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MEMOIR OF W. G. RHIND.

Faithful unto Death.

A MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM GRÆME RHIND, R.N.,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, MARCH 17, 1863.



LONDON:
WILLIAM YAPP, 70, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE. W.

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P R E F A C E .

A DESIRE having been expressed, by some who loved and esteemed the late CAPTAIN RHIND, to possess themselves of a brief outline of his earthly career, the writer, though quite aware that it will not bear criticism, ventures to put forth this little memoir. Being one who for many years has known the deceased most intimately, he can at least vouch for the correctness of the statements contained in it; and as in the conversion, the sanctification, and the devoted, loving service of the subject, *the grace of God* comes out so prominently, he ardently hopes that it may be abundantly owned by Him who is wondrous in working, both in bringing sinners to himself, and in stirring up His people to love and good works. "All flesh is grass," and nature's loveliness must wither before the Spirit of the Lord. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Truly, the most eminent saint that ever trod this earth is but God's treasure in an earthen

vessel; the excellency of the power is *of God*, and *not of us*. "Let him, then, that glorieth glory in the Lord!" "The *memory* of the just is blessed!" saith the Word; and truly the remembrance of this devoted servant of Christ, who strove to "adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things," is very fragrant to all who knew and esteemed him as such.

Some persons may, perhaps, think that the writer has drawn *too perfect* a character. To this he would reply, that what he has written is principally a statement of facts, with but few of his own comments; let then these facts speak for themselves. "The tree is known by its fruit." In the second place, he would beg to remind the reader of the command of the Lord Jesus, "Be ye also perfect, *even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.*" Again, in 1 John iii. we read, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him *purifieth himself, even as He is pure.*" One more text will suffice to shew what is the will of God respecting His people: "This is *the will* of God, *even your sanctification.*" The Holy Ghost, by the apostle James, says, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a *perfect* man, and able also to bridle the whole body." It is not for a moment stated here, that he of whom we speak had attained to this complete mastery; but of all the men professing godliness

that the writer has ever known, he certainly did come *the nearest to this standard of perfection*. Herein God was greatly glorified; His *grace* was magnified *in the creature*; and thus it was shewn, that although we *are saved by grace, through faith*, it is "the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." "We are also created unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Seeing that the Holy Ghost is given to indwell the people of God, to work in, subdue, and sanctify, who shall dare to put any limits to *His working*, who has said, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Again, trusting that the perusal of this simple narrative may be for the glory of God, and the profit of many, the writer commits it to the care and blessing of Him who uses feeble things to confound the things which are mighty.

J. B. I.

Ross, July, 1863.

MEMOIR OF W. G. RHIND.

WILLIAM GRÈME RHIND was born at Gillingham, Kent, on the 18th of December, 1794. His father, William Rhind, R.N., of Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, died almost suddenly,* when the subject of this memoir was little more than two months old. His mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Baikie, of the Orkney Islands, resided, after the death of her husband, for a few years, with her two sons, in Kent; in which county, William, the youngest boy, received his early education, being placed first under the care of Mrs. Stone, of Brompton, and afterwards of the Revd. — Cooper, at Watringbury. At this latter school he was a great favourite with his companions, being of an exceedingly open, generous disposition; and though he never sought a quarrel, having a very

* Mr. Rhind's father (a very skilful navigator) was, when bringing the fleet into the Channel, suffering from an attack of gout; he, however, became so anxious, in consequence of a dense fog coming on, that he desired to be taken on deck in his cot. The fleet was safely anchored, but the gout flew to his stomach, and in two days he died.

high spirit, and manifesting great determination of character, he never shunned a battle, even with boys considerably older and bigger than himself; and those who remembered him as a lad have said, that he was ever ready to be the champion of the weak. He himself observed, when referring to his boyish days, that as the lads were punished if they fought in cold blood, he would run several times round the play-ground to warm himself, that he might fight without incurring blame or punishment.

We see, in these traits of character, just the bud-dings of those qualifications which would fit him for the profession which was so early to be chosen for him. So many members of his family having been naval men, and some of them having attained to a high rank in the service, it is no matter of surprise that, when quite a little boy, his name should be enrolled as a first-class volunteer; so young was he at this time (seven years of age) that his brother, who is still living, remembers his going once a week with the muster clerk to answer to his name, and then again return to school. When about twelve years of age, he entered on actual service as a midshipman, on board the flag-ship up the Tagus, his uncle Baikie being at that time Secretary to the Admiral, Sir G. C. Berkeley.

To leave his mother's roof must have cost the sailor boy no small pang, for he tenderly loved her; indeed this strong filial attachment was conspicuous in him through life. When a very little boy, he used to please himself with the thought of how many

beautiful things, Indian shawls, dresses, &c., he should be able to bring home from his voyages, and all for his mother! It might not be out of place to observe, that in after years he used often to say, "Never let your latter days be embittered by the remembrance of neglect or unkindness towards a parent."

After serving for awhile in Portugal, ere thirteen years had rolled over the head of the child, he was to witness the horrors of real war; being present at the action between the American ship *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard*. He was also engaged in that terrible and sanguinary combat between the American frigate, *President*, and the British frigate, *Macedonian*, which is thus described by Alison in his *History of Europe* :* "On the 25th October, 1812, the American frigate, *United States (President)*, hove in sight of the British frigate, *Macedonian*. As usual on all these occasions, the American vessel was superior, by nearly a half, in tonnage, crew, and weight of guns. From the very commencement of the combat, which for some time was at long shot only, it was evident that the Americans were cutting the British to pieces, with comparatively little loss on their side; and when at length the English commander succeeded in engaging the enemy in close fight, which Commodore Decatur, of the *United States*, willingly joined in, the superiority of the enemy's fire was such, that the *Macedonian* was soon dismasted. She had received nearly a hundred shots in her hull, and her lower tier of guns, owing to

* Vol. xix. page 106.

the rolling of the vessel in a tempestuous sea, were under water, while a third of her crew were killed or wounded. On the other hand, the American vessel, having no sail which she could not set, except her mizen top-sail, remained perfectly steady. Even in these desperate circumstances, however, the native spirit of British seamen did not desert them. As a last resource, an attempt was made to carry the enemy by boarding, and the moment this intention was announced, every man who could move was on deck, several of whom had lost an arm but a few minutes before in the cockpit; and the universal cry was, 'Let us conquer or die.' At this moment, however, the fore brace was shot away, and the yard swinging round, threw the vessel upon the wind, so that boarding was impossible. The *United States* then stood athwart the bows of the *Macedonian*, without firing a gun, and passed on out of shot. It was at first supposed that she was making off by the British sailors, who loudly cheered. But this was only to refill her cartridges, which had been expended; and soon tacking, she took up a raking position across the stern of her now defenceless antagonist, and soon compelled her to strike her colours. The superiority of the American force, as well as her weight of metal, was then very apparent; for while the *Macedonian* had thirty-six killed, and sixty-eight wounded, the *United States* had only five killed and seven badly wounded." It was whilst the battle was raging at its height, and the dead and dying were strewed on the decks around him, that the son of many prayers knelt

down beside a cannon, and cried unto God to save him from death, like those spoken of in Ps. cvii.: "They cry unto God in their trouble, and He delivers them out of their distresses."

Whilst penning the account of this terrible conflict, the writer received a letter from a brother officer of the deceased, who served with him in the *Macedonian*, wherein he alludes to Mr. Rhind's bringing him the only orange he possessed, when he lay on the deck, feverish and bleeding, amongst the wounded. "Was not this like him all through life—forgetting himself to minister to others!" adds his friend.

Mr. Rhind, with his surviving shipmates, were now carried prisoners to America, where he remained about two years. Nothing was lacking, on the part of the Americans, to lighten the sorrows of their captivity; parties, balls, &c., were got up for them, and, despite the dishonour of being conquered, these things—so pleasing to the natural mind—quite captivated his young heart, so that he almost regretted the return of freedom, when the realities of life, on board a man-of-war, were to be resumed.

When he left his mother, who was a woman of faith and prayer, it was, doubtless, not without many an admonition on her part, to remember his Creator in the days of his youth. A Bible, too, had been placed in his sea-chest by her own hands—still that Bible remained unread. The unfailing and satisfying consolations there set forth—the inexhaustible mine of wealth there discovered—had, as yet, no charms for that youth, who, in God's own time and way, was

truly to be a vessel, not only meet for His use, but overflowing with His love.

Mr. Rhind, as he drew towards man's estate, became what would be termed a dashing young officer, bold, daring, and, as before observed, of a very indomitable spirit; still, even at this time, though quite a stranger to the power of the constraining love of God, which is the result of believing in Jesus, we find him bowing to the word of God, thus manifesting a mind cast in a deeply reverential mould. He has often observed, that he never remembered having ridiculed sacred things in his life. The following fact may serve to shew the power which the Word had upon him. A sailor having behaved very badly, Lieutenant Rhind, being then the officer in command of the vessel, felt that he could not look it over, but resolved to have him flogged; he, accordingly, was about to carry out his resolution, when the words came with great force to his mind, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." He paced the deck in deep thought; again and again would the words return with increased power, until at length, feeling compelled to relinquish his intention, he called the man, and told him he was fully forgiven.

He afterwards served with Sir Thomas Hardy, in the *Triumph*, 74, on the coast of South America, and, in 1815, he went to the West Indies in the *Ariadne* frigate. Whilst here, he was brought very near the brink of eternity by yellow fever; however, the Lord graciously owned the means used by the skilful

medical officer of the ship, Dr. Smith,* and he was soon sufficiently restored to be enabled to continue his naval duties. Whilst in the West Indies, a circumstance occurred which serves to shew, that He “who works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform,” was beginning to work in the heart of this young officer, who had been hitherto a stranger to God and His ways. One day, when bent on the pursuit of some worldly pleasure, he happened to pass the door of a house in which a company of negroes were assembled; hearing the voice of a man addressing them, he stopped for a moment to listen. It was a negro telling, out of the fulness of his heart, of the great love of God to poor sinners, whether black or white, bond or free. What he heard from the lips of this black evangelist was the means of causing him at once to forego his pur-

* Many years after this, whilst travelling in the North of England with his daughter, Dr. Smith and Mr. Rhind met, and mutually recognized each other, through some remarks made by one of them on the comparative heights of the mountains they were then passing, and those of South America. Mr. Rhind observed to —, that he remembered having seen the Andes at sea when 200 miles distant. “Did you?” enquired the gentleman sitting opposite; and “may I ask on board what ship, and when?” These questions having been answered, “Then,” said he, “you are William Rhind!” and “You are Dr. Smith!” returned Mr. Rhind. Delighted at having been thus thrown together after so many years’ separation, they had much to tell,—and the sequel was that Mr. Rhind, when afterwards visiting Dr. Smith at his home in Scotland, was enabled to publish the glad tidings in that neighbourhood. It is remarkable, that these two old shipmates died within a few days of each other.

pose, and return home. Gracious is the Lord and merciful; "He willeth not the death of a sinner, but would *rather* that all should turn unto Him and live." *Thus* He speaks to man in various ways, but always with the same gracious purpose in view—to keep back his soul from going down into the pit, and that, through the knowledge of the ransom, his life may see the light. (Job xxxiii.) Loudly had He spoken to this youth, whilst his shipmates were being cut down on the decks of the *Macedonian*; he then feared death, and cried to the Lord for deliverance; it may be also that the dread of that judgment which follows it made him tremble, but we have seen how soon all this passed away amidst the music and the dance. God was forgotten. But again He speaks; the deadly fever seizes him; "he is chastened with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain; so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat." (Job xxxiii.) Still, we do not understand that this admonition was heeded, but *that* God, who delights in mercy, is again calling, Return, return! By a way he knew not, the youth was being led. Drawn by the cords of almighty love, he was soon to know that all the springs of true enjoyment are in God alone. *The power is the Lord's*, and to Him be all the glory; but in effecting His mighty purposes of love, we see Him using the despised things of this world. Thus, what most probably the *arguments* of his fellow-men would not have accomplished, we see easily effected, and that by the *instrumentality of a poor negro*. Truly "God's

ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts." Mr. R. was now a Lieutenant, and after this served in other ships of war; but, in the winter of 1816-17, peace having been proclaimed, he retired from active service as a first lieutenant on half-pay, and was never again employed in this world's warfare, although he afterwards, from seniority, obtained the rank of Commander. The time had now nearly come when he was to be enlisted under the banner of the Prince of peace, as one truly sent and commissioned by Him, "who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." He was soon to go forth and be made a mighty instrument in His hands of turning many to righteousness. "I am the door," said the Lord Jesus; "by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Hitherto, although Mr. Rhind had been the subject of what may be termed an exercised or tender *conscience*, and possessing a large amount of veneration for what he considered to be the commands or the worship of God, yet he was a stranger to the depths of his own depravity as in the sight of a *holy* God, and to the peace which flows from the all-precious work of atonement by the Lord Jesus. God's time had now arrived when he was to be stripped of every plea that the flesh could set up, as it is so beautifully expressed by one—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

