

The Funeral of Mr. James Wells and related articles

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SURREY TABERNACLE — THE SCENE WHEN THE PASTOR'S DEATH WAS ANNOUNCED.

DEAR SIR,

My short note in March number was intended to convey, as gently as I could, the impression that Mr. Wells was decidedly worse.

On Sunday, March 10, Mr. Huntley, of Bath, preached for us. At the close of the morning service, Mr. Butt came on the platform, and informed the friends that their Pastor was then lying in "a very critical state." During the week, the deacons had been in constant attendance on him; and they felt his work was done. Mr. Butt then spoke of a special season of holy pleasure he had spent with Mr. Wells on the previous Thursday evening. "Such a season I never spent before; and such a one I never expect to spend again on earth," were the words of the speaker. Lying on what eventually proved to be his dying bed, surrounded by his family, and some few friends, their dear minister was enabled to bear a blessed testimony to the loving-kindness and faith-fulness of the Lord, and to the power of that Gospel he had been privileged for so long a period to proclaim. After being enabled with much decision, to bear a glorious testimony to the truths he had held, he was led with much happy liberty, with a sweet flow of Gospel language, and with much of his wonted energy and power, to plead earnestly at the throne of grace for his church, for the congregation, for the ministers of the Gospel, and for his family. Having continued thus fervently praying, with much holy savor for about ten minutes, Mr. Butt, fearing he would exhaust himself, asked him to allow him to conclude. Placing his hand gently on his pastor's shoulder, Mr. Butt continued, and concluded the prayer. It was a heavenly, but overwhelming, season. It proved to be the pastor's dying testimony; and a glorious testimony it was. At its close, Mr. Wells lay gently down, apparently to await the messenger that should bear his blood-redeemed soul into his Redeemer's presence. After relating this deeply affecting scene, Mr. Butt promised, should any further change take place, to let the friends know at the close of the evening service.

At night, Mr. Huntley again preached; but in his prayer, no mention was made of the Pastor. This was the more observable as he pleaded so earnestly in the morning on his behalf. The large chapel was full; there appeared a quiet solemnity about the service; anxiety in every countenance to learn what tidings Mr. Butt had for us. The service was short. Mr. Huntley concluding his sermon at 25 minutes to 8. Very slowly, Mr. Butt came down to the platform. His manner was solemn; he appeared like one who had passed through a heavy trial, and had a task to perform that taxed his every energy. A solemn silence reigned throughout the place. There stood Mr. Butt; as yet, not a word had escaped his lips, but his very silence was a painful indication. "Friends, this is a solemn day with us," were his first words; and then he again stopped; stood silent. After a time, he informed us, that brother Boulden and himself went to their pastor's sick chamber in the afternoon. They found him in a quiet, calm, frame. Mr. Butt quoted a text or two, and repeated the verse:

“Jesus, the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.”

The texts and verse quoted seemed to revive Mr. Wells's spirit, and put new life in his soul. But it was apparent what was coming on; still it was not thought to be so near. After wishing their pastor good-bye, the two brethren left; their brother Mitson (who had been with Mr. Wells since three o'clock the preceding morning) remaining. The brethren Butt and Boulden had not left the house long, before a messenger was dispatched after them. They quickly returned, and reentered the chamber; in a minute or two death came; and calmly, quietly, the Pastor passed away from the Church below to the Church triumphant. This was on Sunday afternoon, March 10, 1872, at 4.10. The conflict was over; the race was run; the work was accomplished; and a great and good work it had been. Mr. Butt then reverted to the blessed experience of the previous Thursday, and closed a solemn address by reminding the church of their widowed position: as a church, it was an untrodden path for them, they having had only one pastor.

There are in most persons' lives certain events and circumstances that stand out prominently and distinct, which are so indelibly written on the memory, that they are ever fresh and vividly before the mind's eye. How well do I remember seeing my beloved mother passing away from this world of sorrow. That scene appears as fresh now to me as the gloomy day it occurred. I shall never forget that sight while memory retains her seat. And the scene at the Surrey Tabernacle, that I have just so feebly attempted to describe, is written as indelibly on my mind. A great congregation met on a Sabbath evening, all anxious to hear of their pastor's state; a pastor who for forty-two years had fed and led them along in the green pastures of Gospel truth, and the tidings they received were, that a very few hours since he had passed to his Father's home. The mass of people mourned aloud; strong men wept as little children; and truly, the Tabernacle, for a time, was a house of weeping. R.

