have often had no recommendations of worldly education. Away then with that apology for total inactivity, so common in the mouths of the cowardly and the idle, "It is not for such as I to hope to do much." In the order of Divine Providence, no man liveth for himself alone, but every one for his fellow-creatures. There is a department of exertion for each labourer, and the Lord of the vineyard will, doubtless, one day inquire how the task has been performed. And what shame will then be the portion of the faithless one who has not even attempted to do in this respect his Master's will! If Mr.

Patrick, the orphan, the uneducated, the blind, by faithfully using the grace and talents entrusted to him, has succeeded in enlarging the boundary of Christ's kingdom on the earth, by causing the thanksgiving of many converted souls to abound on his account; if with so many disadvantages, he, by the blessing of God, affected so great achievements, who should despond? Who can be excused for a life of inactivity and uselessness? Where much is given, much will be required; but we should remember, that although the same number of talents may not be dealt out to all, yet a talent is given to every one of the Lord's servants, and that each must give an account of himself to God.

We are also led to observe the vast importance, in order to success, of having a definite object of pursuit, and of assiduously keeping up a steady and persevering intention to succeed. Mr. Patrick, from the very-outset of his Christian life, determined to exert himself to persuade sinners to turn to the Lord. He chose this as the object of his life. It was not left to casual impulse, or occasional opportunity, but it was the business of the day. Amid other occupations—and they were sometimes both numerous and compli

cated—he kept a steady eye on this design as the one thing most important and the dearest to his thoughts. Hence his influence on society was uniform, both in its character and power, and its operation was uninterrupted. All he did was a sermon, and his life generally an exhortation to serve God: The consequence was that he experienced in himself a continual increase of capability for good, and as to others, his actual success was ultimately both extensive and undeniable. If sincere Christians are led to contrast themselves with this picture, and to complain of the inefficiency of their efforts, would they inquire into the cause, they would probably be able to trace much of it to the fact that those efforts are often vague and aimless, desultory and unsustained. Whoever would emulate him, must wisely and prayerfully select a department of godly labour, and dedicate themselves in body and soul to its duties, instantly, in season and out of season, pursuing their Christian object with an undeviating perseverance, whatever the circumstances around them may be, reckoning other things comparatively as chaff; nay, not accounting even their own lives dear unto them, that they may accomplish the work of God. This

course may involve some present sacrifice, and the world may denounce it as enthusiasm, but this road has been trodden by all the truly eminent, and is the only high way to the most extensive good. If this practical devotedness be included in the great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength," (Mark xii, 30,) then it is as much the course of duty as it is of prudence, and the success which follows is guaranteed both by the laws of nature, and the promised blessing of Almighty God.

And of all beneficial pursuits to which it is possible to apply ourselves in this present state the most important and noble, next to the attaining of the full salvation of the Gospel ourselves is, that of winning the souls of our fellow-men. The highest views of the legislator, the philosopher, the poet, the man of mere worldly charity are bounded by the narrow limits of time; but if there be any truth in the doctrine that sinful man is immortal, and that the value of one soul outweighs a world, then he that successfully applies himself to the task of leading his perishing companions to a pardoning God, is an agent for eternity. He is the wisest of

philosophers, the best of philanthropists, and lays up honours of the most transcendent kind in futurity. And this glory may have all the saints. All may not indeed be public characters, or operate in general society on a large scale, but every Christian has a providential sphere, within which are moving various immortals who need his aid in this very respect, and are actually under his influence. What hopes may he not then entertain? Can he doubt what should be his daily desire and attempt? Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. Our departed friend has left us an example of wisdom and greatness in his choice of the noblest of objects as the end of all his labour, and also of faithfulness and perseverance in the pursuit of it; and we believe that the great Master, who never failed to cheer him both in life and death, will give us to see at the last day the verification of the promise in his servant's case, that "*they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.*"

THE END.

SERMON.