B

Mr. Rhind, upon his return to England, took up his abode with his mother, who resided in the Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse (Plymouth). She, it appears, had been converted a few years previously, through the instrumentality of that devoted servant of Christ, the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, whose preaching she had been induced to attend, through hearing that he was possessed of a beautiful voice; the Lord, however, spoke to her through His servant, and from being a "lover of pleasure, more than a lover of God," she became a decided and devoted disciple of Christ, delighting much in His service. Dr. Hawker, whose memory is sweet to some still living, and whose "Daily Portions," and other writings, are read and valued by many, was then preaching at Plymouth. It has before been observed, that Lieutenant Rhind was a most affectionate and dutiful son, and now nothing afforded him greater pleasure, than to accompany her in her walks, whether on errands of mercy, or to her accustomed place of worship. It does not, however, appear that at first he always entered. It was love to his mother, rather than to God, as yet, that prompted him in thus acting. But now, my reader, mark God's hand in what followed. One day, as usual, having accompanied his beloved parent to the door of the church, she turned toward him and said, "William, I suppose *you* are going to hear the band." The *difference* between her course and his own struck him, laid fast hold of him, and thence he seemed to date the *beginning of the work of God* in his soul. He now for the first time felt himself to be a sinner, and without God; he no

longer tried to meet Him with anything he could do, or he could bring, and very soon the cry was raised in his heart, Save, Lord, or I perish! God's ways are perfect, and "he who begins the good work, will perform it," says the apostle, "until the day of Jesus Christ." The work of Omnipotence cannot be forced or hastened by man, neither can it be prevented. God condescends to use men as instruments, but chooses His own time, way, and means. The heart of the beloved one, of whom we speak, had been now *prepared* by the hand of God; He *used* the few words that flowed from the yearning heart of his mother, but the power was of God! The fallow ground had been broken up, and was ready for the seed. Lieut. Rhind was now to hear words whereby he must be saved. Happening one day to enter some place of worship in Plymouth, where an aged servant of Christ was preaching the gospel; after setting forth some striking truths, the preacher turned and asked, "Is there any poor sinner here feeling the burden of sin?" and it was with difficulty that Mr. Rhind could restrain himself from rising up, and exclaiming, "Yes, *here* is one!" Truly, when the Word of God comes, not in word only, but in the Spirit's energy, *it is* quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. But He, who thus deeply probed the wound, was able also to heal. As one evidently directed of God, the preacher, pointing upwards, cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" The entrance of that word gave light, and the before burdened

heart, finding rest in Jesus, he went on his way rejoicing. Having now tasted of the blessedness of the man "whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered," his heart literally yearned over every one. Realizing how great things the Lord had done for him, he could not but publish it abroad, saying, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Before his conversion, he sometimes accompanied his mother to the dwellings of the poor, whilst she read to them the words of life; *now*, constrained by the love of Christ, *he* seeks out the wanderer, and says, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Thus we see that his service for Christ may be dated from the hour that he believed; the one glorious thought absorbed him,—*the love of God!* and like the old man, who, when the eyes of his understanding were opened, exclaimed, "I am in a new world!" so it was with this new-born child of God; old things had passed away, behold all things had become new. Very soon after his conversion, in writing to a near relative, his pen thus just expressed the experience of his soul; it was the language of one who, having found a pearl of great price, rejoiced—of one who, being delivered from death, was overwhelmed with the deepest sense of gratitude. So transcendently glorious did the gospel message appear in his eyes, that it seemed he had only to speak or write to others, and there would be a glad response; how amazed then and grieved was he, when he was answered thus, "Too much religion is not the thing for a young naval officer." "Revelling in the atonement," as one has said, and fully realizing the peace and joy that is based upon the clear and

real view of the substitution of "the just for the unjust," he now longed to give himself fully to the work of an evangelist, and for this work, few were ever more fully fitted by God. Men will often listen unmoved to a strictly correct gospel sermon. The preacher may clearly set forth man's ruin by the fall, redemption by Christ's blood, the resurrection, the gift of the Spirit, &c., &c. And they, perhaps, think or say, "All this we have *known* from childhood; we have learned nothing new to day." But when a man, in all the freshness of his first love, comes forth, saying, "*I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.*" And again, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for *my* soul." Yes, dear reader, it is when the fire of God's love kindles up a flame in the speaker's heart, that he *really* speaks, and *only then effectually*. Men are constrained to say, "God hath done great things for him," and many will add, "*We will go with you, for we see that God is with you of a truth.*"

Perhaps the reader may remember the sweet lines written by that dear man of God, Mc.Cheyne, "Jehovah Tsidkenu," and he will pardon the little digression of quoting one verse which strikingly describes the state of Mr. Rhind's heart at this time.

"My terrors all vanished before the sweet name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu * *is all things to me.*"

* The Lord our righteousness.

Jesus was all things to him; he was now rich indeed; and, regarding every one as his neighbour, he used to say, "Whenever I meet a man, I see one for whom I have a message;" and would ask, "What would you think of a man who was surrounded with his fellow-creatures dying of some malignant disease, while he was in possession of a remedy, certain in its cure, and yet keeping the knowledge of it a secret in his own breast, content to let others perish, so long as he was safe? Yet such a man is not half so cruel as the Christian, who has found a Saviour, and yet withholds the glad tidings from his perishing fellow-sinners around." Acting on this unselfish, Christ-like principle, he went forth seeking to preach the gospel to every creature. Not forgetting that God *alone* can prevent us from falling, and remembering what had so easily ensnared him, the young disciple felt the great need of seeking, at the same time, to keep his own heart with all diligence. To this end he was much in prayer, and that word which had been hitherto neglected was his delight. This is manifest, as letters which were written but two or three years afterwards evidence a very clear and intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures. Ofttimes in his walks, when fearing that spiritual danger was near, did he utter that prayer, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil." This desire for holiness, and to act ever as in the sight of God, gave him great boldness in reproof or exhorting others, as men *felt* that they were addressed by one who acted out what he inculcated. It may not be out of place to give one

instance here of this kind. There resided, not far from Mr. Rhind, a naval officer, an old acquaintance, but intercourse with whom was always painful, because of his habit of profane swearing. At length, Mr. Rhind, upon whose mind that command of the Lord had great weight, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him," determined, with God's help, to speak to him on the subject. Gently laying his hand upon his shoulder, he expressed his deep grief at hearing him use words which God regarded with displeasure, and begged him to discontinue the practice. The officer was softened, and replied, that if any one else had talked to him on the subject, he would have *knocked him down*, but confessed himself completely disarmed of resentment, moreover, thanked him for his faithfulness.

The following letter, written to his dear friend and brother officer, Captain George Greenway, will convey to the reader's mind some idea of the bright and joyous state of Mr. R.'s soul, at this period :—

"Chatham Hill, July 10th, 1819.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—If we were to meet this morning, what would our conversation turn upon, think you? If we are immortal beings, and, what is infinitely more, living in hope of a *blissful immortality*, would not our language be suited to our anticipations? And, when we also put in the scale, that we are bought with a price which is of inestimable value, even the blood of Immanuel, God with us, surely we should talk of Him whom our souls love. Our

language would mutually be addressed to the Good Shepherd, 'Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?' Then should we hear the soft flowings of everlasting love, saying, 'If thou know not, oh! thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.' How consolatory is this! It is even like 'the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness;' and thus, I think, the more our letters are like conversation, the closer we approach to the spirit of epistolary writings. To continue my strain; let me enquire after your dear parent and sisters. Remember me most kindly to them, and say that, after having sailed down the river of time, it is a poor brother's prayer for them, that they may launch into the sea of love, 'where there is no gallant ship or galley with oars,' but where the continued south wind of eternal pleasure sweeps the harps of the redeemed with songs of gratitude to Him whose name is above every name. Yes! the name of Jesus bears in its bosom the most glorious charms. Do I feel my sins like a burden on my poor heart? 'His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' But how do I know that I am one of His? 'At that great day of the feast, Jesus stood up in the midst, and said, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of

living water.' Here I could enumerate a thousand encouraging passages; indeed, to give the bold hyperbole of the beloved apostle, the whole world would not contain the books that could be written on His loveliness. Angels, in this employment, do not envy us. No! no sooner do they see a fresh gem beaming from the mediatorial crown of Christ, than the whole heaven, and the heaven of heavens, re-echo with joy from their celestial songs; and even the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ rejoices also. In the figurative language of Scripture, He falls on the neck of the returning prodigal, He gives him the kiss of everlasting love, He clothes him with the robe of righteousness, and never forsakes him. Oh, then, ought not the Christian's song to be, 'Come hither (in the most earnest entreaty,) and hearken, and I will tell you what God hath done for my soul.'

"Many thanks for so soon calling on my beloved mother. I hope you often see her, and talk of Him whose name is Jesus. You cannot tire of this theme, my dear friend—impossible! As I wrote yesterday, of course I have little to say, only give my kindest love. Very many thanks also for your visits to my poor families. I knew you would not repent going. I have oftentimes gone quite dead, and yet come away rejoicing; indeed, it is a privilege to visit the sick. How fully do I agree with you, that we are only the almoners of the Lord. I remember once hearing of a minister who, having to preach a charity sermon, took the following text: 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' Looking around

steadfastly on his congregation, he observed, 'Those who like their security, let them lend,' and then sat down, while the eyes of all were fastened on him. Many, of course, were displeased, until, in the sober hour of reflection, they saw such ingenuity in the words, and such truth and beauty, that they sent large subscriptions. Certainly, the words are plain and animating! Oh! that God may give us grace to follow them! I am glad to hear such excellent accounts of your school; go on in the name of Jehovah, and prosper. He, who took little children in His arms and blessed them, will never forsake a school commenced and carried on with prayer. Methinks I hear you say, When is my friend going to give me an account of his travels? That, I believe, must be deferred until my next, as I do not think you can make out my crossed writing—cross by name, though I trust not so by nature.

"May the Lord be with you and support you, and do far more exceedingly for you than you can ask or think; and not only for you, but those that be near and dear to you, is the sincere prayer of

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. G. RHIND."

In consequence of Mr. Rhind's going so early to sea, his classical attainments had necessarily been of a very rudimentary character; and, as he had now become a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, he desired a more intimate acquaintance with the languages in which they were originally written. He

seems, moreover, to have contemplated entering the ministry of the Established Church soon after his conversion. With these ends in view, in 1822, he entered upon his studies at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he seems to have prosecuted them with diligence, urged forward with the hope that, ere long, he should be able to discover fresh beauties and treasures as he perused the sacred page, in which he could now truly add, "I delight;" and feeling that the main study of the man of God should be the word of God, and being totally unacquainted with the views of other men, he now diligently dug into it as for hid treasures. The promises concerning Israel, in their beautiful literal sense, greatly occupied his mind, and he became the active friend of the Jews, watching for opportunities to do them good, and point them to their true Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Rev. Charles Simeon, being at this time a bright light, in the midst of much spiritual darkness, at the University, was made an instrument of helping forward the young and loving disciple. He used, noticing Mr. Rhind's great love for Israel, to call him the "Jew boy." This deep interest in all that concerned God's ancient people, and all God's revealed purposes concerning them, never in the slightest degree abated while he lived. Christian reader, let us remember the Lord's own words with reference to these people, "They shall prosper that love thee." "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." God has wondrous purposes of mercy in store for Israel. "They shall be grafted in again," looking upon Him whom

they despised and rejected, with true brokenness of heart, for their unbelief; they shall glory in this, their true Messiah, and, going forth with more than Pentecostal power, shall become the glad and willing heralds of mercy amongst the heathen, literally, as it were, a dew from the Lord upon the face of the whole earth; the testimony of Israel thus shall truly be "life from the dead." Pray then, for Israel; they are "beloved for the fathers' sakes."

At Cambridge, Mr. Rhind became acquainted with Mr. Wolf, a converted Jew, afterwards the well-known Dr. Wolf; he was also intimate with Mr. Alexander, who, likewise, was of the seed of Abraham according to the flesh. Mr. Rhind was the first who took the latter to some Christian place of worship, and had afterwards the joy of seeing him brought to the saving knowledge of Christ. Mr. Alexander was subsequently appointed Bishop of Jerusalem. Every Christian can bear testimony, in his own experience, to the truth of that word, "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." God had a training in view for His dear child and faithful servant, of a very different character from that which he had marked out for himself. He was about to allure him into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto him; he was on the eve of bringing him through a furnace of affliction, and yet sustaining him wondrously with his own presence; he was to be comforted of God in trouble, that he might be able afterwards, as an *experienced* man of God, to comfort others in trouble, by the comfort wherewith God had

comforted him. This was to be the College in which his God and Father, with unerring skill and infinite love, was about to educate his servant.

