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A Memoir

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM DEANS,

LATE ASSISTANT-MINISTER TO THE REV. JAMES PARSONS,

YORK.

BY THE

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PREFACE.

Dear reader, a word with you before you begin.

Do you say, Why this addition to the literature of biography? Who was William Deans? Were the facts of his life such as to justify a record like this? Well, you can judge for yourself. But let me say thus much. William Deans was known, in many quarters throughout the North of England, as a devout Christian, and a useful preacher, and, when his tragical end was brought to light, the demand for a memorial of some sort was widespread, and could not be disregarded. I was requested to undertake the work, and I did so under the impression that a sketch of his career might be to many as a complete picture of one dear to their hearts. Accordingly, such a picture I have endeavoured to present. While, apart from this, and in addition to this, it will be admitted that the life of every true man

has a lesson or lessons of its own. William Deans was a true man, and eminently Christ-like, so that, even to those who were not personally acquainted with him, the perusal of this simple narrative may not be in vain.

Scanty materials and lack of leisure have rendered difficult the execution of my task, but the preparation of this little volume has been, on the whole, a labour of love. I lay it before the Lord, in the hope that He will be pleased to accept of it as an attempt to glorify His Name in the person of His servant. And I submit it to the reading public, in the hope that it will receive precisely the treatment which it deserves.

6, *Regent Terrace,*
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, May, 1869.

NOTE.—As to the portrait prefixed, a word of explanation is due. The fact is, that the original negative was unfortunately broken, and another had to be obtained from a *carte*. The resulting picture is thus necessarily imperfect, and gives an inadequate impression of the personal appearance of Mr. Deans.

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CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

The most beloved of earth
  Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
  And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
    But now 'tis gone away.
      Thus does the shade
      In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

H. K. WHITE.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
  Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
  Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
  Restore the dead, thou sea!

F. HEMANS.

It was a cold winter morning—Monday, 14th May, 1866. During the night a heavy swell from the south-west carried a gallant and well-appointed ship on to the "stern and rock bound coast" of one of the Auckland islands. Close to where she struck was a deep cave, into which, as if those on board had been "minded to thrust in the ship," she gradually worked her way beyond human control. Conceive of the situation during the hours of darkness. The vessel heaving and tossing within the cave; precipitous cliffs on every side; the masts broken off and carried away, as they bumped against the roof; masses of rock thus dislodged, and falling on the deck fore and aft; and at last timbers started so as to make way for the rushing waves. Those were anxious hours to all on board, who, like another ship's company of which we read, "wished for the day." Eventually the day broke, revealing the horrors of the scene, and preparations were made for endeavouring to escape by the boats. With some difficulty, for the sea is now beginning to rise, two of them

are launched, and several of the passengers and crew get on board. The long-boat remains. A few get into her, in the hope that she will be floated off the deck as the ship slowly subsides, but the captain orders them out, and she is launched in the usual way. Then comes a scramble for life. Some of those who have ventured to throw themselves into the water are rescued, but others are lost. Meantime the noble ship is going down, and those in the boats behold her gradually sink. Of those who are still on board one is to us invested with special interest. He is a young man of not quite twenty-nine years of age, and on his way to England to die. Although at first deeply agitated by the awful prospect, all at once he becomes quiet and calm, doing what he can to tranquillise the rest. Ordered out of the longboat, and unable to swim, he quietly awaits his end, and according to the last glimpse that one kindly eye got of him, he was standing on the deck with his great coat over his arm, and gazing out on the rising sea.

That young man is the subject of the following pages. There is not much to record. His career was not an eventful one. He did not move on the high places of the field. He was not heard of very far from home. But he was a gracious youth, with noble aims; he accomplished not a little good during his brief career; and the fact, that amid a wide circle of friends, a demand has arisen for some permanent memorial of the

departed, both testifies to the deep impression produced by his moral worth, and justifies the present biographer in acceding to the wish expressed on every side.

"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.—Psalm cxii., 6.

CHAPTER II.

Childhood and Youth.

1837-53.

"The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of divine wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun."

SIR J. E. SMITH.

WILLIAM, fourth child of William and Jeanie Deans, both of whom still survive, was born at Cockermouth on the 5th of July, 1837. From that place his parents removed while he was yet very young, and his earlier years were spent mostly in Longhoughton and Alnwick. His constitution was rather feeble, and in consequence of some inherent delicacy, he had reached the age of four ere he was able to walk.

Probably on this account he received a good deal of attention, and the loving devoted care of his pious mother was largely rewarded. William grew up a most dutiful and affectionate child, and though he did not openly declare for Christ till he was older, the seeds of divine grace would seem to have been implanted at a very early age. He was eminently obedient to parents, and his lovingness of nature was continually coming out. The Rev. William Stead, afterwards his pastor and friend, says in a M.S. notice of Mr. Deans with which I have been favoured:—"While very young, he began to display that sweetness of temper, and amiability of

disposition, which so much characterised his subsequent life. Some of the children, including himself, had measles. He was the first to recover, and when he was getting well, he said, 'Mamma, is not God very good to raise me up that I may help you, and go your errands?'" From his earliest years he manifested reverence of God, realization of His presence, and regard for His will. One day when it thundered, he trembled from head to foot, and was filled with alarm till the storm was past, speaking of the loud peals as the voice of God. At another time he took a bird's nest, but after thinking a while he put it back, saying, "It would not please God." Facts like these show that while yet very young his thoughts were occupied with his relation to God. In confirmation of this it may be mentioned, that again and again he was overheard praying in his sleep; as if, even while the will was in abeyance, the force of habit prevailed, and the mind took its accustomed way. It is more than likely that from the earliest years of this hopeful youth there was some good thing in his heart towards the Lord God of Israel. Quietly and tenderly was he led along in the path of life—his gentle nature not a hindrance but a help—until a sermon which he heard when about the age of twelve, and which furnished clear views of the way of salvation by grace, was the means of leading him to a conscious selfsurrender to Christ, and from that time he openly avowed himself a follower of the

Lamb. That was the turning point in his spiritual history—probably the date of his decided conversion to God. All anxieties were now set at rest, and though it cannot be said that thenceforth his sky was absolutely without a cloud, he continued to lead a happy Christian life, he enjoyed the sweetest communion with God, and his path was as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

I have referred to his amiability of character. Another distinguishing feature, apparent even in extreme youth, was intense admiration of nature. He opened his whole being to the influence of beautiful scenery and sweet sounds, and sometimes the glories of creation filled him with rapture. A younger sister tells that on one occasion, while his parents resided at Longhoughton, he walked out from Alnwick on a summer morning, at so early an hour that no one in the house was awake, and that, going into the garden, from which was obtained a splendid view of the German Ocean, and being filled with admiration of the whole scene, he poured out his heart in song. The lines composed on the spot, and which take the form of an address to his sleeping sister, are scarcely worthy of being produced here, but they breathe the tenderest feeling, and reverential admiration of the works of God. This sympathy with nature in her varying moods grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and not only fitted him in after years for the better illustration of the word of God,

but had not a little to do with that cheerful and happy spirit by which he was so eminently characterised. If "spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns," and if "petulance" and "sullen sadness" were, as they certainly were, absent from him, delighted observation of the beauties of nature may be credited with some share in the procuring cause. But the best of all is, that our friend, in all his enjoyment of creation, held intercourse with his Saviour God. It is said of the illustrious Dr. Chalmers, that one day before his death, while walking in a garden, he was overheard to say in earnest tones, as if breathing out the tenderest love of his heart—"My Father! My heavenly Father!" And never more vividly, than when wandering in the country amid the works of God, did Mr. Deans realise the gracious presence of their maker and his God.

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—my Father made them all!
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,

Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?"

"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME; AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."—Prov. viii., 17.

CHAPTER III.

Business Life.

1853-9.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; he that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour; in whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoureth them that fear the Lord; he that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not; he that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

PSALM XV.

THE subject of this narrative had now reached a new stage in his career. His school education being finished, the question was raised as to what line of occupation he should engage in. His own secret wish was towards the ministry of the gospel, but I do not know that he breathed it to any one. At all events the way to the ministry was not yet open, and his parents, with his own consent, arranged for his entering a draper's shop. Accordingly, while yet in his sixteenth year, he was apprenticed to Messrs. Allan & Son, of Alnwick, and the epigraph on his articles of indenture bears that he faithfully served his time of five years and a half.

Now, therefore, I have to speak of his life in Alnwick. And here I am greatly indebted to Mr. Thomas Taylor, of that town, from whose notes the most of the following information is derived. I suppose it must be owned that Mr. Deans never took kindly to the ways of shop life, so that his employers would look in vain for that smartness and eager readiness in attracting customers which they regard as essential to success. But he had

better qualities than those, and Mr. Taylor describes him to the life when he says:—"His quiet unassuming manners drew me to him when I called for anything at the shop; and I was not alone in my preference for the gentle, truthful shopman, to the crack salesmen who abound in that line of business." Without knowing precisely how the matter stood, we may be sure that he did his best to please, so far as conscience would allow, and yet it became more and more evident, as years rolled on, that he was not a born merchant. Of his relation to business, and his bearing as an employé, I shall have occasion to speak again.

Meantime let us see how this gracious youth comported himself in other ways. It was not long before he sought out the Sabbath School in which he had been once a scholar; and in connection with the English Presbyterian Church, then under the ministry of the Rev. John Walker, and of which he was a member, as well as in connection with the Ragged School of the town, he had abundant scope for the energies of his eident hand, and the outcome of his loving heart. An aged female friend, whom Mr. Deans regarded with almost filial love, has told me of his unwearied interest in Sabbath scholars; how he would come back from the school burdened in spirit about the salvation of the members of his class; and how diligently he prepared for his duties on the Lord's day. During the last years of his residence in Alnwick, he engaged even more

directly in mission work—seeking out the careless, and dealing with them affectionately and earnestly as to the salvation of their souls. On this point, Mr. Taylor remarks:—"In a room in Clayport Street, a prayer meeting was held on Sabbath evenings. Here his first public petitions were offered up. In this little meeting too, after much pressing, he consented to give his first address, and though the subject on which he spoke has escaped my memory, I shall never forget the impression made on my mind by his winning voice, and simple childlike utterances on the one theme—Christ and him crucified. After this, he regularly took part in the service, up to the time he removed from the town. The old man in whose house the meeting was held, was the subject of deep solicitude to William. He had been very wicked, was extremely ignorant in religous matters, and could with difficulty spell a word. It was beautiful to see how patiently and earnestly our friend laboured to bring this aged sinner to the Saviour. Whenever he could find time, he would go and sit with him, as he laboriously spelled out a few words in the New Testament. It is worthy of remark that many careless ones, on whose account William was deeply anxious, are now members of churches, and consistent followers of Christ."

That the spring of all this devoted service was a deep personal piety, is the uniform testimony of those who knew him best. A few sentences from a letter to a friend, written shortly before he left the neighbourhood,

indicate his humility and gracious spirit. "Oh why, my dear friend, why do we speak so little to each other, like the two disciples of old, about heavenly things? Our hearts are very cold towards Jesus. And why? I can get the answer in my own. It is because I have so little faith. How true are the words you quote! The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, for when we imagine that we are all right towards the Lord, then it often is that we are the furthest from him. Dear friend, I long to feel such sorrow for sin as will bring me, a poor sinner, to Jesus. But my heart seems hard as a rock. When I read the tale of Calvary, not one tear can I shed, either for Jesus or my sins." Yet, while thus writing bitter things against himself, Mr. Deans was walking closely with God. For he was all along a man of prayer. More than once, his shopmates, hastily entering a lumber-room connected with the shop, found him on his knees, and he was subjected to not a little ridicule on that account. By some he was sneeringly spoken of as "the praying draper," but by all whose good opinion was worth having, he was held in the highest respect.

The vague hope of being able, somehow, to reach the pulpit, which he rightly regarded as the highest position to which a man can aspire, led him to devote some of his spare time to study. In this he was kindly assisted by Mr. Walker, and so eagerly did he prosecute the object in view, that he prolonged his mental labour far

into the night, and it was necessary for his master to forbid its continuance. Like other aspiring youths, he "scorned delights and lived laborious days," and there can be little doubt that this excessive toil laid the foundation of pulmonary disease in his never robust frame.

The term of his apprenticeship having been more than completed, William Deans began to think of bettering his circumstances, and, in the autumn of 1858, he removed to Newcastle, with the view of obtaining a situation as salesman. In this he readily succeeded, and and for six months or more he remained in a large drapery establishment—feeling comfortable on the whole, although unable to secure the privacy after which he longed.

Immediately on reaching Newcastle he found his way to Trinity Presbyterian Church, then under the able ministry of the Rev. T. G. Duncan, and ere long he sought out the Sabbath School, held morning and evening, in connection with the church. On ascertaining his willingness, or rather desire, to take part in the work of the school, and seeing at a glance what manner of man he was, Mr. Hudson, the Superintendent, and the other teachers, gladly welcomed him into their ranks. He was just turned twenty-one, and had a fine, ingenuous, open countenance, and it is no wonder that with his gentle manner, sweet smile, and low winning voice, he gained the hearts of his new associates at once. From that Sabbath afternoon, on which Mr. Deans, by

request, led the devotions of the school, all felt that this resh labourer was an acquisition indeed. His tender melting tones, as he pled for the children, fairly overpowered the other teachers, and at the close of the meeting they gathered round him with thankfulness, love, and joy.

His career as a Sabbath School teacher in Trinity Church was brief, but blessed. From his attached friend, Mr. A. H. McBryde, I have learned some particulars, which sufficiently indicate the secret of his influence over all with whom he came in close contact at this time, as well as of the Christian usefulness which marked his course. He had a remarkable faculty of turning the conversation towards spiritual things, and in this there was such an absence of cant, he was so obviously in earnest, and those with whom he dealt were so thoroughly assured of his loving sympathy, that not only did they take no offence, but were even encouraged to make known to him the state of their soul. When will Christians bring a full measure of holy, gracious love to bear upon their work? It is the love of Christ which constrains, and we may depend upon it that till the moral element in our endeavours at well-doing mightily preponderates over the intellectual, the highest and greatest results will not be realized. Mr. Deans had a wonderfully loving heart. This was felt by all around; and as the iceberg, drifting south, is gradually melted by the beams of the sun, so the hearts

which came within his reach, cold as they might be before, were more or less overcome by the power of his tender love. His scholars were devotedly attached to him, and when, after his departure from the town, his place in the school had to be supplied by another, the fast-flowing tears of the children, when they learned that he had left for good, told how great his influence over them had been.

As an instance of Mr. Deans' self-denial, and self-devotion, Mr. McBryde mentions, that on one occasion, when they had gone together to visit an absent scholar, and found, at the door of the house, that the child was ill of fever, Mr. Deans turned to his friend, and exhorted him to go home or remain outside, saying that he himself would enter alone. On another occasion, when they went to see a dying youth, the tender earnestness with which Mr. Deans exhorted the lad to accept of Christ was such as never to be forgotten. I may add that the minute enquiries after his *quondam* scholars, which occur in his letters after he had left the town, and the glee with which he writes of two of them having come to visit him, show his love for the young, and how fully he had imbibed the spirit of Christ. It is no wonder that he gained all hearts, and that his brief period of service in the Sabbath School is so vividly remembered.

His residence in Newcastle was cut short in the spring of 1859, by a painful circumstance to which I need not particularly refer. It is enough to say that he was

dismissed from his situation for refusing to do something which may be considered lawful according to the code of the commercial world, but which he regarded as forbidden by the law of God. He said very little about the matter, either then or since, but to one friend he wrote:—"I lost my situation on Saturday night. I trust it was for desiring to do right; at least my conscience tells me so." When will the questionable and the wrong be entirely eliminated from the transactions of trade?

Of course this reverse was painfully felt. His first impulse was to repair to Alnwick, where he spent the Sabbath; and we may be sure, that in the company of his attached friends, and in communion with God, his spirit was quieted and calmed. Early in the week he returned to Newcastle, where his associates of the Sabbath School were wondering at his absence, and with some of them he now took counsel as to what he ought to do. One very dear friend, Mr. Joshua Davidson, tells of a long walk over the Town Moor, in the course of which Mr. Deans confided to him all his hopes and fears, and of their entering into a plantation, that they might plead together at the throne of grace for heavenly guidance and strength. After a short season of anxiety, during which even *his* buoyant spirit was sorely tried, Mr. Deans was appointed under-master of a school attached to the chemical works of the Messrs. Pattinson, at Felling, a village near Gateshead. He was led to apply for this by

his reluctance to resume his place behind the counter; and possibly the prospect of having more time to devote to study had something to do with his desire to engage in the schoolmaster's "delightful task". Be that as it may, he had now turned a corner in the road which he was destined to pursue, and we shall see how eagerly he availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded of reaching the goal on which his heart was set.

"CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD, AND HE WILL SUSTAIN THEE; HE SHALL NEVER SUFFER THE RIGHTEOUS TO BE MOVED."—Psalm lv., 22.

"CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM, FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU."—1 Peter v., 7.

CHAPTER IV.

Student Life.

1859-64.

I am sure that good wits, except they be let down like a treble-string, and unbent like a good casting bow, will never last and be able to continue in study. And I know where I speak this, Philologe, for I would not say this afore (all) young men, for they will soon take occasion to study little enough. But I say it because I know, that, as little study getteth little learning, or none at all, so the most study getteth not the most learning of all. For a man's wit, fore-occupied in earnest study, must be as well recreated with some honest pastime, as the body, forelaboured, must be refreshed with sleep and quietness, else it cannot endure very long.

ROGER ASCHAM.

Much study is a weariness of the flesh.

ECCLESIASTES xii. 12.

In the autumn of 1859, after paying a visit to his parents at Cornhill, near Coldstream, Mr. Deans entered on the duties of his new office. Nothing particular occurred during his one year of preceptorial work, but the uniform testimony of those who knew him is that he laboured to the satisfaction of all concerned. With his affection for children, and his gentle winning manner, he was sure to establish a hold over the little ones—so amenable to the influence of love. But there is no record of his doings at that time, and in his letters subsequently, he scarcely ever refers to friendships then formed. But indeed there was almost no opportunity of forming friendships at Felling, for, as his eldest sister, Mrs. N. Wilkinson, was settled at Wallsend, it was arranged that he should reside under her roof. The result of this was that the people of Felling saw little of one whom they would soon have learned to love.

But another result was, that he was now brought into circumstances which had a most important influence in determining his future life. Owing to the distance from

town, he could not well continue his attendance at Trinity Church, and though yet a Presbyterian, he was led to connect himself with the Independent Church at Howdon, then and still under the valued ministry of the Rev. William Stead. He took the deepest interest in the operations of that Church, and heartily engaged in the work of the Sabbath School. During the winter of his residence at Wallsend, there were tokens of blessing from above on the labours of Mr. Stead, and in a letter to a friend at Newcastle Mr. Deans thus refers to the revived condition of things:—"I am glad to hear of your improvement as to the prayer meeting. Still persevere, and the blessing will come. I long for more faith, for many are on my mind for whom I ought to ask the blessing. God is blessing us here. There are among us enquiring souls. Dear friend, is not this glorious? the song of redeeming love will soon be deepened with glad halleluiahs of the angels for sinners being brought to Jesus; for God will not send away empty those who are seeking Him. There must have been between forty and fifty at the Bible Class on Sunday afternoon, and our dear minister just remarked afterwards, 'what a glorious thing if all were brought to Christ.' He is one who truly travails for souls, and God seems to be setting seals to his ministry. Dear friend, here is another incentive to you for being constant in prayer. Night after night, for five months, prayer has been put up in the meeting every night in the week except

Saturday, and we are not yet weary of calling, for God is not yet weary of hearing us."

