

Memorials

OF

THOMAS RYDER.

To my dear cousin Annie Oceana  
from  
Emma Ryder.

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Nov. VI. 12.

April 5<sup>th</sup> 1876

1876



Memorials  
OF  
THOMAS RYDER,

Pastor of the Baptist Church, Stoney Street,

NOTTINGHAM,

COMPILED BY

ROBERT DAWSON, B.A.

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“Thou art a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice,  
and can play well on an instrument.”

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Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;  
'Tis a great Spirit and a busy heart.  
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

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Nottingham:

PRINTED BY J. DERRY, ALBERT STREET.

1875.

MEMORIAL  
THOMAS RYDER

*To my dear cousin Annie Oceania  
From Emma Ryder*

*Heb VI*

*12 April 5th  
1876*

[a faded photograph on opposite page of Thomas Ryder]

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Nottingham:  
Printed by J. Derry, Albert Street,  
1875

To

Those who loved him in England,

And to those who

In America so kindly Blest his closing days,

These Memorials are Dedicated.

## MEMORIALS.

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“Needs there the praise of the love-written record,  
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone ?  
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,  
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

“I need not be missed ; if my life has been bearing,  
As its summer and autumn move silently on,  
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season,  
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

“Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken ;  
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,  
Shall pass on to ages – all about me forgotten,  
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.”

THOMAS TYDER was born in the year 1840, AT THE LITTLE TOWN OF Wem, in Shropshire; but though country-born, his childhood's days were spent far from the fields and flowers of which he was so fond, in the crowded wilderness of London. Less than a year he breathed the pure air of the country, his father having received the appointment of head master to the large and important day school in connection with John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, of which the Rev. J. Harrington Evans was at that time the minister. His boyhood was not remarkable except for its uncontrollable buoyancy of spirits, and corresponding indifference for the serious employments of school. Only those could manage him who thoroughly understood his character and disposition ; he was often a thorn in the sides of his Sunday School as an unmanageable boy. And yet, strange to say, in spite of his aversion to the routine of the class-room and the restraints of study, there was silently developing a nature, a genius, which in time would have made him one of the best and ablest teachers of the young that England has known. He made fair progress in languages and mathematics, but his favourite studies were music, drawing, and chemistry. Perhaps his most remarkable talent, and one so carefully cultivated that it contributed greatly in later years to his success as a minister, was his voice. As a child, at John Street Chapel, he was familiarly known as “the cherub of the Table-pew.” When about twelve years of age he was invited to become a chorister in the Chapel royal and there can be no doubt that in after days his melodious tenor might have made his fortune. He possessed also a marvelous power of mimicry ; and the display of his musical and elocutionary talents so charmed and fascinated his young associates that his company was eagerly sought after, and, but for his father's influence, and the restraining power of God, these talents would probably have led him into worldly associations.

At the age of eighteen, having been previously a pupil teacher in his father's school, he accepted the office of assistant master in a school of four hundred boys, connected with Crescent chapel, Liverpool, of which the Rev. John Kelly was the minister. Concerning the youthful teacher, Mr. White, the head master, writes:-

“Mr. Ryder came to Liverpool an entire stranger, but his disposition soon made for him a large circle of friends, whose attachment continued long after he left, and who were always glad to see him whenever he revisited the town. The cordial manner in which he commenced his duties, and the zeal and efficiency he displayed in their performance, proved that his was no eye-service, but his heart was in the work. He became very popular, winning the esteem and affection of the managers of the school, his fellow-teachers, and the scholars, many of whom look upon their association with Mr. Ryder as among the most pleasant of memories. He introduced to the people of Liverpool and Birkenhead the Tonic-Sol-Fa method of teaching singing, and conducted classes in various parts of these towns with much success. He gave several public exhibitions of his pupils' attainments, which were highly praised by the Press, and greatly enjoyed by those who attended them.”

On leaving Liverpool, he took the entire charge of a school in Dean Forest, which he conducted with much ability and success. His third sphere of educational labour was an assistant mastership in the Chorlton High School, Manchester. This office he filled to the entire satisfaction of the principal ; and he so gained the good-will and affection of the scholars that upon his leaving they presented him with a very handsome testimonial of their respect and esteem. So strongly did he leave the impress of his mind and character upon his pupils, that many of them, now filling important stations in society, regarded him, to the day of his death, as their best friend and adviser. There letters testify to the efficiency of his instruction, and to the moral and religious bias which, under God, he was the means of giving to their lives and characters. In Manchester also he established singing classes for the public, and so popular did these become, that it was often a difficulty to obtain an entrance after the first night of meeting. Many hundreds of persons owe to him the ability they possess of reading music at sight ; and many, in their turn, have become teachers of others. This service of song in the House of the Lord.”

Thomas Ryder had the unspeakable blessing of pious parents, and a home where God was honoured and loved. He was the child of many prayers and of much faithful religious training. In his boyhood he was often the subject of serious impression, but the “early dew” quickly evaporated [sic]. There was one man, indeed, who had a strong and blessed influence over the youth, the Rev. Baptist Noel, the holy man of God who at the time ministered at John Street. For him he had a profound veneration ; p every other minister only called forth his talent of imitation, but Mr. Noel he was never known to mimic, saying when urged to do so, “I dare not.” But yet the word of truth from his lips seemed to fall as seed by the wayside, or, at best, on stony ground ; no impressions of a lasting kind were

made. If for a day or two a fit of seriousness was upon him, the first entertaining book, the first light-hearted companion drove it away ; and it seemed impossible for this merry-souled boy to look long enough at Jesus, whose name was so familiar, to perceive how He loved him. When, at the age of eighteen, he left home for Liverpool, no decision for Christ had been made. At that time, indeed, he seems to have begun earnestly to seek for eternal life ; but, like too many, he sought in the wrong way. From a diary which he kept in short-hand it is evident that he was seeking the favour of God in the way of self-righteousness, hoping to gain it by reading his Bible, by prayer, and by leading a godly life good resolutions were formed, and for a time carried out, only to be broken, and then followed by bitter repentance. Thus he continued vainly striving after peace, while as yet his heart had not been surrendered to God. But the time was at hand when the prayers of a trustful mother and a believing father were to be answered. God had his eye upon the youth, surrounded as he was by the temptations of Liverpool life ; and that God was looking lovingly and pitifully down, intent to save his soul. On August 5<sup>th</sup> 1858, Mr. Noel was advertised to preach at Birkenhead. With a heavy heart, and yet with fond remembrances of this dear minister whose appeals he had for so many years slighted, he crossed the river, and with difficulty gained admission to the crowded chapel. The angels of God are around him. As he listens to the man he had always venerated but whose words had never touched his heart, a strange and unaccountable feeling takes possession of his soul ; he is arrested by the hand of Grace ; Grace is taking him captive ; conviction of sin is forcing its way into his heart ; he feels as never before his personal need of a Saviour ; that Saviour is set before him. In winning tones the gentle preacher tells of what that Saviour is, and of what He can do, urging the immediate acceptance of His offered Grace as the only way in which life's great problem can be solved, sin be forgiven, and salvation secured. Unknown to the preacher, the arrow has entered the joints of the armour in which that young soul was clothed ; the old self-nature was mortally wounded ; Christ was allowed to enter ; and while in silent thought he recrossed the ferry and returned to his room, the angels were announcing the news that another soul was born again, another of the younger brethren brought back to the Father's house.

Henceforth the current of his life was changed. It was no easy matter, however, to give up old associations of a worldly nature ; his convivial disposition at times asserted a mastery over him, and the struggle was often painful and severe. There was one friend especially from whom it was hard to part. But the grace of God triumphed. With open-hearted frankness, so characteristic a feature of his life, he informed his friend of the change he had experienced, and as he had no mind to accompany him along the new-found path, he let go his arm, bid him farewell, and set out to follow the Master. With two or three other young men, "whose hearts the Lord had touched," he met for prayer and the study of the Word of God ' he became a teacher in a Sunday School, joined himself to God's people, and once or twice, with fear and trembling, gave a simple address at a prayer meeting. During the short interval which elapsed before going to Dean Forest, he several times preached in the Clerkenwell Workhouse, and in a Mission Hall connected with Mr. Noel's church. While resident in Gloucestershire, however, he began to preach on a more extended scale '

and there his ministrations were so acceptable and profitable, and were so much appreciated by the people, that his minister and other friends urged him to devote his life entirely to the ministry of the Gospel. After much prayer and consultation with his father and with Mr. Noel, he sought and obtained admission into the Countess of Huntingdon's College, at Cheshunt. College life, however, while it undoubtedly aided him greatly in habits of study and in love for literature, failed in promoting his spiritual life, or in imbuing him with those high and sacred views of the Christian ministry, without which no "call" can be considered valid. This is the after days he sorrowfully admitted. After a two years' residence at Cheshunt he returned to scholastic life. His views on baptism having soon after undergone a change, chiefly through a perusal of Mr. Noel's books on that subject, he became a member of the church at Manchester under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. Maclaren. By him he was baptized ; by his vigorous and heart-stirring preaching, his former desires were re-awakened ; and by his advice he once more turned his attention the ministry. The following extracts from letters written at this time will show how the fire was burning on the altar, and how the Spirit of the Lord was preparing His young servant for the work to which He had destined him : -

"Where God puts me, there I'll be content to dwell and to work, whether it be India, China, England or America. I care little where, if I may be do some good, and help to make better this sinful world. But I am so sinful myself, and still lack those high and holy qualifications which ought to distinguish the ministers of Christ. Pray for me that I may become purer and holier day by day."

"I should like my God to show me my exceeding sinfulness more, that I might agonize and lie low in humility, not indeed to lie 'like slaves beneath the throne,' but to rise from that humility and pierce the heavens on the wings of faith, that side by side with Christ I should be led to God, and own with joy that He was my father . . . . One thing must never be lost sight of, and that is, that God's glory is to be our highest aim ; and there is no way in which we can glorify Him so much as by living lives as much as possible like that ideal Life, which came forth from His very bosom."

In the year 1864, after recovering from an illness, he wrote :

"I am much better; still I am something like John the Baptist's 'bruised reed,' and there is about as much life in me as in his 'smoking flax,' but as our God will neither break the one nor quench the other, my faith looks up to Him. I will wait upon the Lord that I may renew my strength. Oh, how I have longed for the blessed Sabbath, and I was well repaid when I crawled rather than walked to chapel. It was like greeting a long-lost friend ; and then to see the dear form of Mr. Maclaren in the pulpit ! His reading, his prayers, his words smote on my soul with a gentle, inspiring touch, and I felt keenly sensible to the glorious sermon he delivered on the 'full assurance of faith.' How I longed, while he spoke, to be on the top round of the ladder, so close to Jesus that it may really be *joy* and *peace* in believing. Our confident joy rests entirely upon the measure of our faith, as Mr. Maclaren put it - 'We must fling ourselves out of ourselves and upon God.' "

“How often we are prone to attribute to surrounding circumstances the causes of our gloom and despondency ; but I have learnt the fallacy of this. For if a man is right with God he will find no difficulty in blending smiles and tears, rejoicings with sorrowing, bliss with woe and a calm, holy, and serene faith with a tempted, bruised, and weak heart. Jesus seems often to tell me that the way is easy and pleasant to arrive at all the blessings promised, and to possess all the holiness needed, by a simple, abiding, fixed, and holy trust in His love and mercy. Prayer, and the reading of the Word are the things to bring us into perfect fellowship with Christ.”