After continuing at the University for about three years, Mr. Rhind's health gave way, and it seemed not improbable that he would soon fall into a rapid consumption. Returning to Plymouth, he again took up his abode with his beloved mother. His state of soul may be best gathered by a few quotations from letters, written at this time to a beloved Christian friend, and old shipmate. In one of these he remarks, "May my God give me resignation to His holy will. I know He doth all things well. Every affliction says, 'This is not your rest, it is polluted.' Every sorrow points to that land where sighing hath no place. Our God watched over Job in every moment of his trouble; not a boil arose on his fevered body but by the permission of God; and when they had done His purpose, the cloud blew away, and all was serene; yea! the last end of that man was more prosperous than the beginning. The apostle's comment is beautiful: 'You have heard,' said James, 'of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, how that he is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.'" And in the same letter he adds, (and this may serve to shew how he then delighted in God's purposes of love and mercy,) "Sweet is it to look to that day when the Lord shall arise from His holy place, when heaven and earth shall reverberate with sounds of mercy, when the midst of the heavens will be illumined with the presence of the angel having

the everlasting tidings of peace (the gospel, or literally, good message,) to preach to all nations; then, as in the garden of Eden, shall the bear and the lamb, the lion and the ox, the young child and the asp, fearlessly play together; for thus saith Jehovah, 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.' Israel and the Gentile shall then have but one song, 'To Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory for ever and ever! Amen!'"

In another letter to the same dear friend, he says, when alluding to the protecting care of Him who stills the storm, quoting these lines of Pope on the omnipresence of God :

"He shines in the sun!
He refreshes in the breeze!
He glows in the stars!
He blossoms in the trees!"

"The ancient Jews, when they received a convert, used to say, 'This Ethnic, *i.e.* Gentile, has come to dwell beneath the shadow of the wings of the majesty of God.' It is, there, my dear brother, there only we can hide till every calamity be overpast; this is the refuge, and the most affectionate mother falls short, when compared with the fostering care of God." It was when, in this calm happy frame of mind, in perfect peace stayed upon his God, that this true disciple of Jesus heard from the lips of an eminent physician, that it would be necessary for him to undergo a severe operation, in order to remove the cause of his illness,*

* Stone.

the decline which was threatening his life being consequent on this distressing malady. In the contemplation of this, one of the most painful of surgical operations, he writes, "My mind is not settled how to act; most unreservedly would I commit all my concerns into the hands of a gracious, reconciled God. Let me entreat my dear brother's prayers, that as troubles abound, so may the consolations of the gracious Comforter. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee,' is the Lord's own word to His people in all ages. '*All the promises of God in Christ Jesus are Yea, and in him, Amen, unto the glory of God by us.*'" And thus when the hour of trial came, (for he consented to the operation being performed,) the Lord, ever faithful to His promise, so supported His trusting, confiding child, that the medical men marvelled at the unflinching courage of their patient. Inflammation, to a greater or less degree, always follows such an operation, and of this Mr. Rhind was aware. Feeling symptoms of it coming on, he lifted up his heart in prayer to the Great Physician, Jehovah Rophi, the Lord who healeth, and in a short time a gentle perspiration diffused itself over the whole frame, so that Sir Stephen Hammick, who still survives him, said, "I can only account for the absence of such bodily symptoms, from the placid state of his mind." He rapidly recovered, and never had a return of the disease, but enjoyed uninterrupted health for many years.

"*Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a*

price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's;”—realizing this truth powerfully, as Mr. Rhind gradually recovered his health and strength, there was a corresponding desire manifested to dedicate that health and strength, his time, his talents, and, indeed, his all, to the service of Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him. Finding that sailing in a boat conduced to his recovery, he purchased one, and soon after, freighted with tracts, Bibles, &c., his little craft was engaged for his beloved Lord and Master. Sometimes steering close to the boats towing astern of outward bound vessels, he would drop tracts into them, thus literally casting his bread upon the waters. At other times he would board vessels of war in the Hamoaze,* for the purpose of dispersing the words of life amongst their hardy crews. On one occasion of this kind, his Christianity was put keenly to the test. A yacht belonging to some member of Parliament was lying at Plymouth: Mr. Rhind obtained permission from the officer in command to go on board, and see if the crew would like some Bibles, and whilst he was spreading out his treasures, the owner came on deck, and seeing what was going on, went up to Mr. Rhind, and rudely accosting him, said, “Sir, I hate this work!” “And I,” replied the other, “love it.” “Oh, then,” said the M.P., “you will instantly remove these books from my yacht, or I will throw them all overboard!” at the same time laying his hand on Mr. Rhind’s shoulder; but he, feeling the blood of the natural man rising,

* Plymouth Harbour.

sought for strength from above, that he might be enabled now to act as a Christian. "John," he said, turning to a pious seaman who always attended him in these trips, "take the books into the boat." "No, indeed," rejoined the owner of the vessel, "he shall not touch them; if you are too proud to carry them yourself, I will throw them all into the water." Never, perhaps, in the whole course of his life, had Mr. Rhind experienced so great a struggle! young, ardent, and high-spirited, never yielding to any one as a natural man, if he considered the right was on his side, and *now* thus to be insulted when in the midst of *such* a duty.

The Master whom he served, and who has promised grace for every trying hour, enabled him to gain the victory over his ruffled and injured feelings; for, quietly stooping down, he picked up the Bibles, and handed them over to John, who, with the crew, gazed at this triumph over self with surprise. Mr. Rhind, on going ashore, wrote immediately to this gentleman, and it may be the Lord gave him repentance. He has passed away, but, during his life, this servant of the Lord was in the habit of praying for his conversion whenever this scene came before his mind.

The Hoe, Plymouth, an open grassy place, beautifully situated on the sea-side, and the resort of many persons at all hours, was, perhaps, the first scene of his labours as an open-air preacher—a work for which the Lord admirably fitted him, and in which He condescended largely to use him. The poor outcast females, in the lowest haunts of vice, were

sought out, and in the spirit of his ever compassionate Master, did this dear man of God tenderly say to such, "Forsake the foolish, and live." "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" The workhouse poor found in him a true and untiring friend: indefatigable as a spiritual instructor, and ever ready to *deny himself*, that he might be the better able to minister to their temporal necessities; it might truthfully be said of him, through God's grace, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." In conjunction with a few other warm-hearted Christians, he planned a Bethel for sailors at Plymouth; also a lending library for the invalid seamen in the Royal Naval Hospital. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that it may minister grace unto the hearers," was a scripture that very soon after his conversion possessed great power over him; to this end, when in the company of friends, he used prayerfully and skilfully to watch for an opportunity so to turn the conversation, (not abruptly, but courteously,) that the savour of Christ should remain in it. Thus redeeming the time, watching, praying, and working for his Master, he was found, when the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William the Fourth,) came to Plymouth. The Prince having entertained a great regard for Mr. Rhind's father, who had been his instructor in navigation, asked him what employment he would desire. This true-hearted soldier of the cross replied, "Your Royal Highness, to remain as I am." Having put his hand to the plough, no prospect

of worldly advancement could induce him to look back.

We have now seen, in the subject of this memoir, a striking illustration of our Lord's words in the parable of the sower; the seed of the kingdom—the *word*, had fallen into good ground—into a heart prepared for its reception by God himself; he hears the word, he is enabled to understand it, to believe with the heart, to confess with the mouth, and then the word wrought so effectually in him, that it surely brought forth fruit an hundred-fold, to the praise and glory of God.

Should any young believers peruse this sketch of the life and Christian course of this departed saint, let them note this well, that he gave God, not *half* a heart, but his *whole* heart, and it is this alone that He will accept. Though still not insensible to the workings of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, he did not in any wise side with those enemies of the soul, but took up his stand boldly against them. Sin, though *felt* within, was disallowed, often mourned about, whilst he rejoiced in Christ Jesus. He used to say, "Keep short reckonings with God." "Do not allow the least felt defilement to remain on the soul unconfessed. Confess it, and *look to the blood that cleanseth from all sin.*" This was the secret of that happy, beaming countenance, the result of communion with Him, whose presence ever imparts light and gladness. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

The limits of this little volume will not permit the

writer to linger any longer at Plymouth, the scene of so much spiritual and temporal blessing to the subject of it. We must hasten on. In 1828, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Isbell, a widow with two sons, then residing at Road, in Wiltshire. In Mr. Rhind, these children found one who loved them as his own, whilst they ever entertained for him the truest filial affection. Shortly after his marriage, Mr. R. took up his abode in London. Here, having become much interested in the proceedings of the Society for Promoting the Principles of the Reformation, he became its secretary, and engaged actively in its work. In a letter to his friend, Captain George Greenway, dated London, September 4th, 1828, he says, "The good ship Reformation, on board of which I have entered, I find often encounters storms; but indeed she was built for stormy weather, and I trust our gracious Pilot will, in his own mercy, conduct her safe through every difficulty. Our end is, I trust, God's glory, and when this is the case, at the appointed season of the vision, we shall see Him who rules the storm come walking on the troubled sea, and He will say, 'Peace, be still,' and instantly there shall be a great calm."

Mr. Rhind's heart, as it plainly appears from letters written several years anterior to this, had long yearned over the Roman Catholics, in Ireland, especially when the priesthood withheld from them that precious Word of Life, upon which he himself so delighted to feed, as in green pastures. Any means, therefore, that would seem in God's hands likely to lead to an awakening among the people, and the introduction of the Scrip-

tures, met with his most hearty co-operation. Writing to the same friend, he says, after speaking of the society's operations in York, and other towns, "In the early part of next year, by God's mercy, we hope to open a spring campaign, commencing at Liverpool, running a chain of posts to York, taking Stonyhurst in the way, as near as it may be. And, oh! that the spirit of mercy, and of love, and of a sound mind, may animate our advocates, and may repentance be granted to the adversaries." But, whilst necessarily giving much time to the interests of the society, with which he was now united, his heart was too large to allow him to confine his labours within its pale; the parish of St. Giles, then the most filthy and neglected portion of the vast metropolis, was often visited by him. It was after one of his visits to these haunts of vice and misery, that the society's house, Sackville Street, became the scene of a serious uproar; and whilst it forces a smile from us, we are constrained also to admire the grace which it was the means of eliciting. Not only in St. Giles was there a great famine of the word of God, a large proportion of the people being of the lowest order of Irish, whilst thieves and prostitutes made up another considerable item of its population; but there was often to be seen cases of such abject poverty, such real hunger and physical suffering, that Mr. Rhind's heart, which was one much akin to that of the Good Samaritan, almost wept over them. The love of God not only leads us to sympathize in word, but in deed; and so one day he told a *few* poor Irish, that if they would come the

following morning to his office in Sackville Street, they should have some bread distributed amongst them. Something about the distribution of bread soon got wind—"the good gentleman was going to give bread to all who would come," and soon quite a crowd of them resolved to accept his kind offer. Next morning he, as usual, set out for his office, little dreaming of the stir his sympathy had caused in St. Giles, or of the strange scene that was about to burst upon him. Turning the corner into Sackville Street, he heard the sound of many angry voices, crying, "Give us bread! we *will* have bread! the gentleman promised us bread!" &c.; whilst the almost distracted porter, having exhausted the stock of bread given him to distribute, in vain tried to appease them, and to still the storm. Quite a multitude of excited, angry, hungry people, stood before the society's house, when the innocent and unconscious cause of all this mischief arrived, and at length by much persuasion and explanation, the crowd gradually dispersed, without doing any real mischief. As the house contained the offices of other religious societies, and as the leading men feared much what their respected, though as they thought rather injudicious, friend might do next, they resolved to remonstrate with him. "Really, dear Rhind, this sort of thing will *never* do," said one of the leading men. Upon which he replied, "Dear brother, it is *very bad*, and when you have said all you can say, it is worse than that." "After such an admission as *that*," they replied, smiling, "we can say nothing further," and so the matter ended. Few persons like to be

talked to or reprov'd, and few perhaps would have been naturally more impatient of it than he, but grace can and does accomplish wonders.

Whilst residing in London, his only son, Samuel, was born, also his eldest daughter. Residing latterly at Chelsea, his sphere of service for the Lord became extended in various ways, and his circle of Christian friends much increased; with many of these he used to enjoy much happy fellowship over the Word, searching into it, as did the Bereans of old.

In the year 1832, he left London with his wife and family, and took up his abode in the county of Wicklow, Ireland. Clorah cottage, in which he resided for about seven years, was most romantically situated on the banks of the river Vartrey, and at the mouth of the Devil's Glen (as it has been strangely named, we suppose, by the superstitious in by-gone days), the river rushes with considerable force over a very rugged, rocky bed; whilst high and rather abrupt hills, for the most part, well wooded to their summits, close it in on either side, forming a narrow glen at the end of the valley. Where the river enters it from the highlands beyond, there is a considerable waterfall. The scene is wild and grand, well calculated to fill the minds of the ignorant and superstitious with awe. Here, the Banshee, or Water Sprite, was often to be heard wailing, according to many of the peasantry, and few of the boldest of these would then have ventured into its gloomy recesses at midnight. Such was the spot, lonely in itself, but in the midst of spiritual darkness and sterility, in which

Mr. Rhind was to pitch his tent for a while. The Lord, doubtless, having some important mission for him to fulfil, and many a deep and valuable lesson yet to teach His servant, as He led him from stage to stage through the wilderness. His friend, John Synge, Esq., resided near at hand, at Glanmore Castle; having lately inherited a large landed property, and feeling very desirous that the people on his estate, and in the neighbourhood, should hear the gospel of peace, he had invited Mr. Rhind to cross the channel, and enter upon this important field of labour.