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."—*Psalms xii, 1.*

I AM persuaded, my friends, that a considerable number of this present assembly, fully enter into the sentiments of this text. Labouring as we are at this moment under a similar bereavement with that of the Psalmist, we may well feel as he felt, and adopt his sad words as our own.

This psalm was probably written shortly after the general massacre of the house of Abimelech, narrated in 1 Sam. xxii; a family composed of priests, men devoted to God, and David's personal friends. He had many reasons for loving them, for their kindness and fidelity, and now when he learned that they had just lost their lives, and for his sake too; it was natural he should feel the keenest anguish. His heart was widowed. In such circumstances the world seems full of evil, growing worse and worse, and it is easy to see that there was

almost as much of despondency as of hope in his petition, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; the faithful fail from among the children of men."

The occasion which brings us together this evening, my brethren, naturally excites in us similar thoughts. *Our* sympathies have been broken up, *our* resources have been lessened, and at least one of our best friends has been taken away. Surely, surely we are saying in the depths of our hearts, "Help, Lord!" In this distress of whom should we seek succour but of thee, O Lord? Such an event specially calls on us to renew our applications to our Father who is in heaven. Brethren, let us form such a resolution, and endeavour to strengthen it during this exercise.

I wish to submit three subjects to your consideration.

I. The rare and excellent character described in the text.

II. The fact that persons of even such characters, not less than others, cease and fail from among men.

III. That the death of the godly man is to survivors, a loud call and a strong motive to turn to the Lord.

I. We need not consider long before we arrive at the conclusion, that the character described in the text is a *rare* one. "A godly and a faithful man!" I wish not to be uncharitable when I ask, where is he to be found? Let us turn to the right hand and to the left, and

inquire who of the world's population comes up to this character? Thoughtful men, moral men, and men who attend to the requirements of formal religion, are to be found almost every where; but where is the "godly" man? the man devoted to God in his heart, addicted to his service in the full tenor of his life, and continuously acting from the motive of piety? Alas! is it not the fact that a man only suspected of such devotedness, is, at the present day, thought an enthusiast, and by many regarded as a fool?

Small the number of such persons may be, but they are "the excellent of the earth," moral gems, the friends of men, the children of God. A godly man is one who has risen above his natural state; he is really a supernatural man, endued with and sustained by the grace of Heaven. Speaking with special reference to these times under the Christian dispensation he is a *converted* man. He has been led to the Lamb of God, the Saviour of poor sinners in penitence and prayer; he has spiritually surrendered himself to Jesus, and cordially accepted Christ on his own terms, entering by faith into a covenant with his God. This covenant has been ratified to him. The Spirit itself beareth witness to his spirit that he is now a child of God. He rejoices as an adopted child, and calls Jehovah, Abba, Father.

Filled with gratitude for pardoning mercy, and overflowing with the affection of an adopted son, he daily *devotes* himself to the worship and services of the Lord. His prayer and vow are, "what is thy will, and I will do it?" And

he vents the feelings of his heart when he says, "O, how I love the Lord! Can I do too much for Him, who has done so much for me?" He is not afraid of excess in his piety; but on the contrary dreads lukewarmness and apathy as a sin. His grief is, that amid all his ardours, he does not love the Lord more and serve him better.

Such a state of heart naturally if not necessarily induces *holiness* of life. There is both the intention and the attempt, evenly and consistently maintained, to conform all his outward acts to the known will of God. Yea, his sensitive conscience brings all things under scrutiny, acts, words, thoughts, motives, and even the fancies of his imagination. He is not easy, and will not allow himself to be at rest, unless he be satisfied that the thing he does, is acceptable to God. I need not say, that the great Lord with whom he is in covenant, keeps his engagement, and strengthens him with might by his Spirit in the inner man, working in him mightily both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Such a man is a saint in fact, as well as in purpose, attaining to holiness by the grace of God, a supernatural man.