An extract from a letter written in 1865 will show how earnestly he cherished the hope of being some day an ambassador for God :

“We young men have a great deal yet to learn ; we must, as Paul says, ‘labour for souls as those that must give account.’ I do long to be instrumental in saving my fellow men from distruction [sic]. An old school-fellow of mine, named Henry Varley, is laboring at Notting Hill with abundant signs of the Grace of God. He has only been there about fifteen months, and about 150 souls have been led to Christ by him. Only think what glory is given to the Saviour by the conversion of ten men a month by the instrumentality of one man ! O that I might be one-hundredth part as victorious ! I sometimes think these reflections, these strivings, these yearnings, these prayers will make me a useful preacher some day.”

To Mr Maclaren he owed it, under God, that the way was opened whereby his early hopes might be fulfilled, and having received an unanimous call from the Baptist Church at Padiham, in East Lancashire, he entered upon his ministry there in September, 1866. In this, his first pastoral charge, he worked with characteristic enthusiasm. In addition to the ordinary duties of a minster, he energetically devoted his spare hours to the promotion of psalmody on the Sol-Fa system, and also to the advancement of the Temperance cause. Under his fostering care, a Band of Hope sprang into existence, and became a power in the town, whilst his appeals to the magistrates prevented the renewal of licenses to several publicans and beerhouse-keepers, who had been guilty of violations of the Licensing Act. The Church at Padiham reported 77 members in his first year, 113 in his last ; and when, after a four years’ happy ministry, he accepted the pastorate of the General Baptist Church, at Stoney Street, Nottingham, he left behind him a warmly-attached and devoted people.

In a letter to one of his sisters, written soon after entering upon his work in East Lancashire, the following remark occurs “ I pray that I may be kept humble, and be the honoured instrument of winning many souls to the Redeemer. It seems a high position for me to hold, I cannot yet understand it.” If this was his feeling in taking charge of fourscore souls, what must have been his sense of responsibility when called to accept the oversight of six hundred ? He needed indeed to be kept humble, and to know in his weakness the strength of Christ made perfect. The Church at Nottingham was one of the oldest and most important in the denomination ; but, though numerically strong, it stood greatly in

need of a vigorous ministry, and in Mr. Ryder was found a combination of qualities and talents exactly suited to the life of the church at that particular period of its history. It was soon evident that a new springtide of energy was beginning to inspire the membership ' the various agencies were put into working order, and many a new scheme of usefulness was set on foot. The Pastor was the soul of every enterprise. He was a capital worker, methodical, light-hearted, energetic, a combination seldom found ; the consequence was that he became the centre of many circles of activity, gathering around him workers of various kinds. Some ministers excel in one sphere of service, and some in another. Some are good students, and know how to supply the literary needs of the church ; some are great preachers ; some are indefatigable in pastoral visitation ; some are devoted to the children ; some are eager politicians for the honour of Christ ; and some are earnest philanthropists. If Mr. Ryder did not excel in all these phases of ministerial life, he failed in none. Though not what would be called a great preacher, his sermons were thoughtful, clear and impressive expositions of the Word of God, at times even eloquent declarations of the truth as it is in Jesus. Pastoral visitation was not neglected ; he was no stranger in the homes of his people, and there were cases of sickness in which he would take his turn in keeping watch by the bed side through the long hours of the night. But if in one thing more than another he excelled, it was surely in his care for the lambs of the flock. A children's church would have been his delight. So child-like himself, his heart was in perfect sympathy with theirs, he understands their ideas, entered into their joys and sorrows, and was at home in their society. Never too busy to attend to a child, he made himself the Pastoral-friend of the little ones, and among them will be found by and bye some of the brightest jewels that will adorn the crown he will cast at the Redeemer's feet. Nor did he forget his duties as a citizen. Mere politics were not, at least of late, attractive to one who was so deeply interested in spiritual things, yet it would be no true delineation of his life to say that he was indifferent to what he believed to be his duty as a Christian citizen. He desired to see the Church disconnected from the State, and at times took part in meetings having this end in view. He did so as a matter of conscience, believing that connection to be unscriptural, and greatly injurious to the kingdom of Christ and to the progress of truth. It is almost needless to say that the Church of England, as a Church, he held in highest honour. In practical politics beating on the social life of the community he took as active part. He was no idle spectator of Municipal and School-Board Elections. Irrespective of mere party politics, he energetically supported the cause that seemed to him most conducive to the moral purity of the town, and the social well-being of the people. He was also a busy philanthropist. The Temperance cause in Nottingham, as in Padiham, claimed much of his time. It lay very near his heart. To raise the fallen, to rescue the tempted, and to preserve the young, pure, and virtuous from ever falling into the snare of the tempter seemed to him to be work entirely in harmony with the mind that was in Christ ; and knowing only too well how the customs of Society in connection with the use of strong drink were inflicting terrible injury on the Church of Christ, upon ministers, office-bearers, and members, deeply convinced, also, that there was no more fruitful cause of irreligion among the working classes, and lamenting sorely the havoc wrought among our Sunday Schools, he set himself, with all the energy of his nature, to do

all in his power, by example and precept to counteract and to put down these customs. He was an active member of the Good Templar Lodge which he had been the means of establishing in connection with his congregation as a kind of life-boat for the rescue of many who, but for this, would have gone down into the depths. For twelve months he was the able and successful editor of the *The Midland Temperance Record*, a monthly journal which, by his literary ability, won a foremost place and obtained a large circulation. This his influence was widely felt ; and though the strain was great, and hours were often snatched from sleep, for he never allowed this extra work to curtail his pastoral labours, yet he considered that in this also he was serving the cause of Christ, his motto being that of the Apostle Paul, "By all means save some."

But the Band of Hope was the joy of his heart. To such a child-like spirit as his temperance work among the young was a delight. He grudged not the time, knowing that it was seen on good ground that would bear a hundred-fold, and his note-books bear witness to the thought and labour and time devoted to his cherished purpose of seeing a Band of Hope formed in connection with every church in the town. Forty Bands of Hope were the result of his self-denying labours. Many thousands of children and young people are being trained in the principles of true Temperance ; and if the coming generation should prove to be more sober, moral, and manly than the present, it will in no small measure be due to the philanthropic spirit of Thomas Ryder, the children's friend.

That such a man should become a general favourite was inevitable. Among his own people he was indeed "a man greatly beloved." The following extracts from a letter written about a couple of years after settling in Nottingham will shew [sic] the kind of feeling which existed between pastor and people :-

"Vacations are immensely pleasureable [sic], but the getting into harness again is not always easy, though when once the shoulders are used to it there is considerable delight in wearing it. I can truly say that I am never happier than when at my work, and since my return I have had much encouragement in it. I found six persons waiting for baptism, and have a list of thirteen others inquiring their way to Christ. Never could a pastor and his wife have a heartier reception than we received on our return home. Present after present has come to our hands, chiefly in the shape of flowers and fruit. On the Saturday night of our arrival a large parcel was left for M., which when uncovered proved to be a large photograph of her Bible Class, in a massive gilt frame. On the Tuesday evening following our return a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of the Band of Hope was held, and I will leave the accompanying newspaper to say what was done at that, merely adding that our drawing-room is now adorned with one of the most chaste and elegant pier-glasses you would ever wish to see. I wonder as I look from top to bottom of our house, and observe how much of its furniture is the result of personal friendship and love, whether the houses of other ministers are visited in a similar matter ! When I consider all these things I am amazed at the measure of success which has been granted me in my ministerial career. May God preserve me in lowliness and humility, that so these

numerous testimonies of a people's attachment may not inflate me with higher thoughts of myself than I ought to think."

During the last year of his life the affection of his people was manifested by the presentation of a most valuable American organ and other tokens of gratitude ; and when a few months later it became an absolute necessity to lay aside the work he loved and to seek change of scene and rest from labour, their kindly regard for their pastor was further shown in the generous gift of nearly one hundred pounds to defray the expenses of his tour in America. "I am quite amazed," he said, "at the people's generosity, or rather at God's great goodness towards poor unworthy me."

Among the Christian public of Nottingham Mr. Ryder was a great favourite. He was always ready to lend a helping hand to any cause requiring aid, quite irrespective of denominational distinctions. From the weekly ministerial prayer-meeting he was seldom absent ; and he was well known to his brethren as one on whom they could at all times rely for hearty co-operation in any work for God. It was in a great measure owing to his zeal and faithfulness that a daily meeting for prayer was commenced and maintained in the town, amid many difficulties, for a period of more than two years. Among the Temperance public of Nottingham he could not fail to be a special favourite. He was a capital platform speaker, and no public meeting or demonstration on behalf of Prohibition, Sunday Closing, Good Templarism, or any other phase of the Temperance movement, would have been considered complete without his presence. When obliged, by failing health to resign his position as Editor of the *Midland Temperance Record*, the feeling of gratitude for his able and generous services found expression in the presentation of a testimonial, which, though he called it "a splendid gift," but feebly testified the honour and affection in which he was held. It was not, however, until his busy work was ended, not till his ministry on earth was accomplished, not till his citizenship below was exchanged for that of the city of the living God, that men understood how much they needed him, and how greatly they missed him. When the telegraph announced his death, a general feeling of consternation was experienced ; words of sorrow passed from lip to lip ; and when the day arrived for his funeral, Nottingham was greatly moved.

To delineate character is a difficult task ; and although his character was singularly transparent, it is not possible to transfer to paper the tints of colour which gave it so great a charm in the eyes of those who knew him best. *Genuine* and *Genial* are, perhaps, the two adjectives which best express what may be called his natural character ; for though in the days of boyhood he was self-willed and hard to manage by means of the ordinary rules of boy-life, yet there was in him no deceit nor duplicity of spirit. If he sinned against parents and teachers it was not on the sly : he gave them any amount of trouble, but it was open and above-board, and in his boyish judgment all fair play. Genial also he was, as the companions of those early days can testify. In later years, when the grace of God had taken possession of his soul, the genuine character became a beautiful transparency, and the genial character a wonderful charm. The 5<sup>th</sup> August, 1858, was the turning point of his

life ; his true character dates from that day on which he was “born again.” His was a *consecrated* life, but in the consecration there were at least three stages, and dependent on the degree of consecration was the development of character. From the very commencement of his new life the ordinary paths of Christian service did not suffice for one to whom the Lord had entrusted not one talent but many. To Christ he had consecrated not his leisure hours, nor his Sabbath days only, but his entire life; when, therefore the suggestion was made that he should devote himself to the work of a minister of Christ, he felt it to be the call of God, and very joyfully he entered on a course of preparation for that work which was to be the crown of his brief but blessed life. But the character of the young man, though very genuine and very genial, was not at this time the kind of character which could be said to be “after God’s own heart” ; the whole of his life. Its lengths were surrendered to Christ, he was resolved that as long as he lived he would be the Lord’s ; but its breadths had not all passed under the yoke. There were many things which did not seem to him to require that Master’s yea or nay, which therefore he might keep under his own hand. His character was at this time a mixed character, the result of a partial consecration ; and in the sight of Him who holdeth the stars in His right hand, who searcheth the reins and the hearts, and who alone can prepare His chosen vessels for their destined service, the consecration was not yet complete ; the spirit of the servant needed to be brought more fully into harmony with the will of the Master. Severest discipline was needed ; humbly at the Master’s feet he must lie that he might know himself, that he might know his Lord, and that he might gain those higher and more solemn views of the Christian ministry without which the ambassador of Christ must fail in his sacred and responsible mission. Nor till this discipline was complete could the Master permit him to engage in the service of His kingdom ; and for awhile it seemed as if the ambition of his heart would never be realized. Like the disheartened disciple, Peter, who returned to his nets and his fishing-boat, he also went back to the more secular life of former days. But he who once stood on the shores of Tiberias, and watched through the darkness the eager spirit of that disciple as he “toiled all night and caught nothing,” and who, when the morning broke, called him to His side, and having drawn forth from his wounded heart the thrice-repeated confession, “Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee,” sent him forth with the double commission, “Feed My lambs, feed My sheep” – this same Jesus, who had already called His servant to be a fisher of men,” in His own time, when the night of sorrow had done its work, sends him forth with this same two-fold commission in his hands. Re-consecrated with a deeper consecration to the service of Christ for nine brief years he made full proof of his ministry ‘ he studied to show himself approved unto God.

