

Joseph D. Moore
[Redacted]
[Redacted]
[Redacted]

Memoir
OF
INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE AND LABOURS
OF
THOMAS GAINFORD.



Thomas Gainford

Thomas Gainford

TO
OUR DEAR MOTHER,
FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS HIS CONSTANT COMPANION,
SHARING HIS JOYS AND SORROWS,
AND STIMULATING AND ENCOURAGING TO EVERY GOOD
WORD AND WORK ;
IN HEALTH HIS FAITHFUL HELPMATE,
AND IN SICKNESS HIS UNWEARYING NURSE,
WE
Dedicate,
WITH LOVE AND AFFECTION, THIS MEMOIR OF
OUR SAINTED FATHER.

Revs. William Bramwell and John Smith; "Prevailing Prayer," etc.; also to gratefully own the valuable hints and suggestions received from the Rev. W. C. Robinson, of Alfred Street Congregational Church, St. Leonard's, who kindly undertook the correction of the MS. The illustrations are the work of Mr. William Andrews, artist, whose services were rendered gratuitously.

The memoir is sent out with the prayer that its readers may be encouraged and stimulated, by the simple faith, untiring zeal, and singleness of purpose of Thomas Gainford, to "fight the good fight," that they may "lay hold upon eternal life."

SYDNEY, *November 1885.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATION	vii
PREFACE	ix
CHAPTER I.	
BIRTHPLACE, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY DAYS	1—14
CHAPTER II.	
HOME-LIFE—LEAVING HOME	15—24
CHAPTER III.	
LIFE AT SEA—CONVERSION	25—37
CHAPTER IV.	
THE PRAYING SAILOR	38—43
CHAPTER V.	
ENGAGEMENT IN CHRISTIAN WORK	44—50

	PAGE
CHAPTER VI.	
SETTLEMENT AT SHEERNESS	51—57
CHAPTER VII.	
THE LAY PREACHER	58—63
CHAPTER VIII.	
WORK AT VARIOUS PREACHING-STATIONS	64—76
CHAPTER IX.	
DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND—ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY	77—91
CHAPTER X.	
FIRST YEAR IN THE COLONY	92—107
CHAPTER XI.	
ON THE RICHMOND RIVER	108—116
CHAPTER XII.	
BUSH LIFE	117—127
CHAPTER XIII.	
THE GOLD FEVER	128—141
CHAPTER XIV.	
ON THE GOLD-FIELDS.	142—163

	PAGE
CHAPTER XV.	
PASTORATE AT NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.	164—176
CHAPTER XVI.	
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS	177—195
CHAPTER XVII.	
WOOLLAHRA	196—205
CHAPTER XVIII.	
WOOLLAHRA (<i>continued</i>)	206—224
CHAPTER XIX.	
ENTRANCE UPON WORK AT THE BETHEL	225—240
CHAPTER XX.	
THE SECRET OF POWER—BUILDING ANXIETIES AND TACT	241—251
CHAPTER XXI.	
PRISON EXPERIENCES	252—269
CHAPTER XXII.	
TESTIMONIES OF USEFULNESS	270—284
CHAPTER XXIII.	
FAILING HEALTH—BETHEL REPORTS, 1881-1882	285—302

CHAPTER XXIV.

	PAGE
THE FAITHFUL SERVANT ENTERING INTO REST 303—330

CHAPTER XXV.

UNVEILING THE TABLET 331—340
--------------------------------	-----------

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHARACTER 341—362
---------------------	-----------

CHAPTER XXVII.

TESTIMONIES—CONCLUSION 363—397
----------------------------------	-----------

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPIECE	<i>To face title page</i>
THE PAMPERO	,, page 30
DEPARTURE FROM SHEERNESS	,, 84
PURSUED BY SAVAGES	,, 106
WRECK OF THE "FROLIC"	,, 110
OPEN-AIR PREACHING ON THE DIGGINGS	,, 129
DEATH OF GEORGE WARD	,, 153
THE MARINERS' CHURCH, SYDNEY	,, 225

Life and Labours of Thomas Gainsford.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTHPLACE, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY DAYS.

ONLY those who have visited the lakes and mountains of Cumberland have any idea of their grandeur. It is said they are surpassed only by those of Switzerland for beauty. Loweswater, Windermere, Ullswater, Keswick, and numerous others, with their verdant banks and gentle slopes backed up by tall hills and mountains, reflected on the glassy surface of the water, form a picture no artist can portray.

