



WILLIAM THOMPSON.

THE
Earnest Evangelist
AND
Successful Class Leader.

MEMOIR OF
WILLIAM THOMPSON.

BY
MARK GUY PEARSE, SENR.

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TO THE
CONGREGATION AND SOCIETY

CONNECTED WITH THE
WESLEYAN METHODIST CHAPEL,

PRINCE OF WALES' ROAD,

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED, WITH WARM AFFECTION, BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

I AM not sure whether William Thompson ever read the remarks of John Berridge, but they are strikingly characteristic of him. “Look simply to Jesus for preaching food, and what is wanted will be given, and what is given will be blessed, whether it be barley or wheaten loaf, a crust or a crumb—when your heart is meek, right and simple, Jesus will make an orator of you; when you grow lofty and pleased with your prattle Jesus will make a fool of you. Your mouth will be a flowing stream or a sealed fountain, according to the state of your heart.

Avoid all controversy in preaching ; preach nothing down but the devil, and nothing up but Jesus Christ. Make the Lord your whole trust, and all will be well."

In each of us is some tendency of natural character, which marks us off distinctly from others. It may be restrained and controlled no doubt, but not eradicated. God has some purpose for it, and we may trust Him to mould it for that. Does our Heavenly Master need to have all His tools fashioned on one pattern? If He uses one for one kind of work, may He not want quite a different instrument to do some other? He will not set the hammer to polish gems, or the delicate chisel to hew stones from the quarry. William Thompson's characteristics resemble that of many of the

earlier Methodist preachers—such as John Nelson, John Haime, and William Carvosso. Happily the Methodist Church has spheres of employment and usefulness for such men. And let us hope that the day is far distant when it will cease to be so; rather let us welcome men of every type of character, if only their hearts be right, and they are earnestly endeavouring to do their own special work to which God has called them—it may be the rough work like our brother Thompson's, to hew stones from the quarry and place them in God's building, or it may be the more refined work of building up believers.

Is there not a danger in these days of our too rigorously regarding propriety, regularity, and order, of our looking with coldness, and it may be with dis-

approbation, on the earnest work of some of our brethren? Let us beware and lay to heart the words of the Apostle, "And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

M. G. P.

128, ALEXANDRA ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.,
January, 1881.

THE EARNEST EVANGELIST
AND
SUCCESSFUL CLASS LEADER.

WILLIAM THOMPSON was the son of Benjamin Glossop Thompson, who was a manager of one of the mills near Otley, Yorkshire; a local preacher and class leader in the Methodist Society, and an exemplary Christian. William's mother was also a godly woman and successful class leader; she was a fond and indulgent mother. The father having died in 1829, when William was

only about five years of age, the training of the children fell on the lonely and struggling widow; but she did her best to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and many and frequent were the prayers she offered for and with her children for their conversion to God, that they might all be led to walk in the ways of righteousness and keep God's commandments. William's mother was an ardent lover of singing, and it was from her the children inherited their love of music. The evenings of their youth were often employed in singing Wesley's hymns; they took separate parts, and all had fine voices; that especially of one of the sisters was exquisitely beautiful, also the tenor of the youngest brother was remarkably good, and not less so the organ-like bass notes of William, the whole combined made the harmony complete. Those were times and seasons deeply treasured in the hearts and memories of all the children.

The mother always believed in the ultimate salvation of her children, and that the subject of this memoir especially would be on the Lord's side, and become valiant for the truth ; but many long years passed away, and her happy spirit had escaped from this world to the realms of the blessed before her prayers were answered.

William was always of a lively and jocular disposition in his boyhood and youth, and ready for any frolic and fun. This tendency often led him into many escapades and caused him to be the perpetrator of a large number of practical jokes. Thirty or forty years ago this propensity could be indulged in to an extent unknown and quite incredible in these days of rigid police supervision. If a list of the frolics played by William Thompson and his comrades could be collected, it would form a lengthy as well as an amusing catalogue. A favourite pursuit was the pulling down of different sign-boards during the night-time and placing

them over the doors of people other than the rightful owners, thereby causing considerable merriment next day by the oddity of the transposition which had thus been surreptitiously effected. At this business, Thompson, by reason of his tall stature, was exceedingly expert. A story is told of his removing the stall of a well-known butcher in Otley, and placing it across the ridge of the roof of the chancel of the parish church, where, next morning, the strange appendage was viewed with no slight amount of curiosity. One thing should be said in the way of extenuation with regard to these freaks ; they were always done in good humour and generally received in the same spirit ; there was no desire of wanton mischief or a wish to cause injury to any of his neighbours. On one occasion it appears he had a narrow escape from drowning, but was rescued by his sister Jane.

One day William was working with his elder brother Benjamin, when some mis-

understanding arising between them, he packed up his bundle of clothes, left home and made his way to London. For a long time none of his friends at Otley knew where he had gone or what had become of him. He was now about twenty-four years of age ; he tramped in three days to London, having walked seventy-five miles on the first day. He called on a friend at the barracks of Regent's Park, and enlisted in the Royal Horse Guards Blue. His splendid form and physique became developed by military training, and showed off most advantageously in the uniform of that regiment. (At the Exhibition of 1851 he was recognised by one who had known him, but changed in appearance.) He was one of the handsomest and finest soldiers among the many remarkably fine men in Her Majesty's Life Guards. He was about 6 feet 4 inches in height, and in his regimentals was considered a model of perfectness in physical formation. When on one occasion on duty at Windsor as

one of the guards in attendance on his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington said to the Duke of Cambridge, "When are you going to get me a squadron like this?" The Duke of Cambridge replied, "That is an impossibility." The present Quartermaster, J. Sharples, who was well acquainted with Thompson, says they never had such a splendid specimen of a soldier. It is no exaggeration to affirm that no finer specimen of the human form divine could be beheld. His figure was not only tall, but commanding; every limb appeared to be perfect. He was a great favourite with H.R.H. the Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington, and in the regiment he was very popular with the officers and men, especially with the Colonel.

After a few years he resolved to quit the service, though great inducements were offered by those in command to retain him. After leaving the Blues he was sought by artists and sculptors.

The statue of Sir Francis Crossley, of the People's Park, Halifax, was modelled from his stately form, and in several public buildings in London he is to be recognised.

In the Exhibition of 1862 might have been seen a painting of Thompson in a semi-nude state, for which the artist, it is said, refused an offer of £850. He often sat for Millais and Calderon, and was employed by the late Sir Edwin Landseer in casting the lions for Trafalgar Square.

A few years after quitting the regiment he took to himself a wife, the marriage proving a very happy one. We know but little of his career while a soldier, but from that little we learn he was leading a life of entire estrangement from God, lapsing fearfully into dissipation and sin, giving way to habits of gross intemperance. What struggles he had in his conscience we shall never know, or how often his mind would turn back to his praying mother and his godly father, and the sweet memories

of those hymns, which as a family they united in singing evening after evening in the days of his boyhood and youth. On two occasions while in the regiment he visited Otley, and each visit was attended by some incidents which were remarkable, as showing and developing the real inner life and character of Thompson. It was easy to perceive that there was much depth of soul and tenderness of heart. On the first occasion he arrived at Otley on a Sunday afternoon. The news soon spread through the little town that William Thompson was amongst them again. His mother left her house and hastened to meet her wayward son, and the instant he beheld his mother, the handsome and stalwart guardsman fell on his knees and embraced her. He created a profound sensation in peace-loving old Otley. On another occasion, while at the barracks, he was informed by a visitor from Otley that one of his relatives had been treating his widowed mother un-

kindly. His manly and filial spirit was roused ; he went straight to the Colonel, and obtaining leave of absence for twenty-one days, at once proceeded to Otley. On arriving there the first person he met was this man, who expressed his pleasure at seeing the fine, handsome-looking soldier. They walked together until they arrived at the house of his mother, when he at once asked her if it was true—naming the report which had reached him of the ill-treatment she had received. She replied that it was, “But the Lord is judge.” Before she had finished the sentence the man was seized by Thompson, and hurled against a partition ; he drew his sword, and, in an outburst of anger, would have cut him down had not his mother and his brothers interfered.

