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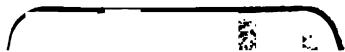
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MEMOIR
OF
T. L. MAWE



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MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS LAVERACK MAWE,

Melton-Mowbray,

WHO DIED, DECEMBER 14TH, 1856.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND Co.
MELTON-MOWBRAY:
JOHN TOWNE.



—
1857.

210. C. 290.



PREFACE.

A BRIEF account of MR. MAWE was prepared for insertion in one of the religious periodicals of the day. At the request of his relatives it was held back, and additional information with numerous letters were placed in the hands of the writer, for the purpose of forming a more distinct and permanent record. A high value will be placed by them upon what is now produced. This record will be preserved as a rich treasure, and be a source of comfort in the midst of their sorrows, and furnish an incentive to faithfulness and fortitude in the christian warfare.

To the managers of Sunday Schools this little volume is recommended as a book suitable to place in the hands of youth, and if its perusal should lead one sinner to make an early choice of

religion and to self-dedication to God, to him alone shall all the praise be ascribed.

Youthful piety is a fruitful source of joy to christian parents, and claims the admiration of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is an ornament of the greatest excellency. "Like a beautiful flower, it sends forth a rich and refreshing fragrance." It is eminently pleasing in the sight of God—exercises a most beneficial influence upon the character of its possessor—lays the foundation for future usefulness in the church of Christ, and forms a defence against the flood of ungodliness, which is carrying down to remediless misery, so large a portion of our fellow-men.

Any profit arising from the sale of this publication will be given to the funds of the Melton-Mowbray Wesleyan Sunday School, in which Mr. MAWE was so eminently useful.

W. E.

Melton-Mowbray,

April, 1857.

MEMOIR.

“The memory of the just is blessed.”

WE place upon record memorials of the departed, for the purpose of magnifying the grace of God as seen in their christian life, and peaceful and happy death; and for an incentive to those who are still engaged in life's momentous warfare.

The excellencies which adorn the human character are of Divine production; and in the exemplariness of those whose piety rises above the ordinary level, there is that which calls upon us who are still in the wilderness to “be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.”

THOMAS LAVERACK MAWE was born at Howden, in Yorkshire, February 21st, 1826. He was a child of pious parents, and his father and mother *were both from early life members of the Wesleyan*

Society. His paternal grandfather and grandmother were among the earliest Methodists. A brief but interesting account of them may be seen by referring to the "Methodist Magazine" for the years 1832 and 1836.

The time, and manner of his conversion to God, are unknown, nor could he ever give any particulars in relation thereto. His mother, (long since gone to her reward,) was in the habit of taking him when a child, daily before the Lord, and pouring out her soul in secret on his behalf. Nor were her prayers and pious efforts vain. The blessed effects of religious training were soon made manifest. As the result of parental influence, he imbibed in his youth a relish for holy exercises and religious society.

At the early age of eleven or twelve, he began to meet in class; and before he had reached his fourteenth year, his name was enrolled amongst the members of Christ's visible church.

He was apprenticed to a printer and bookseller in his native place, but subsequently completed the term of his apprenticeship at Spalding, in Lincolnshire. Here it appears he was drawn out of *that path in which* he was early trained to walk;

but he found no delight in folly; to him the “way of transgressors was hard.” The voice of wisdom cried after him, and invited him to return. He listened—he obeyed—he repented. In his distress he called upon the Lord, who inclined unto him and heard his cry. He was brought again into the way which in the hour of temptation he had forsaken. His feet were set upon a rock. His goings were established. A new song was put into his mouth, even praise unto God.

IN A LETTER TO HIS SISTER.

“*February* 16, 1845.

He writes,—“I have cause to be thankful. ‘The Lord has not sworn in his wrath I should not enter into his rest,’ but rather gives me an invitation to come and be saved from all my sins. O how great is his love! how manifold are his mercies! how willing is he that all should come to a knowledge of the truth and live. I am thankful for the mercy God has shown towards me. Through his grace I have been able to embrace the promises. He says, ‘I will heal thy backslidings.’ I believed him, and on the first of this month he was

pleased to absolve me from all my sins. Praised be his name! I feel I am unworthy, but he exalts me. I am a sinner, but he is a Saviour. I am damned, but Christ has died."

In another letter to a friend at Howden, he says:—

"Rest comforted in your mind concerning me, I am very comfortable, having the testimony of my conscience and the spirit of truth, 'that God is reconciled to me through the death of his Son.'"

The subjoined letters will further shew the state of his mind.

TO HIS SISTER SARAH.

"Spalding, August 19, 1846.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I judge from your long silence you have not yet found that most precious of all pearls, 'the pearl of great price,' or you would have been too eager to have joyfully told me before now. Now I am utterly incapable for the delightful task of saying anything on this subject, yet, I hope a few simple remarks I may be led to make, will not be passed by unnoticed *by my dear sister*. I write to you expressly for

God's glory and your immortal soul's benefit. O may the Lord give me a word in season.

“.....What in me is dark,
Illumine; What is low, raise and support.’

Amen. Amen.

“‘Be ye separate from the world, and come unto me, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you.’ Such are the words of that Being to whom we owe all we possess, even to our bodies and souls, and what can we want more. What unbounded love is here exhibited to every guilty sinner! There is nothing in the character of our God, (let men think what they will) calculated to terrify the truly penitent. Far from it. He is represented in his word to be the God of all grace; the God of love; even love itself: then what is there in him to alarm us? Are we to believe what the enemy would suggest?..... Our God says he *will* be a Father unto us; and if so, what have we to fear? why just nothing; and the more we give way to fear, the more we dishonor God. O let us be careful lest a promise being left unto us of entering into his rest, any of us should seem to come short of it.

