

JOY IN DEPARTING :

A MEMOIR

OF THE CONVERSION AND LAST DAYS

OF

AUGUSTUS JAMES CLARKE ;

(Son of Lieut-Col. A. Clarke, E.I.C.S.)

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, MAY 2ND, 1845.

IN THE FOURTEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

BY J. G. DECK.

1c

"TO DEPART AND TO BE WITH CHRIST IS FAR BETTER."

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INTRODUCTION.

I ONCE proposed to a small company of the Lord's people, the enquiry, "What do you think will be the highest joy of heaven?" Their replies, like the strikingly characteristic answers of Wilberforce and Robert Hall to the same question,—“activity,” and “rest,”—accorded with the special exercises and trials of their own minds. One, who groaned to be delivered from the burthen of a body of sin and death, and panted after holiness, answered, “I shall be *like him*.” Another, whose heart was dwelling in the love of Christ, said, “I shall *see him*.” A third, who felt that even the vision of his glory would not satisfy his soul, without being near him, added, “We shall be *with him*.”

And a fourth mentioned, that all his happiness of seeing him, being like him, and with him, would not be complete, unless it had been written, "We shall be *for ever* with the Lord." There is one thought besides, which has always made the anticipation of all this joy and glory so infinitely blessed to my own soul—that we shall owe it all to the free grace and love of our God and Father and to the love of the Lamb that was slain. It is all the gift of God, and the fruit of the travail of the soul of Jesus. When we stand before the throne, we shall look back to the Cross. Our loudest songs will take up the sorrows and sufferings of the Lamb. While we wave our palms, we shall cry, "Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever, Amen! Amen!" "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be *still* praising thee."

Another theme of praise will arise from our being able to retrace the way by which the Lord has brought us through the wilderness; "leading us about and instructing us,

and keeping us, foolish and unbelieving as we are, as the apple of his eye." To do this in any measure now, in the history of others, or of ourselves, is an interesting and profitable employment. Much of the Word of God is taken up with the history of his chosen. Their joys and sorrows, their trials and deliverances, their works of faith, and labours of love, and patience of hope, are written for our comfort and encouragement; while their sins and failures are recorded for our warning and to instruct us not only in the riches of converting, but also in the riches of the restoring grace of God. The modern biography of the Lord's people is also full of interest. Many have been stirred up by the memoirs of Brainerd, Martyn, and others of God's servants, to seek after greater devotedness of heart and life: while the simple, touching narrative of the conversion and death of the Young Cottager has been blest to many of the young.

Many dear friends, who have heard of the happy, triumphant death of the beloved

youth, the subject of this memoir, have requested me to publish an account of it, believing that it would be for the glory of God, as well as for the comfort and encouragement of believing parents, and for the blessing of the young. I have therefore drawn up this short memoir of his conversion and death, which I commend to the Lord's blessing, and the prayers of his people, trusting that the record of the simple faith of this lamb of the flock of Christ, may be for the edification of many, and for the glory of God.

J. G. DECK.

Weymouth,

December 16th, 1846.

MEMOIR.

THE beloved subject of this memoir, Augustus James Clarke, was born at Bangalore, in the East Indies, on the 22nd of May, 1831. Both his parents are Christians, who adorned the doctrine of their God and Saviour in a land where his name is so often blasphemed among the heathen by the inconsistencies of those who profess it. Their house was opened to all who loved and followed their blessed Master; and many, who for his name's sake have gone forth among the heathen, could bear witness of their charity, like that of the beloved Gains of old, in receiving them, that they might be fellow-helpers to the truth. They were *praying* parents; they desired *first* for their children the kingdom of God and his

righteousness, and that they might be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

It was at Bangalore, in the year 1829, that I first became acquainted with these beloved friends. While I was absent on field-service, their house was my dear wife's home, and she was present at the birth of Augustus, their eldest son. She was the first who held him in her arms, when he entered into this world of sin and sorrow, little anticipating at that time, that she would for eight years watch over him, in the absence of his own dear parents, with a mother's care and love; and that, fourteen years after, she would smooth his dying pillow, and witness his triumphant departure to that Saviour, who had washed him from his sins in his own blood.

We returned to England, on account of the failure of my health, in 1835; and in 1837, our dear friends sent us their two eldest children, Lucy and Augustus, desiring to have them educated with our own. We undertook this solemn responsibility with trembling

hearts, trusting in His sufficiency alone, whose strength is made perfect in weakness ; and being encouraged by the assurance, that while we were watching over them in England, their own parents were day and night remembering them and us before the mercy-seat. When Augustus arrived, he was rather more than six years old. His natural disposition had many fine loveable features in it ; he was very open and generous, full of the most tender affection ; and his bright hazel eye beamed with ardour and intelligence : but his heart was as yet ignorant both of the depths of its own wickedness, and the deeper riches of the grace of God. Its natural corruption showed itself in many of his words and ways ; and often with aching hearts, we had to speak to him of the exceeding sinfulness of sin in the sight of that God, who is of purer eyes than to look upon iniquity ; while we also told him of the grace and love of that Saviour, who came to save his people from their sins.

There is scarcely a deeper sorrow to one

who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, next to the discovery of the evil of his own heart, than the manifestation of it in the ways of those who are dear to us; but God, in his rich grace, turns even this to blessing; it stirred us up to cry more earnestly to him for this dear child, whom we loved as if he were our own: and He heard our cry. He answered the prayers of his beloved parents in India; and he heard the cry of those, who were now watching over him in their absence, and turned him to himself. He convinced him of his sins, and gave him peace by faith in the precious blood of Jesus.

Augustus was naturally of a delicate constitution, and subject to attacks of croup. In one of these attacks, his conscience became awakened; he was filled with fear and alarm—he saw that he had sinned against God, that he deserved his anger—he felt afraid to die—his sins lay heavy upon his soul. He cried with the gaoler, “What must I do to be saved?” I spoke to him of Jesus, the Lamb of God; of God’s love

in providing such a sacrifice; of the love of Jesus in laying down his life for sinners; of the preciousness of his blood in the sight of God; his finished work and spotless righteousness; that *all* this was for sinners as *sinners*. The Lord opened his heart to believe the glad tidings of his love; and he was soon enabled to find rest and peace by faith in that precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin. This peace, he told me on his death-bed, he never afterwards lost; for it was founded, not upon his own worthiness, but upon the *perfect finished work of Christ*. This is indeed the only resting-place of faith “which never alters, never varies, and is always the same before God.” Nothing can be added to it. It is everlasting in its duration and efficacy. His blood is a constant propitiation, his righteousness a perfect covering. This alone can purge the conscience, silence the accusations of Satan, and give peace in the presence of a holy God; and I may add, give real tenderness of heart and conscience in our walk and conversation.

Where there is not this confidence, sin is looked at rather with reference to its consequences to ourselves, than its wickedness and evil against God. Nothing makes sin so hateful and detestable, as a living faith in that blood, which, while it puts it away for ever, teaches us at the same time its exceeding sinfulness, in that nothing but the shedding of it could blot it out.

From the time of his conversion, there were many things which gave us comfort and joy. His love towards God's poor children, shewn in many acts of self-denial, that he might have to give to their necessities; subjection to the Word; and tenderness of heart and conscience, when he had sinned against the Lord: while there were other things which often grieved us. I write this little memoir of this beloved child, whom I loved as dearly as if he were my own, "for in Christ Jesus I had begotten him through the Gospel," 1 Cor. iv. not to exalt *him*, but the grace of God towards him; and therefore I mention not only the fruit to the Lord which

gladdened us, but the sin which humbled us, though it called forth the exceeding riches of his grace. There is a point connected with this, which I desire to submit to the consideration of Christian Parents and believers in general, with respect to the conversion of children. I believe that those who have experienced the grace of God *after* they have proved the vanity and evil of the world, do not sufficiently sympathize with those, who are converted before they have had the same bitter experience as themselves. Many of us have drank, and deeply too, of Babylon's intoxicating cup. We have lived long in the "far country," and eaten of its dainties and husks. The *grace* that brought salvation, met us, and turned us from *proved* vanity to "the living God:" but the young have not learned by experience, as we have; the world which is open to them, as they grow in years, holds out apparent promises and attractions to their eyes, which it has ceased to have in ours. We ought to bear this in mind in dealing with the lambs of Christ's

flock ; for it would lead us to more prayerfulness and greater tenderness and forbearance with them. The good shepherd gathers the lambs in his arms, and, as Jacob said so touchingly to Esau, “leads on softly, according as the cattle and children are able to endure.” GEN. xxxiii. 14.

The following extracts of letters written by Augustus to his beloved father, in the year 1841, when he was only ten years old, and in 1842, will shew the simple confidence of his soul in the blood of Jesus, and some of the early conflicts through which he passed from the plague and evil of his own heart.

“ Rock Cottage, March 30th, 1841.

“ You will rejoice to hear that the Lord
“ has given me faith in Him ; that I am one
“ of the Lambs of Jesus, bought with His
“ blood. It is indeed a blessed and happy

“ thing to believe in Him. I wish dear Papa,
“ to break bread, for our blessed Lord has
“ cominanded us to do so. Once I was dead
“ in sins, but he has quickened me.

“ I feel that I am a vile, lost, undone,
“ wicked sinner, and nothing but that blood
“ could have cleansed me. I feel if God
“ justly rewarded me, I would have (been)
“ in hell long ago. I am not afraid of death,
“ for I know that if I were to die I would
“ go to be with Jesus; still, dear Papa, I
“ should like to live, no longer to please
“ myself, but to please and glorify Him.”

“ Rock Cottage, September 30, 1841.

“ I tell you again, dear Papa, that Jesus
“ has taken me and washed me in his pre-
“ cious blood, and made (me) one of his
“ dear lambs, who hear his voice and follow
“ Him. I wish and indeed pray daily that
“ He would enable me to do so more; and yet
“ I often give way to much that does not

“please but grieve his Holy Spirit, and my
“heart is often too proud to go and ask God
“to enable me to resist them, whenever I
“find them rising; for we know Peter failed,
“because he did not watch and pray.”

“Rock Cottage, May 30, 1842.

“Dearest Papa, I have lived Eleven
“Years, (alluding to his birthday, on the
“22nd, of the above month,) in this wicked
“world. It gave me great joy to think that
“you and dear Mamma were praying for me.
“I would desire to bless the Lord for all
“His mercies to me. He has *indeed* been
“good to me, saved me from death, and
“given me Christian parents, who love me,
“and desire that I should be one of Jesus’
“dear little lambs; and above all, He has
“given me His own Son from heaven—O
“what love indeed!!!

“We do long to see you all again, but
“we know if it is not the will of God we

“should meet here below, we shall meet
“in heaven, where we shall *never, never*
“part!!!”

“I send you two sweet texts in Latin :
“*‘Ego sum pastor bonus, et cognosco meas, et*
“*cognoscor a meis. Sicut novit me Pater,*
“*et ego agnosco Patrem : et animam meam*
“*pono pro vobis.’**—JOHN, x. 14, 15.”