All this must have tended to deepen and confirm his longings towards the Christian ministry. We have seen that during his apprenticeship at Alnwick he encroached on the hours allotted to sleep, in order to acquire the rudiments of classical and other knowledge. Dim as might be his hope of turning such knowledge to account, he embraced every opportunity of increasing his store, and it may be mentioned as evidence of this, that, while residing in Newcastle, he went once or twice a week to a student friend, who had kindly agreed to instruct him further in the Latin tongue. No sooner did he enter on his work as teacher, than he resumed his studies, and his sister testifies to his unusual eagerness in the prosecution of them. Yet all this was quietly done, and it was some time before his new pastor became aware of his devoted attention to books, or of the grand object in view. One Sabbath afternoon, however, Mr. Stead was present while our friend was speaking to the scholars, and being struck with the aptitude and earnestness of the address, and perceiving the germ of pulpit power, he enquired of Mr. Deans whether he would not like to enter the ministry. This brought out all his cherished feelings and views, and the upshot of that and other conversations was, that his mind was directed to the subject of Church government, in order to ascertain whether he could conscientiously adopt the principles of

Congregationalism. I have reason to believe, that besides examining the Scriptures, he carefully read the leading literature on the question as between Presbyterianism and Congregationalism. There can be little doubt that the greater facility for attaining to ministerial status afforded under the one system than under the other gave a bias to his mind at the outset, but his truthfulness and simplicity of character are, humanly speaking, a guarantee that, as he went deeper into the subject, his sole aim was to discover the right and the true. At all events, the result was that he declared himself a Congregationalist, and the way was thus cleared for his contemplating the offer of himself as a candidate for the ministry among the Congregational Churches. It must be added that denominational distinctions had no great weight with him in after years; at least he was equally at home with genuine Christians of every branch of the Church of Christ.

When it was determined that he should apply for admission to Airedale College, he engaged with fresh zeal in a course of study suitable for the object in view, and Mr. Stead kindly assisted him to the utmost of his power—devoting the afternoon of Saturday in particular to the agreeable task of examination and guidance. It was proposed to communicate with the authorities of the College against the opening of Session 1860-1, and Mr. Deans resolved to spend every leisure moment during the interval in preparatory study. And most diligent

he was. His sister has told me that she often sat up with him till three in the morning—he poring over the Greek New Testament, with a lexicon at his hand, and she furnished with our English version, that she might at intervals assure him of his translation being correct. Many a time the morning dawned upon them while thus employed. Thus the summer of 1860 passed away, and in pursuance of his promise Mr. Stead made application on William's behalf. The necessary recommendation was cordially seconded by the Rev. R. Greener, of Alnwick, who had known Mr. Deans when he resided there, whose fine Christian character Mr. Deans much admired, and whose earnest ministrations he had sometimes enjoyed. The result of the application was, that our friend was invited to appear at Airedale College in the beginning of September, that he might be subjected to the preliminary examination required. Let him describe in his own words what took place. Writing to a friend a few days after, he says:—"I arrived here on the 2nd, and was ushered into the College by the Rev. Dr. Fraser, the Principal. After being a few minutes with him, I was shown into a large library, and left to my own thoughts till dinner time. Gradually the students drew up from the several places where they had spent the vacation. I was introduced to them, and soon got quite friendly. Next day I was called in to pass my examination in Classics and Mathematics, and then to meet the General Committee, and answer the questions put to me. Ithen

read part of a sermon which I had written, and was dismissed, but in a short time the Doctor came out to say that I was accepted, and forthwith I took my place among the students, and began my labours."

Of course he was only admitted on probation, but the subsequent examination, a few months after, was so entirely satisfactory, that his position in the College was confirmed, and he then entered on the proper work of the curriculum with fresh heart and hope. The following is a picture of his life at Airedale, drawn by himself. It occurs in a letter to Miss Annie Strachan, a dear friend now deceased, and it was written while his impressions of the place were yet fresh and new:—"I am standing at the desk in my little study, and as I lift my eyes from the paper, they rest upon the pleasant lawn surrounding the College, while in the distance I see hills and vales, pastures and trees—all of which, blended together, form a lovely scene. But so full is my head of the wrath of Grecian Gods, the wars of Catiline, and problems of Euclid, that I can scarcely find a nook in which to place any pleasurable thoughts that may spring from the contemplation of the scene before me. My little study contains two chairs, two tables, a desk, a long stool, a book case, and a piece of drugget as floorcloth. My bedroom is above the study, and both command a view of the beautiful vale. . . . . I had to leave this on Saturday, as I was called to go to Grassington, a place about twenty-eight miles from College, to preach

yesterday. . . . . You would like to see us all together at College, particularly when we have our white chokers on, very like a lot of parsons. I do not think I shall be often out preaching for the first years, as junior students only get out when there is an overplus of places to be supplied. . . . . Let me give you a sketch of my duties during the week. On Monday evening, after tea, I go in alone to the Doctor to be examined in Butler's Analogy, and to read an analysis of some part of the book, which I have had a week to prepare. On Tuesday we are with Mr. Barclay, the Classical Tutor, from nine to ten, for the study of Homer's Iliad, and with Mr. Creak, the Mathematical Tutor, from eleven to twelve, for the study of Euclid. From one to two we all meet in class, when one of the students reads a sermon, and we have to criticise it. The evening is spent in preparation for the work of the following day. Wednesday is like Tuesday, except that Latin is substituted for Greek, and we are examined in Pye Smith's 'Scripture Testimony to the Messiah.' On Thursday, besides Euclid and Greek, there is sermon reading, and after dinner the History of England. On Friday, Latin, Euclid, and the Greek Testament. On Saturday morning I alone have to answer questions on the Old Testament, after which all who have to preach the following day retire to prepare their discourses. Besides all this, we have essays and other papers to write. We have prayers at 7 a.m., when each student is chaplain in his

turn. Breakfast at eight; dinner at two; tea at five; prayers at nine; and supper immediately after."

In another letter to a friend, Mr. Deans explains that the five years' course at Airedale embraces the study of Classics and Mathematics during the first two, and Theology, with cognate subjects, during the remaining three. He was not to continue at College more than four years and a half—from circumstances to be afterwards explained—but how diligently he must have laboured was apparent not only in his rapid mental progress, but in a sad corresponding reduction of physical strength. There ought to have been the usual alternation of labour and rest, but preaching was such a passion with Mr. Deans, that not only did he take his full share of it while at College, but during the recess his Sabbaths were almost entirely filled up with earnest labour for souls. Occasionally he did recreate himself in the North, and his wanderings amid the fine scenery of Tweedside, where his parents lived, served to refresh both body and mind, but in the main he neglected Roger Ascham's sensible rule, and the tension was too much for his feeble frame. On the whole there is reason to fear, that while, during his student course, he experienced a wonderful mental development and growth in grace, his bodily strength was gradually sapped, and when he entered the field with the full recognition of the Church, he was already a toilworn man.

I have just said that preaching was a passion with

Mr. Deans. The practice in preaching which he had had for years must have rendered him fluent and apt, while his fine gracious spirit lent wings to his ready words. It is easy, therefore, to understand that when his fitness for pulpit work became known at College, junior though he was, he would be often employed. In point of fact, he was sent out not merely to secluded villages in the country, but to large congregations in towns. On various occasions he preached in Heckmondwike, Sheffield, Bradford, Hull, Liverpool, and Leeds. And everywhere he was a sweet savour of Christ—in many cases a savour of life unto life. The gospel offer was so affectionately put by this young disciple, and he was so obviously an embodiment of the loving kindness which he proclaimed, that hearts susceptible of tender emotion were irresistibly drawn towards himself in the first instance, and in cases not a few also to the Saviour whom he delighted to preach. He often remarked that he was most at home among plain country people, and certainly his success was greatest among such. Very soon after he began to take his turn as one of the Airedale staff, he became aware that a blessing rested on his labours. In a letter dated 24th September, 1861, he says:—"Homely as my language is, yet I can see that God renders it acceptable to very many. May He also clothe it with power to the conversion of souls." That prayer was answered very early in his College course. In one of his letters, quoted above, mention is made of

occasion of my absence from home. This he did with great acceptance, and between 1862 and 1864 he preached a good many times to my people. He was regarded with peculiar fondness by the teachers of the Sabbath School, who looked on him as one of themselves, and naturally were proud of him, but the body of the congregation—even those who knew nothing of him before—were attracted by the winsomeness of his manner, and impressed by the grave tenderness of his appeals. Reluctant at first to open his mouth in a church in which (as he put it) intellectual preaching was demanded, he came in the end to deliver the Lord's message there with the utmost freedom—feeling, no doubt, that he was remembered by many at the throne of grace. It is no small proof of the loveableness of the man that in those few short years he had come to possess so many friends, whose love was almost or altogether as warm as his own.

There is another place where his labours were greatly blessed. I refer to Langholm, and as the circumstances of this case were peculiar, it must receive a lengthened notice. Langholm was his mother's native place; several near relatives resided there; and he must have often heard of its beautiful surroundings. However his first visit was not paid till he was twenty-one years of age—somewhile in 1858, about the time of his leaving Alnwick, when he and his brother John walked to Langholm from Hawick, a distance of twenty-three miles. On

that occasion he went to see the Free Church Sabbath School, and was requested to say a few words to the children at the close, but, as became his youth and inexperience, he attempted nothing more. In the prospect of a winter's confinement in a busy shop of a busy town, he sought the invigoration which rambles in the country afford, and the mental enjoyment which a poetic mind like his was sure to derive from the observation of nature. Of this last he took his fill, and "bonny Langholm," as he used to call it, was ever after, on this and other accounts, very dear to his heart. He loved to saunter in a romantic walk behind the Church-yard and by the banks of the Wauchope, "where the river runs in a narrow rocky channel, shaded by overhanging rocks and lofty trees." All the points of interest in the beautiful environs he was careful then, or subsequently, to visit: the monument on the hill; the Marl well in Glen Tarras, with its petrified moss; the island of Broomholm, in the Esk, with its leafy bower; Burnfoot, the birthplace of the brothers Malcolm, so distinguished in their country's annals; and Penton Linn, with its deep pool and beetling cliffs. "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds." The rush of the stream, the sighing of the breeze, the bleating of lambs, the notes of the feathered songsters—these simple things have power over hearts which are (shall we say?) rightly tuned. I count him happy—because in his susceptibility there is a fountain of deep joy, who can truly say,

"To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Mr. Deans was thus happy, and we may be sure that what he saw and heard of nature in those lovely retreats, ministered largely to his imagination and his heart.

After thus getting personally acquainted with his relatives, he began and kept up correspondence with them by letter, but he did not return to Langholm till the summer of 1862, by which time he had been two sessions at College. He found that Langholm had been deeply stirred. The people were just emerging from the excitement of a work of grace, and the great things of the kingdom were in many a heart and on many a tongue. This was very delightful to one who loved so dearly to speak of Jesus, and his interest was all the greater, because some of his relatives had recently come under the power of the truth. With these in particular he took sweet counsel, and his uncle, Mr. Telford, whom he highly respected and tenderly loved, held lengthened conversations with the young student on the grace and glory of Christ. On the occasion of this visit he was requested to preach, both in the Free Church and in the South U.P. Church, and this he did with great acceptance, and to the exceeding satisfaction of his partial friends.

But now we reach a part of his procedure which must be thought of with regret. Some of the Evangelists who came to Langholm after the work of revival

had begun, were connected with the Evangelical Union. They preached what they called "the simple gospel," but which consisted of the unscriptural doctrine that Christ died, equally and in the same sense, for all men—to the exclusion of vital truths bearing on the conversion of souls. The labours of those men were followed with marked results, and they were probably the means of doing not a little real good. But some who were Christians before were led to adopt those "Morisonian" views, and the issue was a determination on the part of many to organise an Independent Church. Probably this had not been mooted when Mr. Deans was at Langholm in 1862, but as he then mingled in Christian intercourse with those who afterwards took an active part in the establishment of the new Church, and some of them were his dearest friends, they naturally looked to him for encouragement and approbation of the step which they proposed to take. And this he did not withhold. His congregationalist views would predispose him to regard with favour the idea of setting up a Church on that basis, but that would not count for much, and his sympathy with the movement was owing far more to the conviction that its promoters were genuine Christians, as well as his own delight in a freely preached gospel. Eventually, his sympathy took this practical shape, that, when matters had ripened so far as to bring about the erection of a place of worship, and Mr. Deans was requested to open it, he willingly

did so on 27th July, 1863. His text in the morning was Psalm lxxxiv., 11—"The Lord God is a sun and shield." Notes of the sermon were taken at the time, and the following were the divisions:—I. The Lord is a Sun. 1st. Because He is the author and sustainer of all life, physical, moral, spiritual, and eternal. 2nd. Because He is the light that lighteneth every man. 3rd. Because, without respect of persons, He lavishes his grace and mercy on all who put their trust in Him. II. The Lord is a Shield. 1st. In the day of adversity, sickness, temptation, death. 2nd. Against the world, the Devil, and the flesh. These points were treated very fully and earnestly, and then at the close, after exhorting the brethren to steadfastness, he turned to the unconverted, and in a wonderfully moving way directed them to Christ, and besought them to be reconciled to God. The general interest manifested on the occasion was very considerable. The Chapel was crowded with eager listeners, and so deep was the impression produced on the members of the infant Church, that they earnestly entreated him to remain among them, and take the oversight of their souls. This he firmly refused, on the ground that it was necessary for him to complete his course at College, but he kept up correspondence more or less full with leading members of the Church, and Mr. James Crow, their first minister, a young man about his own age, and who died of consumption in 1865, was one of his fast friends, and much endeared to him by his Christian grace.

Now it may be supposed from all this that Mr. Deans had adopted the views of the Evangelical Union. This was by no means the case. His fervent loving nature was taken by storm when he witnessed the zeal of the religious party referred to, and thought of the freedom with which they proclaimed Christ for all. Personally, he held the doctrine of election and relative truths, as will appear from one of his letters further on. But he was not a thorough theologian; he had not fully thought out the system of revealed truth; and therefore he did not descry the dangers which lurked in a partial and onesided statement of the gospel. *Pectus est quod facit theologum.* And the heart of Mr. Deans was better than his head. But his own soundness on vital points is beyond question, and the only way of accounting for his co-operation with the Unionists in Langholm is his admiration for the fervour which they displayed in seeking the salvation of souls. And being thus blind to what was faulty in their system of truth, he was not prevented from sympathising with them by the certainty of being frowned upon by the sternly orthodox. It might pain him to be alienated from such, for he loved all who loved the Lord, but he was too chivalrous to forsake a course which he believed to be right, merely to save himself from reproach. Such was the actual state of the case as matters then stood. But I am now in a condition to add, that, just before he left this country, Mr. Deans obtained an authorised statement of the

doctrinal views avowedly held by the Morisonians of Langholm, and was so distressed by their departure from the sound evangelical creed which he himself professed and preached, that his distress on account of having inconsiderately countenanced them was very acute, and he wrote a letter disclaiming all sympathy with what was unscriptural and false. On the whole, our verdict must be, that, while Mr. Deans may have been indiscreet, he is to be exonerated from moral blame.

Dismissing the subject, then, let us now see in what circumstances his College life was closed. Writing to a friend, under date 24th August, 1864, he says:—"Wonderful indeed have been the leadings of Divine Providence with regard to myself, and much cause have I for gratitude when I look back. Four years ago I scarcely dared to hope that I would be at College, and now not only am I there, but I have been honoured with a request to become assistant-minister to the Rev. James Parsons, of York." The circumstances which led to that request are briefly as follows. The venerable and valued pastor of Salem Chapel was receiving assistance in his ministerial work. The health of Mr. Edwards, the then assistant, had broken down, and he was obliged to leave. Mr. Deans, having been sent to supply his place on a particular Sabbath, preached so acceptably that the congregation immediately thought of him as a likely successor to Mr. Edwards, and at a meeting of the church it was resolved to ask him to come at once.

This request was conveyed in the following letter of Mr. Parsons:—"York, 12th July, 1864. My dear Sir, I write before my departure from home to inform you that at our church meeting last night it was resolved to invite you to come among us as assistant-minister. You will be encouraged to know that among the votes (which were taken by scroll) there was only one dissentient; and this, in such a church, is, of course, an important matter. I trust that you will see it to be your course in Providence to accept the invitation, which, in the name of myself and the church, I now cordially present. My conversations with you lead me to hope that this will be your conclusion; and I shall be much disappointed if the case be otherwise. I have already stated to you what we contemplate in connection with the office we desire you to sustain; but I shall be happy to answer any further inquiries you may desire to propose. . . . . I trust that on the main subject of this note you will be guided by Divine Wisdom, and I remain, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours, James Parsons." The terms of Mr. Deans' reply have not been preserved, but that the proposal of the church in York was acceded to appears from a second letter of Mr. Parsons, in which he says:—"I duly received your letter on Saturday morning, and read it with much satisfaction. The same gratification has been felt and expressed by the friends whom I have informed of its contents. You need not address any more formal acceptation to the church.

I will communicate the purport of what you have written at our meeting on the evening of this day fortnight." And then, like a true friend, Mr. Parsons goes on to say, "I assure you that I shall always be ready to assist you to the utmost of my power in whatever may forward your personal improvement, and your efficiency in the work of the ministry. I trust that you will have this confidence in me, and that you will always remember your own responsibility to stir up the gift that is in you, and to seek constantly the help of God. If I might give you one counsel just now, it would be to employ yourself in the careful preparation of sermons. I know the importance of this at the outset. I hope, while thus suggesting, that you will enjoy your vacation, and gain fresh accessions of strength." The York people would have had Mr. Deans come to them at once, but the arrangement ultimately was, that he should continue his studies at Airedale till the Christmas recess, thus completing four and a half sessions of College work. During the last months of his course he was usefully employed in reviewing the past as well as preparing for the future, and early in 1865 he repaired to York to assist in bearing the burden of a much honoured minister of Christ.

"NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD, WHICH ALWAYS CAUSETH US TO TRIUMPH IN CHRIST, AND MAKETH MANIFEST THE SAVOUR OF HIS KNOWLEDGE BY US IN EVERY PLACE."—2. Cor. ii., 14.

CHAPTER V.

Letters.

1859-64.

Heaven first taught letters . . . . . .
. . . . . .
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

POPE.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

ROMANS xii., 15.

I propose to occupy this chapter with letters, or extracts from letters, written by Mr. Deans, mostly in the course of his student life. These communications reveal the man, as epistolary correspondence usually does. If the interchange of thought and feeling thus maintained be truly frank and unreserved, the real character of the writer necessarily comes out. It was so in the case of Mr. Deans. In his letter writing there was no attempt at display; you will find nothing beyond the easy and natural outcome of his loving heart; and whether he is referring to his own views and feelings, or entering into the case of others, he is equally simple and true. His letters are given here, not so much because they contain what is likely to be of permanent value, but chiefly because they furnish a picture of the man, unconsciously drawn by himself. The unadorned simplicity, and unaffected kindness of heart, and habitual graciousness of spirit, which characterised himself, are revealed in the sentences which trickled from his pen.

The following were addressed to Mr. A. H. McBryde,

to whom Mr. Deans was very deeply attached, and to whom, as to other friends, he was indebted more than once for substantial help.