But even yet the consecration was not complete, for that which God desires is something more than consecration of time, and thought, and effort, however genuine and earnest. With all his devotion to the church of which the Lord had made him overseer, and with all his untiring zeal for the salvation of the wretched and the lost around him, there was something defective still in the secret of his soul, - a missing link between himself and his God which was a source of weakness and inward failure. To him, as to every true servant

and son of God, these failures, however unnoticed by man, were a cause of incessant sorrow. He was living a lifted of earnest and sincerest Christian effort, in which he was disheartened and grieved by frequent *inward* failures ; and this unsatisfactory experience might have continued to the end, as has been the case with many disciples of Christ, had not the question been one day put to him by a Master in Israel, whether this was indeed all that Christ could do for him ; - all that he was to expect in this world as the result of the suffering unto death and the intercession on high of the Son of God ; all that the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, could achieve within his soul. Deep searchings of heart led to a more entire surrender of the very springs of being to the power of the indwelling Spirit of Christ ; and soon the answer came to that which had become the question of his life - "I thank God through Jesus Christ, for the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." He saw that that which he had only hoped, with many a doubt and fear, might possibly be attained after years of self-strife, mortification, and effort, was possible for him now ' he saw Jesus as never before ; he saw Him as Joshua saw Him, hard by the walls of Jericho, as Captain of the host, ready to lead him on to victory, to break down the walls of every stronghold which the enemies of the Lord had fortified within his heart, and to make him more than a conqueror over every hateful foe. The Land of Promise lay before, flowing with milk and honey. How often he had viewed it, how earnestly he had desired to enter it, how weary he was of the wilderness life ! Was it possible for him to enter ? Others were entering, might not he ? And there sounded within his soul the echo of long familiar words- "*We who have believed do enter into Rest.*" He fell at the Great Captain's feet, he grasped the Great Captain's hand, and with the words, "Lord, I believe," he entered upon that experience of full and perfect trust in an Almighty, ever-present Saviour, which made the last few months of his life a continuous victory, an almost unbroken song of triumph. Not long before his death in the pleasant communion of an American Christian family, the conversation having turned upon the privileges and possibilities of the Christian life, the question was put by one of the circle, "Mr. Ryder, do you find that you are able to overcome temptation without failure, and to maintain the attitude of trust and communion ?" He paused a moment, and then replied in a quiet, solemn tone, "Yes, by the grace of God, I do."

It was in the summer of 1874 that he entered upon this deeper, broader, higher experience of Christ as his life. By the invitation of the Honourable W. Cowper-Temple, M.P., upwards of seventy of God's children spent seven days at Broadlands, in Hampshire, in fellowship with one another, waiting, like the disciples of old, for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Ryder was one of the number. Among the company were Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith, Revs. Theodore Monod, W.E. Boardman, G.R. Thornton, Basil Wilberforce; the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Gainsborough, Miss Marsh, Prince George of Denmark, the Earl of Chichester, and Mr. Stevenson Blackwood. T Mr. Ryder, of course, was assigned the pleasant service of leading the praises of the assemblies. Writing to his wife soon after his arrival, he says, "I have not yet attained that for which I have come to Broadlands, but I am hoping and expecting, and I have faith to believe that I shall receive

the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.” The following extract from a letter to one his sisters, written a few days later, shows that his expectation was not disappointed.

“But the best has yet to be told. It has been a literal ‘waiting on the Lord.’ Nearly all our time has been taken up with a series of ‘holiness and consecration,’ meetings, held either under a clump of beeches in the park, or in the orangery. We have begun as early as seven in the morning, and, excepting intervals for meals, we have continued till half-past eight each night. They have been blessed times, soul feasts ; so calm, so still, so sweet, I feel more and more the necessity for Christians to get right away from the world, and meet thus for prayer and fellowship, not for a brief hour, but for the whole days. Everybody is speaking today of the blessing received, and I for one am already in closer union with my dear Saviour than ever before. It is like a new life. How I wish you all could have been here!”

Thomas Ryder had now begun to walk with God ; and whereas his former life was one of earnest effort to do right, and of incessant labour for the good of man and for the glory of God, the life of the last few months spent on earth superadded to all this the joy and strength and beauty of the Lord whose Spirit now dwelt fully and in ungrieved [sic] communion within his soul. And now, in the midst of weakness and pain, encompassed with bodily infirmities, and often deeply tried, he could mount up as on eagles’ wings, run and not be weary, walk and not faint. The consecration was now complete, he was in the hands of his Lord. Gladly would he have labored more abundantly than before, but when the voice of the Great Commander bid him fall back to the rear, he cheerfully obeyed ; one after another the engagements of his busy life were given up, until it seemed as if the moment of fullest consecration was to be the moment when he should be laid aside as a useless vessel. His only response was, “Thy will be done.” And in this the depth of his consecration to the Will of God was seen more clearly than in any amount of active effort – that without a murmur he could withdraw from those scenes of happy service and much loved labour in which he had found such delight, and, curbing his ardent spirit, yield himself in entire resignation to the Will of God.

The following extract from a letter to his sister, though written some months previously, shows how the currents has done her best, she for the most part but carried back the difficulty one step farther. Life and death are inscrutable mysteries. Two trees alike in nature, in growth, in situation, will oftentimes [sic] break forth into brook in Spring, and in Autumn fade away, the only days and even weeks in advance of the other. This one is bursting with life while its companion shows no signs of escape from Winter’s bondage ; or this is ablaze with Autumn’s golden tints while its neighbor still wears its Summer green. Curiously and wonderfully made is man ; his Maker alone understands him. With Him is the number of his months. Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth ? God knoweth why of these two brothers the one begins to fade at thirty, while the other is green at sixty ; why, in the one case his sun goes down at noon, in the other the shadows lengthen and the slowly sinking sun lingers strangely long on the horizon. At one time it seemed likely that Mr. Ryder would outlive his companions. To a healthy and vigorous constitution were added the regular habits of a most methodical life, and all the

safeguards of temperance and godliness. He enjoyed life, it was no burden to him ; he was bright, busy, and sprightly as a song-bird on a summer morning. His elastic frame wearied not of his day's work, his spirit was ever gay. His head never ached, his hand never trembled, his eye was never dim. Yet, secretly, death was gaining upon life.

“It is the little rift within the lute  
That by and bye will make the music mute,  
And, ever-widening, slowly silence all.  
The little rift within the lover's lute  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inwards, slowly moulders all.”

No one could have imagined it, he knew it not himself. He knew not, as he led the sacred song beneath the beech trees of Broadlands, that “the little rift” had already started which “bye-and-bye would make the music mute.”

He returned home, a fully consecrated servant and son of God, and for a couple of months made full proof of his ministry, striving to “Make all men see what was the fellowship of the mystery.” Then came the summer vacation. For a few days previously he had been conscious of unusual weariness, and was glad that rest was at hand. But scarcely had his holiday begun when utter prostration came upon him, and it seemed as though a long illness were in prospect. By the advice of a London doctor he took a short sea trip to Edinburgh, and afterwards spent several weeks in the bracing climate of the Highlands.

After a somewhat extended vacation he returned home, still far from strong, and, against the desire of his medical adviser, took up again his work more loved than ever. But he soon found that the life of former days was impossible. The hand of the Lord was upon him, not as on Elijah when he girded up his loins and ran before the chariot of Ahab to the gate of Jezreel, but as on Hezekiah when He said, “Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.” The trembling hand, the weary limbs, the sometimes aching breast confirmed the doctor's orders ; so, one after another, the much-loved employments were dropped, and the weary pastor confined himself to the work of the church, and even much of that work had to be quietly laid aside. He did not complain, but hopefully anticipated that continued rest would relieve the over-worked system. Of his ailments he made as light as possible, and only his intimate friends were aware of the extent of his sufferings. The Winter passed away ; at many a gathering his face was missed, and many an anxious question was asked, as councils and committees and even consecration meetings felt his absence. The advancing Spring, alas, brought no increase of strength, and there were times when acute neuralgic pains in the chest deprived him for the time of all energy, and enforced entire cessation from work. But when free from pain the old elasticity returned, and in conversation, and even in preaching, he was as bright and happy as ever. His heart was greatly comforted at this time, in the midst of certain trials through which he was passing, by demonstrations of affection on the part of his church ; and he determined to

abide at his post as long as the Lord imparted the needed strength for service. A year had passed since the Broadlands meeting, and now the time was approaching for the great Convention at Brighton. He had been unable, to his great regret, to be present at the Oxford Conference, in September 1874; being away in Scotland at the time, and all the more anxiously did he anticipate the large Convention at Brighton ; but as the time drew on he felt he must give up the cherished hope. Unless in some special way the Lord should call him to go, it seemed that in his enfeebled condition home was the only place for him. But the special call came ; he was asked to be one of the leaders of song. After much prayer and consideration he declined. Again the call was given, under circumstances that seemed to make it almost imperative on him, if at all able, to comply. A singular feature of his illness had been that his vocal powers had never been affected, nor did the effort of singing seem in the least degree to influence the action of the heart, even though preaching was followed by sad prostration. The Brighton, therefore, he went. Many will long retain the echo of that melodious voice, clear as a bell, that in Corn Exchange, or Dome, or Music Room, led us in worship or thrilled us with the music of songs of Consecration.

Returning home after a brief season of rest, he continued for a couple of months to serve the Master with what little strength he had. "I know thy works," said the Saviour-King to one of old ; 'Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it ; for thou hast little strength, and hast kept my work.'" In another sense there stood before this faithful servant, working on with the little strength that was left, an open door which no man could shut. Towards that open door, with weary step, he was approaching. The command of his medical adviser now became imperative that a prolonged season of rest must be taken, his opinion being that the neuralgic pains and extreme prostration were the result of an enlargement of one of the main arteries in the neighbourhood of the heart. The hand by which now all his steps were guided seemed to point beyond the western wave as the land of rest and restoration. A friend, a member of his church, Mr. R. W. Cooper, was about to cross the Atlantic ; he kindly offered to bear the expenses of the passage, and, as an old resident in America, and intimately acquainted with its localities, to give his pastor the benefit of his experience and the comfort of his companionship. The arrangement was a very happy one, and the sorrow of parting from his beloved wife and his many other friends was still further alleviated by the love of his church, who present him with a handsome sum towards the expenses of his prolonged vacation.