The habitual *motives* of the godly, are unearthly and divine, as much elevated above those of the natural man, as their standard of morals transcends his. The abiding impulse of their soul is love to God. Not the low principle of duty merely, but generous grateful devotion. Their language is "We are not our own, we are the purchase of precious blood, infinite mercy

has pardoned, accepted; and comforted us, therefore we will glorify God with our body and soul, which are His." They are moved by a consciousness of their covenant estate, "I have spoken to the Lord and cannot go back;" and the hope of heaven for which holiness is so necessary is their daily inducement to acts of virtue and piety. Thus their main motives take hold on the Eternal One. He is their Father, their Friend, their King, their desire, their joy, and hence they are properly denominated the "godly."

The words of the text point to the same character under two aspects, the godly, and the *faithful* man. It appears the Psalmist used the former epithet with reference to the priestly character of Abimelech, and the latter with respect to his faithful conduct towards David himself. We may therefore understand faithfulness to be that part of a godly man's character which regards his fellow-creatures. None but a godly man can in the full sense be a faithful man; for if a man be unjust to God he has neither the motive nor the means to be really faithful to others.

The man who has devoted himself to God, will for God's sake be faithful towards men. He will see that no man liveth for himself alone; but every one for ulterior purposes, and that the Ruler of the universe has planted duties every where. His inquiry will be, What are the relations in which I am placed to the world around me? What to my parents, wife, children, neighbours, countrymen, and fellow creatures gene-

rally? And when he has discovered them, he will strive to be faithful.

Giving every one his due, not only in matters of mere heathen honesty and civility, but also of honour, benevolence, and kindness. He will regard himself as in some degree a debtor to all men, and bound to benefit to the utmost of his power the souls, bodies, and circumstances of the human family.

His eye will be fixed not on their imaginary, but their true interests. While therefore he helps the poor, and soothes the sad, he will instruct the ignorant, reprove the sinner, and employ all his influence and means, to reclaim or restrain the abandoned.

His fidelity will not wait for a summons or a welcome, he will strive to do good to the thankless and the unworthy, like his Divine Master, obtruding his kindness and friendship even upon those who reject it. He is too faithful a friend to allow his neighbour's destruction, merely because he is not invited to aid.

And his own personal convenience or honour will not influence him to all this, but only his fidelity to God and man; not counting his very life dear to him, if he can but compass the purpose of his being, and glorify God.

It is necessary to advert to the fact that persons of this character are very often obscure, but they are to be found. They may not occupy prominent stations in society, or be visibly influential in the great movements of the times, yet they are in fact the benefactors of their race, and the salt of the earth. We often hear the

panegyrics and laudations of philosophers, and politicians, and patriots of the world, but who praises the godly? Yet certainly the true saint is the wisest philosopher, and the truest philanthropist, and however he may be overlooked or forgotten, the world owes *him* the greatest obligation.

Often undervalued and despised of man, he is not forgotten of the Lord of glory. The godly and faithful man is respected in heaven. The Eternal himself directs toward him his complacent regards, the Holy Spirit takes up his abode in his breast, angels are his ministering attendants; the vast machinery of divine providence is made to work for the furtherance of his interests, and in the estimation of the blessed he is a bright gem sparkling on a world unworthy of him. And sooner or later his survivors will appreciate his character, and weep over his grave, saying, "The faithful man hath failed from among the children of men."

II. Let us, secondly, reflect on the mysterious arrangement of providence, by which even the holiest of men cease and fail from the earth. A fact which has often filled the followers of the Lord Jesus with wonder and sadness, and is producing the same effects in our bosoms even at the present moment.

We are taught that death is not a mere casualty, or an accident arising from human nature, for "it is appointed unto men once to die." Heb. ix, 27. A law which affects all alike, the strong as well as the weak, the child of God as well as

the sinner. It bears in its mildest aspect the lineaments of a denunciation. Nature shrinks in horror from the very thought of death. Even the humanity of the Son of God trembled at the view, and cried "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." Many of his followers have offered the same petition, but the law is inexorable, "and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." Our fathers and friends have failed before it, and we must succumb in our turn.