After leaving the Life Guards he continued the same reckless course of drinking, card-playing, and dissipation ; but away in the old home there was a much

loved brother, who had been pious from his youth. He began to fear that William would not live long if he went on thus. Like the godly mother, he had prayed and pleaded long for his brother's conversion ; often at night, alone on the mountain side he had, again and again, prayed for Bill, and yet the prodigal wandered on the downward road. At length the anxiety of the praying brother became more intense than ever, and knowing that it is written that whatsoever two or three shall agree to ask it shall be done, and in full faith in the word and promises of God he asked some of his godly friends to join with him in prayer for the conversion of Bill. They met ; they pleaded with God, and wrestled, like Jacob, and prevailed. He, whose Spirit had prompted those prayers and longing desires heard and answered them. One good brother exclaimed —“ *We are heard, it will be done.*” And soon all knew and felt the answer had come —“ Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.”

And now William, while playing at cards, began to see a solemn text where the spades and clubs should be ; or a line or two of a well-remembered hymn, learnt and sung at his mother's knee, would seem to stand out on the card which he held in his hand. Sometimes, with mingled and strange feelings, he would fling them down, much to the annoyance of the other players, and rush home, saying, *I will be a holy man, I will, I will.* But next morning terrible depression would come over him, and again lead to the fatal glass. Sometimes, when coming home drunk, he would throw himself on his knees and vow he would be a holy man. This was still the desire of his heart, to be a holy man. And now the last day of his slavery to sin and Satan drew near. On a certain morning he went with trembling limbs and nerveless languor to a small public-house in Portland Town to get his morning steadying cup. His glass is filled, his hand is on it, when he seemed

to hear a voice, which appeared so loud and plain that he turned as if to see who was speaking, "If you drink the contents of that glass you will be in hell in six weeks." He set it down. He saw no speaker ; he thought it was mere imagination, and he again took up the glass, when again the voice spoke with still more awe in it, "If you drink the contents of that glass you will be in hell in six weeks." Again he paused and hesitated ; it was the decisive moment. Taking up the glass he dashed it on the ground with all its contents. Now, thought he, it is no use taking the pledge unless I get some one to pray for me and with me. He remembered a Mr. H——, and to him he went. Mr. H—— heartily joined in his request and prayed with and for him, and then he signed the total abstinence pledge, which he was enabled so faithfully to keep until his dying day. So staunch and firm was he on this point that soon after, when lying very ill, the doctor said he must have some stimulant or die,

“Then,” said he, “I will die.” “But surely,” said he to the doctor, “you can prescribe some substitute for alcohol.” The doctor yielded, and by God’s blessing he was restored. From this time after taking the pledge his convictions of sin daily deepened. He attended some revival services which were being held in the neighbourhood, but no one seemed to be able to help or administer comfort to his distressed and burdened soul. His wife, who had been converted some time previously, had prayed with him and for him. His bodily frame seemed to sink under the intense anguish of his soul, but his afflictions were being weighed by One who knew best when and how to relieve him, and burst his chains asunder. At length the hour of his deliverance came. His sins were forgiven, his burden gone, and he could sing—

“Exults my rising soul,
Disburdened of its load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.”

When Charles Wesley obtained peace with God and became a new

creature, and passed from death unto life through simple faith in the atonement of Christ, he was led to compose that fine hymn, which has been the happy experience of hundreds of thousands, and which now, too, could be joyfully sung by William Thompson :--

“ Where shall my wondering soul begin ?

How shall I all to heaven aspire ?

A slave redeemed from death and sin,

A brand plucked from eternal fire,

How shall I equal triumph raise,

Or sing my great Deliverer's praise ?

“ Oh ! how shall I the goodness tell,

Father, which Thou to me hast show'd ?

That I a child of wrath and hell,

I should be called a child of God,

Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,

Blest with this antepast of heaven !

“ And shall I slight my Father's love ?

Or basely fear his gifts to own ?

Unmindful of his favours prove ?

Shall I the hallowed cross to shun,

Refuse his righteousness to impart,

By hiding it within my heart ?

“ No ! though the ancient dragon rage,

And call forth all his host to war,

Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare ;
Jesus the sinner's friend proclaim,
Jesus to sinners still the same."

William Thompson now became unspeakably happy. The light of God's reconciled countenance was shining on his soul. The Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing in His wings. The clouds had dispersed and the shadows had fled away ; he realised—

"The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

He continued in this blissful state for many weeks, and often was he so filled with the Spirit that his body was quite overpowered. He was not allowed to go on without some fearful temptations, but by the grace of God he was enabled to resist them, and to hold on his way. It was in October, 1864, two years after the decease of his mother, that this great change took place.

He now had enlisted under a new captain, and become a valiant soldier of the cross of Christ. No half measures would ever suit the temperament, or be in accordance with the spirit of William Thompson. His large and noble heart could never be content to pass on with no higher attainments, and doing no more good in the way of making known to perishing men the glad tidings of salvation than ordinary Christians. His mother's and his brother's prayers were now becoming fully answered, and William was indeed "valiant for the truth."

After some time, he felt he was living much beneath his privilege, and he began to see there was a far higher state than that which he had hitherto attained, and as he saw this, his soul hungered and thirsted after more full and entire consecration. In this state of mind he visited his godly brother in Yorkshire; and this visit proved another deeply interesting crisis in his history.

The brothers talked and prayed, and pleaded the promises—"From all your filthiness, and from all your idols I will cleanse you:" "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." On that memorable night William said he could and did believe that he was then and there realising that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed his heart from all sin. He felt no immediate special change or any increase of joy, only he said all seemed very calm and quiet. The next evening he started for his long journey home. No sooner was he settled in the corner of the railway carriage, when God came very near unto him, and there came down upon him the sweet overpowering influences of the Holy Spirit in fuller measure, and richer abundance than anything he had ever hitherto experienced. From this time he became a "man full of faith and the Holy Ghost." His soul yearned and longed night and day for the salvation of souls. It is needless to say how utterly im-

practicable the attempts of some of his more orderly Christian brethren were to get him to act in accordance with their more rigid views of Christian propriety. He might be disowned, he might be scoffed at, he might be puzzled in argument, or overmatched with skill and sophistry; he might be wearied and confounded with endless talk about apostolical succession or baptismal regeneration, but he could turn from all these to the kingdom within and find that the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost gave him a power to rise above all these things. He was in possession of a devout and filial communion with God. His soul now sanctified and made free from sin, and all his powers entirely consecrated to God's service, his great and manly heart longed to be instrumental in bringing others into the same happy state. He could leave the talkers to have the last word, and he would submit to be charged with ignorance, with irregularity, with

zeal without knowledge ; and not unfrequently those charges would come to him from quarters from whence they would be little expected. But through evil report and through good report Thompson held on his way. As he had been a soldier of "Queen Victoria," so now he lifted the standard of Jesus. Who that has ever listened to his appeals, and looked on his manly form, can well forget it as he would repeat and sing :—

“ See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God ;
In Jesu’s name I lift it up
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard bearer, I
To all the nations call,
Let all to Jesu’s Cross draw nigh—
He bore the Cross for all.
Go up with Christ your head,
Your Captain’s footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to Him is given,
He ever reigns the same—
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesu’s name.”