“Now my sister, can you give up all? Is there anything you would wish to retain, or about which you may have a secret fear that it is not conformable to the will of God? O if there be, remember your soul is at stake, and life is fast ebbing out; make haste to the foot of the cross; break through every obstacle; relinquish everything, even yourself, say

“‘Tis just the sentence should take place;

’Tis just;—but, O, thy Son hath died!’

Be sure you do not let the conduct of others deter you from giving up all—religion is a personal thing—judge for yourself—examine yourself in the sight of God, and may he assist you.

“O my sister, I long to hail you as a yet dearer sister, a sister in Christ bought by blood divine, having a title to mansions in the sky. I have sometimes found great liberty in prayer for you, and once in particular—one Sunday afternoon God was pleased to bless me, and so to fill my soul with love, that while making supplication for you, I felt that there was nothing wanting but your own free will to forsake all sin, and trust in the *righteousness* of Christ alone for absolution from

your defilement. Then will you accept of grace so free? Will you have this King to reign over you? Let him have undisputed sway, and so shall you joy and rejoice in him as the God of your salvation. I, above all, have most abundant reason to bless God for the blessings he pours upon me. I am thirsting for full conformity to him. I want the perfect love that casteth out all fear. I want the true submission which says in health, 'thy will be done;' in sickness, 'thy will;' in prosperity, 'thy will;' in adversity, 'thy will;' in life, 'thy will;' in death 'thy will;' yea in all circumstances, 'thy will be done!' He is the Faithful and True, and I know, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him. May our hearts praise him, and our lives shew forth his praise.

"I have had a very acceptable letter from father, he says, 'they shall be glad to welcome me home when my time is up.' The Lord bless us all and grant us eternal life. Amen.

"Your affectionate brother,

"THOS. L. MAWE."

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. TABBAH, & BROTHER-IN-LAW.

"Spalding, September 13, 1846.

"DEAR BROTHER & SISTER,—The reception of yours did indeed prove a cordial to my mind. Its contents I eagerly devoured, and, to answer it, I embrace the first opportunity. I do not approve of letter writing on a Sabbath-day, but, owing to unusual pressure of business, it becomes a matter of necessity, and I hope to exclude all subjects connected with the spirit of the world. God is my witness that I would not willingly offend. May he guide and direct me in all my ways, so shall I live in the happy consciousness that my ways please him.

"Well my brother, I can easily excuse you for not writing for so long a period. Your dear little daughter has a great demand upon your time and attention; if spared, through mercy, I promise myself much pleasure in seeing and talking to my dear little niece. I am glad you have named her Elizabeth. That is a name the remembrance of which is dear to me, being the name of a now sainted mother, who often took opportunities to *instil into my youthful heart the love of the*

Saviour, and to whom I now feel drawn, as if by sympathy, in fond affection, and who is now reaping the reward of all her toils and sufferings in the presence of that Being whose praises she delighted to sing, particularly in that hymn of Wesley's, commencing,

“ ‘When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still.’

“Catharine remembers, no doubt, how she would, on a Sunday morning commence,

“ ‘Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long ;
And may thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue :
Fill all my heart with purest love,
And join me to the church above.’

That prayer is answered, it was our loss, but her gain—eternal gain.

“ ‘And O the bliss to which *we* tend
Eternally shall last.’

Yes, what cause for thankfulness, O let us strive for the heavenly inheritance. Praise the Lord for

“ ‘The hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesu's grace has given,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.’

But you will say I have wandered; well, but the subject was so enchanting, I could not help it. Being the name-sake of one so dear to us, I shall feel happy in repeating that name to her, as it brings to mind such sweet associations and recollections. You must pardon my weakness, I am only mortal, and nature still clings to its kind.

“Poor father still suffers pain, I suppose. Do let me know at your earliest convenience, how he continues. That God whom we serve will never leave us, if we are faithful. I am sure of this. He has afforded me much enlargement of heart when making my requests known to him for my father. He will do all things well. O for more trust in him, and dependance upon him.

“But I must conclude, having a word for father, and recommending you and yours to God.

“I remain your affectionate brother,

“THOS. L. MAWE.”

He afterwards removed to Market-Weigh-ton, in the Pocklington Circuit, where he became an acceptable Local Preacher; but possessing too *little of that*, of which many have too much,

namely, self-confidence,—he was tempted to relinquish the work. Giving way, on one occasion, to his natural timidity, after concluding the service, he quickly descended from the pulpit, and was hastening out of the chapel as though he did not wish to be seen or noticed by any one, when a senior, and rather eccentric local preacher seized his coat, and holding him fast said, “Thee need’nt run away, I’ve done worse than that myself.” That he had abilities for preaching, none who heard him doubted, and the outlines of his sermons which have been discovered amongst his papers, exhibit proofs of a vigorous intellect; but he never could be fully persuaded in his own mind that he was called to the work.

The following letters written about this time, will be read with interest.

TO HIS SISTER SARAH.

“*October 24, 1848.*

“DEAR SARAH,—Well my sister, and how are you getting on in the best of things? Is Jesus as precious to you now as he once was? Can you without difficulty recognize the Lord to be your God and Saviour? O be careful to maintain a

lively faith on the Son of God. Religion is not a thing to be enjoyed by halves, or attended to by fits and starts: No! It must be the business of our life. By its principles we must be always governed. As a fire from heaven, it must burn continually upon the altar of our hearts, and then under its holy and enlivening influence, we shall be moved to a uniform and cheerful performance of all commanded duties. Religion fills the soul with new tastes, new desires, new hopes, and new enjoyments. Be careful also, my sister, of a cold formality, this creeps on us so insensibly that we are its captives ere we are aware of it. We must watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. You perhaps avail yourself of the frequent opportunities of lifting up your heart to God while occupied in your school. O live to him, he is worthy of your supreme affection, of your noblest service, of all you have and are. May God bless you with a clearer manifestation of himself to your soul.