All this is awful and deeply mysterious. I have often thought, if the Son of God hath died for me, if he hath procured for me in this world a pardon and blessing, and in another glory, and honour, and felicity; why am I not saved from the infliction of death also? Why am I not spared this pain, this degradation, this dreaded penalty? We cannot answer this question. We ought not to ask it. It rests upon principles which God has not revealed, and it accomplishes purposes which he has not described. The power of Christ is equal to this deliverance, but his will is not so inclined. The will of the Lord is good; the will of the Lord be done.

Yes, the ransomed of the Lord *must* die; there is no exception made in their favour; but there is this consolation, that precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. They are not forsaken in the awful moment, human friendship and aid cannot accompany the departing soul into the dark valley, yet he can say when under the shadow of death, "I fear no evil, for thou, O God, art with me, thy rod and thy staff

they comfort me." Ps. xxiii, 4. The faithful witness keeps his promise, "I will come again and receive you unto myself." And upheld by the strength which He imparts, the triumphant soul can often shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God he giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

What then is death to a godly man? An enemy conquered, a short dark path soon passed, a transient trouble, an evil annihilated as soon as tasted. How beautifully it is described in the text! "He ceaseth." Let us stand by his death-bed and mark the progress of his dissolution. Observe his pallid face, his dimming eye, his failing voice; the pulse thickens, the gasping grows feebler, the heart labours more and more helplessly. That throb was its last. That body is now only a lump of clay. The godly man hath "ceased." He hath ceased to live the animal life, to suffer, to be tempted, to be tried as a probationer. The toil is over, he is entered upon his rest. He hath ceased to labour with men, to sympathize with sorrow, to teach ignorance, warn wickedness, to persuade the undecided, to bless and pray for the unhappy. "He rests from his labours, and his works follow him." He hath ceased, but he still is. He thinks, and acts, and enjoys, but in a new state. A few moments ago he was wrapt in that clay, now he is free, full of light and liberty, full of the God and Redeemer of his soul, full of love and holiness, and all the rich extacies of heaven.

The faithful man *faileth*. No longer is his

voice heard, or his influence felt. His benevolent intentions, and plans, and hopes, and expectations, are cut off in the midst. His fond purposes concerning his family, the church, and the world, are left unfinished, and it may seem that not only has he himself become as nothing to the world, but his work itself an abortion. But is it so? No. His record is on high, and his work is with his God. Not a word has he spoken, not a tear has he shed, not a sigh has he breathed, that is not treasured up in heaven. He hath *not* failed as to the purposes of his God. If he hath not benefited, he hath at least served his generation; the sweet savour of Christ has been in his labours, both in regard to them that are saved, and in them that perish, and the plaudits of mercy shall not be withheld. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Wherein, then, does the failing of the faithful man consist? So far as *himself* is concerned, it is only a fading from the field of earth, that he may bloom in the paradise above; but in reference to survivors and the world, his removal is a solemn circumstance, is full of warning, and may prove full of woe. This leads us to consider, lastly,

III. That the death of the godly is a loud call, and a strong motive, to survivors to turn to the Lord.

Can we observe that God will not exempt his beloved ones from the infliction of death, without thinking how heavy must then be his wrath upon an impenitent sinner; and upon me, is

I persist in refusing to submit to his Gospel? Has he cut off my godly neighbour already, and does he not thereby suggest that *my* time is not far distant? that only a few more days will be added to me, and that I also shall cease and fall from among the children of men?

Can we reflect that we have now *one true friend less*, and not feel that there is more evident reason personally to use all diligence, without delay, to make our calling and election sure? His admonitions and advices, his sympathies with us, and his anxieties for our welfare, are for ever suspended. The benefit of his example, his influence, and prayer, is taken from us. The helps for our salvation are being withdrawn. Poor soul, let this be the occasion when thou sayest, I will arise and go to my heavenly Father!