In Mr. Synge the latter found a hearty co-operator. By referring to a letter from Ireland, dated 1835, the reader will easily be enabled to form an idea as to the plans of usefulness that were adopted amongst the people by Mr. Rhind, both for the amelioration of their temporal condition, and for their spiritual enlightenment. He says, "Being called by the providence of God, in the year 1832, to superintend the moral and temporal welfare of a large district in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, I instantly set to work, by personally visiting the cabins, to ascertain the best manner of accomplishing so desirable an end, and, after a few months' experience, three things suggested themselves to my mind, and on them I have acted up to this time. My plans are as follows: 1st. To give, as much as possible, employment to those in health. 2nd. To administer to the sick, both by medicine and other necessaries. 3rd. To keep up, by visiting, a friendly intercourse with the people at large. Relative to the first measure, I have found it answer beyond

my expectations; and I have now, during six or nine months in the year, seventy families employed in knitting, spinning, weaving, &c., and, as an encouragement to them, and now decided comfort to ourselves, from my wife to the youngest little one, and each of our servants, we all wear home made things as much as possible. My travelling cloak and bag are linen painted; my summer light dresses are unbleached linen; my table-cloths are diaper, spun and wove close to us, and our blankets also; and soon, I shall have my own shirts. This may, to some minds, seem trifling, but the poor people do not think it so; and, when I tell them my little girl is wearing their home-knit stockings, one can see how happy it makes them. Thus seventy families are clothed by their own industry,—and often times I am made their savings bank, until their earnings reach seven or eight shillings, for a little pig, &c. Thus, also, the shops are aided; the shoemaker, a poor Protestant man, and true Christian, is also aided; and the great wheel goes round easier and better: for although I do not *oblige them* to take their earnings out in clothing, yet nine-tenths prefer it. If they are sick, I visit them; and if in need, I aid them; and during the confinement of mothers of families, if my funds admit of it, I give them extra aid—not in money (this, as much as possible, I avoid), but in flannels, baby clothes, &c.

2. To administer to the sick medicine, and other necessaries. The kind Christian friend, on whose estate I am residing, very handsomely allows me sufficient entirely to support a weekly general dis-

pensary, and also one of daily call at my own house ; to this all are welcome—his own tenants and all around. Being originally fond of medicine, &c., and the Lord having greatly blessed the means hitherto, the people are quite satisfied with my practice, and where the case is beyond my knowledge, the physicians of the two neighbouring towns, distant five miles each, *most kindly* attend to any cases I send them *gratis*, and admit them into the hospitals, if cause require. Whilst the centre of my practice comprises the workmen and tenantry of the above-mentioned friend, yet the range of it takes an extent of five miles three ways, and three the other, and comprises a great many of ‘Nobody’s People,’ as they are emphatically called in this country, being either the tenants of little landlords, almost as poor as themselves, or cabin-keepers by the roadside, who are neglected to a proverb ; and of whom it may be said, no man careth for me. I also vaccinate their children, &c. 3. And lastly, I have endeavoured, by friendly visiting amongst the peasantry, to keep up a social intercourse, and know their wants ; and either in one capacity or another, I know almost every one about me, and thus am enabled to visit equally Roman Catholics and Protestants ; and it is a fact, to my mind of importance, that rarely a Roman Catholic dies around us, who, at last, has not heard some blessed portion of the gospel of Christ, and has not been exhorted to flee to the Cross for mercy. As yet, little visible fruit has been manifested in direct conversion ; but, in a *county* proverbially sealed up in darkness, though very still

and quiet, it is something, that over a large district of it the gospel is daily sounded, though in very great weakness. Among the Protestants, I have lectures three or four evenings in the week, that are well attended; and I should say, though I have been out at all times and at all seasons, yet I have never been molested in any wise. 'To the Lord be the glory.'" In concluding, he adds, "At times, my heart is indeed sad, when I cannot aid the poor around me, and I am inclined to come back to my own country; but I dare not leave them in their misery." The poor people for miles around entertained a high opinion of the "doctor's" skill, and not unfrequently have their hearts been rejoiced at seeing their cow, or the pig, which they feared would die, perfectly restored under the skilful treatment of "his honour." As Mr. Rhind administered medicines to any persons who applied for it, provided he understood their cases, it may be readily imagined that the applicants were pretty numerous; sometimes, quite a long row of old women, huddled up in their cloaks, and squatted on the ground, might be seen in the front of his house, awaiting his return. Upon some one saying, he should consider such an intrusion a great nuisance, this poor man's friend has replied, "I consider it one of the principal ornaments of the place." Jesus, when on earth, "went about doing good," and "he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." This living union was very manifest in this His dear servant; with a heart full of compassion for both the souls and bodies of the people amongst whom he lived, he daily went

forth clothed from head to foot in their home-spun; not so much for his own comfort as for their pleasure and encouragement. Surely this line of conduct was the right way to commend the gospel of the *grace* of God, which teaches us to deny ourselves, and be followers of God, whose name is Love. Much precious seed was sown during the period of his residence in Ireland, and much that, we may confidently hope, will be found to the praise and glory of God in the day of Jesus Christ.

Three years had nearly run out since Mr. Rhind landed with his family in Ireland,—a third child (his second daughter,) had been given him, his other beloved little ones were blessed with health, and all around this pretty dwelling breathed an air of peace and tranquillity, when the scene was overcast by a dark cloud, beneath which, doubtless, was the Father's smiling face, (to use the language of a well known Christian poet,) but still affliction, while it lasts, is not joyous, but grievous. Clorah cottage took fire; it originated in the very room in which the children were sleeping, and the first intimation given of its existence was by those in the sitting-room underneath hearing the ceiling fall piece by piece on the floor overhead. As soon as Mr. Rhind became aware of the terrible fact, he rushed up stairs, and although, most providentially, the nurse had just before he entered conveyed the children from the burning room by another door, to a place of safety, he grasped the now ignited bed in his arms, scarcely knowing what he did, and thereby became so severely burnt, that in

a few hours he lay blind and deaf, his hands and face a mass of blisters, at the hospitable dwelling of his friend Mr. Synge. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Here was one who truly loved Him thus mysteriously laid low, and this in the midst of active service. The burns proved to be of a very serious character, and delirium followed. How little we know from moment to moment what is before us! Well for us who believe is it, that the Shepherd goes before; that a good man's steps are ordered of the Lord: seeing this, whether it be prosperity or adversity, the child of God can say, "*It is well!*" "He whom thou *lovest* is sick," and "whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth." The sickness and death of Lazarus was for the glory of God; and so the *increased* fruitfulness of every fruitbearing branch in the true vine, is for the glory of the Father, who is the Husbandman. The Lord in His unerring wisdom, lops off the mere growth of nature, however luxuriant and lovely, that the fruits of His own Spirit may increase and abound more and more. "We are His husbandry," and "created unto good works."

It is at least remarkable, that the above-mentioned fire should have happened on the same week in which, several years before, he had passed through that painful surgical operation at Plymouth. After the Lord had at that time so marvellously restored him to health, Mr. Rhind solemnly set apart a week for prayer and abstinence from all pleasant food. (Dan. x. 3.) When the anniversary came round, up to this period, he had scrupulously observed this, but that year, through the

press of service, it had been forgotten; and when he lay suffering upon his bed at Glanmore Castle, and remembered the fact, he regarded this visitation as the Lord's voice to him in consequence. Ever after he especially set apart that week for thanksgiving on account of both deliverances.

Whilst residing in Ireland, he became acquainted with many eminent Christians, and amongst the rest the late Lady Powerscourt. At her residence, Powerscourt House, large meetings of Christians, interested in prophetic subjects, &c., were held, and attended by many godly members of the Church of England, as well as by some who had left that communion for the more simple and scriptural mode of coming out from amongst the unconverted, and meeting simply in the name of Jesus, in dependance upon the guidance of the Spirit. It was here, perhaps, that Mr. Rhind's mind became in some measure exercised about ministry, and the separate character of the Church; for although he was still a churchman, yet not considering the appointment of the English hierarchy scriptural, he could not conscientiously become a minister within her pale, and accordingly he declined the offer of the living of S——, which was pressed upon him, if he would take orders. It is deeply interesting thus to trace up God's leadings link by link; for it was in the providence of God that, through attending these meetings, he formed the acquaintance of those who were the means of bringing him out into a *large place* of service, unshackled and unfettered by the systems of men, into the happy liberty of Christ's free man.

In 1838, Mr. Rhind bade farewell to Ireland, and in doing so thus addressed the Protestant and Roman Catholic inhabitants of the neighbourhood, in which he had so faithfully laboured.

“My dear Friends,—After residing in your midst for nearly seven years, I cannot leave you without a few words at parting. Be assured, I feel deeply at separating from you, for though not your countryman by birth, yet I always felt a love for you, and an earnest desire for your welfare and that of your families. But now I am going, and though I hope occasionally to return and ask for your welfare, yet I must say, farewell. Many of us may never meet again.

“Often I have visited you on beds of sickness, and have been gladdened to witness your recovery; still there is a last sickness awaiting us, or else His coming is at hand who will destroy the wicked, and put an end to the sorrows of His people. In bidding you adieu, there are three things I would desire to leave on your minds, which three things I have always endeavoured to instruct you in, for you know in my visits I have sought to unfold the word of God to you; I made no distinction; I viewed you all like as myself once was, buried in one common ruin, dead in trespasses and sins; and therefore three things, as I before said, I endeavoured to tell you of. First, that all that could be known of God must be learnt from His word, for Jesus himself said, ‘Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.’ (John v. 39.) Is it not

so? therefore I used to say to you, Search His word. It is your birthright, let no man keep you from it; search it, and pray for God's Spirit to teach you, for if you do not search it, then you do not mind what Christ says. Well, this was one thing; and what was the second? it was this; to trust in Christ's blood, and in Christ's blood *alone*, for salvation; not to put anything to it, nor to take anything from it; not to trust in your own works: no! no, not for one moment: 'for the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' (Rom. vi. 23.) I told you, hell is the wages of sin, but heaven is not at all the wages of *our* righteousness, but of Christ's righteousness; so heaven is a gift, God's gift, a free gift. It was this that the thief found. (Luke xxiii. 42, 43.) It was this that the prodigal found. (Luke xv.) It was this that Paul alluded to. (Rom. v. 1.) It was this that the Lord Jesus meant, when He said, 'When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.' (Luke vii. 42.) But some of you used to say, 'Oh! but are we not to have good works?' I was wont to reply to you, 'Yes, but you will never get to heaven for your good works: and yet you will never enter there, if you do not show your faith by your works.' O yes! the true Christian is made such by God's Holy Spirit dwelling in him, and making him like Christ. Though he is saved without his works, yet he delighteth in all good works. Yes, he is the man that would live as holy as an angel, and yet would enter heaven so sensible of his infirmities, that he would cry, 'Not unto us, O

Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise.' Now, the third thing I sought to instruct you in was to examine your own hearts; because you used so often to say to me, 'We know where we are, but we don't know where we are going.' Now, I replied to you, that this was a foolish saying, for the man that loved God, and trusted in Jesus, ought to be able to say with St. Paul, 'For *we know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' (2 Cor. v. 1.) And the wicked man who was unbelieving in Jesus, and lying in sin, he ought to know that he is going to hell; and his conscience often tells him so; therefore I would urge you to examine yourselves, to look into your own hearts, and to know whether you are in the narrow or the broad road. Now, dear friends, I have just recalled to your memory these three things; first, that the Scriptures are your birthright and your blessing; and every day you live, if you can read, and don't look into them, you say to the Lord Jesus, 'I don't mind thy commands; I will not search thy word.' Secondly; that if you are saved, it is not your works, but the blood of Jesus Christ that must save you, and the Holy Ghost who must teach you; and if he does, he will make you *holy* men, women, and children, delighting in good works. The third thing is daily to ask yourselves, Am I going to heaven or to hell? Am I on the narrow or the broad road? And, oh! that we may meet again, even here, if it be God's will, and if not, in heaven; or, if the Lord comes in His glory,

may we meet Him in the air, not to be consumed in His anger, but delivered in His love.

“Farewell, my dear friends, and be assured that neither time nor distance will blot you out from the remembrance of your faithful friend and well-wisher, for time and eternity,

W. G. RHIND.”

This address was printed in the form of a handbill, and distributed amongst the people. It may serve as a specimen of his simple, earnest, and truly scriptural manner of appealing to the Irish, many of whom were taught *not* to read that word which is able to make us wise unto salvation. Before Mr. Rhind left Ireland, the cholera broke out in his neighbourhood; not at all daunted by this terrible plague, he, on hearing of a case, was ready to visit the sufferers, and point them to Jesus. On one occasion, people came from a distance, saying, that a man was dying of it, and they described it as of the most malignant kind. Committing himself to the Lord's care, and asking the prayers of the Christian friends he was leaving, Mr. Rhind set out for the dwelling where the poor man lay. There, *outside* the house, he found the terrified relations and neighbours. Not one would go near him; all were panic-stricken. When their kind visitor signified his intention of seeing him, they cried, “And will your honour have a glass of whisky first?” Telling them that he never resorted to these things, but calmly trusting in his God, he entered the cabin. There lay the poor sufferer, almost purple in colour, and racked with agony. Still he heard of

Jesus, "who loved poor sinners, and gave himself for them," ere he died. It was by such self-denying disinterested acts of kindness as this, that this dear servant of Christ, so like his Master, gained a great hold on the affections of the people amongst whom he had gone, truly seeking not *theirs*, but *them*; and as it is written in the unchanging Word of God, that if the bread be cast upon the waters, it *shall* be found after many days, we may rest assured, that this preaching Christ, both in word and deed, will prove, as it were, to have been the *seed corn*, that will yield a rich increase in that day when every man shall receive praise of God, the Righteous Judge.