21st April, 1863.

I had a sweet day last Sunday, and felt the Lord was with us. The Sunday before, I preached in the largest Congregational Chapel in Bradford, containing about 1,500 sittings, and of which Mr. Miall (brother of Mr. Edward) is minister. I had as a hearer our own President, and he seems pleased. But how much need have we for humility, that we may not preach ourselves, but Christ and Him crucified. Let me have your prayers, dear brother.

I hope you are well and happy, and enjoying much of the grace of God. Let us strive to see Him in every thing—even in the minutest particulars of daily life, and it will be a means of helping us to walk as "seeing Him who is invisible."

19th May, 1863.

I would not forget all the teachers in Trinity who were contemporaries with me in days gone by.

Oh how wonderful are the ways and leadings of Providence! May our lives be ever consecrated to the service of our great and blessed Master. For, as an old divine says, "Ought we not to be *sick* of love for Him who *died of* love for us?"

28th September, 1863.

I have returned from Heckmondwike, where I was preaching yesterday, and now I must try to write you a few lines. I preached in a large chapel with 1,100 sittings, and I felt very happy. God was giving me tokens of His presence, and to know that I had been a blessing at least to His own people, which cheered me very much. I have to thank you again, dear brother, for I know you are one of those who have been so mindful of me. I would like to know the names of all. I can only repeat what I said in my letter to Mr. Sutton. God will bless those who with loving and sincere motive think of the ambassador, and He will repay them hereafter a hundredfold.

1st January, 1864.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three has fled into the past with all its joys and sorrows, and we are twelve months nearer the goal. To look back is both pleasing and painful. Pleasing, when we think of the pleasant scenes we have enjoyed with kind friends, of the blessings we have received from a kind Providence, and of the precious privileges with which we have been favoured. And yet painful, to think of friends departed, blessings unacknowledged, and privileges slighted. Still it is good for the soul to look back. God, through Moses, commands Israel to do so for a gracious purpose. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no." And yet how unwilling we often are to look back.

I would like to make the most of the talent given me. I feel, dear brother, that God has given me the power of attracting the people. It seems wonderful that my simple and homely style should be so attractive. Pray for me, that this may not raise me too high in my own estimation, lest I suddenly fall into great sorrow and discomfort. Oh how much need have God's ambassadors of the grace of humble-mindedness, to enable them to preach successfully the blessed Gospel! I feel that I do

not always keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked are before me.

And you too, dear A., are the honoured instrument of doing a great work. What a thought that all those poor children may yet stand around the throne, singing "Glory, Glory, Glory." May the Master give you much humbleness of mind, large grace, great joy, and much success in your labours. And may we all be able more and more this year to forget the things that are behind, and press onward with great zeal and activity in the Christian race, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

Soon after becoming connected with the Church at Howdon, Mr. Deans got acquainted with Miss Elisabeth Strachan, a member of the Church. This acquaintance ripened into tender and devoted love on both sides, and the "engagement" which followed, but which was destined to remain unfulfilled, led to a lengthened intercourse of the sweetest kind. Their common love to Christ cemented and hallowed the tie which bound them together. At one time, after Mr. Deans' studies were completed, it was proposed that the marriage should take place, but the final breakdown in his health intervened, and the formal union was never effected. Yet they

were one in heart; and the survivor, who has been wonderfully sustained under her heavy trial, looks forward with joyful expectation to a renewal in Heaven of the happy Christian communion enjoyed on earth. The three following extracts are from letters refering to the death of a sister of Miss Strachan, who had been married to Mr. Hudson, and died in childbirth. They were all written from Airedale College, and they show that Mr. Deans was a son of consolation.

TO MISS STRACHAN.

17th February, 1863.

I received a short note from Charlotte this morning, telling me that the cloud of sorrow and bereavement had settled over you; that dear Annie was released from her sufferings, and called away to heavenly glory. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and his cup of earthly bliss has many bitter ingredients. But to mourning Christians there is a word of comfort in every time of need. My dear ——, I feel that I will be a poor comforter to you at this time, for I know not what it is to suffer such a loss, but I know that your soul will drink in heavenly consolation from the fountain-head, and that ere now, Jesus, through His heavenly promises, has given you strength to bear your trial.

How little did we think that night when we sat up to welcome in the new year, that one of our number was soon to be taken from us. "God's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts." . . . Little did I think on Sabbath morning, that when I was preaching life, you were sorrowing because of death.

TO MRS. STRACHAN.

17th February, 1863.

The dealings of our Heavenly Father are very mysterious. It hath pleased Him to take from you the dear child whom He had lent for a season. The stroke is heavy, but His blessed Spirit will sustain your troubled soul. May He abundantly comfort you! God, dear friend, has various ways of weaning us from the world, and so He must needs sometimes remove the dear object of our affections from earth to heaven, that our love may follow, and our hopes become brighter. God has blessed you in giving you children that fear and love Him, and He is only taking some of them before you to the heavenly home. May the spirit of all comfort breathe into your heart abundance of consolation, and may you realise the presence of the Redeemer, and hear Him saying, "Let not your heart be troubled. Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you."

TO MR. HUDSON.

18th February, 1863.

I rejoice to know that her hope was in the blessed Saviour, so that she is not lost, but gone before. What a comforting truth is the resurrection of Christ, in times like this. In Jesus we shall rise again, and be for ever with the Lord. If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. . . . . Let us look forward with renewed hope to the blessed time when Death shall no more break the happy circle. May the Lord strengthen you to bear all your trials, and to pursue the remainder of your life's journey till it shall be said to you also, "Come up hither."

I now give a few sentences, selected almost at random, from other letters to Miss Strachan.

Airedale College, 13th March, 1862.

I would have written this yesterday, but I had to attend the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Bean, of

Heckmondwike, who died very suddenly last Friday night. He was a man full of the Spirit; very devoted to the work; and unceasing and untiring in his efforts. I never saw such a funeral. The Chapel holds about 1,400, and hundreds could not obtain admission. The service was very solemn. He has gone—gone to receive from the hands of his blessed Master the crown which he has so earnestly striven to gain. It is another call for us to work while it is called to-day. As I sat in the chapel, I thought I could have gone to join him. But a voice seemed to say, "You have work yet to do." Yes, I have work—my own soul to save, and the souls of others.

I spent a good day on Sunday, though I had to preach three times. On my return from Dacre, where we preach in the morning, the ride was very pleasant. The air was balmy, and the mountains reflected the mellow rays of the glorious sun. In the evening it was very wet, but on Monday morning the sky was clear, the sun shone forth, the birds carolled, and all nature seemed rapt in praise. I enjoyed the walk to Ripley, and when I got back, I set to work on my essay, which is now done. I have also read my sermon in class, so that, in a sense, I have now a little rest.

11th June, 1862.

On Sunday I preached at a village called Morton, when I stayed with a pious family, and had a happy day. I preached morning and evening, and spoke to the children about flowers and their lessons, bringing in the everblooming flower—Jesus, the Rose of Sharon. I had to attend a gathering of scholars at a place called Wind Hill, where one of our Tutors has a little congregation, and where I gave another address. Yesterday I went to Saltaire, and joined my dear friend the Rev. H. M. Stalybrass. After dinner we set off to a place called Bewley, where we had another meeting to attend. We returned at night, and now I am back to my little study, and what with examinations and tea parties I am heartily tired.

6th June, 1863.

I read lately the life of Alice Johnston, of Skipton, Yorkshire. She was afflicted for many years, but very sweet were her experiences of a Saviour's love and a Father's grace. How I do mourn over my want of faith, so that, instead of spending a bright and happy life, and doing much for the Lord, I am often shadowed

by clouds and storms. The Lord bless you, dear, for all your earnest prayers on my behalf. I am going off to preach at Knottingly, where I shall be among kind friends. If this should reach you to-morrow morning, I would ask you to pray that the Holy Spirit may inspire me, and the love of Christ constrain me.

Langholm, 10th August, 1863.

I had a happy day yesterday. The room was crowded again in the evening, and I hope and believe good has been done to the precious souls of men. I intend resting here to-day—it being the ministers' Sabbath—and going to Whitehaven to-morrow. I have fallen in with some of the excellent of the earth, and have much enjoyed communion with them, so that I shall feel much to leave them. But partings in this world must be. Blessed thought that there is a land where partings are unknown, and all is peace, and joy, and love! I hope, dear, that you had a very happy Sabbath, and that you felt Jesus very near to you during the day, and in the service of the sanctuary. How much has Jesus done for us! Oh to comprehend with all saints, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge!

21st September, 1864.

On Saturday I set off to York, and arrived at Mr. Bellerby's in the evening. On Sabbath morning I preached the sermon which I gave you at Howdon, and Mr. Parsons said it was the best I had given them. He said I had robbed him of his text, for he had been going to preach from the same words in the evening. In the afternoon I was at Heslington, and then in the evening I heard Mr. Parsons preach a beautiful sermon from the words, "There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich in mercy to all that call upon him, for *whosoever* shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." At the close he alluded so touchingly to my sermon, and to my anticipated settlement among them. He is a noble man.

On Tuesday morning I took the train for Sheffield. The ordination was very impressive. I trust Mr. Newsholme received a baptism of the Spirit. He is comfortable, and has every prospect of usefulness. Brother Wilde was there, and some other students.

The extracts which follow are from letters addressed to Mrs. N. Wilkinson, the eldest sister of Mr. Deans. As she had had a good deal to do for him in his child-

hood, she had come to regard him with a semi-motherly affection, and he was greatly attached to her. During the winter of 1863-4, Mrs. Wilkinson was sorely tried, first in a serious accident which befell her husband, and then in the death, successively, of two of her children. Her brother's sympathy was prompt and true. The passages given below refer to the removal of the little ones.

25th November, 1863.

With regard to the little ones, we are assured that when they die it is well with them. "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." These are the words of the Saviour himself; and He also says that except we become like little children we cannot enter Heaven,—showing that *they* are fit for the Kingdom. So that, when they are taken from us, if it were only possible, it were better to rejoice than to mourn, for, from what unseen dangers and trials may they not have been snatched! You can say, dear H., that you have three in Heaven, and it is yours to go to them.

It is indeed boundless love which God has displayed in removing them from this world to bloom as beauteous flowers in His Paradise above. We may be assured that He is too "wise to err, too good to be unkind." Does He not thus afflict us for our good? Is it not His voice speaking to us in Providence, and bidding us prepare to die? Is He not thus striving to wean our affections from earth, and fix them more on heaven? Perhaps He saw that if He took away the little one, it would induce you to think more of Heaven where she has gone, and to desire more to go there too. And if so, is it not kind? May He sustain you, my dear sister, as well as your husband, under this sad bereavement, and may He soothe your troubled hearts with the consolations of His Holy Spirit!

9th December, 1863.

The dear little girl is blooming in immortal youth in the Paradise of God, where there are no poisonous blasts of sin to wither the opening flowers. It is our part to follow them to that bright abode where they await us, and long for us, especially their parents, to come.

"They are going, only going,
  Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing,
  Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets, in the spring-time,
  Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried off to slumber
  Sweetly, where the violets lie.

They are going, only going
  Out of pain, and into bliss;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
  Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
  Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them;
  Jesus called them unto Him."

But I must finish, and go to bed, for midnight has nearly come—an hour which you, dear sister, often see. Now mind, there is blessed rest in store for all who are in Jesus—rest from all toil; rest from all sorrow; rest for ever in Heaven. Once more I commend you to the care of our Heavenly Father, "who, never weary, watches where His people be."

13th January, 1864.

I have just arrived (at Airedale College), and find your letter awaiting my arrival. I feared the news

which it contained would be sorrowful. Dear little Maggie has left this sin-stricken world. Oh, my dear sister, let us not mourn too much, or without hope, for happy, happy is her lot now, among the ten thousands who surround the Throne, singing, "Glory, glory, glory." I feel for you, my dear H., and mourn with you over the loss of so sweet a child. But let us not think that God is angry with us, because he thus afflicts. No! Let us rather see in it His infinite love and mercy, in striving thus to draw away our affections from earthly things, and to engage them for Himself alone. When all things go right here, we are apt to forget the Lord, and, therefore, in His love, He often smites us in the tenderest part, that we may be roused up to think of Him. May this blessed end be gained in regard to you and me! When we are able to bless God for affliction, we are truly blessed, and may well rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer. Look to Jesus, and think that the dear children have been clasped to the loving bosom of the Saviour. Let us look forward to a time when we too, through the love of Jesus, and the grace of God, shall enter on the blessed kingdom, to be "for ever with the Lord."

The Lord help you to bear up under this great trial, and enable you to say,

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from the heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
'Thy will be done.'"

18th March, 1864.

On the other side are three verses. I hope they will please you. I have really had little desire to write, or think, or do anything, since I saw you last. But the Lord will be with us in time of sickness, as well as of health. Only let us try *to trust* Him, when we cannot *trace* Him.

The verses above referred to were written by request, and were designed for the memorial card issued after the death of his sister's children. Thus, in their simplicity, they run—

We loved to mark their infant ways,
We loved to hear their infant words;
But few and fleeting were their days,
Death soon of life unloosed the cords.

They are not lost, but gone before
  To perfect joys above;
They've safely reached the Canaan shore,
  And rest in God's own love.

And though we grieve that they are gone,
  'Twas Jesus took them from our side;
And now, before the jasper throne,
  They ever shall with Him abide.

The next group of letters contains selections from correspondence with Mr. Joshua Davidson, of Newcastle, who on many occasions proved a friend indeed.

Cornhill Station, 1859.

We had a beautiful sermon last night from a verse in the last chapter of Hosea—"I will be as the dew unto Israel." The preacher sought to show the analogy subsisting between the natural dew, and the influence of the Holy Spirit. First, as to its falling. It is imperceptible; gradual; copious. Then as to its effects. It is refreshing, and fruitful. At one point he said, that some flowers were seen to open their petals

to receive the pearly drops, while others shut theirs, and refused to receive the life-giving moisture, and so the dews of grace are very copious, and it is our own fault if we do not receive. I would like, dear friend, to have my heart full of the spirit of love, but how often am I far from the fountain—how seldom do I feel the refreshing dew on my heart!

Wallsend, 1860.

I am sorry you are so cast down. I feel very unable to advise you, but if I do speak to offend, you must bear with my folly. And first, you say you doubt whether you have been born again, and what you take as the ground for doubting is that you feel yourself so much under the power of a corrupt heart and the influence of an evil world. Have you forgotten that Paul, an eminent saint of God, was constrained to cry, "Oh wretched man that I am!" And has he not told us that there are two laws, contrary to each other, in our minds—the law of good and the law of evil, and that however near the Christian may live to God, he will ever, *on earth*, have to mourn over evil thoughts and actions? You remember that the Master himself says, "I came not to call the righteous, but *sinners*, to repentance." Do you think that, supposing you could make yourself perfect, you would be more acceptable in the sight of Him who charged His angels

with folly? I fear it is the Devil who is trying to make you think you are not humble enough. Don't listen to Him. It is the glory of God's children to look away from their own imperfections to the perfection of Jesus, for in Him all their unworthiness is hid.

Again, you are at a loss because you do not overflow with the graces which you name. But remember, dear friend, that every vessel is not filled alike, and that just as when two vessels of different size are filled with wine, we are not to argue that the smaller is not so good a vessel as the other, though it does contain less of the wine, so, if some Christians are enabled by faith to be ever full of joy, while others have little to distinguish them, we should not sit down disconsolate because our Christian graces are few, but rather be seeking earnestly for more of that which we have tasted, and felt to be so sweet. My own dear friend, God alone knows what we are, but I am much more inclined to doubt that I am born again, than that you are a child of God. You feel you are a sinner, deserving God's wrath; that nothing in yourself will make you acceptable in His sight; that you have joy in ordinances, the study of the Word, and prayer. Then look up and remember the word "Fear not, for I am with you." . . . . . Do look away from self to Jesus. By seeking in yourself for that which will make you acceptable in the sight of God, are you not doubting the efficacy of Jesus' blood, and saying it is not able to do all the work? But it is

written, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Now, pardon me if I have spoken harshly. Believe me, it has been with the desire to aid you in your search for peace.

November, 1860.

I cannot tell what to think of your kindness, though I know it springs from a heart full of that love which none but the blessed Saviour can impart. If I could feel that I was at all worthy of such love, it would not hurt me so much, but who or what am I that you should thus act towards me? Such kindness makes me weep, though I cannot weep for my sins. When I came to a strange town friendless and poor, you took me at once by the hand. Your heart overflows with love, while mine is cold and dead.

October, 1861.

I often feel gloomy and cast down, when I see, as I think, so many clouds of difficulty gathering around me; but I know that He who formed the darkness also created light, and if it be His will, those clouds will one day roll away, and reveal to me the beamings of His

love. When I think of the past, it is with shame and regret; when I think of the present, it is often with sorrow; and when I think of the future, the distant horzion is not so bright as I could wish. Thus my times of pleasure are few. This ought not to be the case with a herald of the Cross, an ambassador of Christ, a preacher of truth. Oh that the Master would tell me that this is but discipline, and then I would be willing to bear it all. And why not? Did not He suffer; was not His soul wrapt in darkness; and shall I be exempt?

25th March, 1862.

I have been mourning over my cold selfish heart which will not receive more of the blessed truth of Christ, but foolishly fixes its affections upon things that can only bring regret and bitter disappointment. And I do pray you, my honoured friend, never, when you write, to speak of any excellencies in me, for you little known how proud and unbending is my spirit, and how much need there is that it should be humbled before God. Do pray for me, that I may be humbled, and that I may realise the solemn duty which, as an ambassador of Christ, I shall be called to fulfil. I do trust that you enjoy access to the Saviour. I feel Him near to me now, though Satan tempts me terribly from time to time.

13th March, 1863.

If it were not that it would break up my constitution, and hasten my end, I would labour night and day continually, for I have work enough. But I must be content to work from seven in the morning till eleven at night, and thus, with God's blessing, become a plain preacher of His blessed Word. He often chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and I pray that weak as I am, both in body and mind, He will yet make me abundantly useful.

I am happy to say that on the whole I am much stronger than I used to be, so that I have much greater pleasure in my work. We are now reading the Bible daily in four different languages besides English, viz., German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

I trust you are well and happy, and that, in all your worldly concerns, you feel that God is your strength and salvation. Secular studies and secular pursuits equally tend to draw away our souls from heavenly things, and often have we to mourn because of it, but let us continue to look to the Lord, whose promise of help and grace is, like Himself, immutable and eternal, and let us draw sweet comfort from the fact that He knoweth our frames, and remembereth that we are dust.

I have already said that Mr. Deans maintained correspondence with relatives at Langholm. His cousin, Mr. A. Telford, has kindly furnished me with several letters written from Airedale College, from which I make the following extracts. It will be seen how wisely and lovingly he could minister to a troubled spirit.

1862.

Who would have thought, when I was last at Langholm, that the next time I came it would be as a student? You see, dear cousin, how wonderful are God's dealings with us. Me He has brought to this place to work for Him, and you He has led to see yourself a sinner, and Jesus your blessed Saviour.

Prayer is our great weapon in the Christian course; and although you may not feel so happy as you have done before, you must not be too much cast down, you know we have our evil nature within us to contend against. The "old man" will continue to harass us so long as we are in this world, and how often do we feel that when we would do good, evil is present with us. Yet we have the blessed promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." I am glad to hear of the good work at Langholm, and I

pray that many, many souls may be gathered into the fold of Christ. If spared to come to see you, how glad I shall be to lift up my voice in the blessed cause. Only, I must try to take a little rest. I have been very unwell this session and need repose.