The visible *means* are less in thy case, and if thou persist in self-will they will be lessened yet more. But a message of mercy is still sent thee: "To-day if thou wilt hear his voice, harden not thy heart." "Draw near unto me, saith the Lord, and I will draw near to you." "Seek my face, and ye shall live." It may be that the godly man has been taken away to alarm and save thy soul.

When the faithful man leaves this world, the *responsibility* his friends have incurred by his labour must strike us. He was a messenger of God to us; his toil, and example, and influence, were parts of a gracious and divine providence to bring us to holiness and heaven. His tears and cares were the gentle winning agencies by

which God sought to woo our souls. How have we profited by them? Did we scorn them? Did we take pains not to be affected by them? Did we regard his affectionate agency as troublesome and disgusting? Well, he will trouble us no more. He will weep and pray over us no more: he is gone where the weary are at rest. But be assured the God who sent him, who accompanied him in his toils, who listened to his agonies of prayer, will call us to account for it all. The law of Heaven is, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me." Not to improve by the company of the godly is to sink into more aggravated condemnation. Surely this thought should rouse us to concern, and to resolve that the time past should suffice for carelessness and sin.

Eternity is nearer, and divine aid is apparently more necessary. With death staring us in the face, and the helpers of our souls passing away, what so reasonable and so suitable as to turn to the Lord, and with contrition and earnestness seek his favour in his own appointed way, resolving never to give over our application until we have obtained his mercy, and by his grace arisen to the standard of the godly and faithful man ourselves.

Brethren, death in any circumstance ministers real cause of sorrow. Many a child or father, husband or wife, brother or sister, friend and companion, in the anguish of bereavement on account of mere natural affection have sobbed out, "Help Lord," for my hope is cut off, my comfort is gone, my love is widowed. But when the godly is removed, how much greater the desolation! The ex-

cellence of the departed adds bitterness to the bereavement. The family, the church, the neighbourhood, society itself may then weep. The day has grown darker, one star less twinkles in our moral hemisphere, and an angel of mercy is fled. Tears are proper, but, my friends, let us add prayers. The Lord remaineth; He is able to help. He hath taken the husband and the father, He will be both himself. He has removed Moses, but can commission a Joshua. He hath broken the cistern, but is himself the never-failing fountain. Let us, therefore, rejoice for the departed, and hope for ourselves, while we adopt the Psalmist's prayer, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Whatever may have been the failings and infirmities of our departed Brother Patrick, there can be but one opinion of his general character. All that knew him will acknowledge that he was a godly and faithful man. His conversion by the grace of God was clear and undeniable; and his consistent moral and religious deportment, for twenty-seven years adorned the Gospel he professed. You have observed how blamelessly he lived among you, and often amid very trying circumstances. You have seen his temperance and humility, his spirituality and piety, affording a bright example to all; and you remember how frequently he ascribed all the praise to Christ, saying, "It is by the grace of God alone I am what I am."

Many now present were witnesses of his zeal for the honour of God and of his burning charity

for the souls of his fellow-men. How untiring were his labours of love, how faithful and affectionate his counsels, how agonizing his prayers, and how great and constant his anxiety to extend and perpetuate the Kingdom of Christ. His children in the Gospel are very numerous, and are scattered over a large surface of country. Some have already escaped to rest in heaven, but many more still survive, who, we trust, will be his crown of rejoicing at the last day.

As his life had been marked with activity in the service of God, so when the last messenger brought the summons of death, he was found busily employed in his Master's work. The Sabbath immediately preceding his decease, he had led his class with much affectionate feeling, and declared that although no disease seemed to be upon him, he nevertheless was impressed with the thought that his end was at hand, but confidently intimated that he was ready. On the Wednesday following he spent a portion of the day in visiting and praying with the sick without any extraordinary symptoms of disease, and in the evening made his way to the house of a friend. Here, while busily engaged in inditing a letter on the affairs of the Church, the attack which soon terminated his life began. 'Tis supposed his disorder was the apoplexy. His head suddenly fell, his utterance failed, and his alarmed friends upheld him from falling. They conveyed him into another room, and while removing him, he had power to say, "Why, this is death." Medical aid was sent