I pass over the history of this dear child until the 30th, of April 1843, when he met with an accident, from the consequences of which he never wholly recovered,—the loss of his left eye. It happened on Saturday afternoon, under remarkable circumstances. Augustus had been invited to C——, with his brothers and sisters. I feared lest the

* “I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father : and I lay down my life *for you.*” Augustus has altered the “*pro ovibus,*” to “*pro vobis.*” I find, by reference to his Greek Testament with Montanus’ Latin Version, that he has marked these verses with his pencil.

vanities of that fashionable place should draw away his heart farther from the Lord, for he had not been walking near him; and I cried to the Lord, that if He saw that the visit would not be for His good, he would prevent it—little thinking what the *manner* of the answer to my prayer would be. As our whole family were going to W—— on the following Monday, we had arranged to travel so far on our way together. I was busy packing up stairs, when Miss B——, our governess, ran to me crying, “O! Mr. Deck, poor Augustus has run his knife into his eye!” With an aching heart I hastened down, and saw the humours of the eye trickling down his face; and heard his bitter cry, “Oh! Papa,* I have hurt my eye! I have hurt my eye!” I caught him up in my arms, carried him up stairs, and laid him on the sofa, while I immediately sent for medical aid.

* Augustus always called me “Papa Deck,”—for though no child could more tenderly love his natural parents, he bore to me in their absence quite a filial affection.

He was cutting a cord tied round a mattress; fearing to injure it, he cut the cord towards himself: the knife slipped, and went with considerable violence into the ball of the eye, the sight of which he never afterwards recovered. Poor boy! at first he was full of distress, not at the pain of the wound but at the thought of losing his sight; and he asked me with the deepest earnestness, "Papa, shall I be blind? shall I lose my eye? shall I lose my eye?" I replied, "My dear child, you know I never deceive you; it is a bad accident, I fear you may lose it." He cried, "O! Papa, I cannot bear to lose my eye!" I said, "Do you not believe that God loves you, dear Augustus? did he spare his own Son for you? could you not, if it were HIS WILL, bear to be blind?" "Yes," he replied, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, "if it is *God's will* that I should be blind, *I am willing to be blind.*" This was indeed a triumph of the grace of God; it filled our hearts with thankfulness in the midst of our deep sorrow; and we

knelt together round the dear sufferer, and commended him to the Lord, thanking him for giving him grace to submit to his holy will, and beseeching him to sustain him under this deep affliction, and sanctify it to him.

From that time not a murmur escaped his lips: his brother and sisters, and the greater part of the family, departed for W——, on the Monday, as had been previously arranged, leaving him in his dark chamber; but he was quiet, and resigned to the will of God. He said to me a few days after, “Papa, I have prayed to God to shew me why he sent me this trial, and I see that I needed it. I was becoming very worldly, and God saw that I should have been more so if I went to C——, and therefore He prevented my going there.”

What made this accident the more remarkable was, that a dear friend had only a few weeks before cautioned Augustus, in using his knife, never to cut towards himself; and told him of a similar accident which had happened to a friend of his some time before. Augustus remembered this warning, and had

himself given it to two or three men who were packing our furniture, the very day it happened to himself. Another remarkable thing was, that he had lost his knife till within a short time (I think about half-an-hour) before the accident happened, when one of my boys found and brought it to him. How the Lord causes us to see his hand in these apparently little things; and if we believe that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge, and that the hairs of his children are all numbered, how it silences the murmurs and reasonings of our hearts, and enables us to say, "It is the Lord, let *him* do what seemeth him good." And how easy has he made it to say this, if we really believe what he has told us, that his end in all our afflictions is "*our profit*, that we should be made partakers of his holiness." HEB. xii. "We know that *all* things work together for *good* to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." This only can enable us to say, in the precious words of this dear child, "IF IT IS GOD'S

WILL, I AM WILLING!" Precious fruit of *his* Spirit, who could say, when his soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."—"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

The Lord in this, as in many other ways, was dealing with dear Augustus as a father dealeth with his *son*,—"for whom the Lord *loveth*, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." And there was present fruit from this discipline. If the Father purges the branch, it is only that it may bear *more* fruit, (JOHN, xv. 2.) fruit in which the Father is glorified, (v. 8.) and which will *remain* for ever. (v. 16.) If the words, by which Job glorified God in the day of his affliction, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," are recorded by the Holy Ghost for our instruction and comfort, surely the words of this dear child, though but a babe in the school of Christ, were precious to him, the fruit of whose grace they were, and may instruct

others older than himself. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest out of thy law."

It was not till several weeks after this, that Augustus was able to remove to W——, and there he had frequent relapses of inflammation in his eye which rendered confinement to a dark chamber, and other measures necessary ; which I believe, greatly weakened a naturally delicate constitution.

We now come to the closing scenes of his earthly pilgrimage.

He had been feeling poorly towards the end of 1844, but nothing that at all alarmed us. Thinking that change of air might be beneficial to him, we took him, with his sister Lucy and my two eldest children, on a visit to our beloved friends the O'B.'s at S——. He rode his pony the greater part of the way there, and all the way home, and seemed greatly to enjoy it. On his return home, he had an attack of the chicken-pox with his brother and sister ; at the same time Lucy, who had been left behind with Mrs.

Deck, had a severe attack of the same complaint at K——, at our brother Mr. J.'s, three of whose family caught the infection. It was of a very violent character, and they suffered severely. Dear Augustus was never well after this: feeling uneasy about him, we called in medical advice; and the disease, which had been insidiously working in him, then manifested itself; and with its progress there was a daily increasing display of the rich and precious grace of God. At the end of February, for the sake of his beloved parents I began to keep a journal of every thing that was striking in the experience of their dear child, and the Lord's dealings with him, from which I make the following extracts,—trusting that the record of what so comforted their hearts may cause many to glorify the Lord for his loving-kindness and mercy to him.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

1845.

FEB. 21.—Our hearts were bowed down on account of beloved Augustus's illness we desired as a family to humble ourselves before God with praying and fasting, beseeching our God to restore him, if it was his blessed will ; but if not, to glorify himself in this dear child and us, if it pleased him to take him to himself.

It was a day long to be remembered by us. We have on several occasions, when there have been any special sorrows or trials amongst us as a family, humbled ourselves together in prayer and fasting ; and the Lord has most manifestly heard and answered our

cry. It was so on this occasion. We each went to our room apart, and humbled ourselves in secret before the Lord, for our personal sin and failure; I then spoke to and prayed with each member of the family, including the dear children, one by one; and we all afterwards assembled together, and made united confession of our sins as a family before our God, and sought his forgiveness, asking him in the name of his dear Son, to heal our backslidings, to sanctify this deep affliction to all our souls, and especially to look upon the beloved sufferer, that this sickness might not be unto death, but to the glory of God, and that God might be glorified in him, whether by life or by death.

The following pages will shew how abundantly our God heard and answered our cry. From this day there was a manifest change in dear Augustus, a ripening for his removal to the Lord.

May this encourage the hearts of many Christian parents thus to wait upon God: for he hath never said to the house of

Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain." Is. xlv. 19.

FEB. 22.—A friend, who united with us in our humiliation and prayer yesterday, went to see Augustus to day. She asked him if he could submit to God's will in this sickness; he said "Yes, quite," and asked her if she had enjoyed the preceding day. She read the 32nd Psalm to him. He then enquired after a young friend, Mary G., who in a severe illness had been unable to speak for weeks. He was always particularly interested in her, for they were both born on the same day and year. "Does she follow Jesus? Is she quite well now? When she was ill, she was unable to speak; what a mercy that I am able! Her birthday is the same day as mine, but I shall spend mine in heaven." This was indeed the case.

FEB. 23.—I wrote to his beloved parents in India, communicating to them our anxious fears about Augustus.

FEB. 28.—Augustus received a long expected parcel from India. It contained a Polyglott Bible from his dear Father. It

was such joy to him to receive it, and seemed sent of God to cheer him during his illness. He has noted it in his memorandum book,—
“Parcel from India, containing my Bible.”

MARCH 4.—Augustus very peaceful. I read Is. liii. with him, which he much enjoyed. I asked him if he knew how uncertain his recovery was; he said “Yes, Papa.” “If the Lord gave you the choice, whether to live or die, which would you choose? “To depart to Christ, if it be *God’s will*.” His patience and submission to the will of God, are marked and beautiful.

MARCH 6.—I wrote to his beloved parents, and Augustus dictated the following note to them. His head and body are too weak for him to write himself.

“MY BELOVED PAPA AND MAMMA,

“As I am not able to write
“myself, dear Papa Deck will do so for me.

“I know how very sorry you will be to
“hear that I am so very ill; but do not
“be anxious about me, for I am *quite happy*.
“I know what God chooses for me is best;
“and by his grace I am willing either to
“live or die, as it may seem best to Him,
“I know that I am very wicked and sinful;
“but I know too that I am washed in the
“blood of Jesus, and so have peace with
“God. I am not afraid to die. I should
“have longed to see you both on earth again,
“but we shall meet IN HEAVEN. (Here his
eyes filled with tears.)

“The Lord in love hath sent this affliction;
“He saw I was going away from him, that I
“was getting worldly. Pride and love of the
“world were two of my besetting sins. He
“therefore first laid his hand on me in the
“loss of my sight; and now he has laid me
“low. *But it is all in love.*

“I know that I am in much danger, *but I*
“*am quite happy. Jesus makes me happy;*
“and if I depart, I trust through Him to go

“to Heaven. God has given me a great
“many to pray for me.

“I send you and dear Mamma many thanks
“for the nice Bible you so kindly sent me,
“which has come just in time to be my
“companion on my sick-bed.

“The 23rd Psalm has been a great comfort
“to me.”

“P. S.—Dearest Augustus sends a heartfelt
“of love, and he knows not how many kisses,
“to his beloved Papa and Mamma, and much
“love to his dear brother and sister.”

He told me that he had never lost the peace God had given him, when he was first converted through faith in the blood of Jesus, but once; when having been very naughty, it was said to him, “I fear Satan is deceiving you, and that you are not really a child of God.” This troubled him for a time, but he was afterwards enabled to rest in Jesus again.

On looking over his hymn book,* which he has been marking since his illness, it is very interesting to observe what the exercises of his soul have been. This has especially characterised them, "*subjection of his will to God.*" There has not been one murmur one complaining word. Peace has been reigning on his countenance, and the peace of God keeping his heart. He has not despised the chastening of the Lord, nor fainted under his rebuke, and there is now "the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

In Hymn xii. part II. he has underlined†

"Submissive to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign ;
Bowing beneath thy chastening rod,
I mourn but not repine."

* The Hymn book referred to in this memoir, is a collection entitled "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs," published by Walther, Piccadilly. Some of those which are original, are not generally known, I have inserted.

† The underlining is accurately copied from his own marks.

In Hymn xxix. part II.—“When langour and disease invade,” he has marked,

“ Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.”

The 70th Hymn of the second part, which was a favourite of Augustus’s, I give at length. It was written originally to comfort a bereaved mother and widow in her hour of sorrow, and the Lord made it a comfort to the soul of this young disciple. He may graciously be pleased to make it a word in season to some who may read these pages.