Soon after this he read Wesley's "Christian Perfection," and subsequently in his addresses he would quote from this, and also from Wesley's hymns, of which he was so fond. About this time he received a letter from the North stating that one of his brothers had strayed away under the sad and demoralising effects of drink, and could not be found, but was supposed to have made his way to London. William was asked to find him out. He at once laid the case before the Lord, and after awhile obtained a clue and found the lost sheep. He placed him under the care of a friend in Kentish Town, visited him constantly, and was intensely anxious for his salvation. The health of the poor young man gave way, and signs of rapid consumption became manifest, and all William's prayers and endeavours seemed to produce no effect on the poor prodigal. He sank lower and lower in health, but there were yet no signs of relenting, or heart softening, and now the invalid can

hardly leave his bed. One afternoon, on going into his room, William found his poor brother in a dying state, scarcely able to speak. Distressed at the sight, but full of faith, again he knelt at the bed-side and, in an agony of spirit, pleaded with God to save his never dying soul—even now, at the eleventh hour saying over and over again, “Lord thou can’st not let him be lost, while I hold him up to Thee in the name of Thy well beloved Son.” Every now and then he would stop and look at the dying man to see if there were any signs of yielding; but, alas! his little remaining strength was put forth feebly to say, “Go away, Bill; do let me die in peace.” But William had got hold of God, and with the persevering spirit of the mighty wrestler Jacob, who became a prince with God and prevailed, so William was determined not to let go until he prevailed. Many times the enemy suggested, “What a fool you are making of yourself—let him die—it is too late.”

At last the answer came—William's prayers were heard. Suddenly lifting up both arms the dying man cried out, "Oh, Bill, I am saved! Jesus is come, Jesus is come!" A moment more and William, in an ecstasy of joy, threw both arms around the neck of his dying brother, who with a face indicating the change the Holy Spirit had wrought within, over and over again whispered the same joyful words, "Jesus is come; I am saved; Jesus is come!" And so he gently passed away—a brand plucked from the burning.

"O! wondrous power of faithful prayer.

What tongue can tell the Almighty grace?

God's hands or bound, or open are

As Moses or Elijah prays.

Let Moses in the spirit groan,

And God cries out 'Let me alone.'"

It was during Thompson's visit to his brother the following circumstance took place. He was passing through Prince of Wales' Road one evening, returning to his home at St. John's Wood. In the

dusk he noticed a large plot of unoccupied ground on his right hand, then covered with grass. He thought what a splendid site this would be for a Methodist chapel, and at once he went inside the rails and pleaded with God in his usual earnest and believing way, that a chapel might be erected on that spot. He rose with the conviction that his prayer was heard and that God would give him the desire of his heart. Not long after this, with delight and wonder that overflowed into thanksgiving, he saw a large black board erected on that very spot, and written on it in large letters, "Site for a new Wesleyan Chapel." He was overcome to tears, and going inside the rail, once more knelt and raised his voice in praise for the speedy and precious answer.

William Thompson at this period was frequently occupied day and night by having under his care some who had been deprived of their reason through drink or other causes. It was soon discovered he was specially adapted for

dealing with such lamentable and distressing cases by his great power of body and utter fearlessness of man ; but it was little known to the medical men, under whose supervision those patients were placed, how much of Thompson's marvellous aptitude and success arose from prayer. Prayer was the mighty weapon he used and ever resorted to, and there is reason to hope that some of these sad wrecks of humanity will be found in heaven at last, through the instrumentality of Thompson's earnest prayers for and with them.

On writing to a friend about this time, he says :—

“ Oh, how thankful I am I ever heard the sound of Jesus' name ! how sweet is prayer ! What fillings of the Spirit do I get ! I can never describe my experience. I was at the Watch-Night, and I entered into the new year on my knees before God, yielding myself up to Him, and only desiring that God's will may be done. I have less desires and fewer requests to make to God than ever. I bless God, I sink

more and more into this one thing, Thy will be done; and, I not only wish to say Thy will be done, but to rejoice in that will.”

Again, he writes :—

“Oh for a revival of pure and undefiled religion, that men may be filled with the Holy Ghost and with power. Are we, as class leaders, urging and leading the dear people under our charge on to holiness in heart and life? But if we do not enjoy this in our own personal experience, how can we instruct others? Mr. Wesley says in his journal, vol. 3, p. 107 :— ‘The more I converse with believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss through the want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, wherever this is not done, believers grow dead and cold; nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of it; for to expect it some time hence or at death is much the same as not expecting it at all.’ The whole of the Epistles seem to me to be specially written and adapted for class leaders, and we ought to know them well—in them we have the solicitude, the concern, the anxiety, prayer and praise. Oh, let us first seek ourselves to be

filled with the Holy Ghost, and then add to our faith, knowledge, &c. Where shall we get this more beautifully laid down for our example and learning than in the Epistles of St. Paul?"

Again he writes on sanctification—

“There is a wonderful difference between justification and sanctification. In this higher state the peace flows as a river, deeper and deeper, becoming ever increasingly, more unruffled, calm, and sweet. ‘Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph.’ The man that rises into this higher state of Christian privilege has the ‘faith that can sink the mountain to a plain.’ No weapon that is formed against him can prosper. The Lord God is his sun and shield.

‘Jacob’s well is in his soul ;
Gracious dew his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.’

Halleluia! halleluia! to Jesus who will not suffer thy foot to be moved. ‘Fear not, worm Jacob, neither be dismayed; I am thy God, I will help thee, I will uphold thee, I will lead thee by the right hand of my righteousness.’”

As our object is to endeavour to give a faithful view not only of the outer and more public life of Thompson, but also to convey some idea of his more domestic and home life, we append a few letters written to his only son, and to his excellent wife:—

“ My precious darling Son,—I write this on your birthday. Many, very many, happy returns of the day. I hope you will thoroughly enjoy it. The Lord has done great things for us, how thankful we ought to be. I am in better health than I have been for some years. The Lord is blessing us very much on every hand. I love you very much, my dear boy. You must get real heart-felt religion, and you must never stop short of holiness. There is no real, lasting, and abiding happiness without holiness of heart and life.”

“ My dear Son,—My class gets on well. The work of God is deepening in the hearts of the people. Oh, how I wish you would get ready to take up the standard of the Cross when I am called to lay it down and go home. I shall then join my father and my mother, my brothers and sisters. Shall I meet you there,

my dear son ? Will you come to me ? I think you will : I think you will have wisdom to see it is the right thing and the best thing to serve God."

" My dear Son,—I am glad you have got among the Methodists, and that you go to the house of God. Stick to it, my dear boy. On Saturday we had a wonderful band meeting ; the work of God is prospering and deepening in the hearts of the people."