for, but all attempts to help him were vain. He was enabled to use his reason a while, and among his last words to say in the triumph of faith, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" then after pausing a while he exclaimed, "I have gotten the victory through Jesus Christ my Lord." He soon after fell into a lethargy from which he awoke no more, and the next morning at half-past seven o'clock, his happy spirit took its flight to a better world. May we die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his. His labours on earth are ended; and while those for whom he toiled in vain may yet understand their loss and turn to God, it becomes those who have derived the blessings of religion through his instrumentality to double their diligence in the work of the Lord, endeavouring to supply his lack of service to the Church and the world, and perseveringly follow him, till, by the blessing of the great Master, they are permitted to rejoin him in the world of light.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
ALEXANDER PATRICK.
BY WILLIAM STEWART.

SHALL warriors famous for their lust of might
Usurp all praise, and claim a deathless meed?
Shall poets sing, and sage historians write
The hero's story, and the patriot's deed?
Nay; in immortal archives, side by side
With seers who flourished in the days of old,
Let the disciple of the Lord abide,
And be *his* merits and *his* name enrolled.

Gone to the vision-land of dreary shade—
Of sweet obliviousness, and welcome peace,
Where, like the withering grass, all flesh must fade,
And, where the "wicked from their troubling cease;"
PATRICK is gone, whose cherished name and love
The tribes of Sion in their hearts enshrine:
Gone to receive a regal crown above,
Where prophets, priests, and kings illustrious shine.

No rank or state encircled him below,
With all the vanities of pride or name:
No tides or seas of blood he caused to flow,
To court their praise, who sound the victors' fame;

Nor did he higher than his compeers rise
 In themes of deep philosophy or art:
 He knew but little, yet was truly wise;
 Divinely tutored in the human heart.

No lore or logic, such as classics teach,
 Adorned his intellect, or ruled his tongue:
 His great anxiety was how to reach,
 And win, through gentleness, both old and young.
 His soul, imbued with godly love and zeal,
 With yearning pity for a fallen race,
 Daily renewed its sanctified appeal
 For captive sinners at the throne of grace.

Mark him in prayer! attend the sacred hour
 That hides him in the closet's secret calm;
 List to the filial tone, yet princely power,
 Which pleads the merits of the slaughtered Lamb:
 Mark how his voice, and waxing faith ascend,
 And grasp the covenant promises anew!
 Till priceless blessings from above descend,
 To honour *faith*, and prove that God is true.

Like Jacob, oft he wrestled long in prayer,
 In self-abasement and devotion bowed;
 And, lo! as oft the gate of heaven was there,
 Jehovah's presence, and the house of God.
 No tinkling sounds, to mock the Spirit-sire,
 Profaned the temple of Peniel's grace,
 Nor smoked its altars with unhallowed fire,
 Where *Israel* saw his Maker face to face.

A passing pilgrim o'er the waste of time,
 He fainted not by reason of the road,
 But sought a city in a fairer clime,
 As sure and 'biding as the builder, God!
 'Midst circling darkness, *his* career was bright;
 And with the righteous he held on his way;
 His path was ever as the shining light,
 That wanes not till it reach meridian day.

¹ See page 41.

With faith unwavering, he endured the cross,
 And meekly suffered with his Lord below;
 Wealth, fame, and honour, he esteemed as dross,
 Resolved Christ crucified alone to know.
 With patient hope he rose from strength to strength,
 Unmoved, unhindered, by surrounding strife:
 On, on he urged, unwearied, till at length
 He passed the portals of Eternal Life!

With solemn suddenness his summons came,
 But found him ready for life's latest knell;
 And *VICTORY! VICTORY!*² was his loud acclaim.
 The note of triumph when the conquerer fell.
 The palm of triumph over death obtained,
 No more an exile o'er the earth to roam,
 The ransomed of the Lord has glory gained,
 Perennial gladness, and perpetual home.