THE FUNERAL SERMON

THE funeral sermon was delivered on Sunday, March 24th, by Mr. Thomas Stringer. The text chosen was from Psalm 37:37 “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.” It is needless to say the large edifice was densely crowded, and many hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The sermon occupied one hour and three quarters in delivery, and, during, the whole time, the most marked attention was paid, although hundreds of persons were standing in the aisles, packed together as closely as possible. The sermon, with the addresses at the funeral, will be published shortly in a separate pamphlet.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. JAMES WELLS

WELL might our pen be tinged with melancholy, seeing last month it was our solemn duty to chronicle the close of the lengthened career of MR. JOHN FOREMAN, and now we are performing, shall we say, the more solemn task of giving to our readers an account of the funeral of MR. JAMES WELLS, "whose sun," as a preacher, "went down while it was yet day." When he was laid aside, now sixteen months ago, few thought his public career was closed; but he has passed the barriers of the invisible world to appear with his Lord in glory. How sanguine have been the expectations, how earnest the prayers, that he might have been spared a little longer to his dear people! But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room? The funeral pall; a chapel in mourning; a people in tears; the shadow of death settled over us like a cloud. For forty long years and upwards did he follow his noble pursuit; and taught the way of salvation to others with a success above most of his fellows. Were it lawful to indulge in such a thought, we might ask what would be the fitting obsequies of a lost soul? Where should we find tears fit to weep at such a spectacle? What tokens of commiseration would be equal to such an occasion? Would it suffice to cover the house with mourning and the heavens with sackcloth? Would it be possible to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude of such a catastrophe? This, happily, is not our task today. We have to attend the obsequies of one of heaven's favorite's; to follow to the tomb one who has been instrumental in leading many souls heavenward. Let us, then, come first to

THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

We invite our readers to rest in their imagination for a short time at the late residence of Mr. Wells, Loughborough Park, Brixton. Here are assembled the chief mourners, friends, and ministers. The names of some will be found below. The mourning coaches, with private vehicles are in waiting. The hearse draws up, and is ready to receive the mortal remains of Mr. James Wells. All being ready, the funeral train moves slowly off, we had almost said with solemn pomp, towards the Surrey Tabernacle, soon after noon. At Wansey street, a vast crowd had assembled, but there is no admittance to the Tabernacle except by ticket. We hasten to take our seats inside, and await the arrival of the procession to this, the house of mourning. This imposing edifice, the splendid monument of so much energy and success, now bears truly a solemn aspect. This otherwise cheerful building is now subdued by its black drapery, the becoming emblems of sorrow and mourning. The mind almost involuntarily recalls scenes long past, and gone forever: we imagine afresh the tall stately form of Mr. J. Wells leaning forward over the pulpit, and with all the earnestness of his large heart relates his message of love to dying men. But the tongue is silent in death.

It is now twenty minutes to two o'clock, and, after anxious waiting, there is a sudden stillness which is almost painful, with its solemnity.

We turn our heads, and behold the bearers are at the doors, and press onward, with their burden of death, to the place prepared for it. The building is densely crowded; we believe the doors were thrown open at one o'clock, but many had taken their seats shortly after twelve. It is a solemn moment, the sight of the coffin appeared to touch most hearts present. As a spectacle, it was one that is rarely witnessed in all its sacred usefulness. All present, or nearly so, were robed in mourning, and unmistakable were the indications of grief. The beautiful polished oak coffin, with its massive gilt handles and nails, was borne to the platform immediately in front of the pulpit. Mr.

Butt, the senior deacon, walked in front, and conducted the widow of his late pastor to the seats arraigned for her, and the bereaved family.

The platform was filled with Ministers: among them, we noticed, Dr. Hugh Allen, C. H. Spurgeon, P. W. Williamson, Henry Hanks, Edwin Langford, R. C. Bardens, H. Hall, Thomas Steed, W. Elack, J. Jull, Hatton, John Brett, J. Clinch, S. Ponsford, Henry Myerson, F. Collins, W. Leach, J. Crampin, G. Hearson, B. A. Huxham, Harcourt, W. House, J. Parsons, J. Butterfield, J. Lewis, J. Lam- bourn, J. Fothergill, W. Crowther, Thomas Stringer, Thomas Jones, C. W. Banks, J. B. McCure, R. A. Lawrence, W. H. Lee, and many others in all parts of the Tabernacle, whose names our reporter failed to take. Messrs. James Chambers, from Plymouth; A. Martin, from Reading; R. Minton, and hundreds from the Churches in the Provinces; indeed, there were ministers from almost all parts of the country, whose names we could not learn.