" My dear Son,—I was very glad to have a line from you ; it did my soul good to hear you speak of the many valuable privileges that you enjoy. But you must be careful, and do your best to improve those privileges. Only consider what a deplorable thing it will be if you are not converted, and should die in this state. What condemnation you would have at the bar of God. You have a good father and mother, who have taught you, and endeavoured to bring you up in the fear of God. You have attended the Sunday Schools where you have been favoured with good kind teachers who have instructed you, and taught you the way to Heaven. You have seen their lives and have heard their prayers, as well as those of your parents. Oh, my dear boy, 'seek ye the Lord

while He may be found ; call ye upon Him while He is near : let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.' Seek happiness in God only, there is none to be found anywhere else. Say—

‘ I will accept His offer now,
From every sin depart ;
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.’

Begin to pray in right good earnest and God will hear and answer your prayers. I shall now close this letter. Will you, my dear boy, read it again and again ? Lay it upon the bed to night before the Lord, and ask for His guidance and help, and He will give it you. The Lord bless you, my darling boy, and may you find your way to heaven.”

“ My very dear Wife,—I suppose you went into the City and had not time to write me a line ; well never mind, all my loneliness is gone. Praise the name of the Lord for ever. I went to Bakewell yesterday, I called at the druggist's who had sent off the preceding day, I suppose, to London for the medicine which I had ordered.

I told him if it was not come it was of no consequence now, as I was quite cured by the Great Physician of body and soul ; he stared at me as if I had lost my wits. As I was going on my way to B., I spoke to a man who was repairing the roads ; he said he had been in the right way for thirty-seven years. In the course of our conversation he told me the wife of a friend of his was very ill and likely to die, would I call on my way back ? Yes. He said she was not converted. On my return I called, but I had to feel my way with my umbrella. I think I must get a little bull's-eye lamp, it is so very dark and muddy in these country lanes. I found the poor invalid lying on a sofa. It was a little farmhouse outside the village. She appeared very ill, and although a regular attendant at the house of God she was yet unsaved. I began to talk ; she seemed as if possessed of the devil, and it baffled all my efforts to bring her to the point. I was at it for an hour but could make no apparent impression, it almost seemed as if nothing could be done. I ceased talking to her and turned my attention to the servant girl, and found she was in trouble about her soul, and in a very short time she obtained peace with God. So we began to praise the

Lord. We fell on our knees. I began to pray and praise, and before long the dying woman too found the Saviour. Then the little daughter was converted. There was an old woman in the corner; in answer to my question she informed me she was the mother of the sick woman, had been a member of the Wesleyan Society for the long period of fifty-six years; she was eighty-six years of age. I said, 'and are you quite ready?' 'Yes, and waiting.' She seemed to be like a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest. I next asked for the husband; he was gone to look after the cows, so I thought I might succeed better with him alone. I soon found him and began to talk with him. He stood with lantern in one hand, a pail on the other arm; he broke down, the tears began to flow, he shook with emotion, he was converted on the spot. I left the whole household rejoicing in their God and Saviour. Praise the Lord for ever. All the glory belongs to Him."

"My very dear Wife,—I hope by this time you have better news from poor aunt Fisher. May the Lord bless her precious soul. I am thankful that she knows the way of life. Glory be to God; Glory be to God. His ways are wonder-

ful. My dear, I must talk to you about the class—never wait for anyone to go with you, nor go with the expectation of meeting anyone *but God alone*; you will then never be disappointed. I know you are timid, my darling, about these things, but you must break through all, and live on Christ alone. If I had gone to meet the people on Sunday mornings at the early prayer meetings, I should have been tired of it long ago, but I go to meet the Lord—bear this in mind, keep this ever in view.”

“My darling Wife,—You must keep your mind fixed upon Jesus. He cannot do wrong, and if your dear Aunt is taken away, let us be thankful that she will go to glory. The Lord is able to take care of those that are left behind for a little longer. Do not fear, put your trust in the Lord, and ‘all things will work together for good.’ I have had such a sweet day of heavenly calm and inward rest, as I have not had for some time. I have only one desire, that is to enter in and possess that sweet oneness with Christ, that dying to all below, that being wholly lost in God, being nothing, and Christ be all in all. It will soon be so—my soul groans for nothing but this—it longs and pants for nothing else. Come, Lord Jesus!

Come quickly. Amen. I trust you will still bear me up at the Throne of heavenly grace, times and places are nothing to me. I shall want Jesus to die with, and I must have Him to live with ; I will seek Him with my whole heart now. I am compelled sometimes to talk about war and politics, which things I hate ; however, amidst all the Lord wondrously sustains me and upholds me. Glory be to His hallowed name for ever.”

“ My dear Wife,—I did not hear from you this morning : I hope you are no worse. I have not time to say much, but I hope, if you are well enough, you will be resigned to my going into the mount with God. I shall be on the ‘ Rumbold Moor ; ’ it is not far, and a very quiet place. I want communion with God ; I cannot rest without a closer walk with God. Now, my darling, I have not time to say more, I hope you are better, and that you will be of good cheer ; the Lord will protect and guide. God bless you and my darling son.”

“ My dear Wife,—I want you to come up to the front and get in amongst the praying folks, and to get hold of God and wrestle and pray for poor sinners ; never mind what others may think or say, we must go on in spite of all

opposition, and snatch them as brands from the burning. The churches in London seem fast asleep. Now, darling, we must have souls—pray for them—agonise for them, and God will save them. I am thankful and glad to have such nice letters from you, and to find that your soul is growing in grace. Give my kind christian love to the dear little flock. I do not forget to pray for them, and I know they do not forget to pray for me. Get on your knees together; pray for the outpouring of God's spirit upon the whole world. Oh, for a trumpet-voice! Oh, for power from on high! There is salvation for a world. Oh, that God would let me loose, that my soul might be filled with God—my whole soul set in a glowing flame of heavenly love, with a love that cannot stand still. Pray for me; pray for me; pray, pray, pray, and God will do it. The Lord bless you. The Lord bless you all."

"Darling Wife,—I am hungering and thirsting after a closer walk with God. Oh, for a deeper and deeper work of God in the soul! God is very near this morning. I thought you had been praying for me yesterday. At about six o'clock the Lord did come upon my soul with mighty power. I felt a great increase of

faith—a letting into God. I went out for a little while, and my soul seemed on fire. I called a few people together in a cottage. Three began to seek Jesus. One poor old lame man got up and said the day before he saw me he had said he did not believe in being cleansed from all sin ; but now he saw differently. He never thought there was such enjoyment as this. Poor old man, he seemed so sweet. Oh, how he stood and prayed for me. We are all being stirred up here. Do pray for me, darling. Our Advocate is wonderful, and His name is a strong tower. He is Counsellor—Jesus Christ, the righteous. He has undertaken my cause.

‘ He ever lives above, for me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love, His precious blood to
plead.’

I have no fear of the result. He will bring me through more than conqueror—through His merits, not mine. I live a great deal in a day. I have an interior, inner life going on that I cannot describe—a talking, a communing with God. All earthly things get of less and less importance. My eyes are getting closed to outward things.

‘ From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe.
Silent am I now, and still,
Dare not in Thy présence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.’

I wish to walk very humbly and cautiously before God. I am glad to find that you are making headway. Praise the Lord for ever. Do pray for me. Give my love to all my friends, not forgetting my dear boy.”