IN SORROW.

“ It is thy hand, my God !
My sorrow comes from thee :
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
’Tis love that bruises me.

“ I would not murmur, Lord,
Before thee I am dumb ;
Lest I should breathe one murm’ring word,
To thee for help I come.

“ My God, thy name is love,
A father's hand is thine ;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry ‘ Thy will be mine ! ’

“ I know thy will is right,
Tho' it may seem severe ;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
'Tho dark it oft appear.

“ Jesus for me hath died,
Thy Son thou didst not spare ;
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

“ Here my poor heart can rest,
My God it cleaves to thee ;
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.”

The words he has underlined shew what has been passing in his heart with reference to the subjection of his will to God. This has been so marked throughout his illness, as it was formerly when he suffered the loss of of his eye. He has said to me, over and over again, “ If it be *God's will*, Papa.”

There are two or three other hymns which I find marked, shewing the ground of his assurance before God, which is so simple, so entirely upon Christ, and therefore so abiding.

In Hymn excii. part 1. he has underlined

“ How can there be one holy thought,
Save by the Holy Spirit wrought ?
How can the sinner's heart be clean,
Except the blood of Christ be seen ? ”

This was the truth which Augustus was so remarkably taught by the Holy Spirit, as the simple, only ground of his peace with God. Many a child of God goes on his way sorrowful, weighed down by his doubts and fears, because he substitutes the work of the Spirit of God *in* him as the ground of his confidence, for the full, finished, perfect, and accepted sacrifice of Christ *for* him. Now God has said, “ The *blood* shall be to you for a *token*; and when *I see the blood*, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon

you to destroy you." EXOD. xii. 13. Faith keeps the sprinkling of the blood. That which God's eye can rest upon is the only sure *token* for our souls; the blood, the precious blood of Christ, the Lamb of God without blemish and without spot. It is to this the Holy Spirit witnesses—"By one offering, he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." HEB. x. 14. This was "the *beginning* of his confidence," and this Augustus was enabled through grace to "hold fast steadfast unto the *end*."

The secret of his strength was the knowledge of his own weakness, and of the sufficiency of Jesus. He has marked that sweet Hymn of Watts, xli. part II.

"Let me but hear my Saviour say
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
I can rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.

"I'll glory in infirmity,
That thine own power may rest on me,

D

When I am weak, then I am strong,
Thou art my shield, my strength, and song."

He marked another Hymn which expressed the desire of his heart some little time ago, that this affliction might be so sanctified to his soul, that he might recover to bear more fruit to God's Glory. Hymn ix. part II.

"Jesus take this faithless heart,
Give it, Lord thy peace and joy;
Richer, fuller, grace impart,
All its worthless dross destroy;
Purge it, Saviour, till it bear
Fruit more worthy of thy care."

This so accorded with what he said to me at an early period of his illness, when I asked him if he wished to recover: "Yes, Papa, that I might bear *more* fruit."

He has marked the 98th Hymn, part II. most emphatically. It so expressed the confidence of his soul, his desire to depart, and his joy in the thought of being with the Saviour, whom he loved.

" O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er ;
A country I've found,
Where true joys abounds,
To dwell, I'm determined,
On this happy ground.

" And if I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why ;
But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not be in glory,
And leave me behind."

I heard to-day from Mr. J., whom Augustus visited with me in the beginning of the year. He wrote, that he did not at all feel led to pray for his recovery, but rather that God might be glorified in his death. Our beloved friends, the O'B.'s, and many others, feel the same. We ourselves have no confidence in asking the Lord to restore him,

nor has the dear sufferer; he believes that the Lord intends to take him to himself. In his letter, Mr. J. says, "It is a remarkable thing, that long ago my dear wife and myself were remarking to one another, how much communion we had with Augustus, when he was here, in the discovery of a grace we were not prepared for."

MARCH 7.—I read with Augustus 1 JOHN, iii. 1—3, in connection with JOHN, vi. 37-40. We dwelt especially on the Father's love in calling us the "sons of God," and in not only giving Jesus to us as our portion, but in giving us to him as *His own*, "of whom he will lose nothing." We dwelt also on the freeness of that grace, which had chosen him, called him, and given him, though no better than others, faith in the precious blood of God's dear Son. He seemed much to enjoy it. Being evidently in great pain while I was reading, I was going to stop, but he said, "Pray go on." He is very happy. The 23rd Psalm, he told me, had been a great comfort to him. He speaks of his

departure, as if he were only going a journey home.

A Christian friend called to see him this morning. She told him of a poor lad in the neighbourhood, who had been brought home a few days before, "sick unto death," with the same complaint that was hastening Augustus to the grave. He had no peace, but was terrified at the thought of Death. His eyes filled with tears, and he promised to pray for the poor lad.

What a contrast does the grace of God make! All are struck with his sweet, peaceful countenance.

MARCH 8.—I read with him JOHN, vi. 42—46. On recurring to the subject of our conversation yesterday, Augustus asked me to go and see the poor dying lad: he said he thought they would let me see him, if I told them we had a case like theirs in our own house, and that he had been praying for him.

We read together the parallel passages with ver. 44. "No man can come unto me,

except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him. JER. xxxi. 3. HOSEA, xi. 4. And that blessed passage in JOHN xii. 32.—“If I be lifted up, I will draw all unto me; this he said, signifying what death he should die.” Jesus crucified wins the soul to God.

“The cord that bound our hearts to earth
Were broken by his hand;
Before his cross we found ourselves
As strangers in the land.

“The visage marred, the sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Are Jesu’s golden chains of love,
His captives to enthral.”

R. C.

Augustus’s countenance was at times quite beautiful, lit up with such a heavenly smile. Truly his head was anointed with that oil, which “maketh the face to shine.” It quite overcame me. He was so full of gratitude for all the kindness and love shewn him by his many friends.

In the evening, I asked him to tell me if there was anything he especially wished me to pray for; he replied, "Yes, Papa, that I may be *patient*." Though there had been no appearance of impatience, he told me that he had sometimes been sorely tempted to it by the pain he suffered, the continual burning fever, and the weariness of his complaint. His strength was fast wasting away; and the words of Elihu were true of his poor emaciated body,—“His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen, stick out.” On asking him if there were anything for which he desired to be thankful, he said with a sweet smile, “Yes, for all the love and kindness I have been shewn.” He felt especially thankful to a Christian lady, who sent him a pad for his bed, which took the pressure from off his bones, and was the greatest comfort to him through his illness.

MARCH 9. Sunday.—To-day his brother Tredway and my youngest son were observed to be much engrossed in their conversation

together, as they walked in the garden. On being asked what they were speaking of George, said, "We were thinking if we were Christians. Tredway was telling me that Augustus twice saved his life. Once he saved him, when he was nearly falling over a cliff at S——, by catching him by his cloak; and again, when his pinafore caught fire, Augustus put it out: and he thinks God must have saved his life, for the purpose of saving his soul." The next day, Tredway was asked if Augustus had ever talked to him about Jesus; he said, "Yes, often when we were in bed together. Augustus wished me to love Jesus, and I believe Augustus has long loved him."

MARCH 10.—Augustus feels very weak; he is gradually wasting away, and suffers much in his head. I was at T——, during the day; I found him on my return in the evening, on the sofa. He told me that he was very happy; he had no fears, no doubts. Mrs. Deck stayed with him through the day; she read Rom. viii. 15. to the end.

He said, that he felt he had the "spirit of adoption,"—he could cry, "Abba Father."
She also read to him the following hymn.

"Jesus I rest in thee,
In thee myself I hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can I rest beside?
'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast
My weary soul alone can rest.

"Thou holy one of God,
The Father rests in thee,
And in the savour of that blood,
Which speaks to him for me.
The curse is gone, through thee I'm blest:
God rests in thee, in thee I rest

"The slave of sin and fear,
Thy truth my bondage broke;
My happy spirit loves to wear
Thy light and easy yoke.
Thy love, which fills my grateful breast,
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

“ Soon the bright, glorious day
The rest of God shall come ;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home.
Then of the promised land possessed,
My soul shall know eternal rest.

She asked him if he could say that Jesus was *his* rest; he answered, “yes, he could say so,” and appeared much to enjoy it.

He told me that he was quite unable to read to himself; and that if he attempted to think, he felt quite bewildered.

On asking him if there was anything for which he especially wished me to pray, he said, “No, Papa.” “would you not wish to recover?” He answered, with sweetest submission, “*I leave that to God.*” “But would you not wish to live, Augustus?” “*Not if I am to dishonour God again, as I have done.*”

MARCH 10.—I felt unable to sleep: my heart was too full. I went into Augustus’s room at 3 o’clock, and found him sleeping quietly. I looked at his Bible; it was much

marked, and I felt deeply interested in seeing how diligently, while he was well, he had studied its sacred pages. How important it is to store the minds of children, when quite young, with the blessed riches of God's word. They may not understand their value at the time, any more than Timothy did, till he was converted by Paul's preaching. He was Paul's son in the faith, 1 TIM. i. 2.; but his mother Eunice had, from a *child* instructed him in the word of God: so that Paul could write to him, when surrounded with temptation, "Continue in the things which thou hast learned,—and that from a *child* thou hast known the holy scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Other knowledge may be useful for time, but this makes wise for eternity; and Augustus could say, with thousands of God's children, "This is my comfort in my affliction, for *thy word* hath quickened me."

One subject, among others, which had manifestly occupied his mind in searching

the scriptures, was his own sinfulness, and the character of God, as the "Lord God, merciful and gracious, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." He had much marked the 51st Psalm, especially verses 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, and 17: The 86th Psalm, verses 5, 11, 13, 15. Ps. ciii. 8—12. Ps. cxxx. 4. PROV. xxviii. 13. Is. i. 18. He had underlined those remarkable verses in Isaiah, xliii.—
"Thou hast made me *to serve* with thy sins: thou hast *wearied* me with *thine* iniquities. *I, even I, am he, that blotteth out* thy transgressions, for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Again, Is. xlv. 22. and xlviii. 9. The 53rd chapter, which so wonderfully presents the Lord as bearing the iniquity of his people, and for their sakes, "The man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," was much marked. Is. lxi. 1, 2.—lxiii. 9. JER. xxxi. 34. DAN. ix. 9, 10, 19, 20, JOEL, ii. 13. JONAH, iv. 2. MICAH, vii. 18, 19. NAHUM, i. 2. Indeed, he seemed to have found out and marked most of the passages in the old Testament that proclaim

the name of the Lord, as the one "That is ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to all that call upon him."

Another subject which he had carefully studied was that sin of our fallen nature—*pride*. This he had ever mourned over as one of his besetting sins. And who, that has known ought of the depths of his own heart but has found it his? I copy from the fly-leaf at the end of his bible, the following collection of passages against pride the perusal of which may be profitable, as well as deeply interesting, as shewing the work of grace in the heart of this young scholar in the school of Christ.

"Humble in opposition to pride."