It was on the 11<sup>th</sup> of August that the beloved pastor took farewell of his flock. Few eyes were undimmed with tears while the parting hymn was sung :

"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar,  
For the Father waits over the way,  
To prepare us a dwelling place there.  
In the sweet by and bye, in the sweet by and bye,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

The sea passage in the "City of Berlin," the finest vessel of the Inman Line, was one of the fastest on record. Eight days sufficed to cross three thousand miles of weary ocean. The effect upon the sufferer was singular ; the pains, which had been very acute before starting, ceased ; but throughout the passage he was subject to constantly recurring sickness. On landing in New York, however, he seemed rapidly to regain his strength, and appeared to be all the better for the bracing air of ocean. It was not, however, without some misgiving that he turned his face towards the West. On parting with his brothers-in-law, at Queenstown, he records in his journal :

"I was unable to check the starting tear, and sat down completely broken in spirit, dreading my long journey of three thousand miles. Then followed a long series of gloomy forebodings as to whether I should see any dear old faces again, or even whether I should reach New York.

"As I sat watching the sheet lighting," he writes, on the Sunday evening, "I imagined a group in the music-room at W.'s singing

" ' Father, save those at sea to-night ;'

or,

" ' O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
For those in peril on the sea.'

"I saw the bended forms of father, sisters, members of my flock, besides that of my dear wife, and I gained heart in my lonely musings ; and I think the melancholy wholly left me when, lifting my eyes heavenward, I seemed to see beyond the stars the form of one who said, 'Fear not, for I am with thee.' Was I right about the pleadings below ?- I felt sure of them, and there was no doubt about the assurance from above."

Four days were spent in New York. The heat was very great, but it did not appear seriously to affect Mr. Ryder ; the pains from which he had suffered for months past had to a great extent ceased, and on the whole he greatly enjoyed the new scenes into which he was introduced by his friend. He thus describes a visit to Long Branch "

"Wednesday, August 26<sup>th</sup>. Spent the day at Long Branch, a very select and fashionable watering place for the New Yorkers. Numbers of big people have Summer residences here, all of which are styled 'cottages', notwithstanding the beauty of their design, and the spacious lawns and flower-gardens by which they are surrounded. General Grant, the President of the United States, has one, and happened to be tenanted at the time. What did I do but summon up my most sturdy temerity and tell the driver to pull up at the President's ! Instead of doing so he actually turned into the very carriage drive, and did not stop till he got to the verandah, where his majesty was sitting within a foot of the wheels. I alighted, present my card, and asked the favour of his autograph. He received me very cordially, shook me by the hand, went indoors with the book, and speedily returned, having written therein, 'U. S. Grant, Long Branch, New Jersey, Aug. 25<sup>th</sup>, 1875.' A

colonel of the army was with him, to who he introduced me as Dr. Ryder, of England ! He offered me a chair, and ---- a cigar ! What a shame to refuse the offer of the President of the United States ; but I declined, saying, - No, thank you, sir, I do not smoke.' After about two minutes' chat I apologized for intruding upon his privacy, made my bow, and departed. This interview will form one of the pleasantest reminiscences of my American trip."

From New York Mr. Ryder went in what he called "a floating hotel" to Newport, Rhode Island, a favourite watering place of the Philadelphians, New Yorkers, and Bostonians. He thus writes:

"I am charmed with Newport. The scenery, especially at sunset, is gorgeous. All sorts of insects, such as we do not have in England, buzz and hum. Swarms of grasshoppers, with their incessant whirr, flit across your path ' humming birds and large beautiful moths are on the wing' and field crickets do a chorus of chirps as you pass them by. I had a pleasant surprise today 'while walking in the direction of Fort Adams, I was startled by the sound of a familiar voice which said, 'Why, my dear Ryder !' On looking round I saw R. P. S. getting down out of a carriage to greet me. He was with his brother Horace, his sister, and a cousin. They gave me a seat, and we drove pleasantly on to Cliff Cottage, where they have been summering. Unfortunately he had to leave for Atlantic City that night, but the introduction to his father and brother proved pleasant for me, and took away much of the loneliness I was feeling. In the evening I went to a prayer meeting, at a small Baptist church, and much enjoyed it."

At Newport he met with Mr. Wheeler, a Baptist minister, who showed him much kindness. He says :

"Mr. Wheeler insisted upon me partaking of his hospitality during the remainder of my stay in Rhode Island, so I left my hotel and came on here to a snug and happy parsonage, which I must more fully describe when I return home. On Sunday afternoon I had a delightful time at the S's Bible Class, conducted by a Quaker lady ; - Subject, Redemption. Old and young were present, also white and black. I attended Mr. W's prayer meeting at night. The Sunday schools are wonderfully fitted up ; they are even carpeted. I was much amused with the infant class-room ; each youngster had a little arm-chair. Mr W. introduced me to several of his people ; they were so cordial and hearty in their welcomes."

From Newport Mr. Ryder proceeded to Boston. A few extracts from his journal may not be uninteresting:

"Tuesday, Aug. 31, Boston, Mass. Arrived here, in this American Athens, about 11 a.m. The names of Shawmut Avenue, Boylston Road, and Belmont Square remind me that I am in the city where Dr. Lowell Mason lived. Visited dear Dr. Cullis, the George Muller of this land. He was just off to a consecration meeting, which he conducts every Tuesday

afternoon. There was a large gathering, and many most helpful experiences were related. At this request I gave a short account of the Brighton Convention, after which some one led off, without announcement, 'Blest be the tie that binds, &c.' They have a way here of singing spontaneously, just as we do in prayer. Dr. Cullis is able to effect faith cures. Lord Radstock's daughter, whom we saw at Brighton, is one upon whom he laid hands about two years ago. She was bent up with a spinal complaint for some years, and could only lie upon hard boards, and had to be carried from room to room. You know how straight she is now. A lady related an experience at this afternoon's meeting even more wonderful than that.

"Wednesday, Sept. 1<sup>st</sup>. Rose early today and went over to Grove Hall, a ride in the cars of about two miles, where Dr. Cullis's 'Home for Consumptives' is. The doctor, who is an intimate friend of R. P. S. and Mr. Boardman, showed me over the establishment, and drove me back to Boston in his carriage. He is a glorious man ; I love him so very much. He thinks if my faith were stronger the Lord would give me early deliverance from all my weakness and pain. I am not able to do this. It seems to me that a prayer asking for this boon might possibly be contrary to the will of God. I long to know Him more and more. On my way back I waited on three celebrities. James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. I obtained each of their autographs. The interview with Longfellow was delightful ; he is such a dear old man, so gentle and gracious ; the English portraits of him are caricatures. Tomorrow I go to the White Mountains, in New Hampshire. I am sorry to leave Boston, but I must spend most of my time away from big cities for the sake of my health, which is slowly improving. Pain not yet wholly gone, but is not a tithe of what it was when I started, and comes at wider intervals.

The next ten days were spent in the quiet enjoyment of the society of the Twin Mountain House, amid the picturesque scenes of the White Mountains. This neighbourhood is "the invalids' resort." Upwards of fifty of the two hundred and forty guests in the House were there to recruit their broken-down health. Among them the invalid from England found a hearty welcome, and by none was he more cordially received than by Mrs. H. B. Stowe and her brother Henry Ward Beecher, who happened to be staying in the hotel.

"Imagine my surprise and delight to find Mrs. Stowe and her brother as my fellow-boarders. I lost no time in obtaining their autographs. I gained Mrs. Stowe's ear by referring to her visit to John Street Chapel, to hear Mr. Noel, an incident I well remember. I hope I shall get to know more of them . . . . This morning we had prayer in one of the parlours ; Mr. Beecher usually conducts. After a hymn he read and commented on 2 Cor. I v. 17 to v. 7, and invited others to take part, which Mrs. Stowe and others did. Then he offered a beautiful prayer, and we sang another hymn. This over, both Mr. B. and his sister told some interesting stories, and we all sang a number of the Jubilee Singers' Melodies. There were about forty present. Mr. Beecher hopes I will stay to lead the singing in his camp meeting next Sunday morning, but I have not quite decided whether to spend the

Sunday in Montreal. I am in no hurry to quit this mountain scenery, nor the company in this house. I think, too, the air is salubrious and improving my health. I shall endeavour to ascertain the Lord's will about it and decided accordingly.'

Referring to another similar occasion, he says:

"The subject was 'The gifts of the Spirit,' 1 Cor. Xii. I thought there was a good deal of doubt in Mr. Beecher's remarks about spiritual gifts of power in modern times, and as the conversation was free I instanced Moody and Sankey, George Mulle, Dorothea Trudell and others. He said he thought these gifts were sporadic, and that such phenomena of grace appears as comets. After the singing of another hymn he wanted to know a little more about the Evangelists, and Mrs. Stowe asked me if I could sing any of Sankey's songs. I gave them 'The Ninety and Nine,' and 'Jesus of Nazareth.'" They were quite new to the company, and all were evidently refreshed by the knowledge I imparted of what the Lord had done through those two men in England . . . .

"I have just come in from a lovely walk beneath a cloudless azure sky. I sat musing on the banks of the Ammonoosuc, as the waters rippled or rushed over the pebbles or boulders that fill up the stream, and tried to imagine what you were all doing, and whether I should return to see you, with my health vigorous. Sometimes I think I shall, sometimes not. God knows.

"Saturday, September 11<sup>th</sup>. A special train from New York and Brooklyn has arrived, bringing between twenty five and thirty of Mr. Beecher's people. They did it to give him a pleasant surprise, and also in order to have a Sunday with him. I wonder whether there is any other minister in the world whose people would charter a special train, and travel 450 miles (farther than from the Land's End to Berwick) just for a Saturday to Monday holiday with their pastor ! The old man was quite overcome this afternoon with the reception he received on the piazza. About five o'clock I made the ascent of a neighbouring mountain, through a narrow pathway cut for the purpose. It is not quite 2,000 feet high, and as I made the ascent, by the help of my walking-stick, without much difficulty, and without feeling exhausted at the top, I take that to be a marked sign that my health is improving. Three weeks ago I could not have done the quart of the climbing without great pain and afterwards much lassitude. Today and yesterday I have had just slight returns of the pain in the upper part of the arm, not in the chest at all. The track was through tall pines and firs, with plenty of underwood and ferns, samples of which I send herewith. And now what shall I say of the sunset ? The whole house turned out to see it. Such a sunset, they say, happens but once or twice a season. Mt. Washington and the rest were bathed in purple, the real colour as I never saw it before. It was simply gorgeous, and seen against the delicate sky-tints above, and the rich green below, it was a banquet for the visual organs of a sumptuous kind.

“Sunday, September 12<sup>th</sup>. This day has been a most delightful one to me in more senses than one – fine weather, pleasant walks, freedom from pain. Mr. Beecher asked me to lead the singing for him, which I did. About 4,000 persons were present. Mrs. Beecher and other ladies decorated the platform with wild flowers, ferns, and the beautiful red leaves of the maple, all gathered from the neighbouring woods. It was done with much taste. Mr. Beecher’s sermon was at times very eloquent, and quite electric. In the afternoon, a stranger about my own age, an American, asked me to walk with him. I did so, and was well repaid. Our conversation ran upon spiritual subjects, and I found him well up in scripture truths, and evidently of a devout mind ; and such was his general intelligence that our themes grew as we went, and it seemed but a few minutes when our two hours’ and it seemed but a few minutes when our two hours’ walk brought us back to our hotel. The evening was spent in a service of song in the spacious drawing-room. Mr. Beecher presided, and about a hundred of the guests took part. The selections were mostly from the Plymouth collection, and a volume of Sunday school songs. At Mrs. Stowe’s request I varied the proceedings by an occasional solo from Sankey and the Faith hymns. After the service of song a little group, of which I was one, sat engaged in earnest conversation till half-past ten, when we retired.