Nor does the beauty of the county cease here. The seventy-five miles of coast-line, studded here and there with headlands protecting the entrances to the seaports, add not a little to the rugged beauty of the place.

Workington, one of the chief seaports, lying at the mouth of the River Derwent, was, at the time of which we write, noted for its ironworks and shipbuilding yards. The country stretching away to the rear towards the

ERRATA.

Page	34	line	3	Instead of	Saul at Tarsus,	read	Saul of Tarsus.
„	135	„	21	„	crusting	„	crushing
„	184	„	9	„	also	„	alas!
„	198	„	25	„	camest	„	comest
„	283	„	7	„	nations	„	natives
„	292	„	4	„	last	„	best
„	337	„	27	„	now	„	not
„	353	„	10	„	at	„	of
„	376	„	19	„	bock-stay	„	back-stay
„	382	„	10	„	walk	„	work
„	393	„	1	„	meeting the views,	read	meeting the needs

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

In justice to Mr. Andrews, the Artist, it should be stated that by an oversight on the part of the publisher, the water-colour sketches sent home as a guide to the engraver were autotyped in their rough state, instead of being first re-sketched as was intended; we trust, however, they may be fairly acceptable to the subscribers.

Sydney, July, 1886.

lake-district consists of hills and valleys, or is gently undulated. The mountains in the south-west are high, rugged, and sterile, with deep and narrow valleys. From Skiddaw, one of the highest of them, the German Ocean and the Irish Sea may be seen.

Many of the estates in the county, which are generally small, are farmed by their owners; others are held under the lords of the manors; and not a few of the proprietors have had their estates in their families for centuries, and have a high spirit of independence.

Wythmour Head Estate, which lies a few miles out of Workington, was the birthplace of Thomas Gainford.

William Gainford, his father, a scion of an old border-family who for centuries past have lived in the county, and whose forefathers took part in those deadly border-feuds which periodically laid the country waste, and were so disastrous to the people, was a man of ample means. He inherited much of that fiery temper and perseverance which characterised his ancestors. He was a man of fine physique and herculean strength, as those who crossed him knew to their sorrow. The following incident will serve to show his great strength and courage:—On one occasion he was beset by two highwaymen; it was during a dark night while he was riding home from the village, along a narrow and lonely road. The robbers lay concealed behind a hedge, and as he rode slowly past, sprang out upon him. One seized the horse's bridle, while the other cut the saddle girths and dragged the rider to the ground. Throwing themselves upon him, they pro-

ceeded to rifle his pockets. But they had mistaken their man; and it was now his great strength told to advantage. Springing up, he seized both his assailants by the throat, and knocked their heads together with such violence as to render them insensible. Then, quietly repairing the girth, re-saddled his horse, and continued the journey homewards; leaving the would-be robbers lying where they fell.

Nominally Mr. Gainford belonged to the Church of England; but, practically, he was without religion. His whole time was devoted to the development of the estate, and the breeding of shorthorn cattle. So long as his beasts took prizes at the fairs, and he owned the fastest trotting horse in the county, or the best pair of coursing dogs, his happiness was complete. The spiritual welfare of his family cost him no thought; for, according to his idea, his responsibility in that respect ended with providing suitable godfathers and godmothers at the christening, and seeing that his sons and daughters were duly confirmed at the parish church, on arriving at a proper age. Whether they attended church or Sunday school before or after confirmation was a matter of no consequence to him. Such was the master of Wythmour Head.

The subject of this memoir was born on the 28th of February, 1823,—his twin brother living only a very short time. Mrs. Gainford, unlike her husband, was a devoted Christian, but she was not long privileged to watch over and train up her boy. When he was only about three years old she died, and left him to the care of his father and elder brothers and sisters. Had

she lived, his life would, no doubt, have flowed into a different channel than that which it took. He was too young to remember his mother's lessons, his only recollection of her being a little incident which occurred just before she was buried. The child was missed; and, on search being made for him, he was found in the chamber of death. He had clambered upon the bed, and was trying to awaken his mother, calling upon her to look at his new black suit, and reminding her she had not given him any money to put in his new pocket. Poor child! he little knew what a loss he had sustained. The funeral over, the people of Wythmour Head settled down again to their usual avocations; but the sight of his mother's cold pale face, and of the long line of carriages slowly wending their way to the churchyard, was never forgotten by him.