“I was at Sancton and Goodmanham on Sunday last. The Lord was with me too, and helped me through my arduous task. O that I could *more sensibly* feel the burden of perishing souls,

so that I might faithfully discharge the duties of my calling.

"I am, my dear sister,

"Your affectionate brother,

"THOS. L. MAWE."

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. TABRAH, & BROTHER-IN-LAW.

"*July* 20, 1849.

"DEAR JOHN & CATHARINE,—I do not know how it is, but I can hardly make myself believe that my dear little Elizabeth is gone; the news was so unexpected, (not even knowing that she was unwell,) that the suddenness of it staggered me; yet I must give way, for the fatal words are before me, and I read, re-read, and read them over again before I was satisfied it was so; then the fountain was broken up and that gave me relief. But what shall I say by way of consolation. O how desolate my heart is; one of its tenderest strings is broken, nay they are all on the stretch, and how shall I save them from breaking. We must fly to Jesus. He only can help us in the hour of sorrow. The world is incapable of helping us, it would only tend still more to drink up the spirit, and make more severe the trial. Fly

to your true Friend. He is the same to you now, as he was when dear Elizabeth was suffered to live, and has shewn how solicitous he is for your good in taking away that which hindered the proper amount of your heart's affections being placed upon him. My dear Catharine, you have often heard it said that all things work together for good to them that love God. Now you are called upon to prove your belief of that statement. Glorify your God, and allow him to do what he will with his own. All souls are his, and you have now given back that which he lent you for a season. Be cheerfully submissive to this arrangement of Providence. The Judge of all the earth has done right. He has taken your darling child from all the evil of this world, and perhaps foreseeing, that if suffered to live, she might have gone astray, he wisely took her to himself. There can be no doubt of her safety, she not having reached the period at which children become responsible agents, and the ever-flowing blood of Jesus atoned for the guilt of hereditary polluted nature. O yes, be assured she has escaped to glory—she will not return to you, but you will go to her.

“Let the fact of the sweet little innocent one

being in heaven, (where her wondering spirit will meet with those who are near to her by the ties of blood,) have a right influence on your minds. O what exclamations of praise would burst from the redeemed on the reception of yours into heaven, and if any can be louder than another there, will not our dear mother's be heard above all the rest?

"Well, do not sorrow as those who are without hope. Remember the promise: 'as thy days so shall thy strength be;' the grace of God is sufficient still to heal your broken spirits; drink deeply of that overflowing stream of divine consolation in the word of truth; and endeavour to say in your very soul, 'the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"How mysterious are the ways of Providence with regard to his own people. How bitter are the ingredients of that cup which they are called to drink. Infinite wisdom apportions a very large amount of suffering to some of his dearest and most faithful children; perhaps it may be as a corrective for neglect of duty, or not improving his fatherly chastisements as he designed them to be improved. Let this bereavement lead you to a closer union with the Saviour; the nearer you are

to him, the less your nature will repine, and the more you will feel the preciousness of the Lord in this time of trouble.

“Now do not give way to unreasonable sorrow, *that* would be sinful in the sight of God; yet I feel how hard it is to refrain from it, but we must submit; all our faith is called upon for its strongest efforts. Our faith will ultimately obtain the victory; for if we believe in God, ‘nothing shall be able to separate us from his love.’ No, ‘neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature’ shall turn aside our souls in their onward course to heaven, if we only maintain our faith in God. It is the victory which overcometh the world. May God bless you with much faith, much peace, much consolation.

“Had I known that Elizabeth was so near her end, I should most certainly have come over and taken a last farewell. I really cannot help thinking the brightest charm of your house is fled for ever. O cruel death! how relentless art thou in all thy movements! Wilt thou never be satisfied with victims? Though thou art so formidable an *enemy*, yet thy Sovereign tells me ‘thou shalt

be cast into the lake of fire, and have no more power to hurt them that are saved.' I believe it. Blessed be God, we shall triumph at last, though he may be the victor for a season. Let us hasten on to the coming of our Lord. There is nothing here to court our stay. The heart sickens at the insufficiency of all earthly good—our hope is in God.

“‘Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light, &c.’

“The Lord grant that when we have each suffered his will on earth, we may be caught up to meet him and your dear little one in heaven.

“Write to me soon, and tell me all particulars of her death, and I will write again directly. Give my love to William and Eliza. I am sorry at not being able to meet him at Howden. Accept my poor prayers for your health and peace, and believe me ever,

“Your affectionate brother,

“THOS. L. MAWE.”

TO THE SAME.

“*July 28, 1849.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER & SISTER,—Well how are *you getting on now*, I can restrain my feelings no

longer, so I must seek relief in writing to you, and should have done so before, but was anxiously expecting to hear from you. When I think of your great loss, my heart is ready to break with emotion. O how hard are some of God's lessons to learn! 'He moves in a mysterious way.' And yet I am assured that he is the Author of all consolation to his suffering people, and that he will give grace according to our day. Blessed be his name, all his promises are firm as the pillars of heaven, and he who has taken your dearest earthly object to himself hath said, 'I will be with thee, I will never forsake thee.' Never shall that promise fail you so long as you trust in him. The Lord cannot help being good in all that he does. I trust you can believe in your heart that the Judge of all the earth has done right; and though painful to our flesh to be bereaved of one so endearing and worthy of our love, yet there is some wise end to be answered by it. I trust it has done me good. I have been led to seek a closer walk with God, and have felt a holy sweetness possessing my soul when I have been engaged with my God and Father. May it do *you good in the same way.* O do not murmur,

not even in secret, but say, 'Father thy will be done.' This is the glory of our religion, that in all things we seek to do and cheerfully suffer the will of God.