—
 LINES ON THE DEATH
 OF
 ALEXANDER PATRICK.
 BY WILLIAM STEWART.

LOVED PATRICK has gone, to inherit a throne
 In the palace of Light, in the kingdom of Life;
 His conflicts are o'er, he struggles no more
 With militant fears,
 With trials and tears;
 He has fought the good fight, through contention and strife,
 And victor in death, through omnipotent faith,
 The Cross has laid down, and now weareth the Crown;
 Nor suffering, nor sighing,
 Nor sorrow, nor crying,
 His bliss can extinguish or sever;
 For gladness and joy,
 Without grief or alloy,
 Are his portion for ever and ever.

² See page 157.

But a stranger while here, he sojourned in fear,
 And with saints oft confessed there is here no abode;
 And a city he sought, whose foundations, unwrought
 By mutable hands,
 Eternally stands;

He has entered the rest of the people of God,
 And sings the new song with the triumphant throng,
 Whose warnings are past, who have conquered at last,

And evermore soaring,
 Their Jesus' adoring,
 They ceaselessly laud as the donor
 Of victory's palm,
 And ascribe to the Lamb,
 Might, Blessing, Dominion, and Honour.

ON THE DEATH

OF

ALEXANDER PATRICK.

BY

JAMES HENDERSON,

Author of "Glimpses of the Beautiful," etc.

The reaper, Death, stalks solemnly abroad,
 To gather in the living fruits of earth;
 And tears are falling on the church yard sod,
 Where evermore is stilled the voice of mirth.
 The earthquake rends the rock, and Ruin's hand
 The proudest pomp of human things o'erturns,
 And men unborn where now the nations stand,
 Will cease to gaze upon our mouldering urns.

We pass away—alas! we pass away,
 As summer blossoms droop at even's close;

And all is dreamless slumber till the day
 That wakes the sleeper from his long repose.
 And then—what then? when vast eternity
 Lists the last sob of Time's expiring breath;
 When ancient chaos broods o'er land and sea,
 Shall ours be endless life, or living death?

Our feeble lamps, untrimmed, too dimly burn,
 And thickening shadows gather round our path,
 Whose spectre shapes afar from virtue turn,
 And lead us downward in the way of wrath.
 But He who stills the thunder, hath a love,
 Whose depths divine the angels may not scan;
 And sacred mercy whispers from above
 Its messages of peace to erring man!

And thou wert God's own messenger! and one
 Whose prayerful zeal no heedless slumber knew;
 And but to hear the sacred words, "Well done!"
 All vain allurements fled from thy view.
 Sublime ambition! no, the kings of earth
 May never emulate a nobler aim:
 Compared with this, how poor the pride of birth,
 The hero's laurels, and the conqueror's fame!

How earnest were thy words that ever sought
 From error's ways the wanderer's heart to win!
 How solemn thy beseechings that have brought
 The soul to spurn the iron yoke of sin!
 And well it was so! What are human things
 But passing vapours that deceive the sense?
 While rich reward a heavenly longing brings,
 To crown the spirit when it journeys hence.

Unneeded were the arts that schools bestow;
 Thy soul's persuasive eloquence to speak,
 For nature's impulse with impassioned glow,
 Gave words that left the fancy nought to seek.
 No measured cadence with thy warnings fell,
 Save what the thunder utters when it dies;
 While words that came of promised joys to tell
 Were as the winds that breathe to summer skies!

But thou art gone! The shrine is broken now
Where love divine a sacred temple built,
While o'er the wreck must we submissive bow,
And say, "O Father, even as thou wilt!"
Dust unto dust, but trampling on decay,
The everlasting King will yet return,
And breathe immortal being on our clay,
And build again "the ashes of the urn."

For love has conquered Death! and Death shall die,
And all its trophies be again restored,
And happy they who, with a purpose high,
Have warred with sin in battles of the Lord.
Then rest in peace, disciple of the Cross!
Unknowning and unknown to human pain;
For though we weep, we joy that this our loss
For evermore is thy eternal gain.

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