As soon as he was old enough, Tom was sent to the village school—an institution which, though it afforded little opportunity for acquiring a sound education, was patronised by the sons of many of those residing in the neighbourhood, who regarded the instruction received as preparatory to that which was afterwards to be obtained at some more pretentious academy.

Mr. S——, the schoolmaster, was a kind-hearted, conscientious man, and did his utmost to impart to his young charges a share of that knowledge which he had himself acquired. Many of his pupils, however, cared little or nothing either for the school or its master; preferring to occupy their time in bird-nesting, fishing, and other outdoor amusements. Tom Gainford became leader in all sorts of boyish pranks and adventures.

His great ambition at this time was to be strong enough to thrash the master, who had incurred his displeasure by administering some well-deserved punishment. While smarting under the pain and disgrace of a sound caning, he was wont to threaten Mr. S—— with what he would do to him when he became a man; how he would thrash him when he was strong enough, and give him some of the pain he was so ready to inflict upon his scholars.*

In consequence of these bold, outspoken threats Tom was looked upon as a great hero by his school-mates, and no doubt he thought himself a very important personage. He became a sort of referee in all matters of dispute, and often had to settle difficulties by taking part in them himself.

Of all out-door sports he excelled most in boxing and wrestling, his naturally robust frame and fine physique favouring him greatly. He was passionately fond of wrestling, and so great a hold did this sport have upon him that he used to go into the woods every Sunday with a choice few of his friends, and spend the whole day in athletic games. So noted did he become for his proficiency that, at the age of nineteen, he was matched against the then champion of Cumberland in a public encounter arranged for by his friends.

* Tom's threats, though only boyish talk, were not forgotten by his master; for, on a member of Mr. Gainford's family visiting England some forty years afterwards, and calling upon the old gentleman, who was still living and hale, he asked amongst the first questions about his old pupil, whether he was still of the same mind and determined to carry out his threat of thrashing the master.

They were very evenly matched, and it was not until the forty-second coupling or round that Tom secured the throw. His victory was very popular, and he was looked upon as a powerful and accomplished athlete. These exercises, coupled with careful living, no doubt laid the foundation of his splendid constitution, and tended to develop the naturally powerful and massive frame with which he was blessed, and which stood him in such good stead in after life.

During Tom's schooldays his father married again, the object of his choice being the widow of the proprietor of a neighbouring estate. Her only child, a daughter, then became a member of the Gainford family, and it was not long before Tom discovered that his sisters did not receive that amount of attention and indulgence which was bestowed upon her. She was permitted to dine with her father and mother, while the others had to wait till they had finished, or take their meals with the servants. This was a great source of annoyance to Tom, and his denunciation of such partiality caused him to get into frequent trouble.

He had always been his father's favourite, and was not long in working himself into the good graces of his stepmother.

Mr. Gainford's second marriage was not a particularly happy one. Wordy wars constantly disturbed the peace of the household. His violent and irritable temper could brook no contradiction or interference; while Mrs. Gainford's determination prompted her at all times to have the "last word."

Tom being the favourite of each, often took upon himself the office of peacemaker, and frequently restored quiet in the family. His good intentions were, however, more often frustrated by his own impetuosity and want of judgment. After carefully opening all doors leading from the house to aid him in beating a hasty retreat in case his mediation should be deemed impertinent, he would, at times, approach his irate parents with:—"Well, you should both be ashamed of yourselves, quarrelling in this manner; before I would quarrel so I would walk from home as far as a pair of boots would carry me."—"What's that you say? you young rascal; how dare you attempt to dictate to your parents? I'll——" The rest of the threat was lost upon Tom, for, seeing his mission had failed, he had retreated, and was prudent enough to keep out of sight till the storm was over.

He remained at school till his father, who had fixed upon Tom to succeed him on the farm as master of Wythmour, considering he had acquired sufficient knowledge to fit him for this position, kept him at home to assist in superintending the farm work; and to take part in it also; that he might acquire a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of his future duties. An elder brother should have taken this position, but, not caring for the quiet life of a farmer he had, some years previously, persuaded his father to allow him to follow the sea as his profession. He was unusually fortunate, and had been promoted rapidly from one position to another, till now, at the age of twenty, he was commander of a fine ship—the *Valiant*.