"The Lord lent you that beautiful child for a season—it was his own even when in your possession, and he has now taken his own unto himself. Come, my brother and sister, say with me, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' I thank God on your behalf that you can give dear Elizabeth up. O yes, give her up cheerfully, she is with *her* Father and *your* Father, and shall know no more sorrow, but always behold his face in heaven. I often think of her blest estate, and the more I do so, the greater are my desires to be with her. We have now a fresh inducement to look towards heaven. Jesus is there—mother is there—Elizabeth is there—and shall not we be there too? O yes, and with what rapture shall we rise to meet them. The thought of joining them, and living and loving and praising together through eternity, ought so to quicken our soul that we may not fail to secure that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God.' O for a closer union with God, a losing

myself and all my concerns in him! O for an entire consecration of body and soul to my Redeemer! O my soul ever dwell thou in God, and may God dwell in thee; may all thou art and hast be one entire sacrifice to 'Him who bought thee with his own most precious blood!'

"Thank you a thousand times for the lock of hair of the sweet cherub. I hope whenever I look upon it, to be put in mind of another attraction in heaven. I shall preserve it in remembrance of my dear little niece. Could I have been indulged with a last look, I should have been more settled; her sudden departure after so much good health is an event which at present hardly appears to me a reality, but so it is, she is gone. Your trial is great, but the Saviour knows all about it, he is very tender, and touched with keenest sympathy for you. Tell him freely all your cares and all your wants, and prove him and see if he will not give you such a blessing as you have hitherto been a stranger to. May God bless you and comfort you with all grace that you may glorify him in the midst of all your sufferings. Amen and amen.

"Your affectionate brother,

"THOS. L. MAWE."

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. TABRAH.

“*August 3, 1849.*

“MY DEAR SISTER,—You are continually on my mind, I beseech you for your own and for John’s sake to take care of yourself. What would become of him were you to go down sorrowing for your child. He says now ‘he feels like a solitary man, the child is not and you have left him for a season.’ O how poignant are his feelings; but he dare not tell all lest your sorrow should be increased thereby. Now do not suffer your health to be impaired by your present affliction—I know it is a hard matter—the trial is severe—the cross is heavy—your God knows it all, and feels all your burden; remember Christ is touched with all your feelings, and in proportion as you look to him, so will he comfort your heart. Enter into closer union with him, my sister, lose sight of the world, lose sight of all earthly things, commune with him in secret, and tell him all your care. ‘Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ What a comforting thought!

“*We may imagine (our foolish heart is so*

prone to do so) that we are hardly dealt with; it is not so. The Judge of all the earth does right, and he will make it clear some time wherefore he has visited you so painfully. We live by faith; faith gives strength to the soul, helps our shrinking flesh, sets aside murmuring, honors God, and believes '*all things work together for good to them who love God.*' O that this sore and heavy trial may have a sanctifying influence upon all our hearts. It is intended for our good—let us not frustrate the gracious designs, but resolve to live for glory, live every moment for God, live for eternity.

"The Lord has given you and all of us another loud call to prepare for our change. The time is short my sister, all things fade. We shall soon die and appear with him in glory.

"Will you pledge me your word that you will resolve to dedicate your life, your all a sacrifice to God? Is it too much? Why has he not given himself for us? and can we withhold that which is his due, and to which he has a perfect right? May God help us to make an entire surrender of ourselves to him, that we may know what it is to *enjoy his fullness* here, and finally, to be counted

worthy of 'the inheritance of the saints in light.' 'The saints in light,' who are they? Why we know some of them—we could recognize a dear mother there, and our darling Elizabeth, who, by this time, have joined in the anthems of heaven, and are singing 'Unto him that hath loved us, &c.' Blessed be God they are safe, let our aspirations ever rise to God that we may be there also.

"Thank you for the card, I shall take care of it, and think upon her whose name it bears. Thank you also for the promise to send me a bit of my mother's hair; I hope it will not be long before it is here. Now be careful of your health. I would say for all our sakes, do not fret so; it weakens the body, and your frame wont bear it. You still have your earthly comforts: let your heart find solace in your friends, but above all, look higher than anything this world can afford—your stronghold is Christ, in him we have peace; blessed be his name.

"I must reluctantly conclude, it is very late. The Lord bless you and strengthen you with all might in your soul. Love to all.

"Your affectionate brother,

"THOS. L. MAWE."

In the year, 1850, Providence directed his steps to Melton-Mowbray. Here he was very active and useful in connection with the Sunday School as long as his health would permit.

In the spiritual welfare of the rising generation he took a deep and lively interest; he went not to school with his mind empty and barren, but first prepared and enriched it by diligent study. Beside the work of instruction, he made it his business to visit those scholars who were becoming remiss in their attendance, and, in a book which he kept for the purpose, noted down the causes of absence; a perusal of it shews how great is the prevalence of parental culpability. The duties of the superintendent not unfrequently devolved upon him. He also had under his care a class of senior youths, which he met on a week-night evening, for the purpose of imparting to them a knowledge of the scriptures; and some of its members have been led, by Divine grace, to seek an interest in Christ, and are now members of that church from which their instructor and guide has just been removed.