PR. xxxiv. 2. JAMES, v. 6, 7, 10. Job, xxii. 29. Ps. cxxxviii. 6. PROV. iii. 34, 35. PROV. xxix. 23. MATT. xxiii. 12. LUKE i. 52.—xiv. 11.—xviii. 14. 1 PET. v. 5, 6. Ps. cxiii. 5, 6, 7. Ps. lvii. 15. Ps. lxvi. 2. Prov. xv. 33.—xviii. 12.—xvi. 18.—xi. 2. DAN. iv.

37.—v. 20. 1 SAM. ii. 6, 7, 8. JOB, v. 11.
MATT. xviii. 4.

“Pray without ceasing.”

“And behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be.”

“May the Lord bless it.”

On another fly-leaf was written,

“It is thy hand my God,
My sorrow comes from thee ;
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.”

“The Church is God's vessel, to contain his glory.”

“May our eyes look forward to that day when that poor, despised man, when on earth, shall come again with glory May he find each looking for him and say, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.’”

When he awoke, he was very weak, and unable to listen until 11 o'clock, when Mrs. Deck read some hymns to him. I read the following simple and beautiful hymn, which I never met with but once, and therefore insert.

HYMN.

- “ Why do you weep ?
I am falling asleep,
And Jesus, my shepherd,
Is watching his sheep.
His arm is beneath me,
His eye is above ;
His spirit within me,
Says, ‘ Rest in my love.’
- “ With blood I have bought thee.
And washed thee from sin ;
With care I have brought thee,
My fold to be in.
Refreshed by still waters,
In green pastures fed,
Thy day has gone by,
‘ I am making thy bed.’

“ There calmly repose,
While the shades gather round;
I lay, as thou liest,
And hallowed the ground:
And fear not confiding,
Thy spirit to me,
Sweet peace in my presence,
Its portion shall be.

“ Nor long shalt thou wait,
For the sound of my voice,
To rouse thee from slumber,
And bid thee rejoice;
The dawn of that morning,
Unclouded is near,
When robed in his glory,
Thy Lord shall appear.

“ Then thou shall arise,
In his image to shine,
And filled with his fulness,
Say, ‘ All things are mine!’ ”

He very much enjoyed the hymn, but he was for a short time a little overcome by his beloved sister's bursting into tears at his bedside; but he said he was quite happy.

He asked me to pray that he might have more joy in the Lord: he had always *peace*, and sometimes joy in the thought of being with Jesus; and he also wished me to pray that this affliction might be blessed to his brothers and sisters.

I told him that I thought it would be very sweet, if he could arrange about the disposal of his little property: he spoke of it with the greatest cheerfulness, "knowing that he had in heaven a better and a more enduring substance."

MARCH 11.—He had a very disturbed, restless night. His friend D. F. kindly sat up with him. His kind medical attendant, Mr. B. found him much altered, his face looking so haggard. He was deeply affected, and said to Mrs. Deck, "It is very painful to see a poor lad in that state." She answered, "Yes, it is so, indeed; but how beautiful it is to see his resignation to the Lord's will. How happy he is at the thought of death: so happy, that he has no wish to live; and so patient, that not a murmur

escapes his lips." He answered, that he had observed it, and that it was indeed remarkable in one so young.

When I returned home from T—— in the evening, I found him much altered in his appearance. There was a look about him as if his time here was very short. He received me with his usual tenderness and joy, and said that "It had seemed a long time since I went away."

After a little while, I knelt down by his side; and having prayed with him, we told him that we thought he would soon have the joy of being with Jesus; and that Mr. B. did not think he would be long here. At first, he was a little overcome, and the tears filled his eyes: I said, "You are not weeping because you are unhappy, or afraid to die?" "No, Papa." "Why do you weep then?" "It was the thought of leaving you all, Papa," I then sought to comfort him, by saying, that he was only going before us for a little, and that we should soon follow him. It was as if he was leaving this for

London by one train, and we were going to follow him by another; we should soon meet in London: and so we should soon meet again, never more to part, in Heaven. I told him, that we could only rejoice for him; for all who loved him would feel far happier in thinking of him as safe with Jesus, than exposed to the temptations and sorrows of this evil world. He soon became composed and peaceful. I asked him whose the loss would be, if he were taken from us; he replied, "*Yours, papa;*" and whose the gain? "*Mine.*"

Mrs. Deck then came in, and mentioned how happy she had been that morning in thinking of his being with the Lord; the joy he would have in heaven. I asked him if I should pray with him, that his faith might be increased; and that his mouth might be opened to speak to his dear brothers and sisters, and that the Lord might be glorified in his death. He desired this, and we prayed together. After this, we had some free conversation. Having repeated the latter part

of REV. vii., that beautiful passage which sets forth the happiness and glory of the multitude, that no man can number, and their title to it all, "They washed their robes, and made them white in the *blood* of the Lamb,"—I said that I was glad to see that he had marked that passage in his bible. He replied, with his usual frankness and candour, "Oh, Papa, I marked many of those passages, just for the sake of marking." "Was that the case with all the passages?" "No, I marked some, because I *felt* them." He had found out, and written down, all those passages under the head, "Humble against pride," because he had felt pride to be one of his besetting sins. The hymns had been marked lately. He freely confessed that he had needed this affliction; he had become worldly, careless in reading the Word of God, and in prayer. He said, that he had felt much more of the love of God three or four years ago, at his first conversion, than of late. In answer to a question of my wife's, he said that he had been very happy during

the former affliction of the loss of his eye; and though his peace, through faith in the blood of Jesus, had never been shaken, he had been tempted to desire to have *Christ* and the *world* too, and thus lost much of his happiness and joy. Alas! how many older Christians desire the same, and not only grieve the Holy Spirit, but pierce themselves through with many sorrows! I enquired, if during his present affliction, it had been a great struggle to have his own will brought into subjection to the will of God, as it now was. He answered, "No; that from the first the Lord had enabled him to submit."

MARCH 12.—I proposed to Augustus to sit up with him last night, but he would not hear of it. "It would make him unhappy, as I was so tired, and needed rest;" our servant Eliza would take care of him;" so I went to bed. At five this morning, I entered his room; he received me with a countenance beaming with joy; he told me he was "*so happy*."

He said to Eliza, during the night, "Oh,

Eliza, I am *so happy*, I was *never* so happy before!" I asked him what made him so happy: he answered, "The thought of being *so soon* with Jesus in heaven."

When I lay down by his side, he said, "Papa, have you not a sovereign for me from dear Grandpapa? I have been thinking how I should like to divide it among the servants, for their great kindness to me." They indeed nursed him to the end with the greatest faithfulness and tenderness, for he was beloved by them all.

We received a letter from his uncle Edward telling us that he should leave London for W—— by the $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 o'clock train. "Oh then," he replied, with his usual brightness, "he will be here at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4. I wonder we have no Indian letters. Why are they so late? They ought to have come. *To-morrow* is dear Mama's birthday!" I heard a deep groan; I said, "What is the matter, dear Augustus?" Eliza whispered, "He is weeping." I went to his bedside, the tears were gone: it was the thought of his beloved

mother, whom he so tenderly loved, that had caused that groan.

On another occasion, when he was anxiously looking for letters from India, I observed that he had been weeping: he said to me "I have been thinking of *my own* dear papa and mamma. It is *wrong* for me to wish to see them again? I answered, "No, it was quite natural and right to desire to see again the parents who so tenderly loved him; though at the same time, he should seek to have his will about it, subject to the will of his Father in heaven." This was another striking instance of his earnest wish to have every desire brought into subjection to the will of God.

He told me, during the day, that he felt such agony in his bowels, that it was sometimes so great, he feared he should be convulsed. I sought to prepare him for still greater sufferings, by telling him, that it might be the will of God that he should suffer far more pain before he entered into rest; but that we would look to Jesus for

grace to enable him to endure all that God might lay upon him; and that the thought of his Saviour's sufferings would strengthen him under his own. He most sweetly acquiesced in what I said, and replied, "that he was willing to suffer pain, *if it was the will of God.*"

He also told me, that he should wish to have a text upon his tombstone; he had not yet fixed upon one, but would think of it. He reminded me of the inscription upon the tomb of Jane B., a lamb of God's flock, whom he had known at S—— and whose grave he had often visited, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "I believed and I rejoiced."

He asked Miss P., if she was going into the town: if she were, would she have the kindness to buy some blotting-paper for a writing-case which he wished to make up for Sarah K., who had so faithfully nursed him through his illness. He also asked her to buy with his poor-money some tea and butter for Samuel C., and Elizabeth D., two

of the Lord's poor children, who were sick. Calling me to his bed-side, he said, "Papa, I want to tell you what I wish to do with part of the other sovereign which I have; Samuel and Mary are very poor, I want to give them each five shillings of it." His heart seems to flow out with love and kindness to all around him.

His kind uncle came this afternoon. He read and prayed with Augustus, which much comforted him.

MARCH 13.—He passed a bad night, in much pain. I prayed with him that his faith and patience might not fail, but that he might still glorify God.

On asking in the morning if he had been happy, he said, "Yes, and he had been thinking how sorry he was for having given up eating dry bread, which he once did, and thus loosing his poor-money; for," he said, with his face beaming with joy, "I asked Miss P. to buy out of my poor-money, some butter and some tea, for C. and Elizabeth D., and they were so thankful for it. Elizabeth's

face brightened up, while she told Miss P. that she had been praying to the Lord to send her some help, and this was the very thing she wanted." I said, "You know then the meaning of that word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Yes Papa." "What led you to give up eating the dry bread?" "It was because I so liked to butter my own bread." This was a privilege allowed to our children, when they became thirteen years old. I said, "The Lord seems to be leading you to judge all your past ways, Augustus." "I think so, papa."

August had often, for weeks together, given up butter and sugar, entirely of his own accord, for the pleasure of bestowing an allowance they called "poor-money," made to any of the children who did so, upon the poor. His heart was always open to their need, and especially to that of the Lord's poor children. The Lord fulfilled to him the promise in the 41st Psalm, "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

I read to him two hymns, which had been sent me that morning, "Just as I am," and "The prodigal's return," which he much enjoyed. He tried to read them himself, but could not; the letters he said appeared to vanish from his eyes.

As my desire in this memoir is the comfort and blessing of other, I cannot forbear giving here a copy of these hymns. The first, "Just as I am," is the prodigal's language, when he accepts the gracious invitation, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." The second, "The prodigal's welcome," was written by a friend, on my suggesting that the manner of God's love in receiving us needed to be known, as well as our way of coming to him.

THE INVITATION ACCEPTED.

"HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME, I WILL IN NO WISE
CAST OUT."

John, vi. 37.

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

“ Just as I am—and Waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God I come !

“ Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict—many a doubt,
‘ Fightings within, and fears without,’
O Lamb of God, I come !

“ Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

“ Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

“ Just as I am—Thy love I own,
Has broken every barrier down.
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !”

THE PRODIGAL'S WELCOME.

"ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED,"

EPH. i. 6.