“Monday, September 13<sup>th</sup>. I left Twin Mountain House this morning at eight. As Mrs. Stowe left by the same train there were many out on the piazza to see the waggonette start for the station, and I got many farewells and benedictions which otherwise I might have missed. Mr. Beecher kindly invited me to call at Brooklyn and see him before I embarked for home. Others also invited me their several homes, one to Waverley, in the heart of the Pennsylvania forests, was a very pressing invitation. I wish I had six months in this country to accomplish all the visits and see all the sights which one and another have spoken to me about. At Wells River Junction I was sorry to have to part from Mrs. Stowe, whom by this time I love dearly. She gave me a most cordial invitation to visit her home in Hartford, which I regret it will not be in my power to accept.”

Those who knew Mr. Ryder will not be surprised to find from the extracts given above how quickly he won the hearts of the Americans, and they can well believe that his presence would throw a charm over the society of the Twin Mountain House, so that it was no matter of surprise that invitations were pressed upon him. Little did these kind-hearted friends imagine that the sweet singer would so soon be beyond the reach of their hospitality, or that the first of their homes which he was permitted to enter would prove to be the ante-chamber of Heaven.

Mr. Ryder’s course now lay northward, in order to fulfil [sic] one of the ambitions of his life, a visit to the falls of Niagara. On the way he visited Montreal, Toronto and Brantford, where he spent four pleasant days at the house of an old friend, Mr. George Foster. He notes in his journal :

“I am in clover. The joy of being in a good old home, and such a home as this, is a blessed contrast to fashionable hotel life, and I am truly grateful to find myself here, and with such surroundings.”

From Brantford he passed to Buffalo, and thence to Niagara. The following graphic description of the Falls will be read with interest :

“An hour’s ride brought me to this marvel of creation. Niagara is indescribable. I came with large expectations, but they are exceeded a thousand-fold ; neither letter-press descriptions, nor photographs and pictures can convey to any one the awful sublimity of the scene ; it is perfectly bewildering. I was overcome with emotion at every turn. When on the brink of the cataract you are caught with a spell. I dare not have stayed more than a moment after that spell seized me. The grandeur is thrilling. The volume of waters, their terrible rush, the roaring rapids, the everlasting rainbow, the foaming below, the river emerald and white, the blinding mist, the frowning crags, the airy and fairy suspension bridges, the zigzag stairways, the perilous ascents and descents, the pouring floods, the yawning precipices, the narrow ledges beneath over-hanging rocks are simply awful to view. I have, according to my nature, ventured into every place difficult of access, and exposed myself to every peril, but the due caution and slow movement I got through all without harm or accident. My most romantic adventure was my attempt to do under the Horse-Shoe or Canadian Falls. I was clad in oil-skin from head to foot, and over my boots galoshes to give me a steadfast footing. It was like having three thousand shower baths all at once. It is easier here to realize that clouds are water, when you see the foam rise into mist and float away hundreds of feet high in the air. The rapids are almost a sublime as the cataracts, especially the whirlpool rapids, about two miles below. The whirlpool itself is a wonderful sight. The islands here and there in the midst of the rapids are exceedingly pretty. Small suspension bridges connect them with the mainland. Goat Island is the largest. The two Falls drop on either side of this island, and you can stand close enough to touch with a walking-stick the glorious cataract. To descend into the “Cave of the Winds” is considered *the* thing at Niagara. To effect this I had wholly to disrobe and put on first a woolen robe – something like a bathing dress – and outside that an oilskin garment, fitting every part of the body from head to foot. Thus equipped, looking half like an Egyptian mummy, and half like an inhabitant of Labrador, I, in company with a lady similarly attired, and another gentleman, followed the guide down a crazy wooden staircase to a depth of 150 feet, then along perilous rocks, with now and then a hand-rail to aid us, but more often depending upon hands and knees, to the very back of the American Falls. It was the very gem of all my wondrous sights. Imagine me with the blinding spray dashing all around my feet, shod with thick woollen cloth to prevent spray dashing all around my feet, shod with thick woollen cloth to prevent me falling into the torrent from off the slippery rocks, not caring to look much either down or up, and you see me in the midst of the greatest glory I have ever yet beheld. How often I have wished I could touch a rainbow, and wished in vain ! Yet here it rested on me ; I was actually in it, and a step or two more I was encircled by it as by a ring. The first circular rainbow I have ever seen ; it

was only about twenty yards in diameter. I sauntered about till two o'clock feasting on the ever-changing scene ; and then till long after sun-down I stayed on Goat Island, the only remaining visitor."

In a letter written from the Falls to one of his sisters, he says :

"I am positively reluctant now to turn my face homeward. I have positively reluctant now to turn my face homeward. I have fallen quite in love with America, and wish I could prolong my stay. I shall manage a week longer if possible. My health slowly improves, but the pains do not yet leave me ; once or twice this week I have had severe twinges, but I owe it all to drinking tea at Brantford ; until then I had not tasted that beverage since landing at New York. I am full of hope concerning the future though I have had my seasons of despondency. *The best of all is Jesus is with me, and I am happy.*"

Crossing Lake Ontario, Mr. Ryder returned to Toronto, where he spent four happy days under the hospitable roof of Mr. Elliott, one of the deacons of Dr. Castle's church. The doctor being away from home, he found himself almost compelled to occupy his pulpit, and he thus refers to what proved to be, though he was little aware of it, the closing service of his brief but blessed life :

"Toronto, Sunday, September 25<sup>th</sup>. I have had a glorious Sunday ; the work of preaching was so easy, and I did not feel knocked up by it as of yor. Perhaps this was because I just 'talked,' for I had no sermons or even notes of sermons, having purposely left them all behind in Nottingham. My subjects were, '*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?*' and '*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*' The Lord wonderfully helped me. And much impression seemed to be left on the minds of the people. To the prayer-meeting many stayed, and earnest petitions for blessing on the day's services were sent up. I sang the 'Ninety and Nine,' and 'Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,' accompanying myself on a sweet melodeon that had been placed on the pulpit platform."

What the dying minister here called a "talk," those who listened to him have described as an eloquent and impressive discourse, which seemed to bring them face to face with the Saviour, and left an impression on many hearts which time will never efface. Without doubt the Spirit of Truth was using the weakness of the servant for the glory of the Master, as once more He permitted him to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ," while waiting should be glorified with a glory of which the music and the splendours of Niagara were but faint and shadowy symbols. And now the time is come when he must set his face homeward ; his moments on earth are numbered ; the stages of that homeward journey are short ; and the carefully kept journal records but a few more scenes of beauty, a few more pangs of pain. The sail down the Hudson, on Thursday, September 30<sup>th</sup>, was "magnificent," but when New York was reached he is obliged to confess, "I have had considerable pain the last day or two in the left and right arms." His friend, Mr. Cooper, with whom he had left England being about to return, Mr. Ryder resolved to remain a

fortnight longer, and to accept pressing invitations from Mrs. Stowe and one or two other friends, which awaited him at New York. The last words of his journal, written on Friday, October 1<sup>st</sup>, are these : "My pains have been acute for several hours today, I trust I am not going to have them long, they are so exhausting and wearying." That hope was indeed fulfilled. The Great Physician was about to heal His suffering servant for evermore. During the next three days he was never for a moment free from severe neuralgic pains in the arms and chest, amount at times to agony. He hoped, no doubt, that, as aforesaid, these paroxysms would speedily pass away ; at length, unable to endure the suffering, he availed himself of a letter of instruction to a gentleman living in Brooklyn, and was introduced by him to a physician. An electric shock gave him one hour's complete relief, after which there was a return of the pain. A second visit, and a repetition of the treatment the following morning, appears to have produced a remarkable change for the better, for on the evening of that day, Wednesday, October 6<sup>th</sup>, he arrived at the house of Mrs. Stowe, at Hartford, Connecticut, having travelled a distance of nearly a hundred miles, and in answer to her kind enquiries concerning his health, declared himself to be quite well and free from pain. Mrs. Stowe has furnished a graphic and touching account of the hours spent beneath her roof in the following letter to Mrs. Ryder :

" Hartford, October 7<sup>th</sup>, 1875.

My dear Madam, - Your dear husband left us suddenly this morning for the heavenly home.

After a cheerful evening spent by our fireside, in which he seemed quite well and happy, and delighted us by singing many charming hymns, he retired to his room, and this morning early fell tranquilly asleep in Jesus - passing, we trust, to those unspeakable joys which it hath not entered in the heart of man to conceive.

His appearance when found was that of a tranquil slumber, the expression of his face sweet and peaceful, and his attitude perfectly natural. We immediately summoned medical aid, and in the interval of the doctor's coming, my sister (Mrs. Hooker) and myself chafed his hands and feet, and did everything we could think of to restore him to life. Till the doctor came we indulged the hope that possibly he might only be in a swoon. But after a minute examination and auscultation, the doctor declared that there was no hope of restoration. He said that probably there had been a rupture of a blood-vessel, and that death had been *instantaneous*, and without pain, and this idea was confirmed by the serenity of his face and the tranquillity [sic] of his attitude.

I became acquainted with him this summer during a fortnight spent with him at the Twin Mountain house. He was a constant attendant of the pleasant circle which met for morning prayers, though his extreme modesty caused him to keep himself quite in the background. But after the hour of worship it was customary among us to gather informally around the piano, singing hymns, and we soon found that we had in Mr. Ryder

a practical musician able to lead us all, as well as an ardent Christian, sympathetic with every religious emotion. By the hotel record we ascertained that he was an English clergyman, and after that I had many interesting conversations with him in the parlours of the Twin Mountain house, and he often delighted us with his beautiful singing.

On the last Sunday that my brother preached there was in the large tent an audience of between four and five thousand, it was a time of unusual solemnity and tenderness, and Mr. Ruder, at my brother's request, took the platform with him to lead the music. While the multitude were waiting for some one who had not arrived, your husband sang the "Ninety and Nine" in a way that thrilled every heart and hushed every one to silence. I have still before me his image as he stood on that platform, and afterwards as he leads the singing, his face bright with feeling, singing and beating time for a choir of four thousand voices. I little thought how soon he would join the multitude whom no man can number in the songs of heaven. It was with regret that I parted from him when he and I both left the Twin Mountain house on the same train, he for Canada and I for home.

On my return home I found a letter which he had addressed to me in Florida when he first landed in the country, in which he mentioned having, as a boy, sat behind me in the pew when I visited Baptist Noel's church years ago in England, and expressing his regret that he should not meet me. It shows the extreme delicacy and reticence of his nature that during the fortnight I was in the way of meeting him at the Mountains, he made no allusions to this note. I immediately replied to it, urging him before leaving the country to come and make us a visit, and make the acquaintance of my husband and the children, and we were all much delighted when we got a letter promising a visit on Tuesday of this week. On Tuesday, however, a telegram announced that he was detained in New York by illness, and shortly followed the letter that I enclose. Wednesday evening, October 6<sup>th</sup>, was the appointed time for a splendid wedding in our neighbourhood, but Mr. Stowe and myself and one married daughter, Mrs. Allen, preferred sitting by our own fireside to joining the throng, as the night was rainy. At half-past seven your husband came, and I was struck at once by his perfectly cheerful healthy appearance, giving no traces of any recent illness. I went with him immediately to his room, a study and library appropriated to my own son, now a theological student in New Haven. Shortly after he came down to tea, and as we were sitting at the table I remarked, you have not in the least the air of a sick man, Oh," he said cheerily, "I am all right now, but the doctor has forbid me all stimulants, even a cup of tea." Fortunately we had oatmeal gruel at hand, which he seemed to relish, making a hearty meal and talking cheerfully. I then said to him, "What did the doctor tell you about yourself?" "Oh, he told me that I must not think of resuming work yet." Then I said, "You might remain longer in this country." He answered that his passage was taken, but added, "though that might be altered." I said, "I am not satisfied with so short a visit as you propose. Why not stay with us over Sunday?" He said he was anxious to meet Mr. Gough, and that Thursday was the only day he could be at home. I said "Well, my dear Sir, I think instead of going to see Mr. Gough you had better be back with your doctor." This was after he had told me how very ill he had been on Sunday and

Monday. "Oh," he replied, "the doctor says I may travel – that it's better for me to travel than to remain in New York."