Captain Jack Gainford was a fine dashing young fellow, bold as a lion, and fearless. Physically he was a young giant, standing considerably over six feet high, and splendidly proportioned. His father idolised him, and it was only natural that he should be the lion of the place each time he returned from a voyage. Tom almost worshipped him, and would sit at his feet drinking in every word of the sea stories he was so fond of telling. Tales of narrow escapes from shipwreck, dreadful gales, fine weather and rapid passages, brushes with pirates in the China seas, or accounts of the fearful revolutions taking place in the Spanish states of South America,—all had a particular charm for his adventurous spirit; and he silently determined to follow Jack's example and become a sea captain. Each time the good ship *Valiant* returned from a voyage, if it were at all possible, Tom would be on the quay to watch her come up the harbour, and to admire Jack as he paced the quarter deck arrayed in his bright uniform, and to hear him give his orders which were so promptly obeyed by officers and men.

Tom kept his resolve from his father, who, he knew, would be greatly opposed to it; but on entrusting Jack with the secret was greatly surprised and somewhat annoyed to find that he too discountenanced the plan, and advised him strongly to give up all thought of adopting a calling that would lead him into so much danger, hardship, and privation. It was of no avail; Tom's mind was made up fully, and he determined, at all hazards, to become a sea captain.

While Jack was away on his next voyage Tom seized a favourable opportunity to make known his resolve to his father, who received it just as he had expected. He was forbidden even to think of taking such a step; one in the family at sea was quite enough; besides, whom should he have to attend to the farm and its various duties if Tom were away? "No, no, my boy, I shall never consent to your going to sea!" This was just what Tom had expected, and he was not disappointed at the refusal, which in no way lessened his determination to carry out his plan.

For a time he settled down to his duties at home. Reaping was about to commence, when he found plenty to occupy his attention. At this season Mr. Gainford usually employed a large number of extra hands, in order to get his crops under cover as soon as possible. Merry times were these harvestings. The additional labourers were generally Irishmen, who used to come across the Channel to England every summer by the shipload. The sons and daughters, too, of neighbouring farmers would often give each other a day's help at harvest time. Reaping was about the only part of a farmer's duty Tom cared for, and he really worked hard to have the honour of leading all the others, not only in the quantity of wheat cut down, but also in the quality and evenness of the work done. The Harvest Home, too, had a great attraction for him. He was passionately fond of dancing; and, as all the farmers' daughters for miles around Wythmour Head used to be invited to the Harvest Ball, Tom had abundant opportunity for indulging his taste for that kind of amusement.

Harvest over, the more tedious work commenced, and he began to long for the return of the *Valiant*, and to cherish his desire to be away from home. His ardour was, however, about to receive the most severe check it had yet experienced. Day after day, and even weeks elapsed after Jack's good ship was due from America, but she did not arrive. After many days of weary watching and expectation he was rewarded by hearing that the *Valiant* was signalled in the Channel and likely to arrive in a few hours. Away he rushed from his work, leaving everything as it stood, and started for the seaport. The short journey is soon ended, and he is waiting upon the quay to catch the first glimpse of the ship entering the harbour. At last she rounds the breakwater, and Tom's young heart leaps with joy at the thought of soon being on board and meeting Jack. Impatiently he waits; how slowly she seems to sail. As she draws nearer an indescribable feeling creeps over him, a peculiar sense of loneliness which he strives in vain to shake off. Somehow the *Valiant* does not look the same; she appears to be less trim and neat than when she went away; her sails don't seem to set properly; the flags, too, they don't fly well, but are drooping dreadfully; they are not hoisted properly,—surely Jack can't know they look so slovenly; why, they are only half-way up the mast!

While thus pondering over the ship's appearance the thought flashes across his mind that he had once heard Jack speak about flags at half-mast, and remembered his saying that it denoted death on board. The peculiar lost feeling increases, and he waits with dread her

arrival at the quay. As she draws nearer he can distinguish the crew busy on deck and aloft stowing the sails; he looks anxiously to the quarter deck for his brother's stalwart figure pacing up and down; there is someone there, but he is not tall enough for Jack; something must have happened; he may be sick and unable to attend to his duties? The worst fears throng his mind, and the few moments that must elapse before he can get on board seem like hours. At last the *Valiant* is at the wharf, and he springs on board; rushing aft, he enters the captain's cabin,—it is desolate and unoccupied. The chief mate informed him that he was now master, as Captain Gainford had died on the voyage home. After leaving Demerara he was attacked by fever, which had been raging at that place while the ship was there; he lingered awhile, but had eventually succumbed, and was buried at sea.