On the 17th of October, 1851, he was united *in matrimony* to Miss Mary Dickinson, a pious

and well chosen companion. Prior to their marriage, he wrote impromptu in her album, the following sublime piece :—

“ ‘Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty : Just and true are thy ways thou King of saints.’ How sweetly do the words of inspired truth draw our minds to contemplate the manifested glories of the Great Architect of nature ! In the wondrous works of creation we see the wisdom, the goodness, as well as the power and greatness of Jehovah. When we gaze upon yon glorious orb of night with her playful attendants, and their satellites revolving majestically through immeasurable fields of ether, we only allow reason to assert her right, when we acknowledge the Almightyness of their Great Original. But more especially in the moral world, we have evidence crowding upon evidence of the benevolent purposes of God towards his creature man. In the combination of circumstances, in the impartation of the Holy Spirit, in revealed truth, in the gift unspeakable of Christ our Lord as a sin-offering for us, we behold the *grace of God* beaming forth in resplendent rays of

cloudless beauty. And though we cannot fathom Divine Providence in all its ramifications, yet we stand upon the eternal rock unmoved; waiting to hear his sovereign voice calling each part to an adjustment in the plan of the Divine government, and exhibit to us the glorious harmonization of the perfections of his nature in all their radiancy, beauty, and transparency."

His religion was not an evanescent or a superficial thing, but a principle embodied in his heart, and developed in his every-day-life, producing gentleness and affability, and proving that its spirit is social, kind, and cheerful. In the sanctuary, devout; in the office, an exemplary christian. To the hours of business and the property of his employer, he ever paid a conscientious regard. At home, the bible was his daily book, and prayer ascended to heaven from the closet, and the family altar. There was in him a refinement of thought and an uprightness of intention, which, coupled with his inflexible regard to principle, truth, and candour, possessed a powerful charm, and secured for him the attachment of his relations and friends, *and the esteem and good-will of all who knew him.*

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER,

"February 25, 1851,

He says:—"On the morrow you will have reached your 19th year; this is a circumstance which loudly calls for thankfulness to him whose attention began with your being; which has never tired, and never will. I would hope, Eliza, that you have chosen that better part, that you possess that hidden treasure, the seal of God's forgiving love. Nothing so much demands your anxiety and care as the salvation of your soul. You are young—yet remember 'where'er you are, whate'er you be, you are travelling to the grave;' therefore my sister, let not this false world deceive you; seek not for permanent happiness here, for it is not to be found on earth."

In the spring of 1855, his health began to decline. Medicine and a change of air were tried, but with no satisfactory success.

WRITING TO HIS WIFE, FROM HULL,

"July 22, 1855,

He says:—"This morning I went to hear Mr. Crooks in 'Wesley Chapel,' he delivered a most

delightful discourse from 1 Peter, i., 3 4. It was calculated to do much good. I felt religion to be sweeter than ever, and do praise God that he has vouchsafed to me the knowledge of his salvation. O may we all triumph through redeeming love. Amen."

"Scarborough, July 25.

Writing to her again, he says:—"I shall find no rest until I get to you and my child. I often think there is one spot on earth I love, and one being that I love dearly. I trust I shall come home to reciprocate endearing affection, and have health to enjoy the society of those God has given me, until he shall call one of us to a brighter and happier home.

"Well may heaven be so desirable a home to the christian, as a refuge from the rude storms of life. I hope, my dear, it is the first object of our life to secure the smile and approbation of our heavenly Father, that our ways may please him; that we may rationally claim the promises, and lay hold of eternal life."

Soon after his return home, a very severe illness brought him, to all human appearance, near

to the grave; from that illness he partially recovered, and anticipated the time when his health would be so far restored as to be enabled to engage again in the activities of life. During his illness, he was graciously supported and received delightful manifestations of the Divine presence.

TO HIS ELDEST SISTER,

“November, 22,

He says:—“Bless and praise the name of the Lord, I have every comfort I wish and need. The Lord has sustained me in such a way, that from the second day of my illness I have not known what it was to doubt, to fear, to repine, or to murmur. I have not had during that time an anxious thought or a corroding care. I made a vow with the Lord, on the Tuesday following the day I fell ill, that I would give everything into his hands—wife—child—business, and self; and O my dear sister, if you did but know how that trust (which was without wavering) was, and is honored, you would rejoice with me. Often in the night when I cannot sleep, my heart is full of love, and my eyes fill with tears faster than I can dry them. You see my dear sister, the Lord

saw I was getting worldly minded, and too anxious after business, therefore he is giving me a severe chastisement, but I have learnt through grace to kiss the rod, and can truly say, 'Thy will be done.'

TO HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER,

"December, 1,

He writes:—"Bless the Lord, I have much to praise him for. He has been my strong fortress and deliverer. In all my trouble he has held me in the hollow of his hand, and preserved me as the apple of his eye. O my soul doth magnify him, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour. There is such a thing as being too anxious after obtaining a livelihood, and the Lord has applied a strong corrective to me; but bless his name, his grace has not been wanting to sustain me under the severe trial; and I hope the lesson learnt in the furnace will abide with me always."

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER,

"December 17, 1855,

He writes:—"It is a great blessing to have such fixed principles, that no adversity however

severe in its character, shall make us swerve for one moment from our attachment to the Lord Christ. May it ever be your, and my happy resolve to cherish an abiding trust in the Saviour. This is important and stands intimately connected with our spiritual advancement. O for an ever living faith in the atonement! May we ever be found faithful to the grace already given, that he may give us more.

“I am, thank God, improving a little every day, and trust soon to be able to resume my usual place. You see I have had a hard lesson, the lesson of contentment, and that in the furnace of affliction. I trust I shall never forget it, the Lord being my helper.”

For awhile his spirits were buoyed up, and he reckoned upon the time when he should be able to provide for his family by his own industry and labor; when he should enjoy domestic happiness, and the hallowed pleasures connected with the sanctuary. But that time never arrived. God in the order of his providence disappointed his expectations in relation to the present life.