After tea he talked quite a while with my husband about England and men and things there with great animation and interest. Between eight and nine my daughters returned from the wedding, and he appeared interested and amused to hear the details of it. They were saying what a crush and crowd there was, and how brilliant everything was, and one of them said, "It's almost a pity, Mr. Ryder, you had not arrived a little sooner; perhaps you might have enjoyed the sight." He replied cheerfully, "If you had no other attendant I should have been happy to have gone with you."

After this I asked him if his voice had been at all affected by his illness, and he answered readily, "Oh, no, it never affects my voice in the least," "Oh, then" said I, "you must let us hear some of your beautiful hymns."

He went to the piano readily and sang in excellent voice the "Ninety and Nine," and then those other hymns I have marked in his book, "Hymns of Consecration and Faith." As he was singing the last, "Almost Persuaded," his voice faltered, and at the end of the second verse he turned round and said, "Why, Mrs. Stowe, there's something about those words that affects me so that I cannot sing."

In the morning, at about half-past seven, I sent up the servant with hot water, and she soon returned saying that she had rapped and called and got no response. After various vain efforts to get a response we opened the door and found him as I have described.

I have no heart to think of your loss, but my conversations with your husband showed that he was living in a state of constant preparation, so that the coming of the Master was always a joy to him.

The book of devout exercises lay open on his table – he had evidently read the passage for the day. I cannot say anything to lessen the grief of losing such a friend and husband as he must have been.

The joy of his Lord is his for those he has left remains the loss and the sorrow.

We cannot but rejoice, since he must depart from a foreign land, that his way was guided to us, and that our house has been consecrated by his last visit. We feel that the angels have visited our dwelling, and we rejoice that his last experiences were among friends – cheerful and gladsome and that he was spared mental and physical anguish in his last hour.

While the Bible gives no exact knowledge of the where and how our departed friends are, it does say two things that are full of comfort. First, that they are as the angels of God;

and, second, that God's angels are sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. Here is a reasonable divine warrant for feeling that our dear friends still care for and help us in their glorified state.

My conversation with your husband showed that he had made a peculiar advance in Christian life, that he had habitually the submission and perfect faith of a little child. It is then to be hoped and believed that when by his labours here his bodily frame had become so shattered that he could no longer minister to those he loved and cared for, it pleased the Father to appoint him a higher ministry. His beloved ones and his church, I trust, will feel that in that way of simple trust whereby he drew near to the Saviour they may draw near to Him, and enjoy that communion of saints which the church teaches, and which death cannot hinder. All that is mortal of our dear friend is now resting in the little Baptist church in our vicinity awaiting the order of his friends.

There will be a concourse of friends and brethren to pay the last tribute to his memory on Saturday. After this I will write you again, but I send this immediately, knowing by my own experience in sorrow how dear to you must be every detail of one so justly beloved.

Yours in loving sympathy,

H. B. Stowe."

And so the days of his mourning were ended. He had reached, it would seem, "the House Beautiful," from its inmates he had received a cordial welcome. "They discoursed together till late at night, and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in an upper chamber, whose windows opened towards the sun-rising ; the name of the chamber was PEACE, where he slept till break of day ' and then he awake and sang –

"Where am I now ? Is this the love and care  
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are ?  
Thus to provide ! That I should be forgiven,  
And wake to find myself *at home in Heaven.*"

None heard the song of the sleeper ; it was his bright and beautiful spirit, beautiful with the beauty of the Lord his God, that sang as it plumed itself for its flight beyond the stars. Those who stole in so silently lest they should wake the sleeper, heard not the voice of his song, he had reached the pearly gates. In vain they tried to wake those over which the Angel of Death had kissed.

"O blessed Pilgrim ! we see thy face  
As an Angel's face might seem,  
For, lying pale in that shadowy place,  
Thou dreamiest a golden dream.

The things that are hid from waking eyes  
Shine clear to the veiled sight ;  
From the chamber dim where the pilgrim lies  
We can watch the fountains of light.

The journey is over, the fight is fought,  
He had seen the home of his love,  
And the smile on the dreamer's face is caught  
From the land of smiles above."

## F U N E R A L   S E R V I C E S .

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"Give dust to dust ! and here we leave  
The earthly seed to die ;  
That so this mortal may receive  
Its immortality.

"Spirit to spirits purified :  
And his hath soared on high,  
Hath joined the members glorified,  
The brethren in the sky.

"Keep us in fellowship of soul  
With the dear saint that's gone ;  
Make us in worship, service, love,  
Like those before the throne."

The circumstances of Mr. Ryder's death were so singular, so strangely sorrowful, that it was no cause of surprise that both in England and America the deepest sympathy should have been called forth. In Hartford the brief announcement of the daily papers that an English minister, the guest of Mrs. Stowe, had in so sudden a manner been summoned from earth, excited a feeling of kindly sorrow throughout the whole town. The ministers and members of the Baptist churches vied with one another in their efforts to prove their regard, while perfect strangers hastened to testify their respectful regret at so sad an event. The whole city was strangely moved by an indescribable feeling of sympathy with the sorrow of those who had lost a pastor, a friend, a brother, a husband, albeit three

thousand miles of sea intervened. Or, may be, it was the silent conviction that into their town had come an angel unawares, who, tarrying for a night, had returned at break of day to his native Heaven, that so moved the hearts of our New England brethren as to lead them to deal more kindly and nobly with the dead than even with a citizen of their own. The following letter, from the pen of Mrs. H.B. Stowe, narrates the story of the enthusiastic sorrow with which those kindly appreciative strangers took leave of the unknown servant of God who had come to Hartford that from Hartford he might pass to Heaven :-

*“ Hartford, Oct 9<sup>th</sup>, 1875 “*

“Dear Friends, - I have just returned from the Baptist church, where we have been mingling our prayers and our sorrows with yours so far away.

“The Baptist brethren in Hartford have taken the whole charge of your dear husband’s remains.

“Our first step after his death was to send for Mr. Emerson, who is pastor of a Baptist church in our vicinity, and he took charge of everything. He telegraphed to the secretary of your husband’s church, whose address he ascertained from the church book ; and the funeral was announced in the papers for this afternoon, Saturday, October 9<sup>th</sup>.

“I had offered to arrange the floral decorations ; but when I went for that purpose, I found that Mrs. Emerson, with a number of ladies, were before me. The South Baptist church sent a beautiful cross of white flowers and lovely rose buds. One of our neighbours sent another cross of the rarest white flowers ; another friend brought two palm leaves tied together with white ribbon. An English girl, living as nurse in a neighbour’s family, was quite overcome with the thought of your husband’s death, and came to me begging to be allowed to make a contribution of flowers. ‘For, said she, ‘he is a stranger, as I am, in this country, and it seems sad that he should die away from all his friends.’

“The whole arrangement was so very beautiful that it was resolved to take a photograph to send to you. I hope it may be a good one.

“We have had telegrams from Mr. Elliott, of Boston, and Mr. R. Pearsall Smith : the latter offered to come on to the funeral, but by a letter just received I learn that the state of his health prevented. He says Mr. Ryder came in company with a Nottingham friend, a merchant : he must have left the country, as, had he been here, her certainly would have communicated with us.

“The funeral services were participated in by all the Baptist ministers except Mr. Crane, who had another funeral at the same hour. Mr. Emerson seemed to have gained a very just idea of the character of your husband – of his perfect faith and trust – his completeness and perseverance in all he undertook. He was much interested in the methods of church work indicated in his memoranda. Though it became our duty to make

some investigation of his papers, enough to know what friends he had to be written to, yet it has been done with the utmost care and delicacy, and no further than has been strictly necessary for this purpose.

“All the brethren expressed in their prayers and remarks the deepest sympathy with the sorrows which we all felt must be weighing upon your hearts. Yet I cannot but hope that God has taught to you that way of simple faith by which all the sorrows of life may be met and conquered, and that the spirit of those consoling and beautiful hymns of which your husband was so fond may shed peace upon you.

“The hymn I send was read by Mr. Emerson in his address from your husband’s manuscript book, as exemplifying the state which seemed habitual with your husband, and which even the little that he could gather from his brief memoranda seemed to have impressed deeply on his mind. The remains have been embalmed, and the face seems but little altered. I pray God that it may reach you thus safely. I cannot try to add words of comfort for such a sorrow, only God can wipe away all tears, and in His time He will. -  
Affectionately yours in Christ,

“ H. B. Stowe.”

“HYMN READ FROM YOUR HUSBAND’S MANUSCRIPT.

“ How sweet, how passing sweet,  
Rest even here to see,  
To rest my soul at Jesus’ feet,  
So near, my Lord, to Thee.

“At dawning light I lay  
On Thee my every care,  
For well I know thro’ all the day  
My burden thou wilt bear.

“Night falls with shadow deep:  
With Thee I calmly rest ;  
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,  
Close nestled on Thy breast.

“Tho’ sorrows darkening fall,  
I still will rest on Thee,  
For Thou dost hear the raven’s call,  
And Thou dost care for me.”

The following extract from the *Hartford Evening Post* adds a few circumstances of interest :-

“The funeral services of the late Rev. Thomas Ryder, of Nottingham, England, who died at the residence of Prof. C. E. Stowe, on Thursday, were held this afternoon in the Asylum Avenue Baptist church. The remains encased in a rosewood coffin, were placed in front of the pulpit, and the coffin was almost completely covered with flowers and evergreens, including a beautiful floral cross from friends and the South Baptist church, and a basket by an English domestic at the residence of Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain). The pulpit was also richly decorated, a cross of roses with base of evergreens occupying the stand, the top of which was a mass of flowers. Falling gracefully from the stand to the floor were trailing vines, and grouped around the base of the stand were baskets and vases of flowers, forming a pleasing and tasteful combination. Mrs. Stowe and ladies in the vicinity contributed liberally to this floral tribute to the memory of the deceased.

“The services opened with the singing of the hymn commencing, “Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,” after which Rev. Mr. Emerson, pastor of the church, who conducted the services, read appropriate scriptural selections. The hymn commencing, “How sweet the hour of closing day,” was next sung, and Rev. Mr. Emerson then spoke at some length occasion – the sudden taking away of a servant of Christ in the midst of his work. While we express our grief, how much deeper must be the sorrow of that congregation far across the sea, they who knew him well and loved him. By them will be spoken words more earnest than we can express to-day. From what little we hear of him we know him to have been a faithful minister of Christ. When we look over some of his papers, we are surprised at his wonderful neatness and order in their keeping, and the system with which he conducted his great church, and by all the charitable and other subordinate organizations among his people. We have every reason to believe that he was a most devout Christian, for all his writings breathe a spirit of perfect love and faith in Christ. We can understand the grief of his dear wife over the great loss which she has sustained. He died in a strange house, in a strange city, amount strange people, scarcely three persons in town knowing him personally, yet when it was known that he had passed away, the knowledge of the man passed around among Christian people, and there were willing hands to attend to the last sad offices.