This dreadful news was received at Wythmour Head with great sorrow. They had been expecting Jack's return, and looking forward with great pleasure to having him once more amongst them. But now that hope was crushed for ever; and, instead of the gallant young sailor, only a few boxes of books, nautical instruments, and personal effects reached home. These were divided so that each might have a memento of him who had thus been cut off in his youth, and died at sea far away from all who loved him, and without any kind hands to ease his sufferings and close his dying eyes.

Tom felt the bereavement more keenly than any; for by Jack's death all his hopes of becoming a sea

captain had perished. He had looked forward to the time when he should sail in his brother's ship, and be looked after and pushed on in his profession by him; for Jack had risen rapidly to be a commander, and he felt confident he could do so too under so able a teacher as his brother; but now all his plans were broken down.

Though his love for the sea was so great, the thought of his brother's untimely end had a depressing effect upon his ardour, and he settled down more contentedly to his duties at home. This feeling, however, soon began to wear off, and the old desire to roam came back more strongly than ever. Each day farm life became more tedious and monotonous, and he anxiously looked forward to the time when he should leave it for one of constant change and adventure.

In the lives of all of us there are at times incidents which seem to be the forerunners of greater and more important events. Dreams or visions sometimes appear to us which do not in any way relate to our past or present experiences; but, if there be any truth in them at all, they clearly point to something in the future. They trouble us for a time, then gradually wear off till recalled with increased vividness by the occurrence of the very incidents they foretold.

Two remarkable visions or day-dreams, of a similar character, appeared to Tom on different occasions. The impressions they made never wore off, though it was years before the incidents they foreshadowed actually occurred.

Part of his duty on the farm was to count the flocks

each evening as they returned from the pastures. To do this correctly the sheep had to be driven through a wicket gate which only allowed one to pass at a time. Tom used to sit upon the gate-post and count them as they passed through below him.

On one occasion, as he sat there counting the sheep as they passed through, a strange vision seemed to rise up before him. The sheep appeared to assume human forms until there surrounded him a vast assemblage of men and women. They seemed to have met for worship, and he fancied he was their minister: after singing and prayer he preached to them, and went through the whole form of a church service. The vision gradually died away, and, on recovering consciousness, he found himself still perched upon the gate, but all the sheep had passed through and gone.

He pondered for a long while over the vision, and could not understand why he, above all others, should have experienced it. He was the last person who ever thought of entering a place of worship, and knew little or nothing of the forms of service. Gradually the impression wore off, but was soon afterwards renewed with double force.

Having arranged to go to one of the lakes for a day's fishing, he started from home about 4 o'clock in the morning. He reached the lake before sunrise, and commenced fishing. As the first gleams of light rose above the hills and chased away the mists and shadows in which the lake was buried, he was carried away by the grandeur of the scene. The little homesteads surrounding the shores became visible, the

sheep and cattle on the hill-sides began to bestir themselves, while the bleating of lambs could be heard all around. Everything seemed so peaceful and quiet he was lost in admiration. Surely, he thought, if there be a heaven at all it must be something like this, so tranquil and serene. As he stood gazing upon the scene the hills around seemed to form themselves into the sides of an immense amphitheatre, while the trees, rocks, cattle, and sheep suddenly became changed into a grand concourse of people. The same vision had re-appeared to him; he was again the preacher, and went through the same form of worship. As he announced the last hymn the whole gathering seemed to break forth in one mighty song of praise which made the hills resound. The service over, the vision gradually melted.

There was no more fishing that day; he could not even steady his mind sufficiently to pay the necessary attention to it, the vision troubled him so. He could not understand it, nor did he till in after years the vision became real, and he was actually engaged in preaching to the people.

CHAPTER II.

HOME-LIFE.—LEAVING HOME.

THE impressions made upon Tom's mind by his brother's untimely death gradually wore off; and, as his life at home became more and more monotonous, the old desire to change it for one of stirring and adventure began to return with more power than ever.

There were, however, now two or three questions which had to be carefully considered before he could enter upon his career. He had in vain sought his father's consent, for the loss of his eldest son at sea had made him more than ever determined that Tom should not follow that calling. All entreaties were fruitless, and it was evident that if he went to sea at all it must be by stealth, and without his father's knowledge.

This was a serious drawback to him, as he did not care about running away from home; it was too unmanly. Then again, he was getting older every day, and if he were to become a sea captain at such an early age as Jack had, it was necessary he should enter upon his profession at once. How to overcome these two great difficulties troubled him much. He had

abandoned the idea of ever being able to win his father's consent, and while pondering over what he considered his great misfortunes, the thought occurred to him, "Why not go to Workington and bind yourself to one of the ship-builders? Captain Gibson started in that way. You need not say anything about your intention to go to sea afterwards, and you are not so likely to meet with your father's opposition. This idea pleased him greatly, and he there and then resolved that he would never stop till he could draft and build a ship and then sail her round the world.