The time had now arrived for leaving the Green Isle of Erin for England. Parting is sad work, but the thought of that great and joyous meeting of the whole family, when Jesus shall come, was ever a great consolation to Mr. Rhind. He loved to think of it, to speak of it, and lived looking for it, until the end. And so, until that day, commending his dear fellow-Christians in Ireland, "unto Him who was able to keep them from falling, and to present them faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy," he bade them farewell, and embarked for England, with his family, in the mail packet. And here the Lord had work for his servant to do. The captain, observing the great quantity of luggage that he was bringing on board, said, "Oh! I am not going to take all these packages; it's out of the question." Mr. Rhind for a moment felt a little put out, and was just about to reply, "Very well, sir, there are plenty

of vessels that will take them ;” but instantly remembering whose he was, and lifting up his heart for strength to act the Christian’s part, he said to the captain, “You will exceedingly oblige me by taking the luggage, if you can possibly do so.” Instantly the captain said, “Oh, we’ll manage it for you,” and the packages disappeared. Before many hours had elapsed, Mr. Rhind was enabled to render the officer such a service as none other person on board could have done. Having been always in the habit, when on board a steamer, of keeping a sharp look out, especially when in the vicinity of land, he had heard the captain give the right directions as to the vessel’s course, which, either through carelessness or mistake, was unheeded, and, in a few minutes, she was aground. The consternation was great on board, and the captain greatly upset by the accident, the blame of which would fall on himself. Here the Lord gave His servant two opportunities of service ; first, to speak faithfully to those who had assembled in the cabin, terrified as to the uncertainty of what might be awaiting them ; and secondly, when the danger was over, and the ship again on her way, to tell the captain that he was a sailor, as well as a preacher ; and was willing to give him a certificate to the effect, that no blame could be attached to him, the right directions having been given to the helmsman. Many shakings of hands and thanks followed this event, and he always entertained a hope, that an effectual message to some of the noble ones of the earth, several being among the passengers, was the result of that

voyage. Besides which, we see beautifully illustrated those Scriptures, "A soft word breaketh the bone;" and "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Surely, dear reader, the Christian who is living in communion with Him who has said, "*All power* in heaven and in earth is given unto me," is a mighty man, and can do *all things* through Christ, which strengtheneth him; but "without me," saith Jesus, "ye can do nothing."

After Mr. Rhind's return to England with his wife and family, he resided for nearly four years in the city of Hereford; here he preached much in the open air, and many an one now living well remembers hearing that strong and clear voice sounding far in the distance, and crying, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." At first, some attempts were made by the agents of Satan to disturb the peace of these open-air services, but such grace, forbearance, and firmness were manifested by him, that these persons soon ceased to annoy. Having from conviction embraced the views held by those Christians, who meet simply as brethren in Christ, separating themselves from the commandments of men, but receiving gladly all whom the Lord has received *as brethren and sisters in Christ*, he met every Lord's day with those in Bridge Street, for the breaking of bread; (Acts xx. 7;) and then, seeing it so plainly set forth in the Word of God, that though there are many members in Christ's body, the Church, all have not the same office, but that in that Church he hath set pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c., for the edifying and strengthening of the whole; and that, moreover, he

that teaches is to *wait* upon it, he that exhorts to *wait* upon that, &c., Mr. Rhind being, through God's grace, very careful himself so to walk as to give none offence, either to Jew, Gentile, or Church of God, was enabled to *exhort* with authority and weight. His speaking *in the Church* was of a very practical character, whilst as an evangelist to the world, no one could set forth more clearly than he did, that all was of grace through faith. Whilst holding most firmly what the Lord had taught him concerning the manner in which the Church should come together, in dependance on God's Spirit, its separate character, having a heavenly and not an earthly calling, &c., yet Mr. Rhind's heart was very large and catholic; he seemed ever to remember His Lord's word, "He that is not against us is for us." And he loved all who loved our Lord Jesus Christ in truth and sincerity, and could say, Grace be unto them. Conscious that the Lord had lately *taught* him some important truths, yet he was enabled to remember that he had *received* them. And so, walking in this lowly, loving spirit, without which all faith and gift are *nothing*, we find him all through his course steadily pursuing his work, doing his Master's business; whilst many who taught wonderful things, and unravelled many a dark sentence, have disappeared from the scene, leaving little of the savour of Christ behind them. Feeling called more especially to do the work of an evangelist, he did not long confine his labours to Hereford, but often visited other towns, especially Ledbury and Ross. This open-air preaching was at first looked upon by many as an intrusion not to

be tolerated; and means were taken with the view of either stopping, or at least hindering it. At the last mentioned town, a band commenced playing a lively air, thinking that thus the preacher's voice being drowned, he would relinquish his work as hopeless. Little, however, did these people know the man they had to deal with. Remaining perfectly unmoved, he quietly, yet firmly, gave them to understand, that after they had concluded their music, he intended to proceed. Feeling that they had placed themselves in a ridiculous position, the musicians were soon glad to escape from the scene. At another time, when preaching in the old market-house, Ross, a few young men created a disturbance at the other end of the room, for the purpose of interrupting him; Mr. Rhind, taking a candle in his hand, quietly walked down the room, and standing by their side, continued his preaching. God gave him, not the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Thus, whilst very bold in reproofing sin, or in standing forth to preach the gospel, he ever sought to shew that he was the *friend* of all men, the enemy of none. He possessed great tact in quieting any rising storm in out-door meetings; for instance, on one occasion, some enemy or enemies of the truth commenced turning what he said into ridicule, soon there would very probably have been a general outburst: Mr. Rhind said, appealing to his hearers, "My friends, *we* cannot have *our* meeting disturbed in this manner; I must request *you* will keep order," or some words to that effect; the consequence was, all present, considering it *their meeting*, felt

bound to see to the maintenance of quiet. One instance more may be given, profitably perhaps, to shew how the Lord had wrought in this "*chosen vessel*," making him meet for His use. He was addressing an audience a short distance from Ross, when a post-boy rode up; after a little while, he, in a mocking manner, quoted some well known sentences from the Prayer Book, as though he was a rival preacher, trying thus to set the people laughing. Deeply pained at the man's profanity, he paused, and upon his galloping off, said to the people, "I never remember being so treated before, but we will pray for that poor fellow." He accordingly earnestly cried to the Lord, that He would turn his heart. The writer was told of this *many years afterwards*, by one who was present. What a proof this is, that *acting* in a Christ-like spirit *tells* upon the hearts and consciences of men. Ah, my reader, it is thus that Christians glorify God their Father. Men *feel*, if they do not confess it with the tongue, that there is *reality* in the religion of Jesus. *See what the mighty transforming power of the Spirit of God had effected in subduing the high spirit of the natural man*, and thus enabling the subject of this mighty change to exhibit *the meekness of Christ* in such trying circumstances. May we follow the faith of such who thus follow Christ. It was not long ere the Lord set His seal to the testimony of His servant; many now living date their conversion from the time they thus heard the glad tidings from his lips.

In 1843, Mr. Rhind became a resident in Ross. After a while, a room in the Wilton Road was rented

for preaching in, and soon this, being found much too small, was doubled in width; here a table was spread on the Lord's day mornings, for the breaking of bread, and at first about ten persons met together thus to *remember* the Lord Jesus, as they did in early and apostolic times. Leaving Ross occasionally, Mr. Rhind made preaching tours into various parts of the kingdom, and as there is so much that is worthy of imitation in his mode of proceeding whilst *on the journey*, whether by rail, coach, or steam-boat, the writer may be pardoned for digressing a little. Regarding every one as his neighbour, whom he was to love as himself, and thus being in a certain sense his brother's keeper, he felt responsible for the time given him with his fellow-passengers; always hoping that *the Lord had thrown persons in his way*, to whom He would bless the Word. Looking up to the source of power for help, and happy in Jesus himself, he would store his pockets with tracts, and when all were seated, would *immediately* present each person with one. This was what he used to call, "shewing his colours *at once*." He loved nautical phraseology to the last. If a fellow-traveller proved to be a Christian, a conversation was often the result, profitable to all. If otherwise, he watched some opportunity to speak of Christ before all. Swearing, or improper language, in a public conveyance, he would never allow to pass unproved. It sometimes happened that he was asked, what right he had to interfere? he would reply, "Because I am your friend, and cannot allow you to sin." This had a most wonderful effect in softening down the most hard-

ened. He was once travelling by rail in Lancashire; when the train stopped at some station, a number of cattle dealers &c., entered the carriage; they had just returned from a fair, and all appeared excited. It was soon evident that one of the company was being made a laughing-stock by the rest, and at last he became irritated, and uttered an oath. Mr. Rhind instantly gently put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Sir, you must not swear." The other looked at him, and said, "And pray, who made you, sir, a conductor over this carriage?" "Oh, no one," replied he, "but I am your friend, and you will say so before night." "Indeed, but I wont," replied the angry man; and after a brief silence he added, "There's mony a bad one that goes to meetings." "Too true," replied Mr. Rhind, "but there's never a swearer that goes to heaven." This caused deep thought, and little more was said; but when the train stopped, the man, much softened, took his hand, and with real feeling said, "I don't love ye the less for what ye said to me." A word spoken in due *season*, how good is it!

On another occasion, when crossing the Irish Channel with his son, then a little boy, a heavy storm of rain had driven all the passengers into the cabin: Mr. Rhind thinking this an excellent *opportunity* for usefulness, and having a good stock of little books containing the gospel, he told his little boy to go round and ask each of the company to take one. A young playful officer accepting one said, "Do you wish me to set this to music, sir?" He replied firmly, "It was given you to *read*, sir, and *not* to sing."

“And pray, what is the harm of singing,” said an aged Jew sitting by. “Oh, none,” replied Mr. Rhind; “you know *your* king David was called the sweet singer of Israel, and we cannot spend time better than in reading some of his beautiful songs:” so, taking out his Bible, he read and expounded some of the Psalms of David, shewing that a greater than David was there, even Jesus the King of glory.

Sometime after this occurrence, Mrs. Rhind was travelling in a distant county, when a gentleman, observing the name of Rhind upon her baggage, told her that he had just come from a religious meeting of a public kind, where a young officer had spoken, and who had stated his conversion to have been in consequence of a Mr. Rhind's speaking on board a steamer. This, most probably, was the same individual who had at first, as it were, sat in “the seat of the scornful,” as related above. What encouragement to sow beside all waters! It was not long ere the Lord manifestly set His seal to the labours of His servant in Ross. Several persons, some of whom are still meeting with the little flock, gathered, as has been stated, in the name of Jesus, others, like the beloved and honoured instrument of their conversion, are with the Lord. Dealing very closely with the conscience, Mr. Rhind's preaching was often of a very searching and arousing character, although no one delighted to pour into the wounded soul the oil and the wine of the gospel more than he did, and whilst he spoke of Jesus and His love, his handsome countenance would beam with the joy and peace that dwelt within. Truly he told

out to others that of which he had himself abundantly tasted!

Reader, do you preach to others the gospel of the grace of God? If so, be assured that you must be much in the banqueting-house yourself, if you are to re-echo the words of your gracious loving Lord, "Eat, O friends! drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" Let it not be a dry, sapless statement that you deliver, but coming forth from Gethsemane or Calvary, tell, out of a *full heart*, the loving-kindness of the Lord.

The writer of this memoir was conversing but yesterday with a Christian man, who was one of the first-fruits of this full and unctuous ministry of Christ, who told him, that having heard Mr. Rhind preach a few times in the market-place with much interest, he was led, as he believes, by God's providence, into the room on the Wilton road; the subject was the Lord's prayer, which, said he, was very simply and practically explained, clearly shewing that no one had any right to call God his Father, unless he was regenerated by the Holy Spirit through faith in Jesus; thus, most people were deceiving themselves, as they carelessly and formally uttered these words. He shewed, too, what the kingdom was—that it had a twofold aspect; 1st. The work of the Spirit subduing sin, and sanctifying the believer, *now* filling him with peace, joy, and righteousness; and, secondly, also the coming of Him, who is God's King, the true David, who shall reign in righteousness,—the blessed hope of the saint, but a terrible day for the un-

godly;—*therefore*, for an unconverted man to ask for the kingdom to come, was to pray for his own destruction; for “He shall come, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.” When the preacher came to those words, “Forgive us our trespasses (or debts), as we forgive them that trespass against (or are indebted to) us,” he said, “Suppose a man had been trespassed against by another, and, instead of forgiving him, had placed the matter in the hands of a lawyer; well, the man goes home, and at night, as he has been *accustomed*, says, ‘Forgive us our trespasses, as *we forgive every one that trespasses against us.*’ He can’t go on; conscience says, ‘*That’s not true*; you know you have not forgiven the man who trespassed against you; instead of that, you are suing for damages! What a hypocrite’s part you are acting!’ Well, the man rises from his knees with a heavy heart, goes to the lawyer, and says, ‘I must stop those proceedings.’ ‘That’s scarcely possible now, sir.’ ‘I *must* do it,’ he rejoins. ‘Well, sir; but it’s a *good case*, and you will, no doubt, gain your point, and I cannot understand why you should do so.’ But the man with the *uneasy conscience* knew very well why it was; the Word of the Lord had convinced him of sin—*of his sin*; he repents of it, flies to Jesus, believes on Him, and is saved. He now gets *the mind* of Christ, and forgives men their trespasses, even as God for Christ’s sake had forgiven him.” It was now that the Lord was pleased to impress the mind of the individual above mentioned

powerfully, christianity seemed such a real thing. He was soon after led openly to confess his faith in the Lord Jesus, and has been enabled, kept by the power of God, to hold on his way. Twenty-one years have passed since this discourse was delivered, yet it is fresh in his memory. Surely it is well for the preacher to be able to say, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the *whole* counsel of God."