“ My dear Wife,—I must tell you we have had a glorious meeting to-night. Eight converted and three others entered into perfect holiness. It was a glorious time, the young converts prayed and bore a clear witness to their salvation. All the church—minister and all—came forward and gave themselves afresh to the Lord, and now I think there will be a mighty move. How I wish you could have seen them all humbling themselves before God. I set the example and asked them to do so too, and they did. I had been praying for a pew full of lads, about my darling son’s age, and God converted all. Praise the Lord. Praise the

Lord for ever and ever. Pray for me, darling. I shall not expect to go home while the Lord is thus carrying on this glorious work; I will stay as long as he wills it, although I am sadly in want of your help. If you could look in at my bed-room sometimes, you would see poor 'Billy' with a needle and thread sewing and mending his things, but as long as this work of the Lord goes on, it is all right, come what will."

"My darling Wife,—It has been a wonderful time since I have been here between my soul and my God. I have learnt some valuable lessons, and hope I shall be more than ever a man of God. You must continue to pray for me. I am glad that you are believing for still greater things. There is no stint with God; we have asked great things of Him, and perhaps may have imagined we have gone too far in asking—but it is written, 'He is able to do for us, exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.' Now dear, ask what ye will and it shall be done. Amen.

"My dear wife,—I don't know where to begin to praise the Lord for what He has done and for what He is still doing. His arm is made bare in a wonderful way. I went to the

hospital yesterday and spoke to some of the patients. I looked across the room, and saw a poor woman, and thought she looked very ill. She will not be here long. I lifted my foot to go and speak to her. As soon as I did so the Lord came down upon me in such power that I could hardly cross the room. I felt sure He would save this woman. He did so ; but I must tell you all when I see you. We had preaching at night, and I had to go and take charge of the prayer meeting. We had a good meeting. Much good was done. I have been this morning to the alms-house. Oh, how the Lord has blessed me while I have been with them ! One poor old woman was quite deaf, and knew not the way of salvation. She was able to read, so I got a broken slate and the Bible, and by pointing out the Scriptures and writing on the slate, she was led to the feet of Jesus, and found peace with God. At this the power of the Holy Ghost came upon me with such overwhelming influence that I could not get up, but lay weeping before the Lord, lost in wonder, love, and praise. I then saw an old local preacher. I talked with and pointed out to him the way of holiness. He said he had preached for many years, but he never saw it in this light

before. As I talked with him his eyes filled with tears. I left him rejoicing. I suppose I have seen and prayed with a dozen persons before dinner. The Lord is blessing my labours. I am preaching and exhorting from morning until night. You must keep on praying for me."

"My darling Wife,—I feel very much my absence from you more than ever I did; but I am much better in health. My soul is at peace with God. Oh, how I love Jesus! I wonder that I can think of anything else. Do pray for me, darling. I wish to become as a little child. How sweet it is to be nothing and Jesus to be all and in all. Praise the Lord. Get on your knees and praise the Lord. Never mind what Satan says. Get on to your knees, and for the first ten minutes do nothing but praise the Lord. Oh, praise Him for ever and ever!"

"My darling Wife.—I had not time to say much yesterday, but in the night preceding I think the Lord saved every soul. I could not tell how many were saved they seemed to be all over the chapel, and I was set on fire and rushed about into every pew, some got up and shouted, others were speaking, some stood up, but were too much overpowered with Divine

influence to be able to utter a word, but they looked unutterable things. The Lord came down upon me in mighty power; you should have heard me shout. I am very weak from the effects of this; night after night I have little rest, my mind is continually on the rack how to get at sinners. The Lord comes near to me in such a manner that I cannot live without souls being saved. I walk along and cry, and I do not know why; but I ought to spend all my time in prayer and in calling sinners to repentance—yea, woe is me, if I do not do it; I felt it was right to rest last night, but I must get at them again to-night somehow. I hope you pray for me, dear; this is all the Lord's doing—the Lord's only. I feel as if I had not anything to do with it. I must make haste and help to pluck these brands from the burning. Oh, for a shower from on high! May God save them by hundreds. Lord come! Lord come! it is by Thy Spirit, O Lord God of Hosts! Oh, the cleansing power of the precious blood of Christ! This is the one absorbing thought with me. Sinners shall hear of it for I will take it to them. Believers shall hear it, how it cleanseth from all sin—in the streets, in the houses, they shall hear of it. Lord rend

the heavens and come down! Come and save! Come and save! Come now. Amen! I do believe! A crust of bread, a little clothing, and a bed, and I have done with this world!"

"My darling Wife,—I am now in NorthWales. There is some very fine scenery in Yorkshire, but when I came to Derbyshire, all that I had seen before seemed to be insignificant, and the Derbyshire hills bear no comparison with these in Wales. When I came here last Tuesday I stood still, fixed to the spot, with wonder and amazement. The tops of the mountains are hid in the clouds. I stood and took off my hat, not to the mountains but to Him "Who has weighed them in scales and the hills in a balance." Every inch of the ground is full of beauty. I don't know whether I shall ever be able to bring you to see it, my darling, but if not we must wait 'till 'we range the sweet plains on the banks of the river, and sing of salvation for ever and ever.' My dear, this is just the place to walk with God. If you should see a man weary and worn, and tired with bringing souls to Jesus, tell him to come down here. As soon as we get a really fine day I shall try to reach the top of the mountain, yes, the very highest. I thought if I had my wings now (I

shall have them by-and-by) I should soon get to the top. Where I am living is a little cottage close to a rock at the roadside, in front runs a river. The scenery opposite baffles all description. On the right sight is a fine open lake, on the left is another, but it is half a mile off, while all between is a gorgeous and magnificent sight. I am delighted with the view, 'I am lost in wonder, love, and praise.' Oh! I do thank my precious Redeemer for bringing me here, if it was only to see the place. There is no English spoken, so I shall have to be a whole chapel to myself on Sunday. Do keep on praying for me."

"My very dear Wife,—You have been much in my mind all this day, I hope you are better. I am anxious to hear from you. You must have some nice things to eat and drink, I shall have to show what a good nurse I am, be of good cheer, I hope soon to be at home. I am very glad to hear of your sweet frame of mind. Let us, my darling, live for God alone, and place our trust and confidence in Him. I feel God's Holy Spirit comes upon me at times in mighty overwhelming power. I feel as if I never want to rest any more, but only to call all men to repent and believe in the Gospel. Hallelujah for

ever! I will cry aloud, and spare not. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Oh, for the Holy Ghost!

‘Oh, that the fire from heaven might fall,
And all our sins consume.
Come, Holy Ghost—for Thee we call;
Spirit of burning—come!’

Lord send it! Souls are perishing!”

“My darling,—I have this day been to the top of the highest mountain next to Snowdon. It was such an undertaking as I never had before. It took me two and a half hours to get up there. I hardly know how to begin to describe the view from the top. It was such a sight as I never saw before, nor ever expect to see again in this world. I was right up above the clouds. They were down below my feet. The sun was shining upon them, causing them to appear in a beautiful glittering whiteness. They cast a dark shadow on the world below, but at the top there were no shadows. All was a silvery purity and whiteness. How like the clouds that come over our spirits at times. They cast a dark shadow, but above the sun is shining in all its splendour. The view for fifty miles is utterly beyond description.”

His rare gifts were soon recognised, and he was appointed a class leader in connection with the Wesleyan Society, at the chapel in Prince of Wales' Road; but there were no members. He very soon, however, gathered first one than another, and another, until, at his decease, there were 120 accredited members and over 30 on trial. His remarkable success as an earnest evangelist and a class leader was such that those who have been eye and ear witnesses have marvelled at the wonderful works of God, wrought through the agency of His servant. Thompson seemed now to have found his providential sphere of usefulness in the Church and in the world.