His mind was now fully made up, and he only waited the opportunity to carry out his plans. A strong sense of filial duty prompted him to seek his father's consent to the "ship-building scheme," and he ventured to make known his wishes, carefully concealing his intention of ultimately going to sea. It was of no use; Mr. Gainford was as fully determined as ever that Tom should succeed him, and become a farmer. He urged him to be guided by the experience of one who knew more of the world than he did; but Tom could not see things in the same light. He had a rather exalted opinion of his own capabilities, and as for experience, he considered he had more of it than his parents, having the advantage of theirs and his own too. In one of their arguments Tom ventured to explain to his father his new idea of accumulated experiences, and only escaped a severe punishment for his impertinence by beating a hasty retreat.

His discontent reached a climax shortly after this. A large field had to be ploughed, and Tom, having

become quite proficient in that department of farm work, was one of those set to the task. He was accustomed to drive a pair of horses well used to the work, but on this occasion his father only allowed him one of these, while for the other he had to take a young horse that had never been yoked to a plough. Tom did not like this, knowing how sorely his patience would be tried, but knew also it was of no use to object. He commenced work, and from the very outset his troubles began. The young horse would not be driven; it would pull in any direction but the right one, so that cutting a straight furrow was an impossibility. He tried again and again. Through being constantly checked and pulled up by the antics of the young horse, the old one began to get restive, and they both gradually became unmanageable.

Tom's patience was exhausted, and his temper got the better of him. After soundly thrashing the pair he resolved to put them to it once more, and for the last time. The result was the same. Sitting down he began to reason with himself. "Why should I be plagued in this way? Father knew perfectly well that these horses would not work together; yet he gave them to me. He knows, too, that I am thoroughly tired of farm life and work, and wish to go to sea; yet he won't give me permission. I have tried every means of gaining my object but one—running away from home; and now there appears to be no other course open, so I must adopt it." Suiting the action to the word, he left his horses and plough standing in the field, and, going home, gathered his clothes and few

belongings together and started off. He bade his step-mother and sisters good-bye, saying that he was going to Workington to become a draftsman and ship-builder. He knew he was perfectly safe in making known his intention; for having once acted upon his own responsibility and left home, he was confident his father would never ask him to return. He consequently felt secure in that respect, though having some misgivings as to the success of the bold step he was about to take.

Shouldering his bundle he set out for Workington, not without feeling some pangs of regret at leaving the home in which he was born and had spent fifteen years of his life. Trudging along his spirits began to revive, and as he neared the end of his journey the thought of being able at last to accomplish his long-cherished desires drove all regret from his mind.

Arrived at Workington he immediately began his search for employment. Entering the office of the largest ship-building yard in the place he asked to see the manager, and was informed that he was out, but if he chose to wait he could speak with him on his return. Tom promised to do so, and to while away the time walked round the establishment to see what work was being carried on.

To his great delight a large ship was on the stocks being built. This was just what he wanted, for he wished, if he were successful in obtaining employment, to go to work at once.

The busy scene at the ship yard had a peculiar fascination for him after the monotony of the farm, while the sharp ring of the caulking iron, the dull

heavy thud of the mall, and the hammering upon the anvil were music to his ear.

Retracing his steps to the office, he was ushered into the presence of the manager and made known his desire.

"Oh! I see, you wish to be apprenticed here."

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Thomas Gainford."

"What! Gainford of Wythmour Head?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does your father know you wish to become a shipwright?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you his consent to the apprenticeship?"

"No, sir."

"Then you have run away from home?"

"Well, sir, not quite that; for though I have come here without my father's consent or knowledge, I left word at home where I was going to, and what my intentions were. If they want me, they know where to find me."

"I know your father, and must make inquiries of him before I take you on, as I have no right to apprentice you without first obtaining his consent."

This was a great blow to Tom, who thought all his fondest hopes were to be again crushed. He pleaded so hard, the manager at last consented to take him on to work at once, and make inquiries afterwards, and much to Tom's delight it was arranged that he should go to work on the following morning.