You will give my kind love to dear uncle and aunt. Tell aunt I would write her a letter, but my time is limited—we are so busy preparing for examination. I have to be examined in Greek and Latin, Logic and Theology. I have had to work very hard since I came, because I had scarcely any learning before. So that my sermons are very plain and homely, but God often makes use of weak instruments to carry on His work.

2nd February, 1863.

I see you are still full of doubts and speculations. I must just answer you in brief. I do believe that Jesus died for all, although all will not come to Him. I do believe that God has fore-ordained whatever comes to pass. I do believe in Election as a doctrine of the Bible. But I also believe whatever else the Bible says, and I find that all men are commanded everywhere to repent and be saved. All who feel their need are assured of life, if they will come; and if you or I feel our need, the question is, not, Am I one of the elect? but, Does

God invite me to come to Him for peace? Now can we read the Bible and not in every page hear Him calling on such as we are to come and rejoice in His favour? Oh that men would be wise, and instead of debating about the mysteries of God—the secret things that belong to Himself—would make sure of their own safety by accepting of the mercy offered! Suppose you were drowning, and a rope were cast to you, would you hesitate to accept of it lest it might not be intended for you, or lest its strands might not be strong enough? The drowning man thinks not of these things, but grasps even at a straw for safety, and yet perishing sinners, on the brink of destruction, will madly play with salvation, by raising a discussion as to whether the mercy offered is for them or not. To your knees, oh foolish men! and cry for that mercy, and then you will have the problem solved. Yes; I rejoice in Election, but I also rejoice in proclaiming salvation to all who will accept.

But now I must conclude. Dear Archie, believe whatever the Bible says, but don't believe part of it, and not the whole, and ever pray that your eyes may be opened to understand it in so far as God will permit. And if some parts are hard to be understood, do not wrest these to your own destruction, but meekly bow to Him whose ways are unsearchable, and fly back to the precious promises which are sufficient for us all.

2nd April, 1863.

Your letter, dear Archie, tells me of spiritual conflicts, and I see that your old foe self-righteousness has returned. Oh what have you to do with your own goodness, or what has God to do with it? Do you think He cannot save your soul unless you perform a number of ceremonies? If you vainly think so, no wonder He does not give you peace. Do you think it was any thing in sinful man that induced the Father to sacrifice His only begotten Son on the altar of His justice? The voice, dear cousin, which said to you, "Better not say it at all, than deceive yourself," was the voice of the Enemy, to which you must not listen. You cannot be deceived as to the fact that you feel your need of a Saviour. And what else does Jesus want than that you should feel your need, for in that case He says to you, "Come, thou labouring and heavy laden one, and I will give you rest."

You speak also of the fear that you should speak angrily as a reason why you should doubt of your acceptance, whereas it is rather a sign of your acceptance, for what true Christian is there who does not always fear that? If you have committed injury against the person or character of any one, go and express your sorrow to him. But I would rather bid you go and confess your sins at the mercy seat, and then show to all by your Christian walk that you do mourn after a godly

manner. The cry of the true penitent is, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." Dear Archie, forgive me if I seem harsh, but one would think you had never read in the Bible the ground of a sinner's acceptance. It is God's satisfaction in His Son which is the only ground of the sinner's acceptance, and you may continue to all eternity washing your hands, and doing other such foolish things, and yet never be saved. Jesus does not want your goodness, because He knows that you have not any. Good works do not come before your faith; it is when you believe in Him that good works will follow. Now, do cast away all self-righteousness, and all trust in yourself, and look simply to Jesus, who has done all for you. . . . . I do and will pray for you, and will be ever ready to advise you. Nothing will avail but looking away entirely from self and trusting in Christ. If you ask what faith is, the Shorter Catechism gives you the best answer you can have.

While this chapter was passing through the press, and at the last moment available for the purpose in hand, I received a packet of letters writen by Mr. Deans, from which a few passages may be given, as illustrative of the lovingness of his heart, and the habitual graciousness

of his spirit. The letters were addressed to Mrs. Cooper, an old lady then resident in Hull, and who became acquainted with Mr. Deans during one of his visits to that town in the way of fulfilling appointments to preach. She seems to have been wonderfully attached to the young student, and he to her. Delighting in his simple, affectionate enforcement of the truth, and further charmed with his sweetness of disposition, she lavished on him a wealth of motherly affection, and he was not slow to respond. Indeed he regarded her with filial love, and often addressed her as "Mother." Their friendship began sometime in 1864, and a considerable number of letters passed between them during the short time that remained. Soon after they got to know each other, Mrs. Cooper was of service in curing a malady in one of his feet, and he continued to rely very considerably on her medical skill. Naturally enough, the subject of his health, which had begun by that time to cause some anxiety both to himself and to his friends, occupies no small portion of the correspondence on his side, but the chief characteristic of the letters which I have seen is the outcome of tender Christian love towards one whom he regarded as a mother in Israel.

Airedale College, 24th November, 1864.

It is very good of you to take such an interest in me, but it only confirms my happy thought of you that you are truly one of Jesus' flock, and therefore your desire is to do good unto all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith.

My dear friend, your earnest petitions have been answered, for though I was very unwell, yet I felt calm and happy in the thought that Jesus is my stay, and that, come what may, all will be well. I have a presentiment that I shall not die, but live to declare the works of the Lord. And yet it seems that I am to be often cast down through debility. I have no doubt that afterwards I shall look back with gratitude to God for leading me in this way, although it is a little rough. Inscrutable are His ways.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never fading skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will."

I am very sorry you did not get food for your soul last Sabbath. Still I hope the very reading of the Word would have a hallowed influence on your mind; all are not alike in preaching. You ask how it is that so many love me. I trust it is as you surmise, that God makes me what I am. Perhaps I can say with David, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." But I wish I

could copy more the life of my Saviour. I often fear it is more my natural disposition than the effect of grace, for I make very slow progress in the divine life.

I too have reason to bless God that we have met. Through you I have obtained a great blessing; would that I could do some little thing to testify my gratitude! I feel I shall have to be a pensioner all my days. But it is very sweet to be a constant pensioner on the bounty of God.

Airedale College, 14th December, 1864.

I was preaching at Huddersfield on Sunday. I thought the people looked cold, but they "hoped I would come again." You should have seen your son in the gown and cassock; he looked quite venerable. I should like much if you could hear me on new year's day. My text will be—"Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things He hath done for you; but if you will still do wickedly, you shall be consumed." I have divided it thus: 1. The duty of the church. 2. An incentive to this duty. 3. The punishment of disobedience.

Mrs. Cooper seems to have come to York against new year's day, and to have been present when the sermon above referred to was preached, for in a letter to her, written from East Howdon the same week, he says:—

My recollections of Sabbath are very pleasant. I am so glad that you enjoyed the service so much. It was a sweet and solemn season. It is a blessing to be in Christ's banqueting house, and to have his banner of love over us. There does He feed us with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock does He satisfy us.

I was much cheered by the hearty welcome which I received on Friday night, and I hope that I may be a blessing to them all. My dear mother Cooper will not cease to pray for me—above all for the grace of true humility, the price of which is above rubies. There was an anxious enquirer in the vestry on Sunday after the sermon. I hope there will be many more, for Mr. Parsons does labour earnestly and faithfully for souls.

York, 4th February, 1865.

I received your truly loving and motherly letter yesterday, for which accept my very sincere thanks. I am proud to receive a letter from you, and you will for-

give me when I write such poor short ones in return, but you know I am in labours oft. Thanks for all your true prayers on my behalf. He answers them, for I feel more willing than ever to work for Him. Though I feel the flesh very weak, still I am better, and I hope by and bye to be quite strong again.

> "Trials make the promise sweet,
> Trials give new life to prayer,
> Trials bring me to His feet,
> Lay me low, and keep me there."

If you were Lady Huntingdon, I should come to be your chaplain, only I should object to wearing the white surplice. How happy I feel that in any way I have ministered to your good. I often think I am doing little or nothing. Perhaps in mercy He keeps me from seeing the fruit of my labour, for He knows my besetting sin. I should like you to be spared a little longer, that I may sometimes enjoy your society, but the society of Heaven is far to be preferred to earthly friendships.

York, 22nd May, 1865.

I am really proud that I have such a good likeness of you. Perhaps when you have gone to glory—long years after this— I shall point to it on my parlour wall, and say, "There is the portrait of one who loved

me as a mother, and of whom I shall endeavour to cherish the remembrance of a son." And yet the younger may have to go first.

I feel as if I would like a rest, but I cannot get it at present. Oh I sometimes long for a little real quiet, when I could examine myself before God, for I fear that in thinking about others I forget myself, and so grow cold! Still I must toil on.

> "Go, labour on; spend and be spent;
> Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
> It is the way the Master went,
> Should not the servant tread it still?"

All are kind to me, and I would not be ungrateful. And least of all to you, my dear mother, to whom (I may say) I am, under God, indebted for life itself; for sooner or later that ugly excrescence would have laid me low. The Lord will bless and reward you.

A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES, AND A BROTHER IS BORN FOR ADVERSITY. Proverbs xvii., 17.

CHAPTER VI.

Ministerial Life.

1865.

My will would like a life of ease—
  And power to do, and time to rest—
And health, and strength my will would please—
  But, Lord, I know thy will is best.

If I have strength to do Thy will,
  That should be power enough for me:
Whether to work or to sit still,
  The appointment of the day may be.

And if by sickness I may grow
  More patient, holy, and resigned;
Strong health I need not wish to know,
  And greater ease I cannot find.

And rest—I need not seek it here,
  For perfect rest *remaineth* still;
When in Thy presence we appear,
  Rest shall be given by Thy will.

Lord, I have given my life to Thee,
  And every day and hour is Thine—
What Thou appointest let them be:
  Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.

As I have already said, the College Course of Mr. Deans terminated at Christmas, 1864, and he left the institution very grateful for the benefits which he had there received. As the time approached, Congregational churches in various places—Elland, Knottingly, and South Shields, in all of which he had occasionally preached, sought to secure his services as pastor. But, as we have seen, he was under engagement to go to York, and he would not listen to any proposal which implied the violation of his word. Mr. Deans was the soul of honour, and this spirit of gracious integrity, tempered with love, ennobled his character and glorified the sphere in which he moved. The question with him ever was, not—What will best promote my outward advantage? but, What is right?

He repaired to York in time for the "welcome" tea meeting on Friday, 30th December, and on the Sabbath following he entered formally on his duties by preaching the sermon referred to at the close of the previous chapter. Then, according to arrangement, he

went northward for a brief holiday before fully entering on his work. For a week or two he lingered on Tyneside among loved friends, all of whom rejoiced in his opening prospects, although they could not but feel that his frame was hardly adequate to the task in which he was about to engage. But he himself was hopeful, and about the middle of January he repaired to his post. Comfortable lodgings had been provided for him in the outskirts of the city, and every thing was auspicious. A week after his arrival he writes to a friend: "You will be anxious to know how I am getting on. I have scarcely been long enough here to allow of entering into detail of my proceedings, and I shall, therefore, defer it to a future occasion. I was very unwell on the Friday evening after I came, and also on Saturday and Sunday, in the morning of which day I found it difficult to preach. In the evening, however, I was much better, and had a large congregation. I am better now, and have recovered in some measure my exhausted powers. On Monday I conducted the united prayer meeting in the Merchants' Hall, and also one at the chapel in the evening. Last night one in Orchard Street, Park Hill, and this afternoon I am going to baptise a child. Mr. Parsons himself will take the preaching to-night, so that I have no further work this week . . . . . I have just returned from our evening service, and it was good to be there. The text was 2 Chronicles xvii. 6.—'His heart was lifted up in the ways

of the Lord.' May *our* hearts be lifted up in His blessed ways! The Lord (blessed be His name!) is letting me see a little of my own nothingness, and when I am thus brought to depend on Him, the fear of man passes away, and I can say more than I thought I would. Mr. Parsons called to see me this morning, and I am to walk with him to-morrow afternoon. Thus I trust we shall do happily together—I gathering, and he imparting, knowledge."

The tone of this reference to Mr. Parsons is quite in keeping with the modest spirit of Mr. Deans, and indicates his perfect apprehension of the relation in which he stood to the admirable and venerable man with whom he was now associated in the work of the Lord. Indeed, in this and many other respects, the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places; and if he had been privileged with a moderately robust frame, he might have spent several years in York, useful and beloved. But, from the first, physical infirmity beset him, and Mr. Parsons afterwards remarked, that the delicate health of Mr. Deans was the only anxiety he had to feel regarding him. The church assembling in Salem Chapel was a large one, numbering over 600 members, and of course there was a great deal of work to be done. The young minister had a meeting nearly every night in the week, and he was expected to conduct public worship once at least on the Lord's day. After a little, this continuous labour began to tell unfavourably upon him;

the fell disease which had struck its fangs into his frame manifested itself in langour and weakness; and his letters about the month of April betray a latent suspicion that he might not be allowed to remain long in the vineyard. At this time Mr. Crow, the young minister of the Independent Church at Langholm, was compelled to leave his charge, to which he was not permitted to return, and Mr. Deans evidently associated that case with his own. In a letter to his aunt, written in April, he says—"I am very sorry to hear about Mr. Crow. When a devoted servant is laid aside, we feel both for our own state and for the state of the church. I fear much for him. I thought I saw ominous signs when I was last with him. God however may be greater than our fears, and restore him to you again. In perfect wisdom He works for His church, and perhaps removes some of His honoured ambassadors to their reward in order to let us see that He needs not the help of men save as He pleases. Should you know of any one writing to Mr. Crow, remember me to him in love, and in sympathy for his illness . . . . . My own health, dear aunt, is in a critical state at present, but I trust all will yet be well. All comes from our Father. I suffer much from weakness; still I have cause for thankfulness that I am enabled in some way to perform my duties . . . . . You would be pleased with the city of York. It is very ancient, and has the largest cathedral in England. There are

no mountains near, however, so that the country is a little tame and monotonous. Still it has its beauties—enough both to please and to instruct. If I had had a manse of my own, I should have sent you an invitation to come long since." Probably, while he penned those lines, he was thinking of the Liddesdale hills, amid which he had roamed in former years, and felt how glad he would be, if Providence permitted, to recruit his wasted frame by rambling at will among the scenes of natural beauty which had become so familiar to his eye. It would almost seem as if the remembrance of Langholm aggravated his sense of physical weakness, for in writing to his uncle about the same time, he says—"This will only be an apology for a letter, for I write in the face of very much work, and under depression of body from ill health. I have been a good deal in the furnace, for the last year especially, and have to say that I am 'in weariness oft.' May my blessed Master so sanctify His dealings with me that I shall come forth seven times purified. What a sweet meaning there is in these words, 'He led them forth by *the right way*, that they might go to a city of habitation.' How strange the way often seems to the Christian pilgrim, but when he reaches his home on high, he will discover much cause for eternal praise.

'Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
  It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
  Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot:
  I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
  So shall I walk aright.'"

In this blessed spirit of acquiescence in the Lord's will, Mr. Deans held on his way for a few months more. "I work (he says) harmoniously and happily with the good Mr. Parsons, who is as a father to me, and I have been treated with uniform kindness by the people. There are many lights of the world here, and much of the salt of the earth. This is a city of many privileges, and consequently of many responsibilities." But, however agreeable his associations and surroundings, he was constrained to withdraw from the field. Early in July he became so enfeebled and worn, that a little holiday was proposed, in the hope of his being recruited by absolute inaction and rest. Accordingly, like a wounded deer, he made for the parental home. But, taking Newcastle on his way, he thought it wise to consult a physician whom he had known for years, on the likelihood of his being able ere long to resume his work. Dr. Murray shook his head, and gravely assured him that he must abandon the idea of attempting that for a good while to come—recommending him to repair to Australia, or some such genial clime. Writing about this after he

had got home, he says:—"I shall have to give up York altogether. It is the will of my Master, and I try to be in submission to that will, for He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." And again, when thanking a friend for an expression of sympathy—"It is mine now to try to *wait* on the Lord, as before I have *worked* for Him, and to seek to have this little trial so blessed, that I may be fitted for the field should it please the Master to call me out again. I feel it much, and am not a little inclined to be impatient, and therefore so much the more need for the chastening." To one so much in love with his work this "chastening" was "grievous" indeed, but gracefully and graciously he resigned himself to the ordination of the Lord. In keeping with the hopefulness characteristic of his disease, he trusted to the last that he would yet recover strength for a fresh term of service in the church below, but perceiving distinctly that he must go into a desert place and rest a while, he said to the Lord, "Thy will be done."

His ministry in York was ended. That was clear. Had he been in the place of sole or first pastor, a temporary cessation from work would have been proposed and agreed to, but, situated as he was, there was no other course open to him than to resign. To take that step must have cost him many a bitter pang. Brief as his York experience had been, the people were endeared to him by many tender ties, and the love which they had let out on him as he went in and out among them,

intensified the sorrow with which he bade them farewell. There is much tender feeling in the letter of resignation which he addressed to the church, and which he requested Mr. Parsons to present. Thus it runs:—

To the Church assembling in Salem Chapel, York.

Dear Christian Brethren,

It is now nearly eight months since I settled amongst you as assistant minister to your dear and honoured pastor, the Rev. James Parsons. When I entered upon my duties, though not strong, and feeling far from well, I yet hoped to be able to discharge them, and, in a little time, with God's blessing, to resume my wonted vigour. I found, however, that my health continued feeble and precarious, though I struggled on, still hoping the best, and that a favourable change would be effected soon. At the beginning of last month, I left York to take a short season of repose, and fully expected to return and resume my duties on the 30th of that month. God, however, in His wondrous wisdom and unscrutable providence, determined otherwise. About a week after leaving York, I felt so unwell that I was induced to consult a physician, who at once told me that such was the state of my health that I must

not think of preaching for months; that all study and work must be given up; that I must indulge in complete rest; and that he would strongly recommend me to seek a warmer climate, more especially during the winter season. Though I felt much to be laid aside so soon after leaving College, yet I considered that my duty was rather to give up work at once, than to go on a little longer, and perhaps by so doing render myself entirely unfit for any future labour. I am happy to say that I do feel a little stronger, though I am troubled with a cough, and weakness in my chest. In these trying circumstances I have prayed to be guided aright in my determination how to act with regard to you as a church, and I have come to the conclusion that it will be better for me to resign my situation amongst you, than to keep you in suspense for months, and after that, perhaps, not be able to resume my duties. I therefore beg respectfully to tender you my resignation as "assistant minister" to your dear pastor. I will not attempt to say what my own feelings are in thus acting. Short time as I was amongst you, I had learned to love you as a church, and to love you as individual believers, and it is ever hard to tear oneself from those whom he loves. Duty, however, points me to no other course. But, whilst resigning my place amongst you, I do not wish to be forgotten. I would desire you sometimes to remember me in your closets, and sometimes in your assemblies. Pray for me, dear brethren, that, if I am permitted again to enter

the gospel field, it may be as a holier and better man, and a more earnest and devoted labourer.

May God Almighty bless you, and help you in your choice of another assistant minister, and may he pour out largely of His spirit's influence upon you continually, so that you may truly be a church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

I remain,

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM DEANS.

The following is Mr. Parsons' acknowledgment and reply.

York, August 29th, 1865.