Impelled by the conviction that it was his duty to proclaim Gospel truths to those who never entered the doors of a place of worship, he went out to minister into the highways and bye-ways of the Metropolis. On Sunday mornings he was to be found exhorting sinners to flee

from the wrath to come, to yield themselves to Christ, and accept the mercy of God. At holiday times he would be on Hampstead Heath; and in the evenings of the Sabbath he would generally be found leading a band of Christian workers through the streets about Malden Road, Haverstock Hill, &c., beseeching the people to come with him into God's house. The good influence which may be effected by one man like our beloved and deceased brother, of decided character, and strong religious principle, is utterly beyond all human calculation. His manly appearance, his strong ringing voice, blended with that of a hundred or more earnest workers, pealing out some of the glorious truths and blessed invitations embodied in Wesley's hymns; thus seen and heard, sabbath after sabbath, in the vicinity of the Prince of Wales Road Chapel, cannot easily be forgotten. No cathedral bells could possibly bring to the heart and soul of the godly man sweeter music. How often have our hearts been filled with

joy and gladness in witnessing the zeal and earnestness of our friend and his co-workers. His energy was a text, his conduct a sermon, that those who never entered God's house could not fail to be deeply impressed with. Power unused does no good; no one heeds the man who stands with folded hands at the corner of the streets. The man who presses on, and shows to the world that religion is a blessed reality and that the Word of God is true—that man is a hero; men make way for him. It was impossible for any man to look on the face of our brother and hear his appeals, without being forcibly impressed with the conviction of his sincerity, that he was in the possession of something which the sceptic and the unthinking world envy, as Baxter has said, "Love was with him both work and wages." Crowds were drawn together to listen to him in the parks and in the streets. Day and night, and sometimes all night would he pray, and wrestle with God for the conversion of

souls. The full result of his labours we can never know—we could never tabulate them. We have heard of some instances in circles where we should little expect to have found them; where men have told us after listening to this man of God how they had commenced to bow the knee in prayer, whereas they had hitherto lived without hope and without God in the world. But it was especially among the working classes his influence was most felt. We have been furnished with many very striking and pleasing instances where blessed results followed. His mission he always said was to the poor and the wretched, to the sick and the afflicted, and by hundreds of those to whom he ministered, he will be greatly missed. As a revivalist, his reputation soon spread, and his services were frequently solicited for other parts of the metropolis. So far as he was able he assisted to spread the doctrines and precepts of the blessed

Master, never wearying in the good work.

His healthy and splendid constitution continued in unabated vigour till last spring when an illness was contracted arising, it is thought, from going out of a heated room into a cold atmosphere, bringing on an ailment designated by the medical men and the physicians who attended him, as "blood poisoning." In the summer he once more visited his native town, Otley, and whilst there addressed gatherings of the people with much earnestness. Considerable benefit seemed to have been derived by breathing the pure and invigorating air from off the Yorkshire hills and moors. With recruited strength he once again returned to his home and family in St. John's Wood; but, alas! only to linger on two or three months longer in much suffering, borne with great patience and resignation, and then to enter into the joy of his Lord. His great soul burnt through his fine, noble, physical frame, and in the

prime of life, only fifty-six years of age, after an illness of about three months, living among his brethren in spirit all the time and longing, if the Lord willed, to be at work with them again. But his work was done. His sanctified soul was made meet for heaven ; and on the evening of October 19th, exactly sixteen years from the day of his conversion, he said to a dear and trusted friend, "I am going to rest." "Do you think so?" was the question. He replied, "Don't you think it best?" He went upstairs to lie down but could not. He arose, and sat by the bedside, and fixing his last look on his friend he said, "The blood ! the blood !" The friend replied, "The precious blood of Jesus." He bowed his head and slept and awoke in glory.

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"He is not here beneath our chequered sky,
Where the clear shining comes but after rain ;
Not here, but there, among the saints on high,
Where there is no more crying, no more pain.

He is not here beneath the heavy stroke,
The gentle chastening of a loving God ;
Around him now the eternal morn hath broke,
The palm is his to-day, and not the rod.

He is not here upon the desert sand,
Or tossed about upon the billowy foam ;
Not here, but there, upon the golden strand,
The shore is reached, he is at rest at home.

He is not here amid our choral song,
The lute is silent, and the harp is still ;
But he is there among the blood-washed throng,
Another harper of the holy hill.

He is not here within our temple walls,
Bowing in prayer or voicing forth the psalm ;
Not here, but there, in Zion's festal halls,
His now, the Master's guerdon and the palm.

He is not here ; around our hearth to-night
We miss his voice, we see the vacant chair ;
Not here, but yonder in the mansions bright,
Up in the Father's house, faith sees him there.

Let us look up amid our briny tears ;
'Tis loosened, but not lost, the silver cord ;
It wakes its music through the endless years,
Not here, but there, for ever with the Lord.''

The above was composed by the Rev. Henry Burton, B.A., who greatly appreciated and loved our deceased friend.

The Rev. Robert Culley, who was the resident minister connected with the Prince of Wales Road Chapel for three years prior to the decease of William Thompson bears the following testimony of his high appreciation of his character and worth.

“ William Thompson was in many respects so remarkable a man that it is difficult to fairly describe his character and work without using terms which, to those who had not the privilege of knowing him personally, savour of exaggeration or render one liable to the charge of undue eulogy, but no appreciative observer of the man, his work and his methods, even by the use of superlatives, can scarcely convey an accurate idea of the gigantic work that this God-honoured evangelist was enabled to do in a few years. Both as a Class Leader and Evangelist he was pre-eminently successful. During the latter years of his life he seldom had less than one hundred members present at his class, and more frequently he averaged,

including visitors, one hundred and fifty. Most of the members of this class were brought into fellowship with us by the personal influence of their leader, and held together by the same power. Thompson did not content himself by merely seeing his members once a week, but most of them he saw two or three times in the week, viz., at the fellowship meeting and at his weekly gathering for the promotion of holiness, so that he was accustomed to say he always knew pretty well how they were all getting on. This immense class was kept up not simply by the intense devotedness of its leader, but there was combined with it very much admirable tact. The mistake is often made that eminent piety is the sole qualification for class leading. No one doubts that true piety is the primary requisite, but if the leader has not tact as well many of his members will slip away. Thompson could never allow his members to glide away he knew not whither. He followed them up, visited them, corresponded with them, entered into their difficulties with a wondrous sympathy, and held them together with a tenacity of love that seemed stronger than death. Undoubtedly many were attracted to his class simply through their admiration of

the leader, but he dealt with them faithfully heart to heart. To his members he was the embodiment of all that was heroic and noble. William Thompson was a born leader of men, even in his unconverted state this was quite clear, and so indeed he was after his conversion to God. He had only to hold up his hand and a crowd would follow him. Over his own class he exercised quite unconsciously a strange fascination, this class he inspired and his members would follow him anywhere. They felt it an honour to belong to such a class, and rarely did one of them miss the opportunity of meeting their leader. Seldom a week passed without witnessing one or more conversions to God in the class, there was life in it, and therefore progress and prosperity, yet Thompson would say our object is not merely to gather together a large class, or simply fill the chapel, but to spread the knowledge of salvation and to convert the world. As an evangelist also Thompson was eminently successful. I not only saw him at work but joined him in it when he addressed an orderly and well dressed crowd in the Regent's Park on the Sabbath morning, or a company of toiling working men and women on a week day in the streets and