In March, 1856, he was a second time brought

low by affliction. Medical skill and a change from place to place during the succeeding summer proved but of little benefit to him.. Instead of realizing what he so ardently anticipated, a bitter cup was given him to drink. The partial recovery which filled him with such joyous expectations was soon succeeded by an illness more severe and prolonged. Every means used to restore him to his usual health proving ineffectual; he yielded for a time to the tempter, and failed to experience that blessedness arising from submission to the Divine will, which under his former affliction he experienced. His mind was filled with hard thoughts of God, and he sank into a state of sheer despondency.

Whilst visiting amongst his wife's friends at Grantham, he was frequently observed to be much depressed; one night especially was marked by more than usual dulness, and after family prayer he was seen to weep. His brother-in-law went to his bed-room with him, and enquired as to the cause of his trouble, when he said: "My boy it is not much, you are all very good to me, and I was thinking what a useless thing I am—that *I can do nothing*—and how my wife and

children who need me so much are deprived of my services." He acknowledged the hand of the Lord, and said "I must try and leave all with him."

When in health he was a stranger to indolence, and he looked upon his multiplied days of illness as so many blank leaves in the book of his life. His too great anxiety touching the future well-being of his family, appears to have been the bane which for a short time marred his happiness.

Writing to his wife the following day, he thus alludes to the above circumstance: "I felt very low last night, and could not restrain my tears for a length of time. You know the idea that has taken possession of my mind—that I am useless in the world—and my grief was excessive for a short time; nobody was cognizant of it however, but Susanna and Peter; the latter contrived to slip up stairs with me, and his very judicious remarks, and great kindness soon told upon me, and I got to sleep sooner than I expected."

Those who visited him about this time were grieved to witness the sadness of that countenance which was but too true an index to the state of *his mind*.

Writing to his father while passing through this fiery ordeal, he says: "The refiner still keeps me in the fire, and will do so until I can give up all to him again, as I did in my first affliction. I do feel more desirous to do so, and trust I am willing to part with my little all, should he so order it. O for grace to kiss the rod."

That grace was vouchsafed to him, and a more complete victory over temptation was never acquired. The cloud which intervened between his soul and God was dispersed, and never more was he harassed in his mind or tempted to repine at his lot. The love of life which long lingered in his soul gave way, and with true submission could he say, "the cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"—Again writing

TO HIS FATHER, HE SAYS:

"You are right when you say 'one moment in heaven will repay for all our toil.' I can assure you that moment is ardently longed for, since I am rendered so useless to my family.....I have no wish to live, and my family would do better without me than with me, as I cannot do anything

for them, and am only a burden. O that God would fully prepare me, and then take me to himself."

Every arrangement that it was possible for him to make for the future comfort of his wife and children, who were so dear to him, and from whom he was so early called to part, was attended to, and he was enabled through Divine grace, cheerfully to resign them into the hands of that God whom he had served. To his wife he would say: "O do put your trust in the Lord, he will honor your confidence. I know it will be a severe trial for you to be left, but God will help you to bear it."

The following is his last letter, and shews that he viewed himself as approaching towards the close of life.

TO HIS ELDER BROTHER.

"Melton-Mowbray,

"November 7, 1856.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I am very weak indeed, and scarce able to write a letter, but I *can't resist* trying to write one to you, after that

most affectionate, brotherly, and kind letter you sent to me. I was quite overcome, and had to lay it down several times to relieve myself ere I could finish it. The Lord reward you for the sympathies you manifest. I shall prize your letter above many others. I think brother William has made my case out to be rather worse than it is—for instance, I am not absolutely confined to my room, if there be a very clear fine day and the sun comes out, then I go out a few minutes, not far, for I am too weak to keep on my legs. I am brought very low by living on drinks of various sorts—and these I have to force (as it were) having no appetite or relish for *anything*. You will be aware, perhaps, how much I have lost since the beginning of August—about eighteen lbs.;—this is occasioned by the diarrhœa I have had on me for eight weeks. Whether I shall ever get up my strength again the Lord only knows, and with him I leave it entirely. Bless the Lord, he never leaves me. Indeed I have served a good Master, and the peace he gives in sickness is well worth being ill for. O the blessedness of belonging to God, to enjoy his smile, to *know* Jesus is your Friend. My dear brother, we

have not made any arrangement against my dissolution, because we do not think it will occur immediately. I hope to live to see your face, and hear your voice, and feel your soft warm hand again. I do earnestly hope you will come and see me soon after your Christmas vacation begins; if spared, I shall look for you—do come. Bless you, I do thank you for your kind letter. When I catch sight of a sentence, it causes such a thrill of pleasure. My little Catharine and her Aunt Sarah were at Howden on Wednesday. They were all delighted. I am tired. My dear Polly and myself send our best love to you.

“Your affectionate brother,

“THOMAS.”

To no weary traveller, or storm-beaten voyager, were thoughts of home more sweet and cheering than were thoughts of heaven to him. He longed after heaven more from a desire to enjoy the beatific vision, than from a desire to be released from suffering. A copious foretaste of glory was let down into his soul, and the perpetual sunshine which followed the hour of darkness, led him one day to ask the Rev. H. Geach, if he thought all

could be right, as he was no longer assaulted by the foe. Finding himself getting weaker, he would frequently observe, "I am in the Lord's hands, what he wills is best." Frequently in tears would he express his thankfulness to those who rendered him the smallest comforts, and observed, "I shall never be able to repay you, but the Lord will."

To Mr. Gibson, who frequently visited him, he one day observed, "You have been a dear friend to me." During prayer he exclaimed, "The Lord does bless me." When repeating part of the hymn they had so often sung,

"The opening heavens," &c.,

he said, "O Mr. G., they are open! they do shine! I see Jesus on the throne!"