The solemn service commenced by Mr. Butt (under suppressed emotion) giving out the following lines:

“Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death’s alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To
call them to his arms.”

Mr. J. Bunyan McCure then read the 90th Psalm and part of the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, commencing at the 35th verse.

Mr. C. W. Banks supplicated the Divine blessing, in terms of affectionate remembrance of the departed, and of tender solicitude towards the bereaved widow, family, Church, and people. The following hymn was then sung:

“How sweet to see the Christian die,
And some may ask the reason why?
Because, through Christ, he overcame,
And thus, he proved, to die is gain.”

Mr. Thomas Jones then addressed the assembly. He said he had to propound a question, and then he would furnish an answer. The question was to be found in the book of Job, 14th chapter, 10th verse: “But man dieth, he wasteth away. Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?” He proposed to answer this question according to the integrity of God's word. “Man dieth and wasteth away.” We all know our good brother wasted away. Deep had been his afflictions. Disease pulled him down; he who was once a fine strong man, through disease, was worn down, and became weak and feeble, and “wasted away.” Then it is said, “Man giveth up the ghost.” Yes, we have before us the coffin, and in it some would say there is James Wells. But, no, there is only a little earth; only the remains, after many months of painful, wasting disease. The soul is gone; the important, the immortal part is fled. Then, where is he? not the body, that, as the good old patriarch said, we bury out of our sight. Where is the soul? To that important question we feel that we can give a satisfactory answer by asking WHAT WAS HE? We must refer here to what God did for him. We need not go back to his Adam state; he knew, in his own heart and conscience, that he

was born in sin, and shaped in iniquity. We need not dwell on his early life; many of us have heard him relate some of his childhood scenes; he had a retentive memory, and a vivid recollection of his early existence. Our present business is with our departed friend after he became a Christian, after he was created anew in Christ. Here we have a blessed and satisfactory account given of himself, and which has been amply confirmed by the testimony which he bore as a witness of the truth before men. He was in dense darkness when God first took him in hand. Cast out, helpless and polluted, with no eye to pity, nor no hand to help. Such was, in common, with mankind, the early history of our departed friend; and such he was made to feel himself when the dear Lord took him up, as it were, from death and hell; and when the Lord did this for him, he soon associated himself with God's people, and having tasted the love of the Redeemer, he delighted to tell poor sinners of that salvation of which he had been made a happy partaker. He had tasted of free grace himself; he was brought to know Him whom to know is life eternal. From that time he walked in the ways of God, and in obedience to his Gospel ordinances. He became a truthful man, and a faithful man, and continued in the way God revealed to him. But he must just look a little into the circumstances, and see what free grace did for this man. It is a common idea that if grace did a little for a man, that man must do a great deal for himself. But this was not the teaching of James Wells; he was brought to know salvation is not of man but of God, who shows mercy. He learnt this lesson, and he went on, never deviating from the great essential truths of the Gospel. He had good natural parts, and when God took him in hand, he became a striking instance of the power of free grace. He was a hard-working man; he did not spare himself; he did not believe he should be inspired as to what he should say at the moment when he came before the people. He believed in preparation for the pulpit by earnest study, by prayer and reading. He rose commonly at four or five o'clock, for reading and studying the Bible. He felt to be useful to others, he must study and prepare himself. It was a pleasure to hear him exhort young ministers to be earnest and zealous in their studies, and never give room for reproach on the ground of ignorance. Then he had seen some painful instances of men in high places being brought down by the lust for strong drinks. He said, "James Wells is only a man, and not proof, more than others, against temptation." He therefore pledged himself to total abstinence, and gave no room for scandal or reproach on that ground, never taking strong drinks at all. As a preacher, he had been very useful to reading, thinking young men; young men with laudable ambition found his ministry very instructive. In all parts of the country, as well as in London, his ministry had been greatly blessed, not only in the work of converting, but in delivering souls from bondage. In this he had been particularly blessed in being instrumental in setting the captives free. As a proof of what free grace can do, let them point to the Surrey Tabernacle; here the friends contributed, annually, £500, at least, for charitable purposes; and expended in the erection of that splendid building, with adjoining houses, £14,000. This was all done simply by the power and love for a free grace Gospel. But our brother is gone into the presence of his Lord and Master; he is absent from the body to be present with the Lord.