My dear Sir,

I duly received your note of the 24th inst., along with your letter of resignation addressed to the church. I also received your note of the 26th, from Edinburgh.

I read your resignation last night, at our church meeting, when the resolution of which the following is a copy was passed unanimously.

"That in accepting the resignation of the Rev. William Deans, the members of this church unite in

the expression of their deep regret, for the unavoidable loss of his esteemed services among them; they cordially tender to him their Christian sympathy under the affliction which it has pleased God to impose; and, while they pray that his malady may be removed, and his health restored, so that he may again engage in the work he has loved, it is, and *will* be, their special desire, that he may be abundantly sustained by the consolations of the gospel, and that he may be prepared for all the Divine will concerning him."

I need not assure you that the resolution conveys the feeling of all our community, and my own. For myself, I feel much this severance of our connexion together; but it would not be proper to describe mere personal emotions, and, therefore, I forbear, only saying, that I shall cherish a constant interest in your welfare. I thank you sincerely for your kind expressions in regard to me.

A further communication will be made to you by the Deacons of our church, in a week or so; and I presume that your address will remain as you have last given it to me.

May I ask, whether you can cause to be sent to me the list of members we made out, and any other papers of the same nature, at your lodgings?

I am going to the meeting at Airedale College to-morrow. Do you give up Australia for Torquay?

May you be directed rightly, and be preserved by the Great Protector!

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

Rev. W. Deans. JAMES PARSONS.

Such were the official communications relative to the cessation of the ministry of Mr. Deans. But official letters cannot set forth the play of heartfelt feeling at such a time. The removal of this devoted young minister was regarded with universal regret, and the people of Salem Chapel did not require the hint of their Deacons, to testify to Mr. Deans in some substantial way their sympathy and gratitude. In a wonderfully short space of time they subscribed a sum of money, which was forwarded to him by Mr. Hollins, with the following letter.

York, 6th September, 1865.

Dear Sir,

You have already received from our Pastor a resolution of the Church assembling in Salem Chapel, conveying the cordial sympathy of its members with you under your severe affliction, and their prayerful desires for your consolation and support.

It was felt that a verbal resolution was not sufficient to express all that was desired, and many friends, members of the Church and congregation, have been anxious to express their sympathy and Christian love towards you, in a more substantial manner than by words only.

As the Deacons of the Church, we have the satisfaction of transmitting to you the practical result of their anxiety; and we request your acceptance (in addition to your salary for the quarter due 1st of October) of the sum of £80 12s., contributed by them on your behalf, making, together, the sum of £105 12s., for which we enclose banker's draft.

It will gratify you to know that the sum has been subscribed with a readiness which testifies a high esteem for your character, as well as a tender sympathy in your affliction.

In those sentiments and emotions we ourselves fully participate; and repeating all Christian wishes for your welfare in time and for eternity,

We remain, Dear Sir,

Yours in the Bonds of Christian love,

GEO. LEEMAN,
JOHN HOLLINS,
HENRY CAVE,
JOHN BELLERBY,
ANDREW ROBERTSON,
GEO. SETTLE.

Even this was a feeble expression of the love with which Mr. Deans was regarded by his friends in York. Circumstances which have transpired since then show how deep his hold upon the people was, and it must have been no small solace to his spirit to know that his enforced retirement was the occasion of much tender regret.

In bringing this chapter to a close, I may be permitted to quote two several testimonies to the character and services of Mr. Deans, while he resided in York. The one is from the pen of the Rev. John Jefferson, of Mickley, near Whitby.

"My personal acquaintance with Mr. Deans commenced at the time of his settling in York, as assistant to my beloved pastor, the Rev. James Parsons, and deeply do I regret, that, in the order of providence, that acquaintance was permitted to continue for so short a time. However, while it is mournful to think that he has been removed so early, it is, at the same time, most gratifying to know that, of a truth, 'he being dead yet speaketh.' Though his tongue is silenced, and his form is hidden from our sight, yet his words and his actions live, he being one among that honoured number who, the Bible says, shall be had 'in everlasting remembrance.'

It is not too much to say of him, that, while he lived, he was a model Christian. The religion which

he professed and preached, was evidently a reality with him. It was the ruling principle of his life, displaying itself not fitfully and dimly, but uniformly, steadily, and conspicuously, in his daily conduct and conversation. And as he unmistakably possessed it, so he thoroughly enjoyed it. For see him when, or where, or how you would, Christ and religion appeared the uppermost in his mind and heart. His life was emphatically one of faith in Christ; one of love to Christ; and one of service for Christ. In his public ministrations he was plain, affectionate, and earnest. His greatest ambition and aim seemed ever to be, to 'persuade men'; to promote the glory of his Master's name; and to increase His kingdom, in saving immortal souls. It must have been observed by all who knew him, that he was most careful and anxious himself to practise and cultivate what he taught for the benefit of others. And it is also pleasing to have the assurance that his labours were not 'in vain in the Lord.' His quiet unassuming manners, and his remarkable meekness and kindness of disposition, readily found him a place in the affections of large numbers of both young and old, rich and poor. He appeared to be welcome wherever he went, and always had a pleasant smile, and a 'word in season.' But now, on earth, we shall see his smile no more. He has gone. Here his weakness was great, but he has gone where weakness is no longer felt; where his happiness is perfected; and where his joy is full. While he was yet

with us, he often spoke with rapture of the glories of his Father's home, and now he has gone to behold them. and to share them too. And though it is hard to think of his having left us behind, yet we would not, if we could, call him back again to life and labour, from such peace, and happiness, and rest, as he now enjoys. Oh no!

> 'Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
> That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
> Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
> And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.'

We will dry our tears, and strive to follow him. Like his Master, he has left us an example; let us follow in his steps. Be it ours to copy his humility; his meekness and gentleness; his holiness and earnestness, as the best tribute we can offer to his memory. And then, there is a time coming, when we too shall follow him home, and, with him, be happy for ever."

The other, which is so conclusive as to call for no comment, is contained in a letter from Mr. Parsons, of all men most entitled to speak on the point.

"Mr. Deans was invited to become assistant minister here, at a Church meeting, held on July 11th, 1864, with only one dissentient. His acceptation was read to the Church on the 1st of August following, and he came at the close of the year, when he received a cordial welcome. His public ministrations were uniformly acceptable; but he mainly endeared himself by his amiable disposition and demeanour; by his manifest personal piety; and by his remarkable aptitude for visitation to the poor and the afflicted. The affections of the people towards him steadily increased, and proportionate sorrow was felt, when in July, 1865, his health became so impaired, that he was under the necessity of discontinuing his labours. His formal resignation was read to the Church, on August 28th, 1865. The sum of One Hundred Guineas was quickly raised, and was presented to him as a token of sympathy and esteem.

Mr. Deans' health was evidently delicate and uncertain before he came hither; and I soon felt personal anxiety respecting him. This was the only anxiety I had to feel; for I had cause to appreciate him very highly indeed."

And so this brief ministry ended.

SORROWING MOST OF ALL FOR THE WORDS WHICH HE SPAKE, THAT THEY SHOULD SEE HIS FACE NO MORE. Acts, xx., 38.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure and Death.

1865-6.

As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hireling looketh for the reward of his work, so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone, and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.

JOB vii. 2-4.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

ISAIAH xliii. 2.

Our Jesus hath done all things well.

We now come to the closing chapter of this uneventful, yet strangely chequered life.

Mr. Deans returned, as I have said, to his father's house at Cornhill, and that was his headquarters for several months. It was a time of great bodily weakness and mental depression, with occasional gleams of sunshine, and his consequent fluctuation of feeling appears in a very touching way, in the letters which he was able to write to his dearest friends. Sometimes he would say, "Oh this sad cough! Has not Miss —— some old box where she could lock it up, and never let it out again?" Or, "I have been so very unwell since I left you, that I almost long to be away. I cannot lie on my left side, and if I lie on my back, the cough is immediately excited, so that I am weary of lying on my right side, and my right ear is quite sore. I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me." But at other times, as he felt lightened under the genial influence of mild weather, he would write thus, "How nice it is to feel strength returning to your

weary, wasted frame! Oh how grateful I should be, for His mercy endureth for ever. May I spend this fresh energy entirely for Him!"

It was an anxious question with Mr. Deans, often discussed in conversation with his friends, and the matter of daily prayer, how he could most readily obtain the means of removing to a warm climate against the following winter. At first, a temporary revival of strength induced him to hope that the necessity for such a step might be staved off, but gradually he was brought to see that something of the kind must be done. Accordingly, during the month of August, correspondence was held with several parties on the subject of a passage to Australia, which had been named as the most likely place of resort, and at the same time Mr. Deans went to Edinburgh to obtain the definite opinion of a physician of eminence as to the state of his lungs, and the probability of his being yet fit for service. Dr. Begbie, whom he consulted, took a somewhat unfavourable view of the case, but recommended him to reside next winter in the South of England, and as he came round by Langholm, and felt invigorated by the mountain air of Liddesdale, possibly he longed to remain in his native land. But the preponderance of opinion was in favour of his repairing to Australia, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of some relatives and friends, he went forward with negotiations to that end.

Several plans had been proposed. The first idea was,

that he might be sent out by the Colonial Missionary Society, with the view of taking a charge somewhere in Australia. Through the kindness of Mr. Parsons, he was put in communication with the secretary, the Rev. J. L. Poore. The terms on which his case could be entertained by the society, were thus pointedly put by Mr. Poore. "We can't send out disabled or dying men. If, therefore, you have organic disease, and are, by medical men, pronounced unfit for the ministry, all I could do for you, would be to facilitate your going into a climate likely to prolong your life, and stay the progress of decline, by getting you a passage on easy terms, and by giving letters to friends, which would open your way, &c., as I did recently for a very fine and promising student, from the Lancashire College, of whom I have great hopes he will yet gather strength and do good. But if you are only enfeebled, and appear, in the judgment of skilled men, likely to recover tone, and vital force, by the voyage to, and residence in Australia, then we can help you to get out, and can set before you work in the ministry. Let me, therefore, know your state. Get from your medical man his written testimony, addressed to myself, and inform me of your age, and other particulars, so that I may form some idea as to the probability of our accepting you as one of our agents. If you think yourself likely to be able to resume the ministry, and competent judges concur in your opinion, then, perhaps, the best thing you could do would be to

take steamer from Leith, and come to London, that we might talk it over. But this I leave to yourself." But the medical testimony was of such a tenor, that the thought of his going as an agent of the society had to be abandoned. Private friendship was now therefore called into play, and the same gracious God, who had provided so wonderfully for our young friend in the past, brought him into contact with a christian gentleman, who took the deepest interest in his welfare, and exerted himself to the utmost on his behalf. This was Martin Robinson, Esq., of Liverpool. The circumstances in which Mr. Deans was placed having been brought under the notice of Mr. Robinson, through his own minister, the Rev. John Kelly, he tried several ways of meeting the case. Not fully aware at first how weak Mr. Deans was, he proposed that he should go in the "Star of Brunswick," which was to sail for Australia within a short time, and he obtained a large reduction in the fare, on condition that Mr. Deans should conduct worship on board, when able to do so. Another scheme lay near to Mr. Robinson's heart. Having resided many years in Valparaiso, and being a member of the Presbyterian Church there, he conceived the idea of Mr. Deans going out as assistant to the minister, the Rev. David Turnbull, who had laboured long on that foreign shore, and was greatly in need of help. Having obtained, through a generous friend, the offer of a free passage for Mr. Deans, he took steps for making ulterior arrangements in the

event of Mr. Deans agreeing to go. But both of those kind proposals had to be declined, on the simple ground that, for the present, the state of our friend's health would not admit of his undertaking any active service whatever. All such schemes having thus proved abortive, it was resolved that the invalid should take a passage in one of the regular liners from Liverpool to Port Philip. This was taken in hand by friends, and a berth was secured in the "Red Jacket," one of the White Star Company's vessels, which was advertised to sail on the 20th of November.

The Rubicon being now crossed, Mr. Deans was called to face a lengthened voyage, with its uncertain result, and an early separation from beloved and attached friends. To his affectionate nature this last was no ordinary trial, and in one case the pang of parting was sure to be peculiarly painful, but the ordeal was endured with Christian fortitude and patience. He made all needful preparation with wonderful calmness, and the cheery tone in which he generally wrote on the subject of his departure for Australia, both indicates the buoyancy of his own spirit, and reveals his kind intention to lessen the sorrow of his friends. He paid a special visit to his dear old friend, Mrs. Cooper, remaining a while on Tyneside on the way to and fro. While in this quarter, he burnt all the papers which he did not care to preserve, gave away little souvenirs, and arranged matters so that the final leavetaking should be as simple and easy as possible.

He then returned to his father's house at Cornhill, for an interval of quiet and rest. This must have been a solemn season, both to him and to his parents whom he loved so well. To his mother especially he was bound by very tender ties, not only of nature but of grace, and what the prospect of separation must have been to both, I shall not attempt to describe. Weeks passed by, and at last the moment came when he must go forth from his father's house, not knowing whither he went. His departure was regarded with affectionate interest by not a few in the neighbourhood, who had learned to love the gentle, modest young minister, to whom to live was Christ, and for whom to die would obviously be great gain. I have been favoured with a letter from my esteemed friend, the Rev. Alexander Rodger, of the Free Church, Coldstream, who had some opportunities of knowing Mr. Deans, and the following extract may be given. "I have no special recollections that would be of any use to you. What I saw of him made me love him very much, he seemed so gentle, so kindly, and so earnest and sincere a christian. He once preached for me here to the great delight and edification of my people, and when visiting us on another occasion when we were in the midst of a season of revival, he took the deepest interest in the work, and, I know, got a great blessing for his own soul. In every way he was a very lovable and excellent young man, so that his early death has cut short what promised to be a course

of great usefulness in the church below. I saw a little more of him on the occasion of his last visit here, when he was evidently far gone in the disease that ultimately must have shortened his life. He was weak and sickly, and quite resigned to his Father's will, but he was evidently clinging to the hope of having his disease checked by a visit to another land. This was a matter that caused him much anxious thought, and was the subject of many an earnest prayer; the more so, that some of his friends did not quite approve of his going so far away. He himself thought it desirable that he should go, and believed that God was guiding him. And so He was, but (as it turned out) not quite in the way that our departed friend thought. 'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.' ".

Accompanied by his mother, Mr. Deans came to Newcastle in the second week of November, and remained quietly at Howdon for a few days. During that time he called at my house to take leave, and I shall never forget the picture of shattered health which he presented. His pale face and evident weakness, the respirator, and his use of a cab,—all spoke of his approaching end, and when, after a short interview, he left the house, I felt that I should never see him again on earth. Other leavetakings over, he departed by train for Liverpool, followed by the prayers of many loving friends. At York station, a considerable party of the

office bearers and members of Salem Chapel, together with the venerable pastor, were waiting to see him, and to express their cordial good wishes for his success in the search after health. And here it may be mentioned that, about that time, many kind and suitable gifts were forwarded to him by friends in York and elsewhere,—some from individuals who professed to have received, through his ministry, a blessing to their souls. For this he was tenderly grateful, and, like a true child of the kingdom, traced it all to the goodness of his Heavenly Father. On he sped then to Liverpool, where he was to be the guest of Mr. Robinson during the few days that were to elapse till the vessel should sail. This "well beloved Gaius," who had already bestirred himself on behalf of Mr. Deans, now "brought him forward on his journey after a godly sort." They had not met before in the flesh, but now they "took" to each other with singular readiness, and Mr. Robinson testifies, that, in thus harbouring the Lord's servant for a brief season, it was as if he had entertained an angel unawares. In writing to me upon the subject quite recently, Mr. Robinson says,—"His pleasant face, while it told all too plainly of the disease which was preying upon his constitution, was yet radiant with intelligence and good humour. His cheerful conversation, full of liveliness, and pleasant chat, yet delighting mostly in what pertained to his work; his unaffected piety; and his cheerful submission to the trying dispensation of Divine Providence, under

which he was suffering; together with the earnest expressions of gratitude for any little service rendered, are prominent amongst the reminiscences which we shall ever delight to cherish of one of whom we may truly say, that, in ministering in our humble manner to him, we were indeed 'entertaining an angel unawares.' My dear wife often says, she never had a visitor to whom she was so much attached, or who exhibited such true amiability of character."

The kindness of the Robinsons to the invalid was unwearied. They obtained for him the advice of their own physician, and provided him with a stock of medicines, and little comforts suitable for use on a long voyage. On the morning of the 21st Mr. Robinson accompanied him to the ship, under the impression that she would sail in the course of that day, or the next. But it was otherwise ordered. During the night a gale sprung up, which continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours, doing not a little damage at sea, and causing inconvenience to vessels in the river, of which the "Red Jacket" was one. Next day Mr. Deans wrote to Miss Strachan as follows:—"You will be surprised to receive another letter from me so soon. The fact is, we have not got out of the river yet, and it is well for us we have not, as there is quite a gale. I came on board yesterday morning. It was a scene of confusion,—the chief officer shouting at the top of his voice, and the men running to obey his orders. Crowds of anxious pass-

engers coming on board, with a multiplicity of luggage. There was a fine fat pig enjoying itself on deck, and a large cage of lesser ones, which (alas for them!) will soon feel the cook's knife. Well, night came at last, burying the many souls on board, together with the huge fabric which held them, in its dark shade. I went to my crib about nine, and with the help of rug and cloak managed to make myself pretty comfortable. I slept for some time, when I was awoke by hearing the loud voice of an officer calling for the pilot, because the vessel was dragging. I was in happy ignorance of danger, and composed myself again to rest. However, I found in the morning that we had almost gone aground. Had this actually happened, we should have had to return to the dock. A stiff breeze is now blowing, with heavy rain, but we are safely moored. The captain says, that, if it is good weather, we shall sail to-morrow." But the weather continued so unfavourable, that they did not sail for several days,—not till the 25th. On the 24th Mr. Deans wrote to Mr. Robinson,—"Your note was a cheering sight to me, and its contents very comforting, for my mind has been in gloom for a day or two, which is very distressing. Thanks be to my Heavenly Father, I know it is not His desire that I should be under any cloud. He has very mercifully kept us back when we might have all been engulfed amidst the raging billows. 'He holdeth the ocean in the hollow of His hand,' and He 'hath His way in the whirlwind, and the storm.'

Strange! the incidents which have already occurred—first the ship drifting—then some of the sailors refusing to work—and last night a man (under the influence of 'delirium tremens,') came down the saloon-steps with a large knife in his hand, and was with difficulty secured. 'God is our refuge—a present help in every time of need.' May we all learn to place our trust under the shadow of His wings." On the forenoon of the 25th he wrote to Miss Strachan:—"Here we are, still lying in the river. Perhaps we have been mercifully kept back. The winds were howling, and the waves roaring, and if we had got into the Channel, we might have been cast upon the shore a shattered wreck. Still it is very wearisome staying here so long. We all look a little miserable at times, though we make the best of it. Almost within a stone's throw of land, and yet lying in deep water." However they did at last break away on the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th, and the "Red Jacket," shaking out her canvass, sped gallantly on her way.