lanes of the city. He disarmed all criticism and fairly carried one away with his enthusiasm. He spoke as one could only speak, who had received a message from God to the people, and while speaking he seemed to sway a multitude at will. But there was more than this. His faith in God sanctified and strengthened his natural courage, and he fully and confidently believed that men would be pricked in their heart and cry for mercy, and so it was. But it is specially worthy of note that he gathered around him a band of earnest godly men and women who, in spite of opposition from the profane and sceptical, would meet him and stand by him at any place arranged for by their captain—"Wet or dry" as he would say. These converts of his formed the inner circles of his vast open air audiences, and when the preacher appealed to the drunkard and proclaimed the power of the grace of God as sufficient to change his heart and his habits, or to make the tongue of the "swearer" clean, he would suddenly call upon one of his helpers standing by to testify what the grace of God had done for him. Is this true? Yes! would be the ready response. Has God done this for you? Yes, I was a drunkard and He has saved

my soul, and even taken away from me the tastes that I once had, Hallelujah! and thus in addition to an appeal which in pathos and power seemed irresistible, there would come the living testimony of the converted soul. Multitudes followed this man to the house of God!

He was indeed a "burning and shining light." He believed and taught that holiness was something not only to be longed for and sought after, but to be enjoyed now. He declared always and everywhere a "full salvation," not because it was to be found in the Word of God only, but because he could bear his own testimony to the truth and power it had upon his own life and character.

May the Head of the Church raise up many like this highly gifted and holy man of God."

The following letter written by a dear friend and lover of our deceased brother gives a touching account of the funeral:—

"This day the mortal remains of one of the best and most remarkable of men have been committed to the earth, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. At 1 30 a service was held at the Prince of Wales Road Chapel.

All our ministers were present: the Rev. Francis Greeves, the Rev. Samuel Lees, the Rev. Sampson Weaver, together with our late resident minister, the Rev. Robert Culley. The morning was most unpropitious, gloomy, bleak and stormy, and very wet. A steady downpour of rain continued all the afternoon and evening. I and my friends reached the chapel at about one o'clock. We found the body of the chapel nearly full and by half-past one it was literally packed, many persons blocking up the aisles and the lobby. The coffin was placed on trestles in front of the pulpit, and upon it was placed a beautiful wreath of immortelles. The Ministers took their position within the communion rails, the family being seated in the front pew. Mr. Culley gave out the hymn:—

“ Hark a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the spirit hath declared
Blest unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.”

But few of us however could sing, a solemn

silence just then seemed more in accordance with the general feeling. Mr. Greeves then read a portion of the burial service, next Mr. Lees read 1st Corinthians, Chap. xv., then Mr. Culley addressed the congregation and the bereaved family and friends in appropriate and sympathising words. He made a successful struggle to suppress his emotion. It would have been an easy thing for him to have created a sensation, but he bravely and wisely steered through the dangerous strait; then Mr. Weaver offered a prayer, so simple, so beautiful, so full of heart, sorrowful, joyous, hopeful, confident, triumphant, that every soul was moved and many a mute lip 'till now, responded Amen, and many a tear sprang from eyes unused to weep. Emerging from the chapel we found the road thronged with broughams and cabs, and people. All the shops were shaded and many of the private houses had their blinds down, but could you credit the statement that even the public-house at the corner had shutters up. The family chose Hampstead New Cemetery for the place of interment. We reached there at about 3.15 p.m. All around looked wild and dreary, very few shrubs or trees, or paths, or graves—a

lonely place •it looks just now, and to-day utterly cheerless; but when the sun shines, and the blue heavens look down, and the birds sing, and shall I say when graves are there with ‘He will arise again,’ and flowers are planted by loving hands, then it will be difficult to find a lovelier place.

Mr. Culley was now alone to conduct the service. Across the sodden grass, regardless of mud and the drifting rain, stood many who had walked the entire distance. The family cortege which consisted of a hearse, four morning coaches, several broughams, and numerous cabs were soon vacated. Thus amid many tears and sobs we committed to the grave the mortal remains of a man of whom it may truly be said ‘he spared not himself,’ but night and day he ceased not to warn everyone with tears.

‘Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.’ ”

APPENDIX.

WILLIAM THOMPSON was frequently invited to visit other societies and churches to assist in Evangelistic work, and this was the great joy and delight of his soul. One friend writes thus: "I have much pleasure in sending you some particulars of our late special services, which were under the leadership of our late beloved brother, Mr. William Thompson, in connection with the Wesleyan Chapel, Queen's Road, Wandsworth Road. It was through the earnest recommendation of our pastor, the Rev. Sydney J. P. Dunman, that a unanimous invitation was sent to Mr. Thompson to come over and help us. This invitation our dear brother at once kindly accepted, and very many will have cause to thank God throughout eternity for those memorable

services. The weather was most unpropitious, it being extremely cold, with sleet and snow; yet, notwithstanding this, our dear friend came over from St. John's Wood, returning home again after the protracted services. I shall never forget his first night's labours among us. After a short prayer meeting in the chapel, we sallied forth into the Wandsworth Road, and there, under the shadow of the gas-lamps, our beloved brother proclaimed his Divine message of mercy and salvation, inviting all that were within the sound of his powerful voice to attend the services about to be held in the chapel; and, down upon his knees in the open road, did he commend his unsaved hearers to that loving Redeemer who came to seek and save the lost. Each succeeding night thus did our dear brother cry aloud and spare not, and very many, never accustomed to enter the House of God, found their way there, and heard the words of life and salvation. Evening after evening, during the whole

fortnight, the great theme on which he delighted to dwell, and set before us as our high and exalted privilege, was the blessing of a clean heart, perfect love, and entire sanctification. This he did with all the Scriptural clearness of a master in Israel, and its present enjoyments and realisation by an act of faith in the promises of God's Word was pressed home upon the Lord's people with all the intense earnestness of one who seemed to travail in birth for souls. If any one asks what was the result of this holy toil amongst a people who, as our dear brother said, were evidently expecting great things from the Lord, we answer, the very first night, before the service closed, the Lord gave us a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Some ten or twelve entered into the enjoyment of full salvation, and at once praised God in the presence of His people. Night after night the cleansing power of Jesu's blood was applied to the souls of God's people, and the number of fully consecrated and

saved souls greatly increased. The Divine Presence was frequently overpowering; the sanctuary became the very gate of heaven; there was

“ The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

Many, with tears of joy streaming down their cheeks, joined with heart and soul in singing—

“ ’Tis done! Thou dost this moment save
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.”

I am truly thankful to be able to state that nearly all who professed to have obtained this great blessing are still walking in the light, and are working in the Master's vineyard as they never did before. From twenty to thirty conversions took place, these were added to the church, and we continue to prosper. After our dear friend's visit, several others realised the blessing of full salvation. A spirit of wrestling prayer has come on God's people, and the Lord is adding to our

numbers. All glory to His blessed name. The removal of our dear brother has greatly affected us. It is only a few weeks since we were about to invite him to visit us again. But he has gone home. The warrior has laid aside his weapons, and has entered into rest. Oh! that his mantle may fall on vast multitudes of our Israel! *Then* we shall not have to mourn over deadness in our societies, or decrease of members. "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

A member of brother Thompson's class says: "I have been a member of his class for about four years. He spared

no pains, and thought no trouble too great to keep precious souls in the right way. I shall ever be grateful for the firm, staunch, and unwavering truth he invariably set before us as our high and glorious privilege—holiness to the Lord; entire consecration was his constant theme.”