After preaching in the room, it was Mr. Rhind's usual practice, when the weather permitted, to repair at once to the steps of the old market-house; there he was joined by a few Christian people, who united in singing a hymn; by the time the hymn was concluded, a goodly number of people generally had collected, and this was often increased to a very large crowd, because many persons from the different evening congregations must needs pass that way, it being in the centre of the town. Thus, as a skilful fisherman, he took his stand, and preached with a full heart, and with a voice such as we do not often hear, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Such was generally the attention shewn on these occasions, that we cannot but hope much precious seed was received into hearts prepared by the Lord himself; even as He caused Lydia to *attend* to the word spoken by Paul; for "faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

Twenty years ago, it was not at all an uncommon thing to witness a couple of men stripped and fighting in the streets of Ross, whilst a crowd of men and boys, many of whom seemed to enjoy the brutalizing

spectacle, encircled them. Whenever the report of such an encounter came to his knowledge, Mr. Rhind invariably hastened to the spot, and with a manner, in which authority and love were remarkably blended, he ever succeeded in separating the combatants; sometimes, also, saying that he intended to address the people of Ross on the subject of fighting. On one such occasion, a vast crowd of persons assembled to hear the gospel of peace. So gentle and dove-like had his spirit become, that anything in the least approaching to evil speaking, or even in the slightest degree speaking detractingly of another, made him uncomfortable, and he would be sure to check it, or turn the conversation. Naturally of a warm temperament, and impatient of contradiction, he was constantly on the watch; and often, often have those who knew him intimately known him to retire for confession and prayer, on account of what, by the majority of persons professing godliness, would have passed unnoticed. "Foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," always met with discouragement from him; but never could there be a more cheerful, sunny companion, and little children loved to hear from his lips, the interesting anecdotes he could tell of the negroes in America and the West Indies. Thus the young would not conclude religion to be a morose, melancholy thing, seeing it could make this good man so happy himself, and so willing, also, to minister to their innocent and rational enjoyment; whilst the great end he had ever in view was, to lead both old and young to Jesus.

Ross, like most other places, is provided with what is called a "lock-up," or town prison; to this it was his self-denying custom to repair occasionally, and, being locked up with the prisoners, reason kindly and tenderly with them; shewing them that *God* knew all about them, no secrets being hid from Him, and urging them to confession, repentance, and faith in Jesus, who receives sinners, even the chief. What are usually termed tramps often found their way to his dwelling. "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away:" these were his Lord's commands; and whatever man might say about expediency, or in expediency, weighed not a straw with him in opposition; so he used to relieve them, as it seemed to him they needed, and as he was able. Many a wanderer, with whom kind words were rare things, has been melted right down, when, having been shewn into "the Captain's" room, and after a patient, compassionate hearing, he has been tenderly prayed for, and sent away with bread, or clothing, or a bundle of books to sell, as it might be; and when, as sometimes happened, his funds for the poor ran low, and he had little or nothing for his poor friends, he would accompany his kind word with a regret that it was now "low water, and that the ship was aground." One Irishman said, on such an occasion, "Thank yer honour all as much as though ye had given, but the purse will soon be full again." When persons have expressed doubts as to the propriety of indiscriminately relieving strangers thus, he has said, "Better be taken in by many, than

turn away *one* deserving person." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Mr. Rhind used often to say, he believed the way to consider them was to contrive for them, as many of them shewed but little contrivance for themselves. The books he published were written in a great measure with this end in view. The little profits arising from the view of Ross from the Wye, an engraving taken from a drawing made by himself, and sold by Mrs. Dobles, of Ross, were devoted to the same object; these, too, he used to colour, thus increasing their price. This little contrivance was for the poor also. Those who have not very much 'cash to bestow, and yet have a desire to minister to the needy, may thus, in many ways, by a little thought and *contrivance*, accomplish their object; and the very fact of its having been the fruit of their own labour, will greatly enhance the pleasure of giving. A species of service in which he was particularly happy was visiting the sick. Having known, experimentally, what it was to be laid on a bed of languishing, and having been there comforted of God, he knew well how to comfort others with that same comfort wherewith God had comforted him; and what made his visits especially acceptable was this, that he always looked at the bright side of things, keeping in view "the end of the Lord, that He is *very pitiful*." He loved to think of those he visited, as of those for whom purposes of mercy were in store; therefore, he went to the bedside interested and hopeful, and his bright kindly countenance inspired hope, and invited confidence. A nice bunch of flowers to put in the

sick room, or a little fruit, if he had it, was frequently carried by him to the invalid. Dear Christian reader, if you have a garden, although you may not have much money to give, your flowers and fruit will, as dear Mr. Rhind used often to say, be most "interesting" to the poor hectic or feverish sufferer; and you will then be able yourself to enjoy your garden, as you will cultivate it for the Lord, and use it for His glory. Christianity is the very antipodes of selfishness. Many excellent Christian people, but who, perhaps, are not well qualified for visiting the sick, have said and written very discouraging things about the results of ministering in the Word to them. This is a pity, as it is not a pleasant service; indeed, it is taking up a heavy cross sometimes, and especially in *some* cases. A young, loving, ardent Christian, who feels led to this work, and who *is* really well adapted for it, may be discouraged thereby, and led to relinquish a work which, in *his* hands, might be much owned of God. Mr. Rhind's thoughts about the matter were very different; it may have been partly because he was naturally hopeful, but certainly, also, he had strong grounds for so thinking from the Word of God, especially in that wonderful portion, the 33rd of Job. Here, we have clearly declared, that God often speaks to man *thus*, what His object is in so speaking, His sending an interpreter, telling of the ransom, delivering the man's soul from the pit who repents, &c. And all these things, it is added, "God works *oftentimes* with man." Yet, alas! in many cases men perceive it not. This portion of the Word was

an especial favourite (if we may so speak) with him in the sick chamber. After residing for a few years at Ross, Mr. Rhind had the happiness of welcoming his beloved mother beneath his own roof. He had been accustomed, when he resided with her many years before, at Plymouth, to play a hymn on his flute at her bedroom door. Every morning this custom was resumed, and continued as long as she lived.

At the close of that eventful year, 1848, Mr. R. was called to pass, with his family, through a trial of the deepest kind. His daughter, Mary Frances, then in her sixteenth year, was removed after two days' illness. This was no common loss, as all who knew that dear attractive and amiable girl can testify. She had been rescued from fire and shipwreck,* and now

* In 1837, Mrs. Rhind left Ireland with two of her little children and elder son, for the West of England. The captain of the steamer, instead of keeping wide of the land, ran his vessel through Jack's Sound, (a small channel between the mainland and the Island of Skomer, on the coast of Pembroke, South Wales,) in order to save time. The eddy tide was so strong, that the vessel, not answering her helm well, struck on some sunken rocks, stoving a large hole in her bottom. When *actually sinking*, and the engine fires put out, by the water reaching them, the vessel most providentially grounded on some rocks, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the place she first struck. In this solemn hour, when all expected to go down with the vessel, Mrs. Rhind and some Christian friends on board were kept in great peace of soul; and, *whilst they were praying*, it was suggested to the mind of one of these to run the vessel on the shoal, which was providentially *just effected*, when the water reaching the engine fires, would have put an end to all further effort. All on board reached Bristol, the place of their destination, in safety.

in the very bloom of her youth, with a mind promising all that a fond parent could desire, she was to finish her earthly course; and the home her presence had rendered so bright was to know her no more. Mary had been kept back, on account of her youth, from any public confession of her faith in Christ; and her departure was not at all anticipated till within a few hours of her death, and then she passed away in sleep, so that no conversation could take place; yet her father's mind was kept in perfect peace as to her safety. He had been in the habit of conversing with this dear child, as they took their pleasant walks, and often has he been heard to say, that it was one of his treats, to see her gambol like a lamb by his side, and then attentively listen, whilst he dwelt on a Saviour's love. But God is the God of all comfort and consolation! He, and He only, can bind up the broken heart; He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. See how sweetly, then, the sorrowing parents were cheered and supported, after the removal of this their much-loved child. The many little productions of her pen that were found, all breathed the atmosphere of that pure and brighter home, to which she was so soon to be summoned; but what especially gladdened the hearts of the bereaved was a letter picked up in the garden, four months after her death, by her father. It was addressed to himself when in London, five months previous to her death. An extract from it may suffice to show that the Good Shepherd was caring for this Lamb, and that she had entered by the door into the sheepfold.

“My dearest Papa,—We were delighted to receive your letter this morning, and to hear such good accounts of yourself and S—, and I dare say you will like to hear a little of our proceedings. On Saturday, poor Miss —— was supposed to be dying; but she has again recovered. Mrs. O’D— and M— have arranged to visit her constantly, as they find her mind very dark concerning the things of God. On Sunday, E— spoke very nicely, particularly in the evening; subject, The High-Priestly Character of Christ. The part I was the most pleased with, was where he spoke of Christ interceding for His people in heaven in His priestly office, having gone into the presence of His Father with His own blood. In the morning he spoke from the 1 Cor. xi., on the Lord’s Supper. I trust, dear papa, you will have fine weather for your preaching.”

Should this be read by any *young* person, pardon the writer for reminding such an one, that at such a time as none looked for, the summons came for this dear girl; nothing that medical skill could do, or fond parents desire, could retain the spirit in the tenement of clay. The word had gone forth from the Lord, “Return!” and the dust returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it. Are you ready? Is Jesus precious to you? One word more: You may see from the portion of her letter here given, that Mary attended, like Lydia (Acts xvi.), to the things that were spoken. This is the way faith comes, and faith lays hold of Christ, and saves the soul. “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,

while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Mr. R. had, on the 1st of December, commenced a course of lectures, on the return of the Lord in glory; the following day his dear child died. Whilst, however, sorely stricken, he was enabled, through Divine grace, to resume his subject on the following Tuesday, and thus to prove his faith in the cheering promise, that those who sleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him. God can speak to us in the falling of an autumn leaf; and Jesus said, "Behold the lilies!" and He does speak in many ways, if we have but ears to hear. The following circumstance is a remarkable instance of this, in teaching resignation to "His will, who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." An engraving appeared just at this time in a shop window, which so resembled the dear departed, that Mr. R., being struck with the likeness, requested his wife to go and see it; while gazing upon the picture, the voice of a man behind, who was singing an alphabetical rhyme through the streets, struck her with surprise; he sang,

*"I, stands for Isaac, the child of desire,
Whom the father gave up, when the Lord did require."*

This circumstance was often reverted to by him during the rest of his life, and surely it has profitable teaching in it for us all.

Scarcely had the sod become green over Mary's grave, when two more beloved ones were removed from the same happy circle: the beloved wife of his eldest

step-son, a great favourite with all who knew her, and who departed peacefully resting in Jesus; and his tenderly loved mother, in her 85th year. Both entered into rest the same evening, just four months after the death of Mary.

One has said, "Prayer, meditation, and affliction make a minister." Thus, then, the Lord was increasingly fitting His dear servant for the work to which He had called him. And as the links that bound him to earth were snapped one by one, his affections became more and more set upon "those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." He taught much and often of the return of Jesus; and with Him all those saints who are now in spirit with Him. "*That day*" became more and more to him the blessed hope; it was the glorious centre from which all that was blissful and desirable radiated; therefore he could say from the heart, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." His great desire to be holy, even as He is holy, after which he panted, would then be realized. Stimulated by the prospect of eternal glory with Jesus, his exhortation, as all who have heard him will remember, was, "*Occupy till I come.*" Often would he pray that there might be no drones amongst us; that all might be diligent in their Master's service, looking for and longing for *His* appearing, "who is *their life, and their exceeding great reward.*"

We have spoken of *some* of the many ways in which this servant of the Lord sought to serve his generation, "according to the will of God." And

much more might be said ; but as this little memoir is only intended to give a hasty passing outline of his life of usefulness, it may be well now to dwell a little upon that "more excellent way," in which he certainly attained to no mean stature himself, and in which he has left a bright example for us to imitate, even as he sought to follow Christ. Seeing that "God is love," and that "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him," we can readily understand how love is greater than either faith or hope ; and, therefore, that the Christian who excels in this grace will be, as it were, a front-rank man in the army of Jesus. And as the three *mightiest* men in David's army, at all hazards to themselves, brought him the refreshing draught, so surely do those who excel in this godlike principle most please Him who is David's Lord. The great commandment then is, "That ye love one another ;" and the measure of that love is to be, "as I have loved you." Here is the model. Here is the pattern. And who is sufficient for these things ? Our sufficiency is of God—the God of all grace. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

This then was *the line of things* in which our dear departed friend and brother sought to excel. Jesus, when on earth, having been sent by the Father to glorify Him on the earth, felt it to be His meat and drink, yea, His delight, to do the will of Him that sent Him, and to finish His work. That same Jesus, now enthroned and glorified, ere He ascended to His Father, when praying unto Him for His disciples,

spake thus: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Love to the Father led Jesus into the path of suffering. Love to Jesus will lead the disciple likewise into the place of self-denial for His sake. "And this is love, that we keep His commandments." Jesus, who was so rich, became poor for us, that we (poverty itself) might become the co-inheritors of His riches! Thus, Christ in the disciple leads to the same course of acting. The living, loving Christian lives no longer for himself, or unto himself; *he cannot*, for Christ lives in him, and works by him, and therefore, living unto Christ, he lives for all around him; and as his Lord went about doing good, so will he according to his measure and ability.