Mr. Jones, in conclusion, addressed a few kind remarks to the bereaved friends, and to the Church and people, expressing a hope that the Lord would raise them up another pastor after his own heart. They then sung:

"Jesus, the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I fear death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms."

The corpse was now borne away. The forming of the procession was, indeed, a heavy task. Let our readers imagine the Tabernacle with 3,000 and upward inside, and, perhaps, twice as many outside who could not gain admission. Such a funeral procession, we venture to say, has not been seen before in our age. Ninety mourning coaches, twelve drawn by four horses, the rest by pairs; and between thirty and forty other carriages. As we walked from the Tabernacle to Nunhead Cemetery, the road, on both sides, for the first mile, was lined with spectators. At the ground, there were certainly not less than 5,000 persons; in fact, we believe it impossible to estimate the numbers. On every hand the crowd was immense; but excellent order was observed. By the assistance of a staff of policemen, and the courteous direction of the Superintendent of Nunhead Cemetery, Mr. E. Martin, everything was done to render the service solemn and effective. Mr. Edward Butt; his brethren in office, Messrs. Lawrence, Beach, Boulden, Mead, Mitson, and others; with Mr. Wood, the undertaker, and staff, directed and superintended the whole of the movements with admirable devotion and skill. A large space was preserved in front of the grave; the hearse was drawn up; the coffin borne to its earthly resting-place. The chief mourners immediately follow; then the officiating ministers, Messrs. Crowther, C. W. Banks, Henry Hanks, T. Stringer, Hatton, J. B. McCure, take their stand at the head of the substantial brick grave. Surely the worn-out human frame could desire no better resting-place than the friends had provided for the remains of our dearly beloved in Christ, Mr. James Wells.

Mr. Crowther, after calmly viewing the large assembly, proceeded to deliver an address. He referred to the lowly origin of Mr. James Wells, and observed that his father did not care for him, and his mother was not kind. At an early age he became the inmate of a workhouse; whether this was in order that the parents might be rid of him, or that he might escape their cruelty, was not quite clear. However, his ambition was to earn his own livelihood, and, for a time, he worked in the fields. By and bye he obtained a situation with a carrier to and from London; and feeling the disadvantages of not being able to read the directions, he at once set about to acquire this knowledge. This was a pursuit after knowledge under difficulties. He persevered, and subsequently he obtained another situation in London. He married very early, and in the year 1824, he was visited with a severe illness. About this time, during his illness, he was convinced of his state as a sinner, and in his own judgment he was a child of hell and of death. He sought relief; but, for some time, all in vain. About this time, he discovered what he called two systems of faith. One he called the low doctrine system, the other he called the high doctrine system. His anxiety was now to know which was true. He read certain books, and at last he turned his attention to the Bible. He prayed earnestly to God; it was, to his mind, a matter of life and death. [We have in our pages this month given this part of his experience from his own testimony, to which we refer our readers. We can, with pleasurable confidence, affirm that Mr. Crowther's address at the grave was a complete biography of Mr. Wells's life, and was delivered with clearness, ability, and edifying to all who could appreciate a testimony in every sense remarkable, and magnifying to the grace and glory of the Lord our God.] Mr. Crowther said Dr. Andrews was a kind friend to Mr. Wells in his early career, greatly assisting him in his studies. James Wells has been a successful and laborious preacher for more than forty years. At length, the Lord laid him aside. For sixteen months he passed through the furnace of affliction. This was a trying furnace; but he was graciously upheld and blessedly delivered. At last, in reviewing his trial, he could bless God that the truths he had preached supported and comforted him when passing away to his God and his home.

Mr. Crowther alluded to two points more particularly. One in reference to the doctrines preached by Mr. Wells; the other in reference to his character. Mr. Wells belonged to what is called the "Hyper-Calvinists." Some predicted their days were numbered; Mr. Crowther believed they existed ever since the beginning of the world, and would exist down to the end of it. They could boast of some of the greatest names the Church ever had, such as Charnock, Owen, Godwin, Calvin, Gull, Huntington, Gadsby, Philpot, Foreman, &c. Our departed brother preached the five great cardinal truths; he never attempted to cheat anybody in matters of salvation. He told all, salvation was through the free-grace of God.