Another writes : “ He was accustomed to go to Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays to preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified, to point poor sinners to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, he always made it known to his class on the Sunday preceding the holiday that he intended to go as usual and storm the devil’s stronghold. ‘ Who would volunteer to go,’ he would ask, ‘ we shall have to fight into the lion’s mouth. A rare opportunity, this,’ he would say, ‘ of doing the Master good service.’ When the day came he would march to Hampstead and take up a position where the lower class of people and

the roughs were assembled. He would come to the front, with book in hand, and with outstretched arm give out the hymn, 'O, for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise.' After singing the hymn through, he would engage in prayer; and then, in touching and ringing words, would invite poor sinners to come and accept salvation. Never can I forget how he fell upon his knees and poured forth his earnest prayers and pleadings with God for the salvation of the perishing souls around him. His lips seemed as if touched with a live coal from off the altar. Just at this crisis the mob commenced to pelt him with turf; but this did not hinder or disconcert him, he still pleaded with God for their salvation. Then he rose to his feet and gave out the hymn—

'How weak the thoughts and vain
Of self-deluding men.'

In looking around, I saw tears in the eyes of strong men, unaccustomed to weep,

and very many seemed deeply moved and affected. I believe God greatly blessed the labours of our dear brother on that day.”

Another writes: “On August Bank Holiday, while on his knees in prayer on Hampstead Heath, a man threw a tuft of turf at him, and hit him on the side of the head. He thanked God in his prayer he was allowed to suffer for Christ’s sake. Sometimes, when he would be parading the streets and by-ways with his band of workers, he would have the total abstinence pledge-book, and many were induced to take the first step in the way to heaven by giving up their besetting sin of drunkenness. Brother Thompson was constantly going forward, leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before, pressing towards the prize of the mark of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Whenever he came to my house, which he frequently did, he would never remain long,

always reminding us time was so precious. He would always, too, have for us a word of encouragement, urging us to go straight forward, to fear nothing but offending God. Before God opened his way for work he spent days and nights in prayer in the room where he departed this life.

“He told me one night that in one of his open-air meetings at Portland Town, a man of gentlemanly appearance said to the people round about him, ‘Don’t listen to that fellow, for he is one of the worst characters in the neighbourhood.’ Thompson stood quiet, and let the man have his say. When he appeared to have finished, he asked him if he had done. The man said, ‘Yes.’ Thompson cried out, ‘You have not told half. There were thousands of secret sins that you knew nothing about. It is all true what you have told the people; but I brought up a long catalogue of crime and laid them at the feet of Jesus, and I have been washed in the blood of the Lamb; old things are passed away, and all things are become

new.’ About two years ago a gentleman and his wife were walking in the Regent’s Park. They strolled near Thompson’s band, and were much interested and attracted by the earnestness of the speaker. They listened to the words of invitation and of warning, and they sank into their hearts. It led to their conversion. The same gentleman is now doing good work for the Master.’

Another : “ I first knew Mr. Thompson a little over a year ago. I saw him first in the street, at Crogsland Road. What attracted me was the crowd ; then I saw a fine, tall, handsome-looking man, addressing the people very earnestly. I remember there was a great black dog set upon him. I was amazed at his coolness and composure. Then I noticed the people at the public-house commenced to persecute him. The potman threw open the doors of the house, and jeered and mocked him. A week after, very suddenly the same potman died.

The same evening I went to the chapel, and at the prayer meeting was truly broken down. As the serpent-bitten Israelites looked on the brazen serpent which God's servant, Moses, had set up, and were healed, so I, stricken with sin, beheld by faith the Lamb of God, and could sing—

‘ My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.’

After this I sometimes accompanied brother Thompson in his Evangelistic missions. I went with him to Vauxhall. We had a remarkable meeting; they did not want much pressing to induce them to come up to the penitent form; the rail was filled two or three times. At Blackfriars, in the same week, he preached in some of the lowest slums, and invited the people into the chapel. Many were aroused, and very many found peace with God.”

Another: "I have not known Mr. Thompson very long. A short time ago I was a great drunkard and a blasphemer. On Sundays I often strolled into the Regent's Park with my newspaper in my hand. On one of these occasions I heard our dear brother addressing the people. My sins stared me in my face. I knew this man was right and I was wrong. I went again several times to hear him, but stifled and muddled my conscience with drink, yet I did not seem able to get rid of the strivings of God's Holy Spirit. The next Sunday I was again one of his hearers, he espied me, with tears running down my cheeks. He talked with me, I told him my state, he then told me how great a sinner he had been. He invited me to his Sunday afternoon class. I promised him I would not drink, but on going home I was tempted to go into the public-house. I ordered a half-pint of ale but was unable to touch it. In the afternoon I went to the class and fell down on my knees. Then all present,

too, fell on their knees, and that afternoon like good John Bunyan, when he came and beheld the cross, his burden loosed from his shoulders and rolled from off his back, and fell into the sepulchre.

‘ My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.’
 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in Him is mine ;
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed with righteousness divine.
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown through Christ my own.’ ”

One writes : “ I was converted on the 18th of April, 1880. I was taking a walk in the Regent’s Park, and was drawn toward dear brother Thompson and his band of workers. They were singing :

‘ My God I am thine,
 What a comfort divine.
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
 mine.’

I was invited and went with them to the chapel, and found peace with God. Oh! what a change in one short day.

I left my house that Sabbath morning at variance with my wife and cross with my children. I left like a lion and returned like a lamb. My wife and five children now go with me to the House of God, and nearly all my children attend the Sunday School."

“Have you not a word for Jesus? Not a word to say for Him?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning Seraphim!

He is listening; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?

He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true.

Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold,

Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim?

Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know
and love His name.
You whom He hath called and chosen His own
witnesses to be,
Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord we
cannot speak for Thee!'
Cannot! though He suffered for you, died because
He loved you so;
Cannot! though He has forgiven, making scarlet
white as snow;
Cannot! though His grace abounding is your
freely promised aid;
Cannot! though He stands beside you, though He
says, 'Be not afraid!'
Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance,
while ye are dumb,
Wait and weary for your message, hoping you
will bid them come;
Never telling hidden sorrow, lingering just outside
the door,
Longing for your hand to lead them into rest for
evermore.
Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemed
ones to bring,
Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and
King;
Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's
joy to share,

All because a word for Jesus seems too much for
you to dare ?

What shall be our word for Jesus ? Master, give
it day by day ;

Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what
to say.

Give us holy love and patience ; grant us deep
humility,

That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be
full of Thee ;

Give us zeal, and faith, and fervour, make us
winning, make us wise.

Single hearted, strong and fearless, Thou hast
called us, we will rise.

Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every
loving word,

And by hearts prepared and opened be our mes-
sage always heard.

Yes, we have a word for Jesus ! Living echoes we
will be

Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy
gracious ' Come to Me.'

Jesus, Master ! yes, we love Thee, and to prove
our love would lay

Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessed
feet to-day.

Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart beat,
many a fear.

But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy
help is always near.
Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our
faithless shame.
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy
dear name.
Yes, we have a word for Jesus ! we will bravely
speak for Thee,
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour we
would henceforth be ;
In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own
shall wave above,
With Thy crimson name of Mercy, and Thy
golden name of Love,
Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present
smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the
brightening ' little while.'
Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt
here accept and own,
And confess them in Thy glory, when we see
Thee on Thy throne."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