The voyage was on the whole a good one. But the winter had fairly begun by the time the vessel sailed, and although the storm had now abated, the temperature of these northern latitudes was severe, so that the trying weather, and the discomforts unavoidable on shipboard, told heavily on Mr. Deans in his enfeebled state. His first letter was written to Miss Strachan, and the following extracts will serve to show his mental depression and bodily distress during the earlier part of the

voyage. The heading of the letter is, "On board the Red Jacket, Bay of Biscay, 29th November, 1865." He says, "We are now in this far famed and often dreaded bay, but at present all is calm and peaceful. May He who rules the winds and waves carry us safely through! We left Liverpool on Saturday afternoon, and have had pretty rough weather until to-day, which is calm and beautiful. Early on Sunday morning I turned sick, and, along with many of the passengers, I have been very ill. But we are all recovering, and this fine day seems to have lifted us all up. We expect to be in warmer weather soon. The captain is very attentive, and the doctor appears a nice, genial man. No one, however, needs covet a life on the sea." The next entry is dated 10th January, 1866. "Six weeks have passed since I last lifted my pen to address you. Six long and bitter weeks they have been to me. Oh I would not like to have to struggle against such weakness again! For days together, I could not walk, save a few steps, at a time. Afterwards a little strength would come, and then a relapse. Reading was a pain to me, and I could neither think nor act. All around were kind, but all were strangers. Now, however, I trust a change for the better has taken place. Thanks to God for His merciful goodness! Strength has been returning for several days, and I can walk about with comparative ease, as well as read a little now and then. Soon after I last used my pen, we sighted Madeira, and were there

becalmed for three or four days. The climate was warm, and the air balmy and sweet. But soon we began to feel the hot air of the sunny south. We crossed the line on the morning of Sunday, 24th December, and on Monday ate our Christmas dinner under a burning, tropical sun. The intense heat must have had an injurious effect upon my already weak frame. Now we are nearly 40 degrees south of the Equator, and it is almost as cold as it was before hot. Let me tell you what our Christmas weather is. I was sitting on deck this evening wrapped up in my muffler and cloak, and the beauty of the sky made me think of a cool, but pleasant March day in England, with here and there a primrose, or buttercup, or daisy peeping up, as if bidding the toilworn take courage, for sweet spring would come again. Alas, it was only a daydream! I could not pluck the primrose, for there was nothing but 'water, water everywhere.' Oh how the heart yearns at times, when out thus on the boundless ocean, for home and beloved friends left far behind! Thousands of miles are between us two at present, but thought can annihilate distance, and in thought I am beside you again. . . . But I must again lay down my quill, for my chest is very weak, and stooping excites the cough." The next, and only other letter written during the voyage, was addressed to Mr. McBryde, and is somewhat more cheerful in its tone. Probably the ocean air had revived his frame. Under date 20th January, 1866, he thus writes:—"My dear

Alexander, while our gallant vessel is speeding onward to the land of gold and of golden expectations which are often disappointed, I sit down to pen a few lines to one whom I consider a true friend. How, and where shall I begin? I am weary and worn, for I have been very ill, but I am thankful to say that a measure of strength has returned, and hope is once more pluming her bright wings for a flight into the future. When I came on board at Liverpool, to my chagrin we did not weigh anchor for several days, but at last we dashed into the Channel. At first I suffered much from cold, but soon the balmy zephyrs of the south played upon our cheeks, and the soft climate of Madeira caused us to forget our trials. There we were becalmed for several days, and had the mournful duty of committing to the deep the body of a young man, who was, like myself, in search of health. There are about 330 of us, including captain, officers, and crew. It is a huge vessel, and looks quite like a village. We have a clergyman on board, and three dissenting ministers, besides your humble correspondent. We have two services on Sunday, a prayer meeting every Thursday, and prayers in the saloon night and morning. If you think of a long room in a Temperance Hotel, you will have some idea of what the saloon is like, only that the latter is not so lofty or so wide. Along each side are arranged our bedrooms or cabins, where you have not much more room than will enable you to perform your ablutions, and

scramble into your crib. There you are sometimes tossed about all night, and not an hour's sleep will old Neptune suffer you to get. Sometimes your boxes take into their head to dance a hornpipe, and your bed deals with you as if you were a baby, for with no gentle hand it rocks you to and fro as if to lull you to sleep. But alas for the lullaby! it drives all sleep away, and you weary for the morning light. When that comes, you rise weary and dispirited, and after breakfast seek the deck, where you have something to do to keep the perpendicular—the wind persistently keeping aft, and the vessel in consequence, in the expressive language of Scripture, 'reeling to and fro, and staggering like a drunken man.' Far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but sky and water—a wonderful sameness, a vast monotonous expanse." No other record remains of the incidents of a voyage from which Mr. Deans hoped so much. But it is not difficult to picture for ourselves the tenor of his life on board. Mind and body were alike depressed, and although, in spite of his modesty and reserve, he mingled more or less with his fellow passengers, he must have been left a good deal to his own thoughts. Often must the lamp of hope as to his earthly future have burned low, and it would not be easy at all times to have faith in God. Yet we may be sure, from all we know of his spiritual state, that, notwithstanding the disheartening circumstances in which he was placed, he possessed his soul in patience; nay, that the peace of

God, which passeth all understanding, kept his heart and mind through Jesus Christ. He justified the Lord in all His dealings, and never ceased to feel that the way by which he was being led was "the right way." Dear fellow, he was a fragile "vessel," but he had been, and still was, "sanctified and meet for the Master's use."

By the goodness of God, the "Red Jacket" reached Melbourne on the 13th February, 1866, eighty-one days out. This was considered a fair voyage, and although the good ship encountered some stiff gales in the South Sea, and a severe squall overtook her the day before her arrival, she got to her anchorage without having lost almost a yard of canvass. How varied the feelings of the hundreds of passengers as they stepped on shore! Many hearts were beating high with hope, and, possibly, to most the immediate future was gilded with brightness. But Mr. Deans landed in Melbourne a broken man—a bruised reed, and if we did not remember that the Lord is ever watching over His own, we should say it was a most pitiful case. The worn-out voyager sought out a lodging, and after parting from the two or three fellow passengers who were most fully acquainted with him, he was left alone. Then came a time of reaction. As he began to realise his loneliness, and his distance from home, and from the dear friends on whose sympathy he leaned, his heart failed him, and as his spirits sank, his strength gave way. Unfortunately

too, he had arrived in Australia at a season rather inopportune for an invalid like him. An exceptionally hot summer was passing into autumn, and the weather was very trying. In these circumstances he determined to seek the opinion of a medical man as to the state of his lungs, and the prospect of his health being improved by the change of climate. This resolution he carried out six days after landing, and it may be imagined with what a pang he listened to the verdict which the doctor pronounced. It was to the effect that his left lung was much disordered, and the right one in a precarious state; that for fully a month thereafter the weather would be unfavourable for one in his state of health; and that he must not think of ever preaching again. He sat down at once to write to his father and mother, and, after telling them what the doctor had said, he proceeded thus,—"And so, my dear parents, I am, of my own free will, removed from you by many thousands of miles, surrounded by strangers, and labouring under a sad disease. God is now my only refuge. But He is a sure refuge to my soul if only I trust Him, though His will may be that my body shall lie in a foreign land. Still, my heart and flesh fail me at this moment, and I could shed floods of tears. . . . . I would like much to be with you again. If it should be God's will that I am to die here, you will have a kindly thought for your son, who has ever tried to love and honour you both, and you will forgive all my faults."

This is very affecting, and my readers will agree with me, that Mr. Deans has, quite unconsciously, but very admirably, delineated his amiable nature, as well as his personal piety, with his own hand. And who does not understand, as well as sympathise with, the prostration of spirit under which he was now ready to sink? About this time, that is, within ten days of his arrival, he wrote to several friends, Mr. Robinson with the rest, and every letter was tinged with the sombre hue of his predominant feeling, but it may suffice, as a further indication of his views, to give a portion of what he wrote to Miss Strachan—"I went this morning to consult a physician, who had been recommended as a very clever, candid, and pious man. He received me kindly. I explained my case to him. He examined me carefully, and then told me that, humanly speaking, I could never preach again. The Lord only knows what I am to do now. Too weak to put my hand to anything; many thousands of miles from home and friends; and surrounded with difficulties—all I can say is, God help me! Oh for fuller assurance that I am His, and then I shall be better able to submit to His blessed will."

Acting on medical advice, Mr. Deans removed immediately to a lodging in Kew, a beautiful village four miles out of Melbourne, and there he remained for upwards of two months. It was so far an experiment. Another physician was called in, and both gentlemen agreed, that, while the condition of Mr. Deans afforded

no ground of hope for ultimate recovery, his residence in Kew was the best thing that could be done for the present. And their opinion was justified by the result. He experienced a slight improvement, but not more than sufficient to prepare him for the return voyage, which seemed inevitable now.

The invalid life which he led precluded that observation of nature, and human nature, and colonial fashions, which, ordinarily, furnish to the emigrant matter for correspondence with his friends at home. To a fresh eye, the aspects of life in a new country are full of interest, but, as Mr. Deans was unable to walk abroad, and was all along so deeply depressed, beyond two or three allusions we have nothing in the way of description from his pen. But he was not without social enjoyment. Several kind friends were raised up, and gathered around him, among whom were Messrs. Judd, Hassel, and Hunt. The last took a most brotherly charge of Mr. Deans, and managed his little matters of business in a most efficient way. One gentleman kindly offered to provide medical attendance at his own cost, and others furnished little comforts such as were required. Mr. Deans was grateful for all this, and yet he longed for home. His prevalent feeling may be summed up in the expression with which one of his letters concludes—"Jesus is here as in other places, but I am lonely and sad, a stranger in a strange land."

"England for ever!" was now his cry. How passion-

ately he longed to return to the old country, and dear friends, is apparent from his letters, and at last he was able to announce that his passage was taken. The expense which this involved, and which he himself was unable to meet, was most generously provided by kind friends on the spot. It could not be concealed from them that his funds were all but exhausted, and an appeal on the subject was so liberally responded to, that no anxiety remained. Mr. Deans himself wished to regard the contribution as a loan, but the generous contributors insisted on his acceptance of it as a free gift. This was just as it should ever be. Such "communicating" is very blessed, because it is the outcome of christian love, and we at home may well lay to heart what a gentleman afterwards wrote from Australia on the point. "A good deal of that sort of thing has to be done here, as persons are so far away from their relatives and friends. Perhaps, if some young man should go from here to England, and be similarly circumstanced, he will meet with like kindness. The Lord never leaves His own, and raises up friends to do that part of His will, when required."

Had his finances admitted, Mr. Deans would have returned in the "Great Britain," one of the regular packets, for he had a very pleasant recollection of the first-class accommodation of the ship in which he came out. But, as he himself said, it was necessary "to cut his coat according to his cloth," and therefore his friends

cast about for another means of transit. At last a likely ship was found. The "General Grant" of Boston, a fine vessel of some 1,200 tons, and commanded by Captain William H. Loughlin, was advertised to sail for London in the beginning of May. She was to carry a cargo of wool, hides, and gold; a great deal of which would have been sent home by the screw steamer London, had she reached Melbourne in due course, instead of foundering off the Spanish coast in the January preceding. In this ship then a berth was engaged for Mr. Deans, and he formed one of fifty-nine passengers, most of whom were probably glad to secure tolerable accommodation at a reasonable rate. When the time of departure arrived, several kind friends accompanied Mr. Deans on board, to see him installed in his berth, and to bespeak for him the sympathy and care of any who seemed likely to take an interest in his case. One lady,—a Mrs. Jewell, whose husband was also on board, promised to do all she could to promote the comfort of Mr. Deans, and his friends took leave of him, well assured that he was in good hands, and hoping to hear of the safe arrival of the ship. "Poor dear fellow, (writes one of the gentlemen who saw him on board) he was far gone in consumption, and it was very doubtful if he would survive the voyage. Still he was anxious to return, and we hoped the sea air would enable him to hold out so as to reach England." With similar hopes, and expectations of a properous voyage, cherished by all

on board, the "General Grant" cleared out of the roadstead on the 4th of May.

Numerous friends at home, who had been duly apprised of the circumstances and date of his embarkation, were on the outlook for his return. But months passed, and he did not come. Months more, and he did not come. The "General Grant" had not been spoken with; she had not been heard of; and in December a fear was expressed in one of the Melbourne papers, that, as she had now been out 170 days, she was probably lost. This led one of the Melbourne friends to write Mr. Parsons on the subject. "I have been anxiously expecting to hear from Mr. Deans, or of him, these two months past, and I am much pained to find that it is feared the ship is lost. The voyage out here did not improve his health; the disease was too deeply seated, and while here, he gradually got weaker; his cough was very troublesome, and his nights restless. He appeared much emaciated when he left, but he was cheerful and hopeful, resting on the Lord Jesus. He thanked me very earnestly for the little kindness I had shown him, but I told him it was only a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, etc. I thought you would like to have a few lines about him. His luggage, with many little comforts, was put on board for him, so that he had no anxiety or trouble about his affairs. I watched awhile as the ship was being towed down the bay, and wished she might, in due time, glide as safely up the Thames, and that he might again

see his friends at York and elsewhere." The above letter, which reached York in February, 1867, was communicated to the relatives and friends of Mr. Deans, and their hearts, already sickened by hope deferred, now entirely gave way. The anguish of his mother, and of that other devoted woman, who had been as his second self, may be imagined, but cannot be described. Summer, autumn, and winter had now passed, and it was only too certain that their loved one would never appear at "beard or hearth" again. Oh how reluctantly they abandoned hope! But they were reasonable, and as 1867 went on, they ceased to expect to see his pleasant face, or to hear his kindly voice, any more on earth. However much they longed to know the circumstances of his removal, they could not doubt that he was gone, and they acquiesced in the Father's will. A memorial card, in the following terms, was widely circulated among his friends.

In Memory of the

REV. WILLIAM DEANS,

AGED 29 YEARS,

Late Assistant to the Rev. James Parsons, York,

Who left Melbourne on the 3rd of May, 1866, bound to London, in the ship "General Grant," which has never since been heard of, and is supposed to have foundered with all hands.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

K.

And thus the matter rested. Mr. Deans was not forgotten. On the contrary, his memory was cherished in many hearts, and his loss was spoken of in many homes. Still, it was not expected that the manner of his death would ever be disclosed in time.

But early in 1868 the veil was lifted up. New Zealand papers, which reached this country in March of that year, contained a minute account of the total wreck of the "General Grant," the preservation of a small number of the passengers and crew, and the rescue of ten survivors, after a residence of eighteen months on a desolate shore. The same mail brought a private letter from a lady in New Zealand, who had known Mr. Deans in this country, and who had obtained from one of the survivors explicit information as to the circumstances of his death.

The Auckland Islands, in latitude 50° 48′ S., and longitude 166° 42′ E., and lying 180 miles S. by W. of the southern point of New Zealand, were discovered by Capt. Abraham Bristow, of the ship "Ocean," while on a whaling voyage in 1806. The whaler belonged to Mr. Samuel Enderby, but the discoverer named the group in honour of Lord Auckland, in gratitude to that nobleman for having procured for him, when a boy, admittance to Greenwich Hospital school. Next year he repaired to the islands again, in the ship "Sarah," and took formal possession of them for the British Crown. They have been visited on various occasions

since, and we have accounts of them by Capt. Morell, an American, who was there in 1829, as well as by Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, Admiral d'Urville, of the French navy, and Sir James Clark Ross. Since the date of the original discovery, various attempts have been made to occupy the islands, and to turn them to some account, but these have turned out unfortunate and vain. A party of New Zealanders were the first to try their hand at colonization, but their warlike spirit led to quarrels, and, after much fighting and loss of life, they nearly all abandoned the place. Subsequently, the Messrs. Enderby, in consideration of their services to geographical science, and the spirit of commercial enterprise by which they were distinguished, received a grant of the islands from the British Government, and it was hoped that they might prove a centre of operations for the whale fishery of the southern seas. But difficulties arose, and though a satisfactory arrangement was made with the few New Zealanders who remained, and sanguine minds expected much from certain material advantages which the islands afforded, the whole scheme came to nought, and proved a fertile source of perplexity and strife. The islands were abandoned in 1852, and they have not been statedly occupied ever since.

The Aucklands are of volcanic formation, and consist chiefly of greenstone and basalt. There are several islands. The largest, which is Auckland proper, is

in the centre. On the north-east is Enderby Island, forming a breakwater for a land-locked bay, variously named Port Ross, Laurie Harbour, and Sarah's Bosom, the last being the designation given by Capt. Bristow, of the "Sarah," because he had found excellent anchorage there. Off the west coast is Disappointment Island, and on the south is Adam's Island, running east and west, and with entrances at each end towards an inland harbour of irregular size, which lies between it and the main island. The western entrance is exceedingly narrow, but the other, called Carnley's Harbour, is much wider. The main island is about thirty miles long, and fifteen broad; Adam's Island is nearly a third of that size; and the remainder are comparatively small. The coast is very precipitous, the cliffs in some cases rising to the height of 400 or 500 feet. The loftiest hill, Mount Eden, to the south of the head of Port Ross, attains an elevation of 1,350 feet. The natural productions are novel and numerous enough to interest the scientific, but scarcely sufficient to compensate for the inclemency of the weather, and the severity of the climate. The only land animal known is the domestic pig, introduced by Capt. Bristow. "A low forest skirts all the shores, succeeded by a broad belt of brushwood, above which, to the summit of the hills, extend grassy slopes." The trees attain to a considerable size, but "the stems are seldom straight enough to afford timber of any magnitude."

Of late years attention has been drawn to this remarkable group, and the eyes of the civilized world have been turned to the Aucklands as the scene of more than one romance of the sea. A small volume published in 1866, and entitled "Castaway on the Auckland Isles," contains a most graphic account of the wreck of a vessel within Carnley's Harbour, and of the escape of the crew after extraordinary hardships endured for twenty months. The schooner "Grafton," Capt. Thomas Musgrave, left Sidney on a whaling voyage in November, 1863. When she got into the vicinity of the Aucklands, the weather became very boisterous, and after struggling hard against a heavy wind and a confused sea, she was driven ashore on the Auckland side of the eastern entrance previously referred to, and with great difficulty the crew made their way to land. This was on 3rd January, 1864, and from that day till 19th July, 1865, the life of those hardy fellows was a battle for subsistence, and a struggle against despair. Capt. Musgrave narrates in his Journal the vicissitudes of their strange experience: their contests with the seals; their unsuccessful fishing, and frequent scarcity of food; their explorations in the island; their attempt to build a vessel; and the various discoveries which they made. All this is told with inimitable simplicity, and the occasional outbreaks of feeling, as the writer thought of his wife and children, are touching in the extreme. At last, in July, 1865, Capt. Musgrave, and a few of his companions, set sail

in a boat which they had patched up as they best could, and "after a miserable passage of five days and nights; during the whole of which time he stood on his feet, holding on to a rope with one hand, and pumping with the other," he and his friends reached Port Adventure, Stewart Island, on 24th July. They were most kindly received, and having proceeded to Invercargill, Capt. Musgrave was enabled to return to the Aucklands for two men whom he had been obliged to leave behind. Eventually, they were rescued also, and this course of painful experience came to an end.