"The wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home.
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

"Through cloth'd with shame, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

"It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides me for a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

"Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

"Yea, in the fullness of His grace,
He put me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon his face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

" I cannot half his love express,
Yet, Lord ! with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

" It is *Thy* precious name I bear,
It is *Thy* spotless robe I wear,
Therefore the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God in Thee !

" And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God in Thee ! "

M. J. D.

One of his favourite hymns, which always made his face brighten, was that beautiful full hymn of Newton's, " How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Another favourite was, " A little while our Lord shall come," which was subsequently sung at his funeral.

MARCH 14.—Mr. B. an eminent surgeon, who had before attended him when he lost his eye, came from E——— to see Augustus, and

to meet his uncle. He thought there was amendment in some of the symptoms, and gave us a faint hope of his recovery. His uncle left us, having much comforted us by his christian kindness and prayer.

MARCH 15.—Our beloved friend, O'B., came to see Augustus: he is one of the oldest friends of his parents, and his visit was felt to be a special comfort in our affliction. We heard also from India, of the prospect of their early return to England. Augustus felt much at this intelligence; he did not expect to meet his beloved parents here. They would not arrive in time to see him on earth, but he could look forward with deep joy to meeting them in heaven.

MARCH 17.—The change of medicine has done much good. Augustus is better. Our dear friend O'B., left us. In reference to this visit, he wrote as follows, after the departure of Augustus to the Lord:—“Yes, that sweet smile he gave on Saturday night, when I mentioned the blood of Jesus, spoke more to my heart than many words could have

done. I have never forgotten it, have often mentioned it since to others, and am truly thankful that I was permitted to witness his calm state of mind, and the reality of what I have only heard by report through others."

From this time Augustus rallied for a season. My nervous system was so shaken, that I was obliged to leave home for change of air, and rest. His sight was so far restored that he could read his bible, and even write again. He was also able to keep a diary. On the 30th, he wrote the following letter to his dear parents, entirely by himself. None of us saw it, until we received a copy of it from his father, after his decease. It will shew how truly this dear boy was taught of the Holy Ghost, and what deep lessons he learned in his afflictions.

"W————, March 30, 1845.

"MY OWN BELOVED PARENTS,

"As it hath pleased the Lord in
"his *tender* love to have strengthened me both

“in my head and my poor body, I could not
“let another mail leave this country without
“sending you, if it were only but a few lines,
“not only for the joy it gives me, but, also
“because I know it will cheer your sorrowing
“hearts, to see your precious Boy’s writing
“again. We have all prayed much that our
“Heavenly Father would support you under
“this heavy trial. ‘His will be done.’ The
“Lord has some good purposes in it, dear
“papa and mama. When he sends affliction
“and chastisement, it is in the tenderest love;
“he will also give grace and strength to bear
“it. I have felt this very much: he has
“given me so much peace and joy in my pain.
“I desire *nothing else* but his Glory in me,
“(that whether I should depart and be with
“him, or be spared a little longer,) His name
“might be glorified in me *abundantly*. Yes
“dear parents, I have no desire to recover,
“excepting I serve (Him.) I do much dread
“that this poor vain world and the many
“things (in it) might again draw my youthful
“heart from following my precious Saviour.

“ If he sees fit to allow us to meet again on
“ this Earth, Oh ! it will indeed be joy ; but
“ if not, we shall meet in a better land ; there
“ we shall never shed one tear of grief or pain ;
“ and we shall see his face. REV. xxii. 3 & 4.
“ The Lord give us much resignation and sub-
“ mission to his holy will, and grace to leave
“ it patiently in his hands to order and to
“ plan. I can thank the Lord indeed for
“ this affliction. He has taught me how vain
“ the poor things of this world are ; how
“ unable to make one happy. He has taught
“ me of his love and my thorough vileness,
“ but the Lord never teaches us (our) utter
“ worthlessness in his sight, without teaching
“ us more of his love. My Bible and Hymn
“ Book are my daily companions ; but it is
“ only lately that I have been able to read
“ them myself, my eyes and my head have
“ been so giddy. Oh ! what a privilege to
“ have that precious Book to cheer us through
“ this world of sickness and sorrow ! So
“ many thanks, beloved papa and mama
“ for the one you sent me ; and I hope, if the

“ Lord still continues to strengthen me, soon
“ to be able to use it. The Lord has given
“ me many kind friends ; dear Mr. and Mrs.
“ Deck have indeed shewn unremitting kind-
“ ness ; and they and other friends have done
“ every thing to make me comfortable. Our
“ dear aunts have also sent me grapes, &c.
“ The Lord will reward them, for he has
“ promised so to do. MATT. x. 42. May the
“ Lord be with you, DEAR papa and mamma,
“ and plan and direct your steps. I must now
“ say, good bye. . I never thought of writing
“ such a long letter to you when I began.
“ My brothers and sisters join with me in the
“ most *affectionate* love to yourselves, Lizzy,
“ Syd, and Eddy. From

“ Your loving and affectionate Son,

“ AUGUSTUS J. CLARKE.”

“ I will never leave you or forsake you.”

[One of my children found yesterday a copy of that sweet little book, “The sympathy of Jesus,” in which Augustus wrote

in pencil, "A. CLARKE, FROM AUNT SARAH, April 1, 1845." He has underlined part of the following passage, which so strikingly describes his own case and experience.

"There cannot be any thing more instructive, nor any thing which more forcibly shews the power and reality of true religion than a child of God, deeply feeling his affliction, yet quieted and supported under the stroke of his Heavenly Father's Hand, saying with Eli, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' With Daniel, 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.'"]

March 22, 1847.

The improvement in dear Augustus's health was only for a short time. It gave us a momentary gleam of hope, which soon passed away. On the 7th of April he became worse again, and I returned home to meet Mr. B. from E——. His opinion was, that though there had been some improvement, the disease itself was gaining ground; but remedies could now be used, which his former weakness rendered impracticable. It is sweet to witness the patience of this beloved boy; the express-

tion of his countenance, so subdued and placid. He was greatly cheered by visits at this time from his aunts, whose kind and tender solicitude was a great comfort both to him and to ourselves. On the 15th, his appetite failed, constant nausea came on, his sufferings greatly increased, his mouth and tongue became exceedingly sore. All that he could fancy, was supplied by the kindness of his friends; but in vain. He fancied one thing to-day, and when provided, was unable to eat it the next. I again went on with my Journal, from which I make the following extracts.

APRIL 20.—About this time, Augustus asked Eliza for a looking-glass; on seeing his pale, sunken countenance, he said quite cheerfully, "I did not think I was so altered,—I look even now like a corpse." Death has lost its terror and its sting.

APRIL 24.—A hearse passed by the house. Augustus saw it, and said with the sweetest cheerfulness, "I suppose the next time it comes this way, it will be for me." And so it proved.

APRIL 25.—I carried him in my arms this morning into the nursery, where he remained during the day, while his room was thoroughly aired. He much enjoyed the change. Having lost his appetite, he daily gets weaker. When I began to read 1 Cor. xv. he smiled, saying, "I have been reading that chapter this morning myself." We spoke of the ruin which the first Adam had brought into the world by sin. "In Adam all die." Sin had brought corruption, dishonour, weakness, and mortality upon our natural bodies; and we rejoiced together in the victory of the second Adam, "the Lord from heaven;" and in the hope of that blessed day, when "death shall be swallowed up in victory." "In Christ all shall be made alive." "He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, PHIL. iii; when it shall be raised in incorruption, in glory, in power, a spiritual and heavenly body, fit for the mansions in the Father's house, which Jesus is gone before us to prepare.

After reading, I said, "Dear Augustus,

have you any regrets, when you look *forward*? He replied, "What do you mean, Papa?" "Do you regret being taken away so young?" He answered, "No," with a sweet smile. "But do you not regret leaving all who love you so dearly?" He smiled again, but answered nothing, till I said, "You think *Jesus* better than us all." "Yes, dear Papa." "And do you regret anything, when you look back upon the past?" The question touched his conscience. His pale face became flushed with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears; he could not speak,—he could scarce restrain himself. I added, "I know what you regret. Is it not that which the blood of *Jesus* has blotted out?" "Yes, Papa." I told him, that God remembered not his sins and iniquities against him any more; and that he must only remember them to be humbled with praise and thanksgiving before him, "who had blotted out his transgressions for his own sake, and would not remember his sins."

It is a source of special thankfulness to

see his deep sense of the evil of past sin, and yet unshaken confidence and peace through the blood of Jesus.

When Sarah K. was washing him this morning, he said to her, "Sarah, I have had such a cheer! Papa told me last night, when he prayed for me, that it would not be long before I should be with Jesus." She asked him if that would make him happy; he said, "Yes," with a look full of joy.

APRIL 27.—Sarah K., speaking to him of the children, said, "I shall have an odd number when you are gone." He replied, "Yes, Sarah: one of your cares will be in heaven." At night, when she was putting him into bed, he said to her with a sweet smile, "It will only be *a little while*, Sarah."

APRIL 28.—To-day, when sitting up in bed, with his head on Sarah's shoulder, he said he should like something, but he thought he had better not say what; but after a little while, he told her that he should like to be with Jesus *to-morrow*; he knew it would be

soon. On her saying, "It is hard to part with those we love," he replied, "Yes, and with those we leave behind."

Mr.C. of B——, a faithful minister of Christ, saw him, and prayed with him this morning, as for one of the precious lambs of Christ's flock—rejoicing greatly in the great things the Lord had done for his soul. One of his dear aunts also saw him.

APRIL 29.—Augustus still gets weaker, his appetite quite gone, much pain and constant sickness, but so patient and happy. Mr. C. sent him this text, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

APRIL 30.—He told me that he had passed a very happy night, thinking of the sweet text Mr. C. sent him. Miss K. also saw him. We read with him the 10th chapter of John. We dwelt on the character of the good shepherd; his care over the sheep the Father gave him; his love in laying down his life for their sakes; the security of his sheep, "They shall never perish," none can pluck them,

either out of his own hand, or his Father's. He greatly enjoyed it. When I expressed a fear lest he should be tired, he asked me to go on. I left Miss K. with him; she had lately lost a beloved sister of her own, and spoke to Augustus of her illness and happy death. She repeated to him a hymn, which had been a favourite of her sister's, on her dying-bed. He very much enjoyed it, and requested her to give him a copy, which I insert, as it is not generally known.

“ How do thy mercies close me round,
For ever be thy name adored !
I blush in all things to abound,
‘ The servant is above his Lord.’

“ Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

“ But lo ! a place he hath prepared,
For me, whom watchful angels keep ;
Yes, he himself becomes my guard,
He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.

“ Jesus protects ! My fears, begone !
What can the rock of ages move ?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

“ Whilst thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who can violate my rest ?
Sin earth, and hell, I can defy—
I lean upon my Saviour’s breast.

“ I rest beneath the Almighty’s shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou Lord on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep my soul in perfect peace.

“ Me for thine own thou lov’st to take,
For time and for eternity ;
Thou never, never wilt forsake,
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.”

He told Miss K. that the happiest time of his life was since he had been lying on his bed of sickness.

MAY 1.—Augustus is very happy, and very patient, but is suffering great pain and weakness ; his poor body is reduced almost to a skeleton.