God had made this His dear servant to be not only a clean vessel, but a large vessel, and then filled him to overflowing with love. Thus, although naturally of a very sociable disposition, and greatly enjoying the society and conversation of the refined and well informed, he was led *cheerfully* to follow the lowly track of his Divine Master, seeking out the poor, and the aged, to tell them of Him, who left His bright abode to save them. If the Lord had entrusted him with much silver and gold, there is no doubt but that he would soon have dispersed it abroad, and in the spirit that actuated the early disciples; none would have been able to say that they lacked anything, if he could have met their need. As it was, he used to say, "Give that cheerfully which you have to give." The household of faith had of course the first place in his

heart's affections and sympathies; but the "all men" were not forgotten either; and so, whenever his "vessel got afloat," *i. e.* his purse filled, his happy countenance would grow brighter than ever, and he would become quite joyous at the thought of *this* aged woman having coal, *that* sick person some tea and sugar, or flannel, according to their need; but it may be safely stated, that he never expended money on himself beyond what was strictly needful. Following out this plan of self-denial for others, he was enabled to help many; and many of the poor seemed to fancy that Mr. R.'s riches were inexhaustible. This was one way in which love manifested itself in him. Again, in having obtained the mastery over his tongue, it was seen in a manner perhaps seldom, alas! met with. He would neither "take up a reproach against his neighbour," nor would he back-bite with his tongue. "If," he used to say, "you cannot say anything good of another, say nothing." And he used often to quote the godly resolution of an eminent saint, "I am resolved, by God's help, henceforward to speak of no man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." Never had the spirit of detraction a greater enemy than in him; and if anything was ever said to the prejudice of an absent person, he always seemed restless and uncomfortable, and would turn the conversation, putting in a good word for him, if in his power; and frequently reminding those who spoke hastily, and judged by appearances, of what is said of Jesus, that He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, or the hearing

of his ears, but *righteous judgment*. And he used to repeat an anecdote of his once entering a hair-dresser's shop in London, where, having to wait for a short time, he was shewn into an apartment in which were some drawings of an obscene character. Greatly disgusted, he at once, in his mind, judged the hair-dresser to be a person of very loose moral character, and felt inclined to leave the house. However, on second thoughts, the right course appeared to be that of speaking to him about the sin of the thing; he accordingly did so. What was his astonishment, as well as pleasure, to find that the man was as indignant as himself at the presence of the pictures, which he at once destroyed, assuring Mr. R. that he was quite ignorant of the way in which they had come into his house; but supposed it to be the work of some evil disposed person, who had been there a short time previous. "Now," he used to say, "had I gone away at once, without inquiring into the matter, I should have said, *that must have been a bad man*, and should have avoided his shop; but by thus speaking to him on the subject, I find that *I should* have been in the wrong in so acting, and should have condemned him unjustly." Surely, here we see the importance of "hoping all things."

During one of Mr. Rhind's journeys through the West of England, he took up his abode for a few days with a friend residing near the town of T—, and was told that on the following week a bull was to be baited near that town, according to an old custom of many years' standing. His tender heart was imme-

diately moved—moved with sorrow for his fellow-men who could delight in such cruelty, and for the suffering of the noble animal thus to be tormented; and at once he determined, by God's strength, to lift up his voice for the dumb. In his zeal, he ever sought to regard the "powers that be," and therefore he waited on those whom he thought ought to act in such matters; but, either from their dislike of interfering with the custom of the neighbourhood, or having no authority to stop it, all declined, and he felt he must go forth alone to meet this Goliath: but David's God was his God, and he feared not what man could do unto him. On the appointed day, he went into the midst of the assembled multitude, and there he lifted that powerful voice, in the name of the Lord, against their sin and cruelty; and doubtless, as he ever did, pointed them to that Saviour who alone could give them repentance, and save them from the wrath to come. Great was the commotion, and great the *indignation* of some young men, whose hearts had long been set on this day's amusement, and they proposed to set the dogs on the speaker, saying, "That's the fellow, the very one that was speaking to the magistrate last week." The servant of God remained firm; he knew he was in the place of duty, and therefore stood undaunted; presently the clouds gathered blackness, and such torrents of rain fell, that the assembly were glad to run from the spot. The bull and dogs were removed to their homes, and never since has a bull been baited in that place.

Mr. Rhind looked upon *every man* as his neighbour,

consequently, he sought to aid *every man*, and prevent, as far as possible, their rushing into acts of sin and danger. His favourite expression, "I am your friend, and cannot allow you to hurt yourself," has been often known to calm an infuriated man, and turn confusion into quiet. This beloved one now rests from his labours, but his works do follow him, proved by the *above*, which had been almost forgotten until after his removal, when the circumstances of it came out in bright relief to the memory of one who was with him when it occurred.

Love shewed itself also, in this Christ-like man strikingly, in his not pushing *himself* prominently forward. He strove to keep self in the back ground, and the great object of his life was to bring *Christ* before every one. This poverty of spirit and humility increased with age and experience, and he afforded a striking contrast to some who, though as yet, in comparison, but as babes, are too often slow to hear, but swift to speak; and have yet to learn that the reverse of *this* is God's order. There are some persons, he used to say, who seem to consider themselves almost martyrs, being sorely persecuted and ill-used; but then, he would add, they are persecuted sometimes for rudeness' sake, and not for righteousness' sake. The love of God does not lead to this; it teaches us to be pitiful, to be courteous, to honour all men, to render honour to whom honour is due, and thus, not to behave unseemly. A radical political professor, murmuring and complaining at the powers that be, met with no sympathy from Mr. Rhind. A short

time ago, a person remarked, when speaking of him, that he did not "think evil;" and this was, to a great extent, true. It was his longing desire not to have one thought devious from the mind of Christ; and it was this striving not to nurse up any evil thoughts, that enabled him so seldom to offend with his tongue; for out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. "Love envieth not," and truly, both as a Christian and a minister of Christ, he joyed in others' joy, and to hear of the Lord's work prospering anywhere, made him glad, as it did that good man Barnabas. (Acts xi. 23, 24.) He had no cause to maintain but Christ's, and often would he pray for a blessing on all who laboured for HIM, saying, "We have no jealousies, Lord." The Lord Jesus was kind to little children, much kinder than His disciples were, and in this his servant followed Him very closely. He loved to take the little ones in his arms and pray for them, commending them to the care of the Good Shepherd. Sensible that no ordinance can convey grace into their hearts, he would tell them about Jesus, in such a kind, simple manner, that their attention was generally insured, when he trusted the word, whereby alone they could be regenerated, would, with God's blessing, find a lodging-place in their young hearts. A Christian friend, speaking of his manner being peculiarly attractive, says, "I was once asked by a child, if Mr. Rhind was ever angry," and adds, that he knew a little girl, who, when she learned that he was about to leave her father's house for a distant part of England, ex-

claimed, "I love him so much, that it would give me pleasure to clean his boots." Children are quick to discover who loves them, and they remember what such say. They would flock around Mr. Rhind, and often has the writer heard them petition him to repeat some little interesting and instructive anecdote, as though they wanted to treasure it up in their memories. Perhaps, most of us have much to learn in dealing with the little ones, becoming thus weak, that we might gain the weak.

A letter from dear Mr. R., having come unexpectedly to light, which was written to a young person in whom he felt deeply interested, seems to the writer so valuable, that he feels he need not apologize for inserting it here.

"My dear ——,—I felt deeply yesterday on seeing you pass the window: 'We may never meet again,' I thought; 'she may be removed—I may be taken—the Lord may come.' Dear ——, let these thoughts solemnly fill your young mind, for time is hastening by. I feel very anxious about you; sometimes I feel assured you love the Lord, at other times I doubt. I was but young when first I began to think seriously, and then it took possession of every faculty, and induced a great watchfulness over all my conduct. I am sure that you know the way of salvation; but if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, all things are become new. *Time is a talent* to be used for God. I like to see you cheerful and happy; but foolish talking and jesting we are taught to avoid. I do not think your disposition is

unkind, but the contrary; and yet I continually hear you say of others, what you would not like them to say of you—harsh expressions of character. Think of the words of the Lord; ‘As ye would that others should do unto you, so do unto them.’ Make this a rule, never to speak of another in a way that you would blush for them to hear. Think much of St. James’ Epistle; read the third chapter, on the tongue; avoid exaggeration; exaggerated statements of things are not true, and though by no means intentional, yet they convey a false estimate of things; they stand amongst the ‘*idle words*’ which, our Lord says, must be *accounted for*. Oh, my dear young friend, do not think I write these things to grieve you, but exactly the reverse. I feel the Lord is near, and I long to see you a consistent, meek, and lowly follower of Christ. Oh, begin the day conscientiously with God, by a portion of His Word and prayer. If you feel that God is your Father, the seven petitions of the Lord’s prayer will often supply you with model petitions. Oh, how powerful that word, ‘Lead me not—bear me not—into temptation, but deliver me from evil.’ I should much like you to visit the cottages, to look in at the school, to live for the blessing of others. At the end of the day, ask your own heart, ‘Have I this day speeded on to the kingdom?’ ‘Have I glorified God?’ Self-examination in all is most important. ‘Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? even by taking heed thereto, according to thy word.’ Oh, dear young friend, think much of these things, that if we never meet again

here, we may in the realms of light. I found keeping a journal very interesting when I was young. I affectionately recommend it to you. Let it tell faithfully the occupation of your time and thoughts. Yours affectionately," &c.

The worldly appearance, and often trifling conversation of many young professing Christians, greatly grieved Mr. R. It was so entirely unlike his own setting out in the ways of the Lord, that he was at a loss to understand how these things could exist where Christ was known and loved. This letter, we trust, therefore, as it so expresses what he felt on the subject, will prove a blessing to some who may be amongst those who seek not the Lord with the whole heart.

It has been elsewhere noticed, that Mr. R. occasionally extended his field of labour in the gospel. He would sometimes preach to large crowds of fashionable persons on the promenades of Cheltenham, &c. On some such occasions, persons have confessed that, when they last heard him, they went sceptics, but came away believers. He ever loved sailors, and was a great favourite with them; and it was a truly interesting sight to witness a large congregation of these weather-beaten sons of the ocean, listening with rivetted attention whilst he preached to them from that appropriate text in Isa. xxxiii. 21, "But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." And once, at Sunderland, when preaching from this text, says a

friend, "He gave out the hymn, which was with him a great favourite, commencing—

‘Come to the ark, come to the ark,
To Jesus come away:
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.’

His illustrations were so aptly chosen as to be clearly understood by the most illiterate present; and, when he closed, the sailors clustered around him, grasping his hand with great earnestness in their manner." How important it is for the preacher to adapt his language and similes to the understandings and habits of his audience, for whilst the power to convert is God's alone, yet He works by the instrumentality of preaching; let, then, that preaching be delivered as the skilful fisherman seeks *so* to exercise his craft, as, with God's blessing, to be successful. No "fishing ground," as he used pleasantly to term his fields of labour, was left untried or unvisited. Being an early riser, it was his habit, for many years, to visit "The Prospect" at Ross before breakfast; and, as he paced those pleasant walks meditating on the Word, he would stop, occasionally, and address a kind word to any who passed by about Jesus, and their true interests, sowing the good seed in the shape of tracts as he returned home. At family reading and prayer, it was his custom every morning to request each one present to repeat some scripture from memory—children, servants, and visitors—thus hoping that, in committing such portions to memory, life might enter the soul, or prove, in after years, a store of wealth.

When prevented from getting out of doors, he would vary his occupations by writing tracts for the press. Mr. Müller, of Bristol, has several of these in his assortment, and they are beautiful specimens of a full gospel. He, moreover, wrote works which have been much valued by the Church of Christ at large; such as "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness," "The High Priest of Israel," "The Testimony for the Times," &c.; also, a very useful book for young persons, "The Six Days of Creation." "Time is a talent," he used to say, "and we must redeem it." Writing letters for the poor, making up simple medicines for them, and visiting, together with the various other modes in which, as we have seen, he sought to occupy for his Master, did not allow him very much idle time, whilst in the midst of it all he never neglected communion. Many times in the day was he on his knees in prayer, and, when at home, generally sat with a large Bible open before him, that he might meditate in those precepts which were his delight.