But, singular to relate, only a few months after the wreck of the "Grafton," another vessel was lost on the same island, and while Capt. Musgrave and his crew were fighting the battle of life in the south, they did not know that a miserable tragedy of suffering was being enacted in the north. Here is the story of the "Invercauld," Capt. Dalgarno, which sailed from Melbourne to Callao, in ballast, on 28th April, 1864. During the night of 10th May she was driven on the north coast of the Aucklands, and, in twenty minutes after striking, she went to atoms. Nineteen of the crew, including the captain, found their way to shore; they huddled together as they best could; and when morning dawned, all the food they could procure was a few pounds of biscuit and pork. The narrative of the mate, contained in a letter to his wife, is simple and affecting. The struggle to keep in life was a very painful and

depressing one. The poor fellows seem to have wandered hither and thither in quest of shelter and food, one after another dying of exhaustion and hunger. Had they passed southward, they would have fallen in with Capt. Musgrave and his party, and the experience which these last had gained would have been of signal use to them, but as they kept to the northern side of the island, they had to shift for themselves as they best could. And the history of those twelve months is very sad. Cold and hunger did their deadly work, one after another dropped away, and when they were discovered in May, 1865, only three—the captain, the mate, and one of the seamen—survived. But see the kind Providence of God! Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Just when things were at the worst, a Portuguese vessel, the "Julian," bound for Callao, which had sprung a leak off the coast, sent a boat on shore to see if the ship could be repaired, and those three toilworn, famished men were received on board, treated with the utmost kindness, and conveyed to Callao, where the story of their hardships thrilled every heart.

But the tale of suffering and woe was not yet complete. Exactly twelve months after the rescue of the survivors of the "Invercauld," the "General Grant," with Mr. Deans on board, was approaching the Aucklands from the west. For a week after leaving Hobson's Bay the weather was fine, but about the 11th of May it became thick and foggy. On the evening of Sabbath,

the 13th, the man on the look-out sighted land a few miles distant. This was Disappointment Island, one of the Auckland group. The captain was hopeful of passing safely between that and the mainland, but the wind had fallen, and as a heavy swell from the south-west had set in, the vessel became unmanageable, and on and on she drifted towards the precipitous rocks which line the coast, and which had proved so fatal before. Every effort was made to wear her off, but all in vain. About half-past one in the morning, she struck on one point of the perpendicular rock, and then, shooting astern, struck on another. Those two points formed the entrance of the cove into which she ultimately settled, and where she became hopelessly entangled. As I have already stated in the opening chapter, the most vigorous attempts were made to escape, and eventually, although the longboat was swamped, the two quarter-boats were hauled safely out, and became the means of saving fifteen lives. The captain, and all the rest of the eighty-three who had been on board, went down with the ship, or perished in the attempt to escape.

Let us follow for a moment the fortunes of those who got away in the boats. From the record of their experience, written by Mr. James Teer, one of the passengers, we gather the following facts. As soon as it became apparent that nothing more could be done in the way of rescuing others, those in the two boats consulted as to the course which they ought to pursue.

The perpendicular rocks all along the coast forbade the possibility of landing there, and so they resolved to pull for Disappointment Island, which lay about six miles to the west. With great difficulty, owing to the heavy swell, and their heavily laden condition, they managed to land before night on a large isolated rock, and next day they reached the island, where they found shelter of a sort. But they were anxious to get to the mainland, and after much strenuous exertion they succeeded in rounding the north end of it, and pushing into the land-locked bay before alluded to under the name of Sarah's Bosom. Here they landed, and as they were very cold and hungry, they proposed to kindle a fire, and cook some food. They had a few lucifer matches, but on trial one after another failed, all but the last, and their frugal meal of limpets and bouilli was the sweetest they ever tasted. They often spoke afterwards of how their lives had, humanly speaking, depended on that one lucifer match. In that northern quarter they remained for some time, living on what they could pick up—their strength greatly reduced by dysentery, caused by the nature of their food. Having heard in Melbourne of the adventures of Musgrave and his party, as well as of the "Victoria" and another vessel having been sent to the Aucklands to explore, and (as they supposed) to leave a stock of provisions for such as them, they resolved to go in quest of the depôt. Much time was spent in the search, which threatened to be fruitless and vain. At

length the exploring party fell in with Musgrave's hut, and memorials of the expedition, but found to their mortification that no provisions had been left. Perhaps the most valuable article on which they lighted, was a box of lucifer matches, which proved of great service indeed. Having returned to the north, and made Enderby Island their place of abode, they conceived the idea of fitting out one of the boats, and sending some of the party northward to sea in the hope of making New Zealand. This was accordingly done, and on the 22nd of January, 1867, the chief officer, Mr. Bartholomew Brown, with three ablebodied seamen, started in the pinnace with a stock of provisions, but without a compass, or nautical instrument of any sort. It was a forlorn hope, and to all appearance utterly failed. The poor fellows have not since been heard of, having probably perished in a stormy sea. Of the eleven who now remained, one, an aged seaman, died in the course of the year. And thus the survivors lingered on, hoping against hope. From their head-quarters on Enderby Island, they counted on descrying some friendly sail, but they were often disappointed. "On the 19th of November (says Mr. Teer) the man on the lookout sighted a sail to the eastward of the island, which afterwards proved to be the "Fanny," cutter, bound to this island; but as she passed on without seeming to notice the smoke we made as a signal, we began to give up all hopes, not knowing that relief was so near at hand." Relief was indeed near, for, only

two days after, the brig "Amherst," of Invercargill, Capt. Gilroy, was passing along the coast, and perceived the signals. With eager haste the solitary boat was launched, and those who went out in her were taken on board the "Amherst," and most kindly treated. Next day the remainder of the party were taken off Enderby Island, and conveyed first to Invercargill, and then to Melbourne; and thus this long and painful captivity ended.

We now return to the wreck and Mr. Deans. Once within the entrance of the cove, the "General Grant" was carried in further and further by the surge, and darkness aggravated the horror of the scene, as large masses of rock fell through the forecastle deck, or dashed on to the floor of the starboard deckhouse. Still, the after part of the ship was safe, and there clustered passengers and crew, longing for the return of day. As the morning dawned, preparations for escape were eagerly made, and were prosecuted with additional eagerness as it became manifest that the vessel was going down. It is not necessary or desirable to dwell on the painful scenes which occurred after the swamping of the longboat: the Romish priest, Father Sarda, who was a good swimmer, getting entangled with his gown, and sinking in the waves; or the husband and father leaving wife and children, and reluctantly providing for his own safety, because she would neither abandon the children in order to go with him, nor allow them to be thrown

into the sea, in the hope of their being picked up by those in the boats. In the end there was little heard but "the remorseless dash of billows," or "a solitary shriek, the bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony." But what of Mr. Deans? The captain was in the mizentopmast-crosstrees, and refused to leave the ship, but Mr. Deans could not leave. The resource open to ablebodied men was denied to him. To have cast himself into the water would have been to perish at once. Therefore he committed himself to the Lord, and calmly awaited the issue. Oh what a multitude of thoughts must have crowded into his mind during that interval of suspense! The loved ones at home, and one in particular dear to him as his own soul, he would never again behold on earth; but as he recalled the Lord's dealings with him all along, and the strange way by which he had been led, he felt that goodness and mercy had followed him all the days of his life. And now here he stands—this pale, wasted, and still youthful servant of Christ—on the very verge of the world unseen. What a singular ending of his course, and how little it could have been anticipated! But he has now finished his course, and kept the faith, and the crown of righteousness awaits him. A few moments more, and he shall be with Christ.

"Parting soul! the floods await thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice,—the holy city,
Stands on yon celestial shore.

There are crowns, and thrones of Glory;
  There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
  Standing by Immanuel's side.

Linger not—the stream is narrow,
  Though its cold, dark waters rise;
He who passed the flood before thee
  Guides thy path to yonder skies."

May we not suppose our Mr. Standfast to have said or thought, while yet on the brink of the river,—"The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thought of what I am going to, and of the conduct that awaits me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart. Now I see myself at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight."

And so this gentle spirit passed away, and the poor shattered frame lies under the southern wave till the day when the sea shall give up her dead.

AND I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN SAYING UNTO ME, WRITE, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH: YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM. Rev. xiv. 13.

CHAPTER VIII.

Estimate of his Character, and Lessons of his Life.

Thou happy soul, and can it be,
That these . . . . . .
Are all that must remain of thee?

WORDSWORTH.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

1 TIMOTHY iv. 12.

It is a trite remark that God's distribution of gifts is not uniform and equal. But he has arranged it so that every one shall have a capacity for serving Him—some more, some less. And His will clearly is, that all such gifts and opportunities shall be used for personal progress, and for the good of others, and in both of those directions for the glory of His great name. The main question for each of us is that of fidelity to trust. The parable of the talents shows that there is an obligation in every case to make use of gifts,—a greater obligation (you may say) in the case of the man who has one talent alone. As for the example of unfaithfulness being that of the man who had one talent, instead of the man who had five, we are not to suppose the Lord to teach that the unfaithful (generally speaking) are those who have been least endowed. What he means to say is, not, that if you have only one talent, you will be unfaithful, but that, if you have even one talent, you will be condemned for unfaithfulness unless you use it. If the man with five talents had been unfaithful, it might

have been supposed that the essence of the guilt lay in the largeness of the loss. But the amount of capital bestowed has nothing to do with the matter; the question of faithfulness is everything, and he who has least is bound to serve the Lord with what he has. Nay, more bound, in a sense, than the other. At least, the man who is tempted to plead exemption from duty on the ground of small attainments, is here reminded that the proportionate element has nothing to do with the case. The Lord expects every man to do his duty, to ply his task, to let the light shine forth.

"Good and faithful servant!" Who can miss the lesson here? The spring of goodness is grace, and the full use of gifts bestowed is characteristic only of those who have been renewed in the spirit of their mind. Gracious obedience is bound up with faith. Tell a graceless man to work for Christ, and he may try, but he will do it grudgingly and as a slave. Tell a blood-bought man to work for Christ, and the sense of his indebtedness will carry him into the hardest labour, the severest toil.

Mr. Deans was not a man of commanding abilities. He had a fair measure of talent, and if his early school training had been more thorough, and of a higher style, and if he had not been retarded by a feeble frame, he would have risen to a position of greater prominence and usefulness than he was ever likely to attain. But such talents as he had were faithfully employed; he had many tokens of the Divine approbation while on earth; and in the day of

final reckoning he will receive the precious welcome,—"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

About the time that tidings reached us of the manner of his death, an eminent missionary of the English Presbyterian Church, the Rev. William C. Burns, went to his rest. This led to those two men being associated in my mind. While musing on the parable above referred to, I was struck with the fact that the servant entrusted with five talents, and the servant entrusted with two, were equally faithful, and equally approved of, and when I took occasion to speak from the pulpit of William Burns and William Deans, I took the liberty of alluding to both in the same discourse: of the one, as very largely endowed with gifts and graces, and called to labour for more than thirty years in the high places of the field—of the other, as cast in a smaller mould, labouring in a humbler sphere, and cut off in the morning of his days, but both of them faithful and true, and on that ground already welcomed to glory, and destined to public acknowledgment on the great day. I may be allowed to give here my summary of comparison and contrast.

William Burns and William Deans! How different, and yet how much alike! To say nothing of their birth and boyhood, they were *variously endowed.* Mr. Burns possessed a masculine intellect, and strong reasoning

powers. Had he devoted himself to mathematical studies, he might have come to occupy no mean place in the scientific field, but, as it was, his knowledge of Scripture truth was very profound. Mr. Deans' capacity was of a humbler kind, and while his attainments were moderately fair, he could not have put forth the mental efforts of Mr. Burns. Then they were *variously trained.* The one had advantages which to the other were denied. While Mr. Deans was compelled to steal the hours of the night for study, and to depend for guidance on the occasional help of a friend, and to have recourse to the shorter curriculum of the Congregational churches, Mr. Burns had not only a first-class school education, but an academical course of the completest kind, and opportunities of intercourse with some of the best and ablest men of the time. And they were *variously used.* For the one the Lord opened up a career of eminent usefulness in the two hemispheres, and made him a "bright particular star" in the firmament of the Church; the other became an instrument of blessing to many, but he moved within a much more limited sphere, and his gifts peculiarly fitted him for ministration among the poor. William Burns was enabled to sway the listening multitude, and sometimes strong-minded men were bowed under the power of the truth as it came from his lips; the true place of William Deans was in a humble country chapel, or in the chamber of sorrow.

Yet, while those two men so greatly differed, they

were in several respects alike. Both had a beautiful simplicity of character, which came out in transparency of lip and life; they resembled each other in self-devotion, for both loved the Master, and were willing to be nothing, that He might be all in all; they both looked to the Lord for a blessing on their labours; both died (the one worn out with long service, the other with disease) at a distance from their native land; and although the one had five talents, and the other two, both were good and faithful servants, so that the same gracious welcome awaits them in the great day.

Mr. Deans has left the merest fragment of literary remains. The bulk of what he wrote, while a student or a minister, must have been in close connection with the work in which he was engaged. He was extremely conscientious in regard to preparation for the pulpit; his discourses were carefully written out; and if those had been available now, extracts might have been given, sufficient to show the character of his mind, as well as his mode of presenting the truth. But all his more valuable MSS. perished with him, and all I have beside me now are a small note-book, containing analyses of scripture texts, as material for preaching; a college essay on the omnipotence of God; an exegesis on Hebrews v. 12-14, and a few poetical effusions of varied merit. It would not be fair to the memory of Mr. Deans to publish the prose. It could not be his best prose; it is certain that his best went with him. But as a

specimen of his poetry, I give the following pieces. Of course they will not endure the rough handling of criticism, but it will be admitted that they bear out all I have previously said as to the lovingness of his nature, and the tenderness of his heart. The first requires no explanation; the second was addressed to a dear friend in Langholm; and the third (I presume) was sent to his venerable friend, Mrs. Cooper of Hull.

LIFE.

What is life? A passing scene;
Like the summer that has been;
Like the mist that flies away
From the glorious orb of day;
Like the meteor, seen and gone
From the place where late it shone;
Like a dewdrop on a flower;
Like a raindrop in a shower,
Licked up when the sun comes forth,
Drunk up by the parched earth.
Such is life!—and yet not so
Swiftly as the minutes go.
'Tis a real, wondrous thing,
And to each of us doth bring
Peace, or woe, for evermore,
When we reach th' eternal shore.

FAREWELL.

And must we part at last, dear friend?
  And must the tie be severed quite,
That bindeth heart to heart on earth,
  And fills the soul with newborn light?

Ah no! affection cannot die,
  Though oceans may between us roll;
Love's cords are stronger e'en than death,
  And stretch their strands from pole to pole.

Oh weep not then, dear friend, weep not!
  Nor let your heart be filled with fears;
But listen to the gentle voice
  Of hope, who waits to dry your tears.

For hope can lift us far beyond
  The vain and fleeting joys of earth;
Hope, joined with faith, to us reveals
  Sweet scenes of more transcending worth.

And though it be our lot to part,
  And tread life's fleeting stage alone,
Faith, hope, and love, will take us soon
  Where grief and parting are unknown.

Farewell, dear friend, one more farewell!
  Still let us hope to meet again,
Beyond the tomb, in that bright land,
  For ever with the Lord to reign.

TO MY AGED FRIEND.

Whilst some in speeches loud and long,
  Proclaim the praises of their friend;
Let me now strive in humble song,
  My thoughts and wishes both to blend.

Thou art not rich with worldly wealth,
  To fill my soul with avarice;
Nor hast thou youthful bloom or health,
  My roving fancy to entice.

Thou hast no title to thy name,
  In marble hall thou dost not dwell,
Nor do I hear of thee by fame,
  That my poor heart with pride should swell.

But thou hast wealth, abiding more
  Than diamond from the mountain side,
Greater than ocean's pearly store—
  Thy riches ever will abide.

Thy title's from a noble line—
  Wond'rous the names of thy great guests:
Halls that with brightest glory shine,
  Are where thy soul in thought oft rests.

Thy riches is the pearl of price!
  Whose value cannot be express'd;
It was thy spirit's happy choice,
  When with its worth thou wert impress'd.

This is the reason why I love
  To call on thee as I pass by,
As on my pilgrimage I move,
  That I may meet thy friendly eye.

May days, and months, and years of peace
  Be thine thro' all thy life below,
Till Jesus shall thy joy increase,
  And on thee endless life bestow!

My own observation of Mr. Deans while he lived, and all I have been able to gather regarding him since his death, have produced a deep impression of the beauty of his character, natural and gracious. What was merely natural was very attractive, but it was amended,

sweetened, and sanctified by grace. One prominent feature was simplicity, or as the old Scotch word has it, *aefauldness*. There were no dark corners in which he laid away schemes or designs, to be brought out as occasion served. He was wonderfully transparent, and, so far as his aims were concerned, you comprehended him at once. He overflowed with love. He had a yearning attachment to all the works of God, and the place of their birth being the same was not his only point of contact with the poet-priest of nature. He was endowed with a Wordsworthian affection for the meanest and humblest things in the world around, and if the poetic faculty had been in greater force, we might have had from his pen some fine renderings of the voice of nature. The following lines were much in favour with him, and he transcribed them more than once for the use of his friends.

LOVE IS EVERYWHERE.

The air is fill'd with a gentle song,
  An under song of wooing—
As the leaf-enshrouded woods o'erflow
  With the sound of the ringdoves' cooing.
    In nature's deepest haunts,
    I hear a voice that chants:
    "Why should the earth grow old with care,
    Since love, sweet love, is everywhere?"

Ye will hear at night, if ye listen well,
  Music in heaven singing;

And amid the stars a melody,
As of angels' voices ringing;
'For the spirits who, in the spheres of light,
Have made their happy dwelling,
To each other across the depths of space
The tales of love are telling.

The sunbeams leave their glowing throne,
And whisper love to the flowers:
The birds outpour it in their strains,
As they sit in their rose-crowned bowers—
When the breeze swells mournfully
Through the bough of a swaying tree,
I ever hear a voice declare,
That "Love, sweet love, is everywhere."

In the moaning thunder of the waves
That dash on some rocky shore;
Or the tuneful flow of a ripply tide,
When the tempest's rage is o'er;
In the murmur'd music of the brook,
As it rushes the sea to gain,
Or the sullen splash on the silent pool
Of the swiftly-falling rain.

In the gleeful laugh of the dancing spray,
From some skyward-leaping fountain;
Or the ceaseless roar of a white cascade,
In its giant bound from the mountain;
There falleth on mine ear,
This song so sweet and clear:—
"Ah, why should man ever feel despair,
Since love, sweet love, is everywhere?"

But the outcome of his love was mainly towards his fellows. His whole spirit was a wonderful exemplification of the Apostle's eulogistic description of love.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." He was not so soft as to deal with all and sundry alike, but the way in which he won all hearts reminded one of Dr. Doddridge's little girl, who, when asked why everybody loved her, answered, "I suppose it is because I love everybody." He was generous in the extreme, and would have shared his last shilling with the necessitous. On one occasion, while he was a teacher at Felling, and before he went to College, news having come of his sailor-brother having been shipwrecked, and having lost his all, William at once offered ten shillings out of his very small salary as his contribution towards the relief of his brother's wants. And how ready he was to do good as he had opportunity, appears from a fact like this. While in Newcastle as a shopman, and residing on the premises of his employer, finding that one of the servant girls in the house could not read, he offered to teach her, and continued for some time to devote a portion of his scanty leisure to that work.

But the most satisfactory way of exhibiting Mr. Deans as he was, will be to adduce the testimony of those who knew him best. Accordingly I subjoin the estimate formed of him by various College friends, all of them

now in the ministry. Such a *catena* of evidence is irresistibly strong.