In the evening, when I entered his room, I was much struck by the rapid change which had taken place in him ; his voice was thick, and his hearing affected. After a while his hearing returned, and I repeated to him that sweet hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," which he evidently much enjoyed ; he repeated it after me. After the usual fomentations, I carried him in my arms, for the last time, to his bed. He would not suffer me to sit up with him ; and as he had rallied a little, I left him, desiring Sarah to call me if any change took place.

MAY 2.—When I entered his room, I learnt that he had passed a restless night ; he had been very sick, and felt very weak. He told me that he had been very happy ; he had peace through the blood of Jesus. He looked so very weak, that I felt he could not be here many hours, and I exclaimed with my heart full of anguish, "Dear child !" He looked at me most affectionately, and with one of his beautiful smiles, he stretched out his arms towards me, and said with touching

tenderness, "Precious Papa!" I can never forget those words, or that look of love and peace. I knelt down by his bed-side, and read JOHN, v. 24, 25, out of the bible sent him by his dear papa from India, which was nearly always on his pillow; and then JOHN, vi. 37—47. I paused at the 38th verse; he smiled most sweetly, and said something; but his voice was thick, and I could not understand him, until he had repeated twice, "How sweet are the words of Jesus papa!"

After reading that precious promise, twice repeated in the 38th and 39th verses, "I will raise him up at the last day," I asked him if he had fixed upon any suitable text for his tombstone; he replied, "Nothing particular, papa." I then read REV. vii., and said, "I will stop now, for you are tired:" he replied, "Please go on, papa." I began to read, REV. xxi., that glorious description of the new heavens and new earth, when God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of his people, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any

more pain,—when the bell rang to summon the family to worship. He then said, “Papa, this is my text, ‘Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price,’—no—not that exactly,—but a text something like that in the first chapter of Peter.” His weakness had evidently impaired his remarkably clear and retentive memory. I repeated, “Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, but with *the precious blood of Christ*, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot.” He smiled, and said, “That is it, papa.”

Seeing how near the hour of his departure evidently was, I desired that as a family we might all for the last time meet together on earth before the throne of grace; and that he might bear testimony to those so dear to him, of the peace which God had given him through the finished work and righteousness of Christ. We had often cried to the Lord that Augustus might be enabled, before he fell asleep, to bear such testimony to his

young companions, as might be sealed upon their hearts and consciences in after years. I therefore proposed to him to meet in his room for worship; he gladly consented to it, and we all assembled round his dying-bed. I then asked him, in the presence of them all, "Dear Augustus, will you tell us if you are happy?" He answered, "Happy, quite happy." "What makes you happy? is it Jesus?" He replied, with the deepest emphasis, "Papa, *Jesus is ALL my peace.*" "Is there any thing you would desire for your brother and sisters, and for these other dear children?" "Yes, that they may *all* come to Jesus." "Is there nothing else you desire for them? Would you not wish them! not only to be saved by Jesus, but also to follow him?" At this question, which touched his heart and conscience, his pale, emaciated face became red with emotion; his eyes filled with tears, as he solemnly lifted up his hand and answered, "*Yes, that they may follow Jesus,*"—and he added, with the deepest emphasis, "*more than I have done.*"

Again our hearts rejoiced to see the union of deep self judgment with the firmest rest and peace in believing. "Have you any message you desire to send to your beloved parents?" "Tell them I am quite happy—I am going to Jesus, Jesus is *all* my peace!"

We then knelt down together, and commended him, in body, soul, and spirit, to the care of our faithful God and Father. We praised him for his rich and abounding grace to his dear suffering child; and besought him to fill his soul with peace and joy, when passing through the last struggle, and that the words he had uttered might be graven by his Spirit on all our hearts. He then tenderly kissed each of us, and we went down to breakfast.

About 11 o'clock, Augustus felt a difficulty of breathing coming on; he turned to Sarah K. and said, "Dear Sarah, I thank you for all your kindness and love to me." The difficulty of breathing appearing to increase, I sent for his sister Lucy, that she might be with him to the end; it was only then

that she seemed to realize that her dear brother was really going to be taken from her. He said to me, "Oh, papa, I can't breathe." I replied, "It is only a little while," and wiped the cold dewdrops of death from his pale forehead. He was quite sensible and happy, his face beaming with peace and love. As he seemed so ready to depart, we again assembled all the family in his chamber; he took leave of each most tenderly. The love of God filled his heart with love to all around him, he called for Mr. D., his kind teacher, and put his arms round his neck and kissed him; he did this to each of us, kissing us with all his heart, making quite an effort to give to each of us a full, last, parting kiss. He was exhausted by the effort, and I offered him a little brandy and water; he smiled, most sweetly, and said, as one that *longed* to be with Jesus, "Oh, papa, don't stop me!" He took some, which revived him for a little. Two or three times he put his arms most lovingly round my neck, and kissed me, saying, "Oh, papa, it is hard to part, but

I am going to Jesus ! It is so hard to part, with you, papa !”

At one time the expression of his countenance was quite heavenly ; it beamed with happiness and joy. His eyes looked upwards ; he lifted up his hands, and pointed them towards heaven, as if, like Stephen of old, he saw it opened, and Jesus standing ready to receive his departing spirit, while he said “ *Come, come, come, Lord Jesus !*” We had never seen him look so lovely before ; it was indeed a triumph of the grace of God, the fruit of His victory, who through death had destroyed him that had the power of death, even the devil. We rejoiced and wept, and wept and rejoiced together. The Prince of Life was with us in the valley of the shadow of death ; his rod and his staff comforted us ; and our souls could understand the meaning of that word, which not only says, “ *Death* cannot separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord ;” but even puts it among our possessions,—“All things are yours, whether life or *death* ; all things

are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

In the midst of all his joy, and longing to depart, his subjection to the will of God was as marked as throughout his illness. I give one striking instance of it. The usual time for the visit of his medical attendant had nearly come, and he was asked, "Would you not like to see him?" He answered, "No, I should like to be with Jesus;" he paused a moment, he felt that this was impatience, and correcting himself, he added, with much emphasis, "*If it be the will of God,* OF COURSE."

We could not always understand what he said, for at times his voice was so thick and indistinct; but the expression of his face was beautiful to the end. His sister Lucy wept bitterly at seeing her precious brother sink so rapidly. I called her to him, and said, "You would not have your sister weep for you, but rejoice?" He nodded his head, and smiled sweetly, and putting his arms round her neck, kissed her fondly.

His kind medical attendant came in about this time; he gave him some brandy and water, which a little revived him; but convulsions came on, and his voice grew more indistinct. We had been warned that this would most probably take place before the struggle terminated; and Mr. B. desired my dear wife, on account of her near approaching confinement, not to remain in the apartment. I knew that God was a prayer-hearing God, and that with him all things were possible; I therefore cried earnestly to him, that if it were for his glory, he would graciously spare us this sorrow, and permit the dear sufferer to depart to him in peace. The Lord, who is very pitiful, and of tender mercy, at once heard my cry; the convulsions ceased from that time, and my dear wife was permitted the great comfort and privilege of being with him to the last. We continued to repeat to him, as he was able to bear it, suitable portions of the word of God, and hymns. The two last hymns to which he listened with evident delight, were, "Why do you

weep? I am falling asleep," (pp. 51, 52.) and the following, which I had written a few days before on "The atoning blood of Jesus," that blood, which was indeed the source of "all his peace."

"When first o'erwhelmed with guilt and shame,
To Jesus' Cross I trembling came ;
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by Love, I ventured near ;
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich, *atoning blood*."

"My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
I shun God's presence now no more ;
He sits upon a throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek his face :
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich, *atoning blood*."

"Before His face my Priest appears ;
My Advocate the Father hears ;
That precious blood, before his eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries ;
It speaks, it *ever* speaks to God,
The voice of that *atoning blood*."

“ By faith that voice I also hear ;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
Th’ accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of HIM whose name is Love ;
Each charge against the sons of God,
Is silenced by th’ *atoning blood*.

“ Here I can rest without a fear,
By this to God I now draw near ;
By this I triumph over sin ;
For this has made and keeps me clean ;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I’ll praise that rich, *atoning blood*.

He smiled sweetly, when the blessed words of our Lord were repeated to him, “ Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am ; and again, “ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours.”

The last words he uttered were, “ Yes—Pa’—Pa’ ”—in answer to the question, if he knew me.

For about two hours he was insensible ; no spasms, no suffering ; a little difficulty in breathing once or twice ; the respiration

became slower; at last a slight spasm in the throat; he ceased to breathe. "He was *absent* from the body, *present* with the Lord." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

We knelt around his bed; many were our tears, but we gave unfeigned, heartfelt thanksgivings and praise to him who had dealt so tenderly and graciously with the object of our love. We sorrowed indeed, for we felt our loss, but not as those without hope. We knew that to him "death was gain;" and we could look forward with still livelier joy to that blessed day, when "those that sleep in Jesus our God shall bring with him."

Our prayers, the prayers of his beloved parents, of his friends, and many of God's children, who had continually remembered him before the throne of grace, had indeed been answered. Death had been swallowed up in victory. Dying to Augustus, had only been going home. The Lord had opened the lips of this young saint, to bear testimony to his grace, in words which I trust will

never be forgotten by any of those who heard them, much less by his brother and sisters, and the companions of his youth.—“*Jesus is all my peace*”—“*May they all come to Jesus, and follow him more than I have done.*”

Augustus was not permitted to spend a long life in the service of God; he was early taken from the evil to come; but the grace of God was greatly magnified in his sickness and death. His patience in suffering, his un murmuring submission to the will of God, his humiliation under the sense of his past failure and sin, and the unshaken confidence of his soul in the finished work of Jesus, were a spectacle to angels, in which they learnt the mighty power of that grace, which not only subdues the evil workings of the flesh, but brings forth such rich fruit to the praise and glory of God.