It was indeed a privilege to have an opportunity to do anything for him. His language was full of love and affection; and the calmness and joy with which in the prospect of death his soul was filled, forcibly reminded one of the poet's words,

“The chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.”

In the evening of December 2nd, the writer called to see him. In reply to an enquiry touching his state, he said, “Ripening for glory.” I remarked, “You appear very happy in the midst of your affliction,” when he replied, “Bless the Lord I am, and I am willing to lie here and suffer if it be his will; but my sufferings are so great that sometimes I cannot help desiring to depart.” He asked for the 7th chapter of Revelations to be read, and whilst listening to John’s description of the exalted and happy state of the redeemed given therein, his soul was full of glory and of God. When he saw his sister from York, weeping, he strove to comfort her, and said, (at the same time raising his feeble hand,) “Help me to rejoice.”

Sunday, the 7th.—Several friends called to see him. At his request they sang some of his favorite tunes, himself selecting the hymns, commencing:—

“Jesu lover of my soul,” &c.

“There’s a friend above all others,” &c.

“Oft as I lay me down to sleep,” &c.

Although he was too weak to unite with his voice in song, his uplifted hands and cheerful countenance shewed that there was melody in his heart.

Tuesday, the 9th, was an extraordinary day of happiness. His wife in an adjoining room hearing him, supposed he was much worse, and hastened to his bed side, when he exclaimed, "**My** dear you are come to help me praise the Lord."

A christian friend who stood by his bed side observing him fix a look expressive of the most tender affection upon her, said, "So Mr. Mawe, you can leave your dear wife in the Lord's hands." "O yes," said he, "I can, and O Mrs. Towne, if I am permitted I will be her ministering angel after I have paid my vows and adorations to Jesus, (for you know I must go to Jesus first,) then I will return and watch over her; and if a wicked spirit is able to exert an evil influence, surely a good spirit possesses the same amount of ability to resist such an influence."

To another he said, "O I am so happy: my heart is so full I think it will burst." When *reminded by her* that the Lord could enlarge as

well as fill; he said, "So he can," and then with a believing earnestness of soul cried,

"Stretch my faith's capacity,
Wider and yet wider still;
Then with all ~~that~~ is in thee,
My soul for ever fill."

The following lines of Milton, written in his old age, and lately discovered, were repeated with remarkable ardour and emphasis:—

"Give me now my lyre,
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine."

All who were permitted to see him esteemed it a privilege and a source of the greatest comfort. When a proposal was made for prayer, he said, "What are you to pray for, I seem to have nothing to do but praise." Referring to his utter prostration of strength, he said to his brother-in-law, "it is hard work." The remark being made "what would it be without Christ;" his eyes instantly filled with tears of joy, as expressive of the thanks he could not speak. On another *occasion when the same person called and asked*

him how he was, he said, "I am waiting for my redemption. I have had the earnest. I do enjoy religion. I find it *sweeter ! sweeter !! sweeter !!!* I have had such a blessed night. When asleep, I was praising the Lord. I have been in the land of Beulah. O what holiness of heart is required to appear in the presence of that Infinite Majesty! I am unworthy, but there is grace in Christ to cover all my sins. I love the Lord with all my heart; but I shall not be impatient to be gone."

About this time his father and elder brother arrived. When the former entered his room, he very affectionately said, "Like old Jacob, my poor old father has come to see me." When he came near to his bed, he added, "Now my dear father, fall on my neck and kiss me as old Jacob kissed Joseph;" and putting his arms round his father's neck, he held him within his embrace for some time. Observing his father weep, he said, "don't weep, praise the Lord. I would weep as much as any of you, but the Lord has wiped all my tears away." When his father said "I weep yet rejoice," he replied, "Praise the Lord for that."

This happy conjunction reminded him of a

hymn which in his early days he committed to memory, and which, with his brothers and sisters he often sang under the paternal roof. He repeated the first and second verses, and then called upon those present again to join in singing them.

“ Old Jacob banished all his fears,
His heart did much revive
When the glad tidings reached his ears
That Joseph was alive.

I'll go and see his face, he cried,
The sight will me revive ;
It is enough ! I'm satisfied !
My son is yet alive.”

With much composure he conversed with his brother respecting his death ; made arrangements touching his funeral ; and gave him directions relative to subsequent affairs.

Thursday, December 11th.—This morning was a time never to be forgotten. His father and brother took their leave of him. He spoke to them separately ; laying his hand on the head of the former, he thanked him for his advice—his example—his prayers—and for coming to see him. Then placing his hand on his brother's head, he said, “ The Lord bless you my dear brother, and

cause his face to shine upon you, and may you be saved. The Lord is *my* portion, saith my soul, and he will be *yours*; TAKE THAT AS A DYING MAN'S TESTIMONY." Whilst in this attitude, he sent his dying blessing to every absent member of the family, and naming them separately, added, "Tell them to meet me in heaven."

Friday.—He was much worse, and thinking dissolution near, he expressed a desire to commemorate the Redeemer's dying love before his departure. Those who were present and united with him in the holy ordinance, will long cherish a remembrance of the season, as one eminently distinguished by the vouchsafement of the Divine presence. We seemed to be associated with those before the throne, and in some measure to share their bliss; an overwhelming influence rested upon the little assembly. It was indeed good to be there. "Quite in the verge of heaven." The bread which was given to our departed friend he was unable to eat; but the token was not the less realized by his faith. Holding it between his thumb and finger, with an uplifted and tremulous hand, he exclaimed, "That broken body! that *broken body*!! O! that broken body!!!" After

sipping the wine, in remembrance of that blood shed for sinners, he said, "that precious blood! that precious blood!! that precious blood *was* shed for me."