"Better wear out than rust out," Mr. R. used frequently to say, and certainly he was an illustration of the truth of it himself. His indefatigable and untiring labours, especially in open-air preaching, began about eight years ago to tell upon his physical energies; he became much less able than formerly to take long walks, and shortly after, felt an oppression on his breath in ascending hills, or even, indeed, in going up stairs. Sometimes these symptoms were thought to proceed from a breast affection, at others, the lungs were judged to be the seat of the mischief.

Still he went on labouring as his strength permitted. Almost the last time he preached at the New Meeting Room, Ross, on Proverbs i. 20-33, his manner and language were unusually solemn, whilst he warned gospel hearers against neglecting so great a salvation. But again, as his heart yearned over the unsaved present, in repeating the last verse, he shewed most touchingly and lovingly, that although God thus warned, He willed not the death of a sinner, and still waited to be gracious. The last two or three years of his life, he was compelled, through increasing infirmities, to refrain from preaching publicly. It was to him an unspeakable cause for thankfulness, that the Lord permitted him to see several brethren raised up from amongst the beloved flock he had so long cared for,* who counted it a great privilege to give themselves to the ministry of the saints, and to the preaching of the gospel. Although thus laid aside from public ministry, when his enfeebled health would permit, he came to the morning meetings. *There*, sometimes, in few but forcible words, he would exhort the Church to love and good works, whilst his now venerable appearance added increased weight to what was said. Some felt that the time of his departure was at hand, and at some few places, which he had lately visited, he quoted the touching words of the apostle, "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." He seemed

* Now more than 130 persons, meeting in a larger room in Station Street.

as one ripening fast for heaven, and all his exhortations savoured of love and holiness. One dear friend, residing at a distance, remarks, when alluding to a visit Mr. R. paid to W—, “The last visit he paid to W— was a heavenly one; he seemed to breathe another and a purer atmosphere; and such words of grace were continually pouring from his lips, that we were oftentimes melted and broken in spirit, when we listened to his tale of love. I think love was the peculiar characteristic of his latter days; and not only did he set it before us in words, but his very life and heart were full to overflowing.”

One has remarked that “Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.” This precious saint rejoiced in the assurance of his Lord, that He had gone to prepare a place for him, and that, having so done, He would return again, and receive him unto himself; that where Christ was, he might be also. Having *such a hope*, he sought to purify himself, as led by the Spirit of holiness, even as God is pure.

In consequence of the house in which Mr. Rhind had resided so many years changing owners, and being unable to procure another suitable one in the place, he and his beloved wife left Ross in March, 1862, for Weston-under-Penyard, two miles distant from that town, where they resided with Mrs. R.'s second son. Leaving a people amongst whom he had so long laboured, and many of whom were very dear to him, it can easily be imagined that this removal was accompanied with sorrow on *his* part, and deep regret on *theirs*. Instead of the constant succession

of visits, either from dear Christian friends, or his beloved poor seeking aid or counsel, in this place of retirement, he was to be much alone with God. We know that nothing, even the sparrow's fall, happens by chance, and we must believe that this, in one sense, painful change, from the scene of his active labours to the calm of seclusion, was foreseen to be best, and planned also by the unerring wisdom of his heavenly Father.

Infirmities rapidly increased, and his weakness was such, that during the greater portion of his last year on earth, he seldom walked out, even in the garden.

Whilst the outer man thus rapidly decayed, the inner man of this veteran soldier of the cross was renewed day by day. Christ, his Alpha, was also Christ, his Omega. Christ to him, was truly all, and thus the more he pondered on that stupendous act of love—God reconciling the world unto himself, through the sufferings and death of His beloved Son; the more he dwelt on this, the more he lost sight of himself, and he has been heard to say, "It appears to me, that in the contemplation of *such love*, I never yet knew what it was to love Christ." The last time he met with the little flock at Ross, was on a Lord's-day morning. (September 21st, 1862.) He then spoke a little from the 1st chapter of Colossians, with earnestness and feeling; although, as it regarded his body, it was truly in weakness and trembling. As he looked around upon those present, assembled to celebrate the dying love of their Lord, he thanked God for redemption through His dear Son, and for "the love in

the Spirit," which had so long enabled these redeemed ones to go hand in hand in the ways of the Lord; and for the hope that was laid up for them in heaven. Some present feared that this would be the last time that they should hear his voice in their midst, and so it proved; for rapidly increasing weakness, telling but too plainly that all his services of a public character were ended, soon came on; and although such loving enquiries as "When will he come again?" "If he *said* nothing, we love to see him," were often made, yet most were prepared for the heavy loss they were soon to sustain. Whilst, however, they would mourn the absence of a beloved brother, true friend, and faithful, disinterested pastor, yet for *him* all might say, "To depart, and be with Christ, is far better." Looking forward to the bright future, they could add also,

"Then fare thee well! we part to meet
On yonder bright celestial shore;
Where union will indeed be sweet,
For we shall meet to part no more."

Although now too weak to attend the larger assemblies of God's people, yet, remembering the promise that "Whosoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst," it was felt by Mr. R. to be a great privilege to meet with a few believers in his own room, at Weston. On these occasions he would, when able, speak to those present of Him whom his soul loved, or offer up a brief but earnest prayer to the Father of all mercies. Soon, however, he became unequal to *take part* even here, though he loved to be present; and, when unable to

be so, he would have the door of the adjoining room thrown open, that he might enjoy the sound of prayer and praise.

About three months before his removal to "his Father's house on high," the writer of this memoir, on entering his sitting-room, found him alone, and apparently in deep contemplation. He said, "I have been enjoying that hymn of Swain's—

‘O how the thought that I shall know
The One who suffer'd here below,
To manifest God's favour
For us, and those whom most we love;
Or here, or with Himself above,
Do our delighted passions move
At that sweet word, FOR EVER!’”

Wrapt in the contemplation of that love that passeth knowledge, his soul was going out in longings for *the presence* of the "Beloved."

The time had now truly come when "the keepers of the house trembled, and the strong men bowed themselves, when the grasshopper had become a burden, and desire failed." The dust was soon to return to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it. Aged reader, on whom the "almond tree" now flourishes, the token that "the silver cord" shall soon be loosed, are *your* hopes for eternity built like his on the Rock of Ages? And can *you* say, with the prospect of speedy dissolution before you, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day?"

Through that longing desire after holiness, which

had so characterized him as a Christian from the very first, Mr. R. was in the habit of judging himself very closely; and now, when withdrawn altogether from active service, and left alone with his God, he so brought every motive and action to the light, that had it not been that the Good Shepherd (who never leaves nor forsakes His own, even in the dark valley,) constantly led him to "the offering," whereby alone we are perfected, his soul would have often been much cast down. But again the sun would shine forth with increased splendour, and Jesus, through even these deep exercises, to which the superficial professor is an entire stranger, would become more and more precious to this true servant of God.

On the 15th of March, the last day he was in his sitting-room, Mr. R. appeared better than he had been for some weeks; and it being the Lord's day, he commemorated the Saviour's love in the breaking of bread with his dear wife, expressing his joy in being able thus to shew his Lord's death in this beautiful simplicity. In the afternoon of the day, he conversed a little with several friends who called to see him, and did not retire to his room until after nine o'clock, and then said he did not feel tired. The sand, however, had nearly run out, for on the morning of the following day he awoke early with a pain in his side, which, not yielding to simple treatment, Dr. Mc.C— visited him, who said it was muscular, and that his strength was rapidly giving way. During that day, and the following, he remained in bed; the pain had been relieved, but his weakness increased, and he said, "I

cannot meditate," but when asked, would always give some appropriate word from the Scripture, such as, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee," and, "My peace I leave with you," &c. To his step-son Mr. J. I., who was sitting by his side, he said, "Dear J., all my hopes are in that *precious* cross of Christ." And the last Scripture he was heard to repeat was, "Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not." On being told that his daughter, Mrs. B., was come to help nurse him, he smiled and said, "That is like herself, always kind." Mrs. B. watched by her beloved father's side during the night of the 17th, his last. He passed it quietly, only inconvenienced by having had something administered that caused irritation in the throat. At ten o'clock he took his last earthly sustenance of gruel, and then composed himself upon his pillow as if going to rest, his countenance being calm and beautiful. Mrs. R. said to him, "You are going, dear William;" he replied, "Yes." "In perfect peace?" "Oh, yes!" was his answer. "Shall I tell all that you have found your God faithful to the end?" "Yes," he could but faintly utter, but we needed not words; the precious blood was seen by faith, and no deep waters had he to wade through. Gently did the hand of love take down the tabernacle. Opening his eyes for a moment, and fixing them upwards, as though catching a glimpse of a brighter region, his happy spirit, liberated from the dust of mortality, was present with his Lord.

“We wept,—’twas Nature wept, but Faith
 Can pierce beyond the gloom of death;
 And in yon world so fair and bright,
 Behold Thee in refulgent light!”

Many came to obtain a last look at the remains of this truly good man—the friend of all, the enemy of none. That countenance, which in life had ever beamed kindly on his fellow-men, was still beautiful in death, and few could look thereon and withhold a tear. One dear Christian said, while the hot tears fell fast, “When, many years ago, I was going, quite a youth, into a large city, Mr. Rhind said, ‘If you are ever tempted to sin, THINK of Gethsemane and Calvary!’”

Ah! softly tread, speak low, for here IS DEATH.

YES, DEATH. Yet robbed of all its woe.

ALL, did I say? Ah, ALL to him

Who, calm and pale, lies on his dying couch.

Hark to the low sweet words,

His dying words,

“THAT PRECIOUS CROSS.” “MY TRUST IS THERE.”

“My God is faithful to the end.”

Oh, blessed hope! Oh, glorious faith!

It triumphs even unto death.

But look again. ALL, ALL is past,—

Death, with its last cold touch.

The Spirit's flown,

The victory's won,

And we are LEFT—

Left, but not alone;

“That precious cross”—that faithful God—remaineth
 yet the same;

And shall remain

Till we too reach our home.

[Written by one who tenderly watched over the last hours of the dear departed.]

On the 24th, his remains were taken to the Meeting-room at Ross, which was filled with sorrowing friends, and Christians of all denominations, who came to bestow this last tribute of love and affection to the memory of their brother. Many persons were unable to obtain admittance, whilst the street was literally thronged with people. Many of these were his poor friends, in whose heart his memory may be truly said to live. Two or three brethren in Christ addressed the assembly, glorifying God for the abundant grace that had been bestowed upon this departed brother, and exhorting all present who loved the Lord to increased diligence, &c. Hymns were sung, and prayer offered up. A procession of great length was then formed, which proceeded with the body to the railway station. Here it was found, that the inside of the carriage intended to convey the coffin was dressed with funereal evergreens, the work of the railway officials, as a mark of respect and esteem for the deceased. On arriving at Hereford, a large number of persons, in mourning attire, were in waiting; the body was borne on a bier by "devout men" (who accompanied it from Ross) to the Barton Meeting-room, in the burial ground attached to which it was to be interred. In Ross, every outward mark of respect, that could be, was shewn by most, such as closed shops, &c.; so also in Hereford, nearly all the shops in the high town were shut, and many of the citizens followed the corpse to its final resting-place. Ere the coffin was lowered into the grave, a service of a similar character to that at Ross was held within

the room, whilst that in the open air was calculated to prove a profitable season to the hundreds who surrounded the grave.

Favourite sayings of Mr. Rhind in his family circle:—

The Christian man should be as transparent as if he were a crystal man.

Keep short accounts with God; weigh every action of your daily walk in His sight, and where you have erred, confess it at once, and “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”

As the Christian knocks at his neighbour's door, the prayer should ascend from his heart, Lord, let my speech be to the profit of those with whom I may converse.

Guard well your speech; let no perishable words drop from your lips, but that which is good to the use of edifying.

The true secret of domestic happiness is, to be such husbands, such wives, such parents, such children, such masters, and such servants, as God by His servant Paul has enjoined.

Pray that you may not be deceived by others, but if you find you have been, then pray that your heart may not be hardened, lest at any time you should withhold pity from the needy.

As God sends His rain on the just and the unjust, so am I called to be merciful, as my Father in heaven is merciful.

Cheerfulness is seemly for the Christian, but jesting and foolish talking most unseemly.

If you have nothing to bestow on one who seeks aid, speak a gracious word; it may bind up an aching heart.

There is no standing still in the divine life. The heavenly Father looks for an increase of knowledge and strength in His family.

What would an earthly parent think, if he left his son an infant in the cradle, and after a long absence found him *still* an infant?

Seek daily to add to the happiness of your fellow-creatures; if I see, for instance, a child in the street, who is crying over a broken vessel she has let fall, I purchase another, and by so doing, I take from the aggregate of misery, and add to that of happiness.

One delightful thought of heaven is, I shall never again have one thought devious from the mind of God.

Say nothing in the absence of any person that you would be unwilling to say before their face.

And now kind Christian reader, this faithful servant of Christ, after a long course of active, loving labour, having finished his course, has entered into his rest, and his works do follow him. We may be left here a little longer. Oh! that we may be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

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