In conclusion, Mr. Crowther said though his brother Wells was dead, his memory would long remain. They now consigned his body to the tomb. All that was mortal, all his weaknesses, all his feebleness, they consigned to the tomb, with "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through -our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Earthly cavern, to thy keeping,
We commit our brother's dust,
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
Till our Lord demand the trust."

Mr. Hatton concluded with prayer. The people passed round to take the last look into the tomb of their deeply-respected friend and pastor. Among them was the sorrowing widow, Mrs. Wells; her sister, Mrs. Vennemoor; Mr. Well's eldest son, daughters, grandchildren, &c.

The coffin bore the simple inscription:

JAMES WELLS,
DIED, 10TH OF MARCH, 1872,
Aged 69 Years.

Thus, ended a service not easily forgotten by the thousands who were present. It being now just six o'clock, and the shades of evening drawing on, the friends hastened homewards. The weather was favorable; a keen biting wind, but no rain.

We were thankful to find the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society, through its Committee, determined to evince its high regard for their late President, by being represented at his funeral by two four-horse mourning coaches, which followed the remains from the deceased's residence in Loughborough Park, immediately after the coaches which contained the deacons. The Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society's carriages contained Messrs. Wood and Wilkins, Trustees; Mr. Robert Banks, Secretary; Messrs. Beckett, Davey, King, Randell, Syms, and Stevens, of the Committee. It was strikingly manifest that every effort was made to render the last token of sorrowing affection over the loss of a beloved and useful man.

MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S TESTIMONY.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, I have known our departed brother, Mr. James Wells, thirty-five years, and for thirty years have been intimately acquainted with him in the glorious realities of the everlasting Gospel. We have walked and talked, prayed and preached together many, many times in the fellowship and faith of the Gospel. I have received from him brotherly kindness, advice, and encouragement, and have always proved him to be a man of decision for sterling truth, integrity, and uprightness; with that moral rectitude that would bear the closest inspection of heaven, earth, and hell. I was favored to visit him in his affliction the first Lord's Day in February, 1872, and found him in a very low, weak, and prostrate state of body. He conversed with me about his protracted illness and sharp agonies with calmness and composure of mind. "Well, brother," I said, "amidst it all the Lord has sustained thee." He replied, "Yes, yes, he has." "How," said I, "are mind matters?" He replied, "Right and comfortable, bless the Lord." After a little talk about the friends continuing kind to him, and still to assemble as usual at the Surrey Tabernacle, he felt fatigued, and we bid each other good-bye, not knowing it would be the final farewell. But he is gone to his happy, his heavenly home and inheritance; his emancipated, ransomed, blood-washed, grace-saved soul is glorified, and forever with the Lord. May we that are left behind a little longer hear a voice, saying, "Be ye also ready." The Lord be gracious to his bereaved widow and children, and mercifully be "Jehovah Jireh" for the church and congregation at the Surrey Tabernacle for their mutual good in spiritual and eternal things, and for his own honor, praise, and glory. So. prays one of His Majesty's feeble standard-bearers, T. Stringer.

NUNHEAD CEMETERY ON THE TWENTIETH OF MARCH. [BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

"Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul has flown,
Where tears are wiped away from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
The toilsome thou has travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode;
Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, made clean by blood divine, as sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

WEDNESDAY, March 20th, was a dark, dank, cold day. Now and then the sun made attempts to shine, but a sweeping cloud soon hid him from sight. Despite the threatening clouds, by twelve o'clock some few persons were at Nunhead Cemetery, there looking at the newly-made vault built to contain the remains of the late Mr. James Wells, who were courteously shown the same by our friend Mr. Preston, the monumental sculptor, of Peckham. By that vault, at twelve o'clock, stood an old gentleman talking to two or three friends upon the essential benefits he had received from the ministry of the great man, who in a few short hours, was to be laid in his last resting place. As the old gentleman discourses others come up, and as they take a look down that vault, a sad expression of countenance is visible. One man, who has been in the cemetery since, it was opened,

was asked the depth of the grave. "Ten feet from the earth, eleven feet from the top." "How long has Nunhead Cemetery been opened?" was a second question asked the same individual. The answer was, "Well, the first person buried in this cemetery died on the 19th of October, 1810."