His wages were to be very small, and he began to fear he could not make both ends meet; however, after having secured a furnished bedroom and counted up the probable cost of boarding himself, he found that by exercising great economy he could live within his means. This mode of living, after being used to plenty of everything at home, was, for a time, very distasteful to him, but he was determined to endure it, and a great deal more, rather than ask any assistance from his father.

Tom entered upon his apprenticeship with the full determination never to stop till he could draft and build a ship, and then sail her round the world. With this object in view he worked hard all day and studied at night that he might master the theoretical part of his calling. He purchased as many books as he could on naval architecture, and entered himself as a pupil at a nautical school.

There were, in the establishment, some sixty apprentices, some of whom were in their second, others in their third year; but, by dint of perseverance, he very soon worked himself ahead of them all, and was chosen as a "leading hand."

This preferment obtained him some privileges which were not enjoyed by the others, and he had the satisfaction of finding himself entrusted with the more difficult portions of the work. This naturally aroused the jealousy of his fellows, and some of them agreed to do their utmost to make the yard so unpleasant for him that he would have to leave.

Being of studious habits, and determined to waste

no time in carrying out his object, he associated very little with his fellow-apprentices except in their work, and they consequently knew very little about him.

The dissatisfaction reached a climax when Tom, one of the youngest apprentices, was deputed to superintend the planking of one side of a new ship. The leader of the party picked a quarrel, and openly challenged him to fight. The challenge was not altogether unexpected, he had fancied something of the kind was brewing; and, as he was becoming quite tired of their annoyances, he had made up his mind that on the first opportunity he would stop them; and if they wanted fighting, they should have as much as they wished.

The readiness with which Tom accepted the invitation rather surprised them; an adjournment was made to the sawdust yard, and the differences settled in a few minutes, Tom's science and strength being too much for his opponent to stand up against.

After this he was troubled no more with challenges to fight.

Drafting was an art Tom took particular delight in, and he worked hard to master the many difficulties connected with its study. Some of the more abstruse problems troubled him greatly. The chief draftsman, who was supposed to teach the apprentices, was a man of very irritable temperament, and if his pupils did not at once understand what he was teaching them, took no further trouble to explain the difficulty, but left them to solve it as best they could.

He had a great liking for whisky, and Tom hit upon a plan by which this failing could be turned to advan-

tage. Whenever a difficulty remained unexplained, he would quietly wait till the evening, when he would watch near Mr. S—, the draftsman's house, till he came out to take his accustomed walk after tea. He would then overtake him and enter into conversation till they came to a certain inn where they were both well known. Tom, knowing his master's weakness, would ask him to come in and have a drop of whisky. He was rarely, if ever, refused, as Mr. S— had arrived at that stage in his love for drink when he would take it from any one, even his pupils. Going into the back parlour, Tom would call for the drinks, having first arranged with the barmaid that his glass was only to contain water, while that of his master was to have whisky. Both drinks, on being brought in, looked the same.

The glasses emptied, Tom would introduce some conversation relating to the day's work, and gradually draw his master on to discuss the particular portion of the drafting they had been studying, and which he wanted to thoroughly understand. After a little while Tom would contradict him, saying that what he had said was not correct. This was like putting a match to powder. "What do you say? Do you mean to contradict me? What do you know about it?" "Well, sir," replies Tom, "I say you are wrong, but here is a piece of chalk, clear the table, and draw the lines to prove you are right." This would soon be done, and after every difficult point had been thoroughly demonstrated, Tom would own that he was wrong and his master right, and apologize, appearing to be very sorry

for the trouble he had caused him. This ruse was repeated whenever a difficulty occurred, always with the desired effect, and without awakening any suspicion.

The science of navigation was his special delight, and he made rapid strides in its study. Long before his apprenticeship was finished he had mastered it thoroughly, and only required the practical experience to make him a master mariner.

At the commencement of his apprenticeship he had resolved to complete it without any help from his father. He had started on his own account, and was determined to show his friends that he could and would carry out his resolve. It had been a hard struggle, for his pay was very small, and his expenses comparatively heavy, yet by careful living he had contrived to keep within his income, and now that his apprenticeship was nearly over he had pleasure in the knowledge that he had been able to carry out his plans.

His great desire now was for an opportunity to get away to sea, and his wish was gratified far sooner than he expected. One day he was summoned to the office, and found there the captain of a ship which was about to sail on a long foreign voyage. "Well, Tom," said Mr. T—, "the captain here has asked me to recommend him a competent man to sail with him as carpenter, and I have told him that you wish to go to sea and will just suit him."