“The services closed with a fervent prayer by the Rev. Dr. Turnbull, the singing of the hymn, commencing, “Servant of God, well done !” and the Benediction.

“The remains were then taken to the North Cemetery and placed in the receiving tomb to await shipment to England.”

To those who loved him the name of Hartford will ever be dear, not merely because it was there that the angels of God met him, to escort him to the presence of the King, but by

reason of the never to be forgotten kindness of its people. It was indeed a most tender Providence that guided his dying steps to so tranquil a haven as that New England home. He might have died in the crowded street, or in the bustling hotel, or in the rattling car ; to him it would have mattered not,. He would have slept in Jesus anywhere. True, to those who loved him the pain of such a departure would have been great ; proportionately great is their thankfulness that his last hours on earth were brightened by the sunshine of a Christian home, and that he well might feel, as he laid himself down to rest, that in the society of the house Beautiful he was, a Bunyan says, "Already the next door to Heaven." When those who in England loved him call to mind the kindness of those who loved him over the sea, they breathe Naomi's prayer, "The Lord deal kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead !"

It was in the darkness of the early morning of October 27<sup>th</sup>, just three weeks after his death, that the body, embalmed, arrived at the old home in Nottingham. A moveable panel of the beautiful coffin revealed through a glass the face and upper portion of his quietly resting form, dressed so naturally – not in deathly shroud, but in ordinary attire, that, but for the hue of death, one might have supposed that he only slept awhile. When relatives and intimate friends had looked upon that face, and bid their last adieu, the body of the beloved pastor was transferred to the house of God which he had loved so well, in order that all who desired it might have the opportunity of taking a last look at the one whose presence had always been a joy. In the grey light of the morning of that day of sorrow crowds of mourners began to assemble, and from seven o'clock till one a long procession passed by the unconscious sleeper ; the sorrowing faces and silent tears of hundreds telling how deeply he was loved, and how tenderly mourned. At two o'clock the chapel was filled with upwards of a thousand worshippers assembled to take part in the last solemn service. Upon the Communion-table rested the beautiful rose-woo coffin, covered with garlands of love and floral crowns, emblematic of the words of triumph, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me in that day." The devotional part of the service was conducted with solemn tenderness by two of Mr. Ryder's brethren, the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, the senior Baptist minister of the town, and the Rev. W. Woods, after which the Rev. R. Dawson, Congregational minister, his special friend, delivered the following

#### FUNERAL ADDRESS.

The holy joy of a great sorrow is upon all our hearts today. Long may it abide there. Long may we continue to dwell in the bright shadow which our glorified brother has cast behind him as he entered through the gates of the golden city into the presence of the King ! In the somber light of this autumnal afternoon we are about to sow the seed of dishonor, of weakness and of corruption in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection by and by to glory, honour, and immortality. How shall we do this ? In doubt and fear and trouble of heart ? Nay, rather, but with songs of solemn gladness, and prayers of triumphant faith, and ascriptions of heartfelt praise to Him who, having overcome the sharpness of death,

opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, and has now in his great and abounding mercy, as we humbly and fervently believe, summoned into His presence, and received into His eternal joy, our brother beloved. This is a Christian funeral. Let there be a clear, and sharp, and decisive difference between such a funeral and that of one, however high in the world's esteem, however useful in its service, however noble his name on its banners of renown, who nevertheless has lived and died without faith in the Son of God, the Saviour. Let us "not sorrow as others who have no hope." Let us not think of death as a ruthless enemy, a dreaded foe. Let us rather rain courage by this day's sacred work, and by all the blessed truths which seem to shine the brightest amid the darkness of the grave – courage for the hour when we also, "alone in an unknown land," shall meet the messenger of the King sent to conduct us into His presence. The Christian does not die ' he falls asleep – asleep in Jesus : his wearied worn-out body sleeps ; his emancipated spirit rises on the wings of faith and love, with flight more swift than the lightning's flash, into the light of God. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Our brother is not dead, he sleepeth – a sleep deeper and more tranquil, a sleep more mysterious and inscrutable than ever before, a sleep from which no whisper of love, no gentle hand will ever wake him, a sleep undisturbed by dream of sorrow or by pang of pain – but still a sleep. From such a sleep there shall be a wonderful awaking ; "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him ; for the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." How he fell asleep we know not ; how the shadow stole upon his slumbering eyes, and sealed them that they might not open, and how it fell upon his calmly resting form, stilling his weary heart, and soothing for ever that oft-aching breast ; how that quiet repose deepened into the sleep that knows no earthly waking, we cannot tell. We only know that, four days before, the acute pain from which he had suffered for months, but which had so entirely ceased of late, returned with increased violence, that medical aid was called in, that relief had been obtained, that a day of travel ended in an evening of quiet and happy enjoyment in the society of Christian friends, that without one anxious thought or foreboding of fear he retired for the night, that he meditated for a little while upon the word of God, and that then commending himself, doubtless, into the hands of His Redeemer, he laid his head upon his pillow. He slept, but his heart was waking ; he slept, but his spirit was surely conscious of the presence of angelic spirits bending o'er him ; he slept, but on his ear were falling sounds of music sweeter than earth may know ; he slept, but to his raptured eye a vision was drawing near, which must have filled his soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Gazing upon that vision, the first far off sight of Him whom not having seen he had loved, he found himself, we know not how, within the veil, an inhabitant of Paradise, a spirit made perfect for ever with the Lord. How can we better tell the story of that strange eventful night than in the words of a Christian poet :

He "fell asleep" in Christ His Lord :  
He gave to Him to keep  
The soul this great love had redeemed,  
Then calmly went to sleep :

And as a tired bird folds its wing,  
Sure of the morning light,  
He laid him down in trusting faith  
and did not dread the night.

He “fell asleep” in Jesu’s love :  
so on its mother’s breast  
The little child is comforted,  
When there it goes to rest :  
His was a child-like confidence,  
And as he closed his eyes  
The whisper was within his soul,  
“To-day in Paradise.”

Now is the spirit with the Lord,  
And soon the mouldering frame  
Shall put on immortality  
And rise in Jesus’ Name,  
A Tenement of radiant light,  
Shrine for the blessed soul,  
To worship in, rejoice, and serve  
While the great ages roll.

It is part of our Christian Faith that the key of death is in the hand of Jesus Christ, that with Him, who once passed through its portals, is the power to open the gate of death or of life, call it which you will, though in the case of the believer it is surely the latter rather than the former, for “he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.” We hold, therefore, that all the events of death – the time, the place, the circumstances are ordered and arranged by Him to whom, even in the days of His flesh, they who knew Him instinctively turned when the shadow of death was approaching and to whom they said, “Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died.” Oh, my brethren, He *is* here, always here – here as the Lord of Life and Death, to determine the length of our days, to unloose the silver cord, to break the golden bowl, to close our eyes for their last sleep, to fold our spirits in His bosom, and to carry us with shepherd-like care through the valley and forth into the eternal sunshine beyond. The minutest detail of death are in the hand of Jesus, and although in the case of our brother we might at first have been inclined to say, “Not *yet*, Lord, not till his sun has passed its noon, and the shadows have begun to lengthen ; not till his life has brown more complete, and its many threads of earnest effort have been woven into some pattern of beauty which even the duff world might admire ; not while that world so needs such help as he by Thy grace was so well able to render and not when the church of which Thou hadst made him the pastor so longed for his presence, so needed his counsel, his comfort, and his care. And, Lord, let it not be *there* ; if die he must, not there, in that far-off land among strangers, however kindly – and kindly and tenderly and

reverently indeed those strangers acted – strangers no more, for their loving-kindness to him has bound them to us – but yet not there, but here, among those to whom he had been a father, and more than a father, a brother and more than a brother ; in the bosom of his church let him die – not there, with none to receive his last farewell, and to whisper her last word of love as the deepening shadows closed around him, but here, where fond affection, if it could not save, might at least have claimed its own last sacred pledge of faith and love. And, Lord, not *thus* let him die, so lonely, so strangely, in the darkness of the night or the twilight of the morning, but by more accustomed paths, if indeed he must leave us, let him descend into the valley where time and eternity meet. Although at first, I say, we might have been inclined to wish it otherwise, yet sure we are, as we assemble today to receive and to consign to its last earthly resting-place the form we loved to look upon, that nothing could have been wiser, kinder, better for him and for us than this divine arrangement. “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” Death was precious to God of old, because Jesus was to die ; it is precious to Him now, because Jesus has already died. It has been well said, “ A saint’s death is a work of divine art, accomplished by supernatural skill, and flushed with the glow of eternal beauty. No two are alike, but all are beautiful.” The beauty, indeed, may not always be visible to us because of the mists that are ever rising from death’s darksome river, but to those who stand in the sun-light on the further shore, and crowd the hills beyond, the beauty of the ransomed spirit emerging from the gloom must be one of the perfections of Paradise. How, then, can we do less than believe that every minor detail connected with this “work of divine art” is arranged “with supernatural skill,” and is intended to promote, in the highest degree, the glory of God ? Hushed, then be the murmur or regret ! We weep, but not rebellious tears. We understand not the mystery of that silent solitary death. But we believe in Jesus ; every unanswerable question, every strange misgiving, every yearning desire, every unfulfilled hope finds in Him its solution, its perfect satisfaction. “I am the First and the Last, I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the Keys of Death.” Surely this is enough ; yet if any weak, sorrowful heart should, at such a moment as this, overweighted with grief and fear, be unable to say, “Thy will be done,” we would, with all tenderness, ask that mourner, “Brother, sister, whose love is greater, purer, wiser, thine or thy Saviour’s?” Oh, if for one moment those silent lips could speak, re-animated by the spirit that hath been gazing on the face of the King, would it not be to utter some gentle rebuke to those, if any there be, who are dissatisfied with the plans of eternal wisdom, or are murmuring at the ways of eternal love ?