The new vault, built for the late respected minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, is situate nearly opposite the chapel. On the left is the grave of Dr. Collyer; just behind is good George Francis and Elijah Packer; to the right is the grave of the late Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Sir John Thwaites, and nearly opposite is the vault of the late Mr. Cannon, the friend of Aged Pilgrims. On the summit of the hill is the grave of the "dear little grandson" of James Wells, and there, about sixteen months ago, stood the strongman "unarmed." There the valiant defender of the Truth, James Wells, shed tears. He said, "I cannot help it and it was there that James Wells chose the spot where he should himself lie. On the Sunday evening before this little "grandson" was buried, he said from the pulpit he had chosen the spot where he should lie whenever it should please the Lord to take him. The death of that child was the means of Mr. Wells preaching the masterly sermon on "Infant Salvation," which was nearly the last he ever delivered. Though his remains are interred near the chapel, many valiant men lie on that summit. James Blake, kindly but grave; Richard Channing, simple and sincere; John Carr, who could laugh at impossibilities when faith said a New Tabernacle was to be erected; dear George Waters Banks, worn out by hard literary work; "the *Silent Preacher*," and many others, lie waiting for the sound of the archangel's blast, when soul and body shall be reunited; no longer mortal, but immortal; no longer corruptible, but incorruptible.

"Grave! the guardian of our dust—
Grave! the treasury of the skies—
Every atom of thy trust
Bests in hope again to rise;
Hark! the judgment trumpet sounds;
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

One o'clock, From one to two o'clock, persons came in slowly, but regularly. There, walking up the path, is Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich, once a Strict Baptist, but now not quite so Strict; nevertheless, he always pays the greatest respect to the ministers of the body to which he once belonged. Close behind is Joseph Warren, of Plumstead. Returning to the chapel, we find it impossible to get near the open grave; it is surrounded; and looking toward the entrance, people are coming in faster and thicker than ever. In the midst of the groups, we observe Mr. Meeres, of Bermondsey, Mr. Samuel Jones, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Steed, Mr. Ballard, Mr. Kaye, Mr. Green, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Michael Murphy, and Mr. John Foreman (son of the late venerable pastor of Mount Zion).

By three o'clock, one begins to wonder where all the people come from. "Sir," said one gentleman to the Vessel Commissioner, "I have come 70 miles to see the good man buried. I hope I shall hear as well as see." Persons came from all parts. Vehicles of almost every description brought persons to the Cemetery. There were carriages, omnibuses, cabs, &etc. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway put on extra carriages, believing that when the services were over at the Surrey

Tabernacle, persons would avail themselves of the rail to get quickly to Nunhead. In this they acted wisely. So that by Four o'clock, people came in one continuous stream. Many, who had been waiting hours, and who saw no chance of getting very near the grave, looked out for the best places they could find; monuments were climbed; and the steps leading to the entrance of the chapel were taken as permanent standing places. Soon after four, a detachment of police made the necessary arrangements for clearing the way, and the people were looking with a kind of solemn anxiety for the mournful cortege. Look where you would, there was nothing but a mass of people, most in sable attire. As many of the friends from the Tabernacle walked along the main path, they stood pensively at the grave of Sir John Thwaites. No doubt, busy meddling memory brought to their minds many past scenes and many happy hours spent at the old Surrey Tabernacle when Sir John was deacon. Let this be as it may, thousands, on that Wednesday, March the 20th, lingered to read the inscription on the tomb of Sir John Thwaites, Knight.

Shortly before five, a strange feeling passed through the immense mass of mourners. As the hearse, drawn by four splendid horses, turned into the cemetery, the Church bell tolled. Slowly, very slowly, came the procession. Police cleared the way; on they came. Twelve or fourteen four-horse mourning coaches, and nearly one hundred two-horse coaches. There seemed no end to black coaches, and horses. At about five o'clock, the massive coffin was lowered into the grave, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." On a raised platform stood the ministers; and while the coaches were setting down the mourners, the people were silently talking over "other days." "Oh, there is Mr. Banks, dear good man; worked hard for everybody." "Thomas Stringer, bold champion for the truth." These and other remarks were quietly made. Then came the address of Mr. Crowther. When Mr. Wells was referred to, either in the way of a good man, or some quotation from his last sayings were made, some of the people seemed as though they could not help giving vent to their feelings. The address finished, a hymn was sung, really sung, too. And it is a question if ever, since Nunhead Cemetery was opened in 1840, so many gathered round the grave of a good and great man, when his lifeless remains were laid to rest.