How does such a death-bed scene proclaim the glory of the cross! What but the knowledge of the precious blood of Christ could give such peace to the awakened conscience! It is true that we may often see sinners leave

this world without terror and alarm, who have never felt its cleansing power; but this is only the fulfilment of that word of scripture, "The wicked have no hands in their death, but their strength is firm." The serpent, who said to our first parents when he tempted them to sin, "Ye shall not surely die," can whisper "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," (EZEK. xiii. 10.) to the self-righteous and the ignorant; and his ministers, transformed as the ministers of righteousness, "Who speak a vision of their own heart, and not of the mouth of the Lord," can utter lies in his name, and say, "No evil shall come unto you,"—and the poor, deluded sinner, ignorant of himself, and ignorant of God, may die in in a false peace—a peace, it may be, undisturbed,—until the worm that dieth not, and the fire that never can be quenched, teach him the terrible realities of unpardoned sin, and the wrath of the Holy Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty. But such was not the peace that cheered the death-bed of Augustus. He was not self-righteous,

he was not self-ignorant, neither did he rest on outward forms and ordinances, or the doctrines and traditions of men. He knew that he was in himself a poor, guilty, lost sinner; but "being justified by faith, he had *peace* with God through the Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. v. i. When a child,* his soul had been awakened by the terrors of a guilty

*A Christian friend writes :—

"I think it is about seven years since I knew dear Augustus intimately. I saw him many times subsequently and had frequent opportunities of observing the happy developement of his character. The recollection of him is always pleasant to me. Being of a kind and affectionate disposition, he could not fail to win the love of those who knew him. I believe he was long the subject of anxious concern about his soul. Being placed with those whose great desire was "to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," he was early taught his state as a guilty sinner before God, and his need of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood alone can cleanse from all sin. I remember several times, when speaking to him of the love of God in sending his beloved Son to die for sinners, and the willingness of Jesus to receive all who would go to him, he has wept on my shoulder. Once especially he was deeply affected, and exclaimed, "Oh, Miss——, but I am so vile! I am such a horrid sinner! It seems impossible that God can have mercy upon me."

conscience and he had trembled at the thought of death *then*, though it was nothing but joy to him *now*. This was the secret of his unshaken confidence, "*Jesus was ALL his peace*. The presence of his shepherd was with him; the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost; and his soul was filled with joy and peace in believing, At that very hour when heart and flesh fail, he found that "God was the strength of his heart," even as he now knows him as "his portion for ever."

Dear Reader, does not your heart say, as you contemplate the bed of sickness, and the dying hours of Augustus, "Let my last end be like his?" Though dead, does not his voice yet speak to your heart, "Jesus is all my peace." Come then to the Saviour; you can never find true peace to your soul elsewhere. Turn from the lying vanities of this death-stricken and sin-polluted world, to him who has promised, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Under the shelter of his cross you will find rest

for your weary soul; and when the sword of judgment passes through this guilty world, you will find peace and salvation; for God has promised, "When I see *the blood*, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." Ex. xii. 13. Then

"Jesus will be all *your* peace."

THE FUNERAL.

It is a solemn thing, under any circumstances, to have death in our dwelling. It was the first time it had ever entered ours; and though, by the grace of God, we could think of the one departed from us, as safe with Jesus, the poor frail tabernacle, which he had left for us "to bury out of our sight," reminded us, that "by one man sin had entered into the world, and death by sin."

His departure also made a painful blank in our midst. Though he had now been long withdrawn from the family circle, and confined to his bedroom, he was still the beloved centre of many anxious hearts, both near and afar off. The first inquiry in the morning

was for him ; his name was the one most frequently mentioned in our prayers, in our closets, and at the family altar ; affectionate relatives were continually sending him delicacies, to provoke his failing appetite, as well as making anxious enquiries after his health ; hoping against hope that he might yet be spared to his beloved parents and to them : and there were numberless ministries of love, which our hearts delighted to render to him in the sick chamber ; all these were now over, and for ever ! he needed them no more ; he was beyond them all. Prayer itself was now needless for him, for grace had accomplished all its work down here, and only *praise* was left ; and it is indeed a blessed thought, that soon it will be so with all the redeemed ones for ever,—“Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be *still praising thee.*”

At first it was hard to realize that he was gone. It was difficult to feel that the watchful eye was no longer needed for him by night or by day ; and that he would no more

be expecting us to sit with him, or to read to him the Word of life, which had been so full of comfort to his soul. There was the same noiseless tread, as we passed along the passage by his room ; and the same watchfulness against every sound, as if we feared to wake him from his slumbers. If for a moment the dear children, in the buoyancy of their youthful hearts, forgot that the one they loved was taken from them, the solemn reality that his body was now lying cold and lifeless in the house, impressed on them that important lesson, "Lord, teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

We had now to make preparations for the burial, and we desired that it might be done in a manner well-pleasing to God. If the great principle which should govern all a believer's ways, is, "Whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," how blessedly it applies to the burial of one who belongs to him. Not only the spirits, but the bodies of the saints are

his: for it is written, "Know ye not that your *bodies are the members of Christ?*" and again, "Know ye not that your *body* is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God; and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your *bodies* and spirits, which are God's." This makes the body of a Christian such a holy thing in life; he should use it only for the glory of God; and when dead it is still the Lord's. I had pointed this out to Augustus on reading JOHN, vi. with him; not only does the Lord say twice, "I will raise *him* up at the last day," (v. 40. 44.) but he lays a remarkable stress, in the 36th verse, on the resurrection of the *body*, by declaring. "This is the Father's will, which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose *nothing*, but should raise *it* up again at the last day:" and we had rejoiced together in the blessed hope, that when the Saviour came, he would "change his vile body, and make it like unto his glorious body, according to the working

whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." PHIL. iii. 21.

We desired therefore to inter his body in the remembrance that it belonged to Jesus, and that he would raise it up by his own power, at his appearing. We felt we could not imitate the world in all its

"Solemn pomp and mockery of woe ;"

and sought, therefore that every thing should be done with Christian simplicity ; and that Augustus should be carried, as he had himself desired, "to his burial by devout men," as Stephen was, the saint who first fell asleep after the death and resurrection of Jesus from the dead. In this we were most tenderly and kindly assisted by those friends who had so often ministered to the comfort of the dear departed one, when alive.

MAY 3.—Thy earthly tabernacle of dear Augustus was put into the shell ; he looked so sweetly. The beloved children, most of whom had never seen death before, assembled to look at their departed brother and friend.

There was nothing to terrify them. Though his face was so sunken and emaciated, his lips had the colour of health, and the features retained the same sweet and peaceful smile with which he departed. We could almost fancy that he breathed; and we spoke in whispers, as if afraid to wake him from his peaceful slumber.

MAY 8.—We assembled with our children to take a last look at dear Augustus,—yet not a *last* look, for we shall see him again; but in what different circumstances! His vile body made like the glorious body of his risen Saviour. We knelt around his remains, which had scarcely altered, and we prayed to the God of all grace, that his dying words might be graven on our hearts, and that *all* might come to Jesus and follow him. The shell was then screwed down, and afterwards the coffin. The undertaker was a man who had feared the Lord from his youth; he much interested us by saying, that this was the fourth coffin he had made from the same oak, and that all four had been made for believers

in the Lord Jesus. It is indeed blessed to have the children of God around us at all times, but especially in such scenes as these. Augustus was born of believing parents; believers had cared for him in life, nursed him in sickness; they did every thing for him in death, and at last carried him to his burial. We then removed the coffin down into the sitting-room, which we prepared for worship against the morrow, that we might have as little as possible to interrupt the quiet solemnity of the day.

I never realized so fully before, as when gazing on the body of dear Augustus, the fulness and the power of many of the passages of the word of God, which speak of Christ's death, a victory over death and the grave. What a solemn and wondrous thought, that the Lord of life and glory should himself be numbered among the dead! What a sight for angels to look upon! What a spectacle to Satan! Death had had many victims before; but now he appeared to triumph, for a little while, over the only righteous one,

over him who was "the Resurrection and the Life." How solemnly did God teach us, when his sword awoke and smote his shepherd, the man that was his fellow, that "the wages of sin is death!" "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission." But how brightly do the rays of divine love illuminate even the portals of the tomb! How has God commended his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us! and if we look at death, Christ has died. And the very dust of death awakens in our hearts the remembrance of the riches of the grace, and the depths of the love of God, for Christ has descended there.

HYMN.—(JOHN, xi.)

"Thou hast *stood* here, Lord Jesus,
Beside the still cold grave,
And proved thy deep compassion,
And mighty power to save ;

Thy tears of tender pity,
Thine agoing groan,
Teach how for us thou feelest,
Now seated on the throne.

“Thou hast *lain* here, Lord Jesus,
Thy self the victim then,
The Lord of life and glory,
Once slain for wretched men ;
From sin and condemnation,
When none but thou couldst save,
Thy love than *death* was stronger,
And deeper than the *grave*.

“Thou *hast* been here, Lord Jesus,
But thou art here no more ;
The terror and the darkness,
The night of death, are o'er ;
Great Captain of Salvation,
Thy triumphs now we sing :
‘ O Grave, where is thy victory ;
‘ O Death, where is thy sting ;

“ We wait for thine appearing,
We weep, but we rejoice ;
In all our depths of sorrow,
We still can hear thy voice ;

'I am the resurrection,
' I live who once was slain ;
' Fear not, thy friend and brother,
' Shall rise with me to reign.'

MAY 9.—We met at 8 A. M. for family worship. After singing "Great Captain of Salvation," (Hymn ci.) Mr. R., a beloved brother in the Lord, spoke from JOHN, xi. on the sympathy of Jesus, with his people, and contrasted his resurrection with that of Lazarus. The one rose with his grave-clothes on, to die again ; the other, as the spoiler of death and the grave, and the first fruits of them that slept, to die no more. Several brethren in the Lord breakfasted with us ; after which we sang hymn 71.—"Oh what a bright and blessed world," and Mr. R. expounded the latter part of 1 COR. xv., and prayed with great fervency for the absent parents and friends of the departed one, for our beloved children, and that this solemn occasion might be a time of blessing to those who knew not Jesus as the resurrection and life of their souls.

At half past ten, the body was carried by six "devout men" to the hearse, and we followed it to the grave. Many beloved brethren, from distant places joined us on the road, drawn by christian sympathy and love, to have fellowship with us in committing to the Lord's keeping, until "the resurrection of the just," the body of his precious child. Among them were our brethren, O'B. and Major B., two of the oldest friends of the beloved parents. We spoke by the way, of him "who was dead and is alive for evermore," and of the happiness of the departed one, who was now absent from that poor corruptible body, and present with the Lord.

The coffin was placed upon a table in the middle of the chapel, round which the members of our family sat together. Many of the Lord's children were also present, and many young persons.

The service began by our brother, Mr. R., seeking a blessing on the solemn yet happy occasion. We then sang the following hymn,

which carried our thoughts before the throne where Augustus was singing with unhindered joy, "Thou, Thou art worthy, Thou alone!" and though in the midst of sorrow and weakness, we had fellowship with him in his unutterable joy.

"The countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesu's name;
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.

"Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The happy song in that blest place,
Is—"Thou art worthy! Thou alone!"

"With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout with transports of delight,
Heaven's ceaseless, universal psalm.

"Salvation's glory all be paid,
To him who sits upon the throne;
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,
Thou! Thou art worthy! Thou alone!

“ ‘ For thou wast slain, and in thy blood,
 ‘ These robes were washed so spotless pure ;
 ‘ Thou mad’st us kings and priests to God,
 ‘ For ever let thy praise endure.’ ”

“ While thus the ransom’d myriads shout,
 ‘ Amen,’ the holy angels cry ;
Amen, Amen, resounds throughout
 The boundless regions of the sky.