The first witness is the Rev. John Wilde, of Burley, in Wharfedale, Yorkshire. In sending his paper of "recollections," he says:—

"It was my honour and privilege to spend four years in Airedale College, in terms of closest intimacy and friendship with the late Rev. W. Deans, of York. During the whole of that period, the unvarying tenor of his conduct was such as to deepen the conviction that he was no ordinary man. I loved him dearly while he lived, and since his death have mourned the loss of my truest and most trusted friend. I have often thought it highly desirable that some memorials of his short but useful career should be given to the churches, and I rejoice that such a course has been determined upon. The book will be most welcome to his numerous friends and admirers, and, through the Divine blessing, the means of extending his influence to future generations."

Mr. Wilde's paper is as follows:—

William Deans was a man of sterling principle. Of that there could be no doubt in the mind of any one who knew him. His convictions were deep, and his conscientiousness in the discharge of duty was most uncompromising. Once let him arrive at the belief that

he *ought* to pursue a certain course, and it was useless to argue with him. Before determining upon any important step, he took time for mature deliberation, sought the advice of his friends, and above all asked guidance from his Father in heaven, and then came to a decision. A decision once arrived at, his course was clear. With him to decide was to act. I could cite many instances of this firmness. Let one suffice. At our last interview we were conversing about the work to which we had both devoted our lives, and the honour God puts upon mortals in permitting them to preach the Gospel to sinners. He said among other things, "I love this work more dearly every day of my life, and I feel this enforced silence very acutely, but I bow to the will of heaven My Father knows best, and I must not murmur if I am called to honour Him by suffering rather than by working." He then told me his medical advisers recommended a long sea voyage as the best if not the only means of his permanent recovery. As I looked upon his wasted and emaciated frame, I felt certain that such a voyage *alone* was most undesirable. I tried to dissuade him from undertaking it, and suggested a lengthened stay in the South of Europe, or in some other place whence he could easily return to his friends if he became worse. But he was inexorable. His reply was characteristic of the man. "I believe it to be my *duty*, and I *must* do it. I am in the hands of one who will take care of me."

How fatal that resolution has proved we all know; but he perished doing what he felt to be his duty. With all this firmness, however, he was a genial friend, and agreeable companion. He respected the conscientious convictions of others, even when he did not share them, and in matters not actually sinful evinced "that charity which is the bond of perfectness."

He was, moreover, honest as the daylight. You saw the man at once. Further acquaintance might deepen first impressions, and increase the esteem first entertained, but he was always the same both in private and in public. Into whatever society he entered he carried the savour of Jesus Christ. He was never ashamed of his religion, but, by word and deed, made it evident that he was a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. What might have been thought cant in others was a strong proof of sincerity in him. Even people who made no secret of their aversion to christianity were struck by the guilelessness and sincerity of his character, and his genial cheerfulness has had the happiest influence upon many of this class.

Few who knew William Deans intimately could fail to notice his high sense of rectitude; for the crooked and wrong he had the utmost abhorrence. He always did what he felt to be right himself, and when he could not openly rebuke what he believed to be evil in others, he silently withdrew from their company, and thus made the wrongdoers sensible of his estimation of their actions.

Naturally of a retiring disposition, he never sought to push himself into prominence, but was content to serve his Saviour in the humblest sphere. Whilst shrinking from great publicity, and taking the lowest estimate of his own capacities, he attained the position which modest worth never fails to secure.

Combined with these excellencies was found a considerable degree of manliness and self-reliance. It was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to receive help in the accomplishment of what he thought he *could* do, and *ought* to do, himself. On the other hand he was ever ready to help others. Any one in difficulties might command his services—services which were cheerfully rendered, often at great cost of time and money. I have known not a few instances in which he has denied himself necessary rest and recreation to oblige persons in such circumstances.

This leads me to mention another remarkable feature of his character, viz., his generosity. In our daily walks an appeal for charity was rarely made to him in vain. He seemed as if he could not say "no" to any one in distress. But he did not wait until cases of this kind were brought under his notice. He sought them out. He made many a widow's heart dance for joy, wiped the tear from many an orphan's cheek, and carried sunshine and hope into many a desolate home. All this he did silently and unobtrusively. Possessed of delicate sensibilities himself, he was very careful not to wound

the feelings of others by parading his kindness before the world. One scarcely knew whether to admire the act, or the manner of its performance, most.

I think I never saw his equal in a sick-room. He was eminently adapted for usefulness in the chamber of suffering. His cheerful countenance, and sympathetic words, pervaded by the spirit of christian love, drew towards him the affection and confidence of all mourners. He seemed to thaw the most reserved, and encourage the most timid. Even those who were averse to christian instruction soon found pleasure in unbosoming their souls to him, and asked for a repetition of the visit. Such a request was never made in vain. He was most attentive to the sick. And with what solemn earnestness did he urge them to flee from the wrath to come! How affectionately did he entreat them to give their hearts to the Saviour! I always esteemed it a great privilege to be permitted to accompany him on one of these visits. Often has my own spirit been cheered, and my convictions of the value of the Gospel deepened on such occasions.

As a student, my friend was most exemplary. He was never absent from his post, except when impossibilities prevented. His preparation of prescribed class work was careful, conscientious, and thorough. His deportment among his fellow students was characterized by urbanity and frankness. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of both tutors and students. Those who knew him best loved him most. He never

made an enemy, nor lost a friend, for he always tried to "do unto others as he would they should do unto him." He esteemed his tutors very highly in love for their works' sake, and strove at all times to maintain their authority. Even when he questioned the wisdom and justice of a College law or regulation, he faithfully obeyed it, believing himself bound in honour to do so. Devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the facilities for improvement the College afforded, he did not confine his studies to the prescribed curriculum, but sought, by a free use of the library, to equip himself fully for the great work to which he had devoted his life. Whilst improving his mind, he carefully cultivated personal piety, and sedulously guarded the flame of love on the altar of his heart. His study of the sacred word was not critical merely, but also devotional. Weariness and fatigue never caused him to absent himself from morning worship in the College library. Sometimes, when he was so unwell as to be forced to retire to bed again, I have known him come down on a cold morning to be present at this service. After morning prayer, his habit was carefully and devoutly to read a chapter from the Old Testament scriptures, and then to spend some time in secret communion with his Saviour. In the evening, before retiring to rest, he took a New Testament chapter in the same way. Immediately after tea also, before beginning evening study, he retired to his bedroom, where he remained sometimes for half an hour in secret prayer.

I knew no greater joy than to converse with him after one of those seasons; his whole soul seemed aglow with love to Christ, and he spoke like one who had just emerged from the presence-chamber of the Eternal. Often has he said to me, "Dear brother, the best preparation for successful study is secret fellowship with Him who is the fountain of light and life and love." He thus fed constantly on the bread of life, and it was this which gave such power to his ministrations; when he stood up to preach to others, he spoke of what he had tasted and handled and felt of the good word of God. I may mention here also, that such was his desire to bring souls to Christ, that he began a week evening service for some cottagers near the College, whom he met weekly, and told in loving accents the story of the Cross. His services were always most acceptable in the pulpits he was sent occasionally to occupy. He was frequently asked to repeat his visits, and, in not a few instances, had the pleasing assurance that his ministrations had been blest to the good of souls. It is worthy of special remark also, that, if he became acquainted on any of those visits with anxious enquirers after salvation, he never seemed to lose sight of them. The number of letters written to such characters I believe was large. (If the writer of the memoir could secure a few of these he would find them of service to him). He generally wrote them when he should have been in bed, so as not to entrench upon his hours for study.

I must not forget to mention one other notable feature of his character, viz., his veneration for the Sabbath. That day was to him the best of all the seven. He made it a delight, holy to the Lord and honourable. On no account would he enter a railway carriage on the Sunday. I have known him walk fourteen or sixteen miles, and preach thrice, when he need not have done so, if he would have violated his conscience by consenting to ride the whole or a part of the distance.

But I must bring these reminiscences to a close. Mr. Deans' mental and moral endowments were of no mean order, and these were improved by careful culture. His talents and acquirements were freely consecrated upon the altar of christian service. Love to Christ and human souls was the ruling passion of his nature. His great ambition was to honour his Saviour and benefit his kind. His sermons were clear, forcible, and impressive. His manner of delivery was always serious, and at times became animated. His closing appeals, when he was animated, were very pungent and tender. He employed all the arts he could think of to win men to the Saviour. At the same time he dealt very faithfully with them, and warned them of the consequences of neglecting the great salvation. His sermons were never pretentious. He never strove after great profundity. All his desire was to set forth the distinctive doctrines of evangelical religion, so as to instruct the ignorant, comfort the mourning, reclaim the wandering, and save the lost.

For mere grace of style he cared little, except so far as it served his purpose. At the same time his sermons display a correct taste, abound in apt and striking illustrations, drawn from the works of nature, from common life, and from the depths of his own experience, and in some of them may be found passages of rare beauty and excellence.

The sad providence which removed him from the scene of his earthly labours, to his heavenly rest, was a dark and mysterious one. To the eye of reason the Church's loss seems great and irreparable. But all was arranged in infinite wisdom and love. We would hush all rebellious thoughts into dutiful submission, and strive to follow him, "who through faith and patience now inherits the promises." He died soon—all too soon for those who knew and loved him—and to know him was to love him, but if

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on the dial,
> We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best!"

If these words be true, though William Deans died soon, he did not die young. He lived much in a short time. It seems as if his intense mental and moral life wasted his bodily energies, and brought him soon to the end of his course. He is gone, but we will not deplore him. Our loss is his eternal gain. His spirit left the frail body in

the depths of the ocean, far away from home and friends, but convoys of ministering angels were in attendance to bear it to the Saviour's presence, from whom he heard the approving welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The next witness is the Rev. D. Johnstone, of Elie, in Fifeshire. His communication runs thus:—

In speaking of Mr. Deans' College life, I feel that no eulogy can exceed the truth; every phase of his conduct presents something worthy of admiration.

As a student, he was diligent and conscientious, he made the most of every hour, he did all that he could, and he did it earnestly and faithfully as unto God. It is not improbable that his intense application to study, during the first two years of his College course, had something to do with his subsequent bodily weakness. But although so eager in availing himself of the literary advantages of the College, he never overlooked those studies which bore more directly upon ministerial work, he never cultivated the intellect at the expense of spiritual advancement, he always found time for the study of the scriptures. The Bible seemed to be always near him; the interval between morning prayer and

breakfast, was devoted to its perusal. I frequently entered his room at this season, and never recollect finding him otherwise engaged. He was a constant student of God's word; and to what purpose his public teaching bore testimony. He was eminently prayerful. A few moments spent in communion with God, at the commencement and close of the day, did not suffice for him. He never allowed College work to hinder his intercourse with God. The sound of earnest supplication often issued from his room. His daily walk and conversation, proved him to be a man of prayer; he appeared to enjoy constantly the spirit of true devotion. He was faithful in pulpit preparation; it was evident to all that he had realised the responsibility of the work. His highest ambition was to be useful in winning souls. Sabbath after Sabbath he went forth joyfully to declare the Gospel. He loved preaching, he delighted in the work, and it was impossible for any one to hear him without feeling that he spoke from the fulness of the heart. It has been my lot to follow him in many of our preaching stations, and I never heard but one opinion expressed regarding him. His piety made itself felt wherever he went. A week evening service, in a district near the College, was originated and carried on by him. He succeeded in gathering a few people around him. He loved them, and deemed no amount of self-denial too great. He spoke of the district as his parish, and of the people as his parishioners. He not only preached

the Gospel to them, but also visited them at their homes. His name has just to be mentioned, to those who knew him in that capacity, to call forth their expressions of esteem and love. Our friend was student, preacher, missionary, and in each department he was exemplary.

Let me just say a word in reference to his *social life*. As a College friend, he was loving and true. It was impossible to be near him, without feeling the gentleness of his disposition. I *never* saw him wear a harsh look. I never heard him utter a harsh word. No petty selfishness was ever displayed by him. He appeared to think of himself last, he had ever a kind word, and a helping hand, for his fellow-students. He was charitable, sympathising, obliging; to say that he was lovingly esteemed by tutors and students, is to say the least. When Mr. Deans went from our midst, we felt that we had indeed lost a brother. He had our prayers and best wishes. We anticipated for him an honourable career as a servant of Christ. His usefulness, while in our midst, seemed to be the pledge of a rich harvest in after years. We little thought his course was so nearly run. To us his death seems mysterious; but we bow to the will of an unerring God. An early death is no proof that a life-work is unfinished. We believe our friend's work was done, or he would not have been called to his rest and reward. We lament his loss; we mingle our tears with the tears of those who loved him best, and, although we can look to no spot on earth, as consecrated by his dust,

we know that he is in safe keeping. A day is coming when the sea shall give up its dead, and then he whom we have loved and lost, will be restored to us. The fellowship then begun, will be never-ending. Then we shall enter upon a holy and eternal brotherhood, in the land of light and life.

Then comes the Rev. H. Ingall Senior, of Ovenden, Halifax, who says:—

My recollections of dear brother Deans are all of them pleasant. It was my privilege to spend two years at College with him, in addition to the few months of closer friendship I enjoyed while he was at York. From the first I was struck by his rare equanimity of spirit. Amid all the trials of temper, which College life almost in spite of itself affords, he wore the same quietly happy spirit. Indeed there is little wonder, for he seemed to live in an atmosphere of love. Thoughtfully kind and considerate, he lost sight of himself in his endeavours to make others happy. In the discharge of his duties, brother Deans was conscientious to a fault. Never very strong, the residence at College, with its many unavoidable discomforts, quite undermined his strength, so that College duties, scholastic and official,

often should have been in justice laid aside. But only when it was impossible, because of weakness, to undertake them, did he willingly lay them aside. Nor did he confine himself to the requirements of College duties. He never wearied in speaking of his Master and God. By the wayside, in the family circle, wherever he might find opportunity, the word in season was spoken, and those who followed him heard with pleasure his praise. As far as it is possible for us to judge, he certainly will have many souls given him as his reward. Of his kindnesses to myself this is not the proper place to speak. To me individually, he was all that a disciple of Christ could be, in strengthening weak hands, and encouraging the trembling heart. He was an example of what he taught, "in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

The Rev. R. J. Ward, of St. Helen's, Lancashire, says:—

I knew him well, having been in Airedale College with him for four years. I don't think there was any student in the house more respected and beloved than he was. *We always felt that we could trust him*—there was not the slightest shadow of duplicity, or double

dealing about him. His simplicity of character was something beautiful to witness. He had that about him which made one feel that nothing mean or false could live in his presence. His modesty, his humble estimate of his own powers, was very noteworthy. I well remember his first evening at College, previous to the examination, which was to decide whether he be admitted or not, and how he spoke doubtingly of his own capacity, and yet with cheerful confidence that, if he were refused admission to the College, God would not leave him without some sphere of labour. His indomitable industry was what no one could help noticing. I have known him many times to be the last up at night, and the first up in the morning. Indeed, it is to be feared, that by this overpressure of work, he laid the foundation of that weakness which necessitated his leaving England. His removal from this world was one of those mysterious things which we find it hard to accept, and harder still to understand. Had he lived, he would have proved "an able minister of Jesus Christ." As it is, he has not lived in vain. I believe his preaching as a student was greatly blessed, and I can testify for myself, that the influence of his friendship was of the most hallowed kind. Thinking of him as gone, I feel that I, in common with many others, can say—

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

It may be remembered that, in one of his letters, Mr. Deans referred to the ordination of a College friend in Sheffield just before. That friend was Mr. Newsholme, who writes as follows regarding the deceased:—

I believe that he found his greatest delight in making known the love of Christ to sinners. His words breathed the very spirit of his Master. He was most affectionate and sympathetic, and manifestly strove so to preach as to lead souls, ready to perish, to Him who is mighty and ready to save. And, though students have not many opportunities of hearing that God has blessed their efforts, he learned in his life time that not a few, through his ministrations, were led to the Saviour. His name is still on many lips, and embalmed in many hearts. He never affected greatness in his preaching, never aimed at something altogether above his reach, never assumed the pretension to be reckoned a philosopher, or a metaphysical preacher. He aimed at simplicity of style, chasteness of expression, and affectionate heart-stirring appeals. His style of preaching, and the spirit which he manifested in the delivery of his sermons, were such as to disarm criticism. He touched the heart, and led his hearer to feel that he was listening to one who, in his own heart, enjoyed the truth he was unfolding to others.

The tone of his sermons led the christian portion of his audience to think that he was a man of prayer.

So he was; he was emphatically a man of prayer. I had many opportunities of noticing his love of prayer. He occupied the study next to mine, for some time during his College course. I have heard him retiring morn, noon, and night, from his study to his bedroom, for the purpose of praying to God. He often prayed aloud in his chamber, so that not a few of the students have heard him earnestly pleading with the Almighty for a blessing upon both professors and students. He has also been heard praying for his friends *by name*, and I cannot think that such prayers will remain unanswered.

He worked hard at his studies, rising early and sitting up late. He also spent much time in writing letters to those who, he had reason to believe, were thinking about their salvation. In this way he did much good. He, I doubt not, in his short life, has done more good in his Master's work, than many whose ministry has been much more lengthened. We must bow to the wisdom of God, saying "He doth according to His will in the armies of Heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him what doest thou?"

And now my task is almost accomplished. But I cannot allow this little volume to pass out of my hands without a word to young men, suggested by the life and experience which I have been endeavouring to pourtray.

The life of Mr. Deans is fraught with an element of warning. Whether it was wise for *him* to abandon a so called secular calling, that he might enter on the ministry, I shall not presume to say. Every case of this kind ought to be judged of on its own merits, but young men in business, who have come, through grace, to know the value of their own souls, and the preciousness of salvation by Christ, may rest assured that they have many noble opportunities of serving God in the gospel of His Son. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." It is a good rule; and valid, I should think, for most of those who are brought to Christ in mature age. Certainly the world has need, and Christ has need, of many more, who, in the workshop or the counting house, on the rolling ocean or in the tented field, shall be at once diligent in business and fervent in spirit, and who shall in both ways serve the Lord. But Mr. Deans was a beacon in this respect, that, in his addiction to study, he exhausted his strength. To use a colloquial expression, he burned the candle at both ends, and thus the insidious disease, which may be said to have cut him off, acquired a firmer hold. Overwork, and especially overwork of the brain, is most unwise. Let young men who are preparing for professional life lay it to heart, that a healthy and harmonious development both of body and mind is best of all. You cannot, with impunity, violate the laws of nature, which are the laws of God. Sooner or later retribution

will come. But while I write thus, from a lively impression of the havoc which was wrought in the frame of Mr. Deans by mental tension, and labour carried beyond proper bounds, I would point to the subject of this memoir as a bright example to the young of single-hearted devotion to Christ. The glory of Christ was ever in his eye, and he did well in this, that every moment was anxiously redeemed for Christ. Do these pages fall under the eye of any young man in his teens? Your first business is to get into Christ, for, if that be neglected, your life is vain. But if you know the Lord, consider that these earlier years are for you the formative period, and laden with possibilities of the mightiest good. So far as usefulness is concerned, you may be said to be "between the tining and the winning." According to the direction which you now receive, your career may be a failure, or a splendid success. These are true words of Robert Southey,—"Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life." The life of Mr. Deans is not to be represented by a broken column. It was wonderfully complete. To our view it was short, but indeed the Lord's promise was fulfilled, "With long life will I satisfy him, and I will show him my salvation." For, as Fuller says, "He lives long that lives well; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost. God is better than His promise, if He takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a greater value."

A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN PRECIOUS OINTMENT; AND THE DAY OF DEATH THAN THE DAY OF ONE'S BIRTH. Ecc. vii., 1.

BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE. Rev. ii., 10.

THE END.