

The Complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D. Vol. VII. Edinburgh: JAMES NICHOL.

THIS volume completes Mr. Nichol's issue of the works of Sibbes, of which we have frequently spoken in terms of commendation; in addition to Miscellaneous Sermons, it contains a list of the author's works, a Glossary, a General Index, &c. Sibbes now appears before the British public in a manner worthy of his fame.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. EDMUND BUTTERWORTH.

THE Rev. Edmund Butterworth was born in Manchester, on the 17th of January, 1841, and died at the United Methodist Free Churches' Mission Station, Ribe, near Mombas, East Africa, on the 2nd day of April, 1864, being in his twenty-fourth year.

Although enjoying the advantages of a religious training from his youth up, and possessing the "form of godliness," he was practically a stranger to the blood that bought him until he was, some four years ago, awakened and convinced of sin, under the preaching of the Rev. James Coughy. Having, however, once obtained the testimony of the forgiveness of his sins, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, and through faith in Him been made a "partaker of the heavenly calling," he openly avowed himself a disciple of Jesus, and became a member of the Methodist Free Church, York Street, Cheetham, from which time, until he was taken from the Church "Militant" to join the Church "Triumphant," he maintained a consistent and truly Christian course, thereby glorifying his Father who is in heaven.

In his attention to the means of grace, both public and private, he was characterised by great assiduity and regularity, and, as a consequence, realized much spiritual enjoyment and benefit therefrom. In the class-meeting his experience was marked by great candour, truthfulness, and humility, whilst his unhesitating, confiding faith in the willingness of God to give unto him far more abundantly than he could either ask or think, and the fervour and sincerity of his prayers, were such as to excite the admiration and stimulate the efforts of every member of the class.

Nor was his anxiety confined to his own spiritual well-being; for he ever manifested a great desire for the salvation of all by whom he was surrounded; and it was a fixed principle, and regarded by him alike as a sacred duty and a great privilege, never to allow a day to pass without speaking to some person about his immortal soul. The amount of good done in this way eternity alone can disclose. Truly, he was foremost in every good word and work.

The scene of labour, however, in which he was pre-eminently useful, was the Sunday-school. The teaching of the young seemed to be his peculiar forte, as it was also his great delight. His class soon became, in point of numbers, the best class in the school, and was remarkable for the great attachment displayed by the members of it towards their teacher. He took a deep and never-failing interest in their spiritual welfare, and often bore them up before the throne of the heavenly grace, praying earnestly, and labouring incessantly for their conversion. His

mode of teaching was peculiarly inviting and successful, being calculated to impress with the truth that "religion's ways are ways of pleasantness," but by no means under-valuing or suppressing the difficulties which beset the path of the Christian. Nor was his solicitude for them confined to the duties and privileges of the Sabbath—he rightly judged that it was during the week that they would have more especially to meet with temptations, and be exposed to the corrupting influences of vicious and wicked companions, and this he endeavoured to guard against by encouraging amongst them, and participating in, many innocent enjoyments, a system that has been attended with the happiest results. His departure was felt alike by teachers and scholars to be a great, and, in many respects, an irreparable loss; for in him they lost an earnest and successful fellow-labourer, an efficient teacher, and a much and deservedly loved friend.

In connection with the Ragged School, also, he displayed a like amount of zeal for God and love for man, devoting his Sabbath evenings, and for some time one evening during the week, to the instruction of such poor outcasts as could be induced to attend, pointing them to the Saviour who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and, in spite of discouragements and failures, resolutely continuing to sow the seed, leaving the result with the "Lord of the harvest." His success in managing the wayward and intractable was such as to form a matter of astonishment to his fellow-teachers, the oldest and most ungovernable of the boys being invariably delivered into his charge.

His connection with institutions of this description necessarily brought him into contact with many scenes of misery and destitution, which it was his delight and constant endeavour to relieve; and in this silent and unostentatious way he laboured on, believing with the Apostle James, that "pure religion and undefiled" consisted in "visiting the widows and the fatherless in their affliction," as well as in "keeping himself unspotted from the world."