“ Let us with joy adopt the strain,
 We hope to sing for ever there ;
 ‘ Worthy’s the Lamb for sinners slain,
 ‘ Worthy alone the crown to wear ! ’ ”

“ Without one thought that’s good to plead,
 Oh, what could shield us from despair,
 But this, though we are vile indeed,
 The Lord our righteousness is there ? ”

Our brother, Mr. J. N. D., then read 1 THESS. ii., and spoke with an unction and a power which lifted our hearts above the circumstances of sorrow which surrounded us, and carried us onward to the day, when “ God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.” The point on which he specially

dwelt, was, "That while sin and death had entered into this world, and must sever every natural tie, however blessed originally, however true and proper in its place, *grace* had formed new ties, new affections, new relationships, which death could not touch; because they had their source in that *new* life, which God has given to us in Christ, and flowed from him who is beyond death.

"Paul had come to Thessalonica a perfect stranger to those whom he now addresses; he had not 'known them after the flesh.' He preached the Gospel to them; they received his testimony and were born of God. New affections at once existed between them, new ties which death could not sever. How beautifully we see the exercise of them developed here. Before their conversion, 'he was willing to have imparted unto them not only the Gospel, but also his own soul, because they were dear to him.' (ver. 8.) When they were in the weakness of new-born babes, he was 'gentle among them, as a *nurse* cherisheth her children,' (ver. 7.;)

after that he had 'exhorted them, and charged every one of them, as a *Father* doth his children, (for he had begotten them in the Gospel,) to walk worthy of God, who had called them to his kingdom and glory.' (ver. 11, 12.)

"Circumstances, such as bodily separation, the power of Satan, death itself, may hinder the full enjoyment of these divine affections, but they cannot destroy them. Such was the case here; Paul was taken from them in presence, but not in *heart*; 'he had endeavoured to see them once and again, but Satan hindered him;' but these very circumstances only caused him to look beyond this scene to that day, when these new affections will have all their full blessedness. 'What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus at his coming? For ye are our glory and our joy.' (ver. 19, 20.)

"It was thus with our beloved young brother. All that was merely natural in relationship between him and us was gone;

death was the end of all that. But death could not touch one spiritual tie or affection. So far from that, it only removed the hindrances to the fullest enjoyment of them; for it destroyed the energy of the flesh and natural will which is wholly opposed to the life of God. Another step was gained; a painful and a humbling one, it was true, but a needful one. Death had removed the flesh with all its workings. There was nothing on his part to hinder now.

“More even than that. The very body lying here was one step nearer to glory. That very body would become, by and by, the more efficient servant of those new affections, which it had hitherto been able so feebly to express. These new, divine feelings and affections were now ripening in their native clime above; and this body was preparing to give them, in their maturity, an unhindered development, ‘in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming.’

“The coming of that day is the spring and power of our hope; for it will be the

consummation of every thing which even these renewed affections can desire, whether it be as in this case, the Father in Christ's affection for his children, or the brotherly affection which unites all the members of the family of God.

“ In the meantime, there is ‘ the *patience* of hope.’ It is an unworthy object for which we cannot bear to wait. What is that love worth, which cannot bear a trial? The present ability to bear separation, ‘ taken from you in presence, not in heart,’ proves its reality and power. How blessed then amidst all these circumstances of sin and sorrow to have these new joys and affections, which death itself cannot touch; the full maturity of which will be known ‘ in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming.’ ”

We then sang the following hymn, which had been a great favourite of dear Augustus's, and we rejoiced that it was only “ a little while,” and Jesus would return, and we should be with him for ever.

“ ‘ A little while,’ our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more ;
He’ll take us to our Father’s home,
Where he for us has gone before ;
To dwell with him, to see his face,
And sing the glories of his grace.

“ ‘ A little while,’ he’ll come again,—
Let us the precious hours redeem ;
Our only grief to give him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow him ;
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

“ ‘ A little while,’ ’t will soon be past ;
Why should we shun the shame and cross ?
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for him all else but loss.
O how will recompense his smile
The sufferings of this ‘ little while ! ’ ”

“ ‘ A little while,’ come, Saviour, come !
For thee thy bride has tarried long ;
Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new, eternal song ;
To see thy glory, and to be
In every thing conformed to thee !

Mr. D. gave thanks to the Lord for his grace to our young departed brother, and we moved to the grave.

After we had stood round it for some minutes, in solemn silence, a brother in the Lord read 1 Cor. xv. 35, to the end; and our beloved friend, O'B., bore testimony to the value of the blood of Jesus, and declared the joy he had felt, when he last saw Augustus, in witnessing the heavenly smile which the mention of that precious blood produced. (p. 67.) He then, with the deepest fervour, prayed for his beloved parents, the children, and ourselves; and gave thanksgiving and praise for him who had fallen asleep in Jesus.

The body was then lowered into its quiet resting-place, to wait for the morning of the resurrection. I read the following hymn, and we sang the two last verses.

“ Great Captain of Salvation,
We bless thy glorious name
Of death and hell the victor,
With all their power and shame ;

Weak, helpless, poor, and trembling,
As in ourselves we stand,
We triumph more than conqu'rors,
Through thine Almighty hand.

“ Our brother's fight is over ;
His youthful race is run ;
'T was by thy grace and power,
The prize of life he won ;
He now is sweetly sleeping,
His Spirit rests with thee ;
And though thy saints are weeping,
Our song is ' Victory !'

“ Soon thou wilt come in glory,
With all thy Church to shine ;
Our bodies raised in honour,
And beauty, Lord, like thine :
Then, then we'll shout still louder
The song which now we sing ?
'O Grave, where is thy victory ?
'O Death, where is thy sting ?

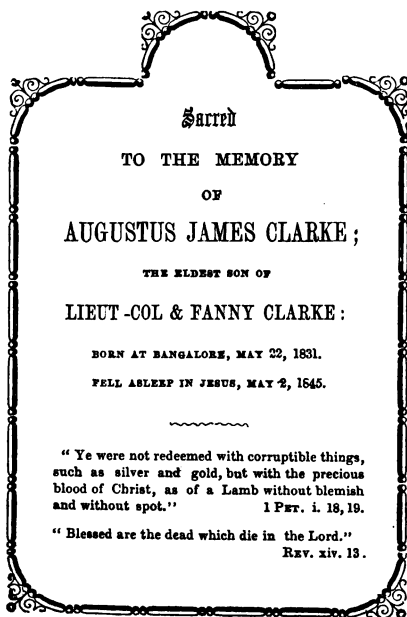
“ O Son of God, we thank thee,
We bless thy holy name ;
Thy love once made thee willing
To bear our sin and shame ;

And now thy love is waiting
Thy Church like thee to raise ;
First-born of many brethren,
Thine, thine be all the praise !”

A slight shower fell while we were singing, but the clouds soon dispersed, and the sun again burst forth, and shone brightly upon us. It reminded us of the day when “the Sun of Righteousness” shall come ; when “He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds ; as the tender grass, springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain,” 2 SAM. xxiii. 3, 4., when those “that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.” Mr. R. concluded the service with thanksgiving and prayer. We gathered close round the grave, to take a last, lingering look of him we loved, and then returned home. Several brethren accompanied us ; we dined together, and then dispersed. The love of Christ had brought us for a little season together, round the grave of one whom Jesus loved ; and then we separated “in presence, not in heart,” desiring to occupy “the little

while," till He come again in works of faith and labours of love.

A weeping willow has been planted over his tomb, by a young friend who loved him, and the following inscription marks where he lies.



And now, dear Reader, what are the lessons we learn at this early grave? Does it not cry, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass?"

Are you a Parent—a believing Parent? For what are you bringing up your children? for this world, or for eternity? O remember, that all which is naturally lovely and intelligent in our children, must soon wither in the grasp of the hand of death.

Have you brought your children to Jesus; Have they faith in his precious blood? Are they safe in the ark from the coming wrath?

If not, let me beseech you to read to them the dying experience of this youth, cut off as a flower of the field, before he was fourteen years old! Tell them what he thought of this poor delusive world on his dying-bed; and what he found Jesus to be to his soul. "Jesus was all his peace." Tell them of his desire for all around him, that "they might come to Jesus, and follow him."

Would not the Israelite, whose child was bitten by a fiery serpent, have been its mur-

derer, if he had not hastened with it to the brazen serpent, lifted up upon the pole, and bid it look and live?

And are not your children *sinner*s? They may appear outwardly fair and lovely in your eyes; but the deadly poison of sin infects their bodies and their souls: and will you not be the soul-murderer of your children, and guilty of their blood, if you do not warn them of the wrath to come, and set before them *Jesus crucified*? O then, tell them of the Cross; of the love of God in giving his Son to die for sinners; and tell them of the Saviour's love,—his willingness and power to save. What but his blood can deliver them from hell, or fit them for the joy, the glory, and the holiness of heaven?

Above all, cry to Jesus for your children. Cry, as she cried for her daughter, to whom he said, "O woman, great is thy faith!" **MATT. xv.** Such a cry is louder in the ears of Jesus than all the songs of heaven. He will say to thee, "Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt."

What rich encouragement has Jesus given us to bring our little ones to him. We hear him say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and we see him take them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and bless them. Mark, their coming was not of themselves; they were *brought to Jesus*. "He is the same yesterday, *to day*, and for ever." He did not cast out those little ones; he will not cast out *ours*, if we bring them to him. The birth of each dear child would indeed be agony to a parent's heart, who was alive to its state by nature, and the evils and temptations of this sinful world, if he could not see Jesus thus presented to us, with his arms wide opened to receive them, his hands stretched out to bless them, and hear his voice of tender, gracious love, saying, "Suffer them to come unto me." And O, what a hiding place, what a refuge, what an ark of safety for our children, in his arms, near his heart, and under his blessing! There let us take our little ones; and if

our faith be weak, still let us come as the father of the poor child that was possessed with the devil, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." MARK ix. 24.

But if, by the grace of God, you believe that your children are saved, let me, though conscious of my own personal failure, ask you, what are you seeking for them? Is it that they may really *follow* Jesus? Are you outside the camp yourself? and are you bringing up your children there? Are not converted children often early taken away because even converted parents so little seek for themselves and for their offspring, "*First* the kingdom of God and his righteousness?" It was not, I judge, because Lot himself loved Sodom, (for his righteous soul was daily vexed there,) that he gave up his stranger, pilgrim walk of faith, to dwell in its polluted walls. Did he not go there from misjudged, carnal, natural affection for his children? There they were brought up, there they married, and, though he himself was saved, there they perished! Oh, if that

word, "Remember Lot's wife," is a warning to professors: Remember Lot's children, should be a warning to parents! May the Lord give us grace to tread in the steps of Abraham, of whom God could testify, "I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." GEN. xviii. 19.

Surely, it is no light responsibility to have the training of a child, bought with the blood of Jesus. Well may believing parents ask of the Lord, as Manoah did, "How shall we order the child, and what shall we do for him?" JUDGES, xiii. 12.

Should any unconverted person, young or old, read this memoir, let me affectionately beseech him to remember, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment." And how can you meet death or judgment, if you are in your sins, out of Christ, and a neglecter of this great salvation? O believe the Gospel of the grace of God! The God you have sinned against has given his Son to die for sinners, and

he beseeches you to be reconciled to himself,
Your sins which made you fit for hell, make
you also fit for Jesus crucified ; believe in
his precious blood, and that blood will make
you fit for the presence and glory of God
in heaven.

THE END.

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