During the whole of the time he was in a most delightful frame of mind. The weight of glory which rested upon his soul seemed more than nature could sustain. During the night he was too exhausted to say much, but with an eye of faith he saw the promised land, and several times repeated the following lines:—

"A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O! by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

In referring to the previous "eucharistic feast," he frequently exclaimed, "What a blessed meeting!"

The following day the power of utterance began to fail, but signs of heavenly blessedness were at frequent intervals observed by his friends.

Saturday night was a night of weariness and pain; he spoke but little and occasionally shewed

symptoms of delirium. Observing the writer enter his room, he very faintly and with great difficulty said to him, "This cannot last long." He heard the clock strike, and asked what was the time, when told that it was twelve, he replied, "O time how rapid is thy flight." Once he was heard to whisper, "*Sweet, sweet !*" at another time, "*O praise, praise !*"

Sunday morning.—About four o'clock he asked to be moved, and shortly after began to alter for death. His wife and sisters were called into his room to witness his departure. The scene was solemn and affecting. No sigh nor lingering groan escaped our dying friend. As calmly as "tired nature" sinks into sweet repose, did his spirit escape from its clay tenement and enter the invisible abode of bliss.

About five o'clock he breathed his last, and so exchanged an earthly for a heavenly Sabbath, December 14th, 1856, in the Thirty-first year of his age.

Agreeably with his wishes, his remains were borne to their resting-place, in the Wesleyan

Chapel burying-ground, by his class-mates, and over them was sung the 735th hymn.

“Come let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,” &c.

The Rev. H. Geach read the burial service; and on the following Sunday, delivered an appropriate discourse to an affected and crowded audience, founded on Job xiv. 10.

“It matters little at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep.—Death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die.
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.”

The subjoined testimonial to Mr. Mawe's christian character from Mr. Towne, in whose employ he continued until his failing health compelled him to leave it, was read in connexion with the funeral discourse.

“The testimony I am wishful to bear to the character of my deceased friend (for such he was), will especially embrace one element of it—his christian integrity—as that was developed in a very important social relation. I select this, not

only because of its intrinsic importance, but because my testimony on this subject is the result of an experience, which although brief, was sufficiently long and intimate to enable me to vouch for the truth of my statement.

My acquaintance with the late Mr. Mawe commenced about seven years ago. At that time I added a new department to my business, and advertised for a competent and respectable person to conduct it.

Mr. Mawe came to me with credentials of a very high order, and it is due to his memory to state, that the character given him was literally verified during the whole period of our subsequent connexion.

He won my confidence by a course of conduct which shewed how richly he deserved it. On my part it was never misplaced; on his it was never abused. I have not met with an individual whose conduct more fully homaged that great social principle, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," than did that of our deceased friend.

He was religiously scrupulous and exact. *The hours of business* were, in his estimation, not his

own. Every department of duty was fulfilled with the nicest regard *to what was right*. His conduct to those whom business brought under his care—while dignified in itself—might be safely followed by them. This was to me a source of great satisfaction—and his example in this respect deserves to be pondered by all persons whose occupation brings them into contact with the young, and especially by the professors of Christ's religion.

Mr. Mawe recognised his obligation to the grace of God as fully as any person I have known; and more than the majority of such, held himself responsible for its exemplification in the everyday concerns of life. And it is devoutly to be wished that those practical evidences of the power of religion which adorned his character, and by which the world generally judge of its reality were more frequently found in connexion with the christian profession."

Such was the life, and such the death of Mr. T. L. Mawe. He has left behind him a sweet savour of, and a blessed testimony to the truth of christianity. The cross of Christ was his glory; by

resting his faith thereon, he attained an eminence in the divine life to which no other instrumentality could have advanced him. That he was faultless cannot be said; nevertheless, there was a lustre in his example which all who knew him admired, and an uprightness worthy of universal imitation. His removal in the prime of life and in the midst of much usefulness is an event fraught with mournful interest; but it is God's right to summon hence, and our duty to bow in humble submission to his will. Our loss is our brother's gain. He is gone, and who would call him back to earth?

“He's gone! the spotless soul is fled,
And number'd with the peaceful dead,
To glorious bliss removed;
Summoned to take his seat above,
In mansions of celestial love,
And permanent delight.”

Let us, dear reader, follow the example of the departed, whose life—so fully in concert with the scheme of Divine truth—was as we have seen distinguished by its *active devotion*. The prevalence of crime, the zeal of the agents of darkness, ren-

der imperative our individual and united efforts in the cause of Christ. Believers are the salt of the earth; the light of the world. Our mission is important. Our responsibility is great. A work of vast importance lies before us. Time delays not. Every moment is replete with good or ill. Let us then not sleep as do others, but be awake and in the way of duty. Let us patiently wait the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, when all who now sleep in him shall hear his voice and arise from their graves; then shall we with them be united in blessed and everlasting fellowship, and join the redeemed in one harmonious song of praise, to him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own most precious blood.

In conclusion, some may read these pages who have not obtained the grace which was the source of the good possessed and exemplified by our departed friend; who have not fled for refuge to the atonement of Christ, and obtained through his mercy the salvation of their souls. Reader! is this your case? If so, delay not to repent, and cast yourself on the atonement. Remember that now is the accepted time, and behold now is the

day of salvation. The calls of God and the operations of the spirit will not long continue. Be in earnest. Seek and you shall find. Believe and you shall be saved. Then, when you are called from earth away, the bliss of those now before the throne of God in heaven, will be yours. Amen.



J. TOWNE, PRINTER, MELTON-MOWBRAY.