In his private life he was beloved by all, not less for the beautiful unselfishness of his nature, and his amiable disposition, than for the earnestness with which he strove to cultivate, from day to day, those higher graces to which it is the Christian's privilege to attain.

He was cheerful, kind, loving, open, generous, and full of sympathy, being ever ready to rejoice with those who do rejoice, as well as to weep with those who weep, and deeming no sacrifice of his own personal comfort too great to make, if, by so doing, he could minister to the enjoyment or happiness of his friends.

If there were one virtue in which he particularly excelled, it was that of Christian charity. His was truly the charity which "thinketh no evil," and which led him kindly, but firmly, to admonish any departure from this rule, in the words of our Saviour, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

He was also extremely energetic.

"And if a duty were to be performed,
Straight to the mark, like arrow from a bow,
He darted, passing crowds of busy men,
Who turned, and wondered why he went so fast,
And why he went at all. But on he went;
Mountains and rivers never checked his course;
Nothing could daunt him."

He always displayed a great fondness for scientific pursuits, catering upon them with great ardour and determination, and finding

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Geology was undoubtedly his favourite science, the study of which he pursued with great delight, tracing on the stony tablets the wondrous records of the countless ages that have elapsed since the earth first came forth from the hands of the Creator "without form and void," and of the many and gigantic changes through which it passed before it was ready for the reception of the great masterpiece of creative skill—man.

It was not without long and prayerful consideration that he entered the mission field; for, although he had long felt a secret desire for such a sphere of usefulness, he was restrained from offering himself by the exceedingly humble estimate he had formed of his own qualifications for such an important work.

Another missionary, however, being wanted for Eastern Africa, the subject was named to him, and he was requested to offer himself. He promised to give the matter his serious consideration; and, after much earnest prayer for the Divine guidance, and not until he felt that it was God's will that he should go, he offered himself to the Missionary Committee, by whom, after a careful examination, he was accepted.

During his examination, the members of the Committee were much affected by the amount of self-denial and devotion to God's service he manifested. In reply to a question by the President as to whether he intended, after the lapse of a few years, to return to England, and settle down as a minister here, he said, "I am going to Eastern Africa to live and to die there."

He now applied himself to his studies with great diligence and perseverance, in order to fit himself more thoroughly for the great work that lay before him. He devoted special attention to the study of medicine, according to the homœopathic system, in which he had unlimited confidence; and, having the advantage of attending the Homœopathic Dispensary, he acquired a considerable amount of knowledge and skill.

The German language claimed a fair share of his attention, as did also Arabic, which is much spoken by the traders along the coast, the majority of whom are Arabs. In addition to this he acquired a large amount of information respecting the country, and the habits and customs of the people amongst whom he was going to labour.

On the 12th of November last, every arrangement being completed, he bade adieu to those scenes of usefulness in which he had so long and successfully laboured, and to his sorrowing kindred and friends, to whom he was knit by fondest and most endearing ties, and, with his life in his hand, went forth to plant the blood-stained banner of the cross amidst the dark and benighted inhabitants of Africa.

Previous to his departure, being deeply conscious of his entire dependence on the protection of his heavenly Father, he requested a special interest in the prayers of God's people, and from that time "prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him."

When at Southampton, and just before the vessel sailed, the Rev. S. S. Barton took him aside, and asked him whether, at the last moment, he regretted in any way the course he had taken. With a look of surprise, and with tears streaming down his face, he said, "Regret it? Never! I believe that it is God's will that I should go; and if I had it to do again, I should just do the same, only I should try to do it better."

During his journey, he neglected no opportunity of advancing the kingdom of his Lord and Master, preaching on ship-board and elsewhere "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and showing, by his consistent walk and conversation, the beauty of the Christian life.

After a prosperous voyage, in the course of which he met with the greatest kindness and sympathy, and which was hailed by his friends as

a happy harbinger of the glorious future that lay before him, he reached the Mission Station at Ribe, in good health, about the middle of February. He at once commenced his work with a zeal and energy that won the admiration and affection of his colleagues, the Revs. T. Wakefield and C. New.