And now for a moment let us turn from the death of our beloved brother to the life of which that death-sleep was the calm and beautiful conclusion. About his life, as he moved among us, there was a charm which those who knew him but slightly could not fail to feel, and which those who knew him best counted among their blessings. To some of us life can never be quite the same now that he is gone. We shall miss his cheery brotherhood, his hearty friendship, his genial sympathy, his kindly counsel. To many of you this house of prayer will never be quite the same – more solemn, perhaps, and more holy, as you think of your glorified pastor, but never again so joyous ; the charm of his voice as he led you in

the songs of Zion will be greatly missed. An in your houses, so often cheered by his presence, and brightened by his sympathy, will you not miss the charm of his pleasant greeting, and of that simple grace which drew the children instinctively to his knee and made them at home with him at once ? And what was this charm which made him so general a favourite ? Was it the charm of a kindly disposition, of a frank and generous nature ? Or was it the charm of an intelligent, educated mind, able to converse on various subjects of interest ? Or was it the charm of one who had seen the world, was familiar with its ways, and knew how to brighten the monotony of life ? It was none of these. It was the charm of grace, the grace of God in his soul. We cannot deny that there was a natural vivacity, a buoyancy of spirit, a quick intelligence which, under any circumstances must have made him a pleasant companion to familiar friends. Yet, just as the landscape, however rich in varied scenery of hill and vale, of forest and of field, cannot charm until lit up with the sunlight of heaven, so neither could that nature have charmed, as it did, the aged and the young, the illiterate and the educated, the poor and the rich, the stranger and the intimate friend, the worldling and the Christian, had not the grace of God lit up his soul with the sunshine of heaven. We magnify the grace of God in him ; it was that grace which made him so buoyant in health and so cheerful in suffering, so patient under provocation, so even-tempered in trial, so charitable towards all. It was that grace which gained for him to the hearts of men and women and little children, that the news of his death brought tears to manly eyes, and to many a childish heart the first true sorrow it had ever known. But beyond the general charm of his character, we acknowledge, with gratitude to God, his personal Christian influence. He had the spirit of Christ, and in him was fulfilled the word of the Lord when he said, "He that believeth in Me, out of him shall flow rivers of living water." Thus it was that our brother was remarkable for the active benevolence which he manifested towards the suffering, the needy, the degraded. Any cause, or scheme, or effort, which had for its object to raise the fallen, to help the widow or the fatherless, to rescue the lost from sin and shame, to save the drunkard, to preserve the young from falling into the snare of the tempter, attracted his sympathy and found in him a warm-hearted support. His influence as a Christian man and as a Christian minister was strongly felt in all those institutions of the town which have these ends in view.

It is impossible here to omit a reference to his work as honorary secretary to the Nottingham and Nottinghamshire Band of Hope Union. It was his wonderful sympathy with children in their sorrows, and sufferings, and perils arising from the drinking customs of society, that led him, soon after he came to Nottingham, to form a Bank of Hope in connection with his own congregation. Its hundreds of steadfast members attest the singular wisdom of his plans, the sympathy of his child-like nature, and the Christ-like earnestness with which he sought to guard the lambs and to keep them from the paths of the destroyer. But the influence of his Christian zeal in this direction could not be confined to his own people. There was a blessed contagion about his character, and, affecting others with a similar earnestness, he rested not until the purpose of his heart was in a great measure accomplished, for he lived to see no less than forty Bands of Hope, almost all of them the result of his personal influence, established in this town and district. In all

of these his presence was a sunbeam and a song, his name was a pleasant sound in children's ears ; by them he was revered and loved ; and by no society outside his own church will he be so deeply missed as by the Bank of Hope Union. The fact, also, that two years ago he was elected by a large majority to the honourable office of Grand Chaplain of the Independent Order of Good Templars, having a constituency in this country of 4,000 lodges, proves how widely his influence exerted by his Christian character ; there were times when he felt it his duty as one whom God had appointed, not man, to conserve the morality and religious welfare of the community, to appear before them to remind them of their responsibility as Christian rulers, and to encourage and uphold them in every attempt to diminish the facilities for vice, and to preserve the town from demoralization. It is not too much to say that Nottingham felt his presence, was the better for his earnest labours, and has lost in his death one of its best and noblest citizens.

It remains now but to speak of that more secret and more sacred life, of which the rest was but the development and the natural result. Those who had the privilege of listening to his voice as their pastor, and of receiving the Word of Life from his lips, know well how deep were the springs of truth within his soul, from which the streams of living water rose that refreshed their hearts week by week, and day by day. Of his intense attachment to the truths of the Gospel of the Grace of God I need not speak, nor of his firm belief in the God-given remedy for the disease of sin, the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. Ye are witnesses of the loving earnestness with which he urged upon his hearers the importance of a change of heart, and pleaded with them on behalf of a neglected Saviour ; and those of you who knew him best can testify that his love for souls was nothing less than the other aspect of his love for Christ. Into such sympathy with Himself had the Master brought the servant that he could truly say, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." In your homes, by your sick-beds, in your hours of sorrow, as much as in his public ministry, you saw revealed the hidden depths of his spiritual life. He was a man of God, the Word of God was in his heart and on his lips, and the Spirit of God dwelling in him made him a gentle comforter of those in trouble, a wise counselor of those in difficulty, and a safe spiritual guide of anxious souls. Not a little of his power as a servant of Christ was manifested through the melodious voice with which God had endowed him, and which he had so wisely and carefully cultivated. Through the tones of that voice the depth of his spiritual nature not seldom revealed itself. His soul was musical ; his heart made melody ; and there were times when, bidding his soul and all that was within him praise the Lord, his very frame singing, with sympathetic souls around him, that tenderly solemn hymn, "Almost persuaded," he stopped almost suddenly, and said, with faltering voice, "There's something about those words that affects me so that I cannot sing." At the great Christian Convention at Brighton, and else-where, he was the means, through the spiritual power put forth in song, of leading multitudes to long for, to seek, and to attain such fellowship with Christ as seemed almost like heaven begun below. Here I may be permitted to give my personal testimony to the strength, the sweetness, and the purity of my brother's hidden life. I knew him as I have known no other man. I know that of late, at least, during the last two years of his life he walked with

God ; his yearnings after holiness were very great ; his desire to be “conformed to the image of the heavenly” had become the habit of his soul. Constrained by the love of Christ, he had yielded himself more entirely to His will than ever before, and believing that the grace of Jesus and the power of His spirit were all-sufficient to save him from the power of every conscious sin, that it was indeed the will of God that he should be holy, and that it was possible for him to be filled with the Holy Ghost, he doubted not the promises, but claiming them by faith he entered that land of spiritual rest, flowing with milk and honey, where victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil was the continual joy of his life. He had this testimony before he died that he pleased God, and he was able, long before the shadow of death began to fall upon his path, to declare that grace reigned within his soul, that Christ was triumphing there. We thank God for that brief life of five and thirty years. We praise Him devoutly for the five short years in which we have known him as pastor, friend, and brother. The holy influences of a Christian life can never die, even as one day’s sunshine affects the earth through all succeeding ages. There are young men and maidens, old men and little children, who will thank God through all eternity for the life that by its sacred teachings and bright example led them to walk in the King’s highway of holiness. Let us follow him so far as he followed Christ, let us tread the same ever brightening pathway, and ere long we too shall see, as he sees now, the King in His beauty. We shall be “changed into the same image ;” we shall behold the glory of the Lord. One sacred duty remains. It is for you, brethren and sisters, the flock bereaved of so beloved a pastor, to see to it that the work of the past five years is not allowed to die – that the seed he sowed with such careful hand is watched and tended with prayerful interest, and that the affairs of the church are so well and wisely managed, at that, supposing him still to be the angel of this church, no shadow may fall upon his glorified spirit. And this also you will regard as a sacred trust and solemn duty, to care with affectionate sympathy and loving tenderness for her who through all these years of his pastoral life has been his dearest comforter, and your truest and warmest friend.

“And now unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”

The service in the chapel was brought to a conclusion by the solemn strains of the “Dear March.” The procession to the Cemetery was then formed as follows :-

CHOIR OF STONEY STREET CHAPEL.  
THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.

The ceremony at the grave was not of long duration, the Rev. R. Dawson will conducting, and an impressive and earnest address was delivered by the Rev. E. J. Silverton, the proceedings altogether being of a most affecting description. After the coffin had been lowered into its final resting place – covered, as already stated, with wreaths and garlands of flowers – when the chief mourners had left the place, some hundreds of persons

pressed forward in order to have a last look at the coffin which contained the remains of one who had endeared himself to their hearts ; and the most acute grief was shown by many who felt that they had lost the best earthly friend they had ever known.

The following hymn, written by Mr. Ryder, and sung by him, to a tune of his own composing, at the Brighton Convention, was also sung at the grave. It sweetly describes the life of his later days, and may appropriately close these memorials :-

“Buried with Christ,” and raised with him too :  
What is there left for me to do ?  
Simply to cease from struggling and strife,  
Simply to “walk in newness of life.” Glory be to God !

“Risen with Christ,” my glorious Head,  
Holiness now the pathway I tread,  
Beautiful thought, while walking therein :  
“He that is dead is freed from sin.” Glory be to God!

“Living with Christ, who “dieth no more,”  
Following Christ, who goeth before ;  
I am from bondage utterly freed,  
Reckoning self as “dead indeed.” Glory be to God!

Living for Christ, my members I yield,  
“Servants to God,” for evermore sealed,  
“Not under law,” I’m now “under grace,”  
Sin is dethroned, and Christ takes its place. Glory be to God!

Growing in grace, no more shall be named  
Things of which now I’m truly ashamed,  
“Fruit unto holiness” will I bear,  
Life evermore, the end I shall share. Glory be to God!

### MINISTERS AND CLERGYMEN.

The Rev. R. Dawson, B. A., the Rev. John Stevenson, M.A., the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., the Rev. T. Goadby (President of Chilwell College), the Rev. W. Woods, the Rev. E.J. Silverton, the Rev. F.G. Buckingham, the Rev. Watson Dyson (Baptists); the Rev. G.R. Thornton (Rector of St. Nicholas), the Rev. E. Davies (Rector of Wilford), the Rev. G. Edgcome (Rector of St. Peter's); the Rev. F. S. Williams, the Rev. F. Binns, the Rev. R. C. Hutchings, the Rev. C. W. Butler (Congregationalists) ; the Rev. J. Medicraft, the Rev. T. G. Hartley, the Rev. T. M. Rees, the Rev. A. Hilditch, the Rev. J. Barfoot, the Rev. G.H. Gowler (Methodists) ; the Rev. J. B. Dougherty (Presbyterian), and others.

### THE HEARSE.

The bearers were Messrs. Towlson, Collins, Taylor, Corner, Hoe, and Reynolds.

### CHIEF MOURNERS.

Mrs. Ryder, Mr. Ryder, Sen., Miss Ryder, Miss E. Ryder, Mr. Lenton, Sen., Mr. and Mrs. W. Lenton, Miss Lenton, Mr. A. Lenton, Mr. McMichael, Mr. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lenton, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cooper, Mr. Birks, and Mr. Foster.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE.

Under the care of the Rev. M. L. Gooby and teachers.

### REPRESENTATIVE BODIES.

*Council of Nottingham and Notts. Band of Hope Union* :--Mr. Councillor Gilpin (Chairman), Mr. John Bayley, Rev. J. C. Mansel-Pleydell, B.A., Rev. J. Williams, Mr. T. K. Gordon, Mr. W. Myatt, Mr. W. Straw, Mr. Hindley, Mr. B. Smith, Mr. J. B. Gayton, Mr. W. T. Knight, Mr. J. Keble, Mr. West, Mr. A. H. Pownall, Mr. A. E. Martin, Mr. J. T. Edward, Mr. R. J. Simons, Mr. W. Howitt, Mr. J. Boss, Mr. Foriston, Mr. Brittle, Mr. Smith, Mr. J. Reid, Miss Bullivant, Miss James, Miss Robinson, Mr. J. Keeton, Mr. Batchelor, Mr. Pike, and Mr. Hodges.

*Tonic-Sol-Fa College* : Messrs. C. Kiekling, F. G. Rowe, and W. Copleston.

*Good Templars' Grand Lodge*: -- MR. J. W. Kirton (G.W.S. of England), and Mrs. Watson.

*Nottingham and Notts. District Executive of Good Templars* : Mr. W. Brooks, D.D., Miss Grundy, and Mrs. W. Snowden.

*Nottingham Temperance Society.*

*Good Templar Subordinate Lodges.*

The total number of persons taking part in the procession was upwards of 2,000.