The last letter to his friends, dated February 25th, was written full of hope, and in joyful anticipation of the work which lay before him. But God, in His inscrutable Providence, willed it otherwise. The heart that beat with such deep love for the souls of the poor, ignorant Wanika—the hand that laboured so willingly for their benefit—and the voice that would have been employed so incessantly in teaching them the way of salvation, were destined speedily to be arrested by the cold hand of death.

On the 15th of March he was taken ill with the African fever, and was soon completely prostrated, growing weaker and weaker every day; but as both Mr. Wakefield and Mr. New had been equally ill, they did not apprehend any serious danger. He, however, continued to get rapidly worse; and when, on the 1st of April, Col. Playfair, the British Consul at Zanzibar, and the Rev. Mr. Allington, and Mr. Drayton (a medical man), of the Nyassa Mission, arrived on a visit, they at once pronounced his state to be dangerous, the fever having, in their opinion, taken the typhoid form.

During his illness, when asked by Mr. New if Christ were precious, he said, "Oh, yes; oh, yes; Jesus Christ has not left me;" and at another time he enquired, "And what will be the 'new name?'" On another occasion he said to Col. Playfair, "There is a great work to be done in the world," as though he wished he were strong enough to do it. The morning before Col. Playfair's arrival Mr. Wakefield said to him, "I will read the 3rd chapter of the 1st Epistle of John," when he said, "I must get up to read *that*." He did so; but it was the last time he joined in their social devotions. Mr. New writes,—“Though he could not make us understand his feelings on the last day of his illness, we had ample evidence that God was with him—that Jesus Christ was the strength of his heart, his hope, his joy, his glory, and reward—that the Holy Spirit was his comforter, strengthening his faith, supporting his soul, and perfecting him for the abode of the redeemed.”

Up to the day of his death he entertained undoubting hopes of his recovery; and on the morning of the day on which he died, he said, "I don't want to die;" "I don't think I shall die;" "I don't feel as if I were dying," remarking, at the same time, to Mr. Wakefield and Mr. New, "You yourselves have been very ill like this." These were the last words he spoke. Towards evening he became much worse and quite speechless; and about twelve o'clock on Saturday night, the 2nd of April, without the least apparent pain, his spirit gently passed away from earth, a calm, sweet smile, settling upon his ashy face, as though he had just caught sight of the glories of the other world, and our beloved friend and brother was no more.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

With the first streaks of light Mr. Wakefield and Mr. New commenced the making of the coffin, in which melancholy task they were assisted by the gentlemen previously mentioned; and at noon, with sorrowful and bleeding hearts, they bore him to the grave, the Rev. Mr. Allington reading the Burial Service. There shall his body rest, but his spirit shall be "for ever with the Lord."

His work is ended, his race is run. He has fought a good fight; he has kept the faith; he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

Truly may we say of him,—

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
Bent on such noble toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies—all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.
At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He rose, then caught the Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.
The pains of death are passed,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

The funeral sermon of Mr. Butterworth was preached by the Rev. S. S. Barton, on Sunday evening, the 19th inst., to a densely packed congregation, in Stock's Chapel, where he had, previous to his departure for Eastern Africa, been a constant worshipper for many years.

Manchester, June 22nd, 1864.

A. H.

MEMOIR OF MR. WILLIAM MAGOR.

MR. WILLIAM MAGOR was born at Carvinick, in the parish of Kenwyn, near Truro, August 1st, 1779; he was the third and youngest son of Martin Magor, Esq., of Trethewell, in the parish of Kea; and of Thomasine, second daughter of Mr. John Tresadden, of Trezilgey, in the manor of Trequevethan, Cornwall, of whose various excellencies, as a Christian, a wife, and a mother, much might be related. Let it suffice to say that, from youth to the termination of a long and useful life, she walked with God in the beauty of holiness. She fell asleep in Jesus in the eighty-fourth year of her age; her last words were, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." His grandfather and grandmother were also patterns of godliness, and were some of the first who united with the Rev. John Wesley on his coming into Cornwall, and suffered no small degree of persecution for their steady and resolute adherence to the cause of truth. From a child he was the subject of Divine conviction. He had been taught to reverence his Creator, and to love his Saviour almost from his birth; yet being naturally of an exceeding cheerful and lively turn