"Thank you, sir, I shall be glad of the berth," replied Tom.

"Oh," said the captain, "I am afraid you will not

do. You are too young ; I want an older man, and one who has had some sea experience. I can't take you."

"You have asked me," said Mr. T——, "to recommend you a good man, and now that I have done so you won't take him."

"Well," replied the captain, "if you will guarantee him competent, I shall take him on your word."

And so it was agreed. Tom was duly shipped, and thus secured the most ardent longing of his heart.

Mr. T——, on parting with him, made him a handsome present of money, which was very acceptable, and enabled him to procure many necessaries for the voyage which he would, probably, otherwise have gone without.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AT SEA.—CONVERSION.

AS it is not our intention to follow the subject of this memoir through his various wanderings to and fro, but to take up the main thread of his life, we must pass by many interesting incidents. Up to the early part of 1842 he had given little or no thought to religion, or living a godly life. His whole time and thought had been devoted to the one object—that of becoming, like his late brother, a sea captain. Everything had been subordinated to that, and his time and means devoted to preparation for the position he hoped to fill. His Sundays had almost invariably been occupied in the study of drafting and navigation. Occasionally he had gone to church, but then only by way of relaxation or to meet friends. Not having had the advantage of a religious training, he was utterly dark as to his duty in this respect ; but as he belonged, nominally, to the Church of England, and had been confirmed, he consoled himself, whenever his conscience did prick him, that he could not be far wrong, and was just about as good as most persons. But shortly a great change was to be effected in his views.

During his apprenticeship he had become acquainted

with one who was destined, years after, to become his partner in life. Her influence over him tended only to good; and many and fervent were the prayers offered up on his behalf, that he might be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. These prayers were to be speedily answered.

The crew of the *Philomela*, in which he was sailing to South America, was composed of a mixed lot of men. Some of them were religiously inclined; the second mate and an able seaman being professed Christians, though they do not appear, during the voyage, to have taken any very decided stand in regard to their principles. Others were just the reverse, one especially, who had the reputation of having, at one time, belonged to a gang of pirates and smugglers. There were also six apprentices.

Tom always took a special interest in these, and did all in his power to advance them in their profession. Soon after leaving port, when they had become settled down for the voyage, he commenced a class for the study of navigation, and very soon became much attached to his pupils, and they to him. One of them, named Edye, was his favourite; he was of a reserved and retiring disposition, and did not appear to care for the calling he had adopted. This was his first voyage, and he often used to say that, if he were spared to reach home, he would not go to sea again.

The *Philomela* was bound for Buenos Ayres, and, so far, the voyage had been a prosperous one. When nearing the American coast variable weather was experienced, and it gradually increased to a strong

gale. All hands were ordered aloft to take in sail. Poor Edye dared not leave the deck, but stood trembling by the weather shrouds. Tom, who was aloft assisting the crew, saw him, and calling out encouraged him to make the attempt. He did so; but, poor boy! he never reached the yard, for losing his hold he fell overboard, and with a loud cry drifted astern. It was impossible to save him, or even to make an attempt to do so. The ship was running before a heavy gale, while the sea was mountains high. His cry reached Tom, and seemed to say, "Oh, carpenter, save me!"

This sad event had a powerful effect upon Tom's mind. It set him thinking; the question constantly rising in his mind being: Had you been in Edye's place and met his fate, what would have become of your soul? Though he tried to reason with himself and say that he would have as good a chance as any one else, he could not get rid of the conviction that his soul would have been lost. The Spirit of God was working in him and bringing about that change which was shortly to be completed in his mind and life.

Edye's death for a time cast a gloom over the ship's company, but as the voyage drew to a close, and fine weather continued, he was forgotten by most of them. It was not so with Tom; the boy's sad end had made a lasting impression upon him.

The Rio de la Plata was reached at last, and the *Philomela* anchored in the roadstead some two and a half miles from the shore; the outward voyage was now ended.

Whilst lying at this port the coast was visited by

one of those dreadful pamperos, or hurricanes, which periodically visit that part of the world. Unfortunately the captain was on shore ill, having the second mate with him; while the chief mate was incapable of doing duty through drink. Before the gale reached such a height as to prevent all communication with the shore, the captain sent off word for Tom to take charge of the ship; and, if necessary, to put out to sea till the gale abated.

This, however, was not necessary, as the *Philomela* held on to her anchors, and rode it out, though other ships were driven up high and dry upon the shore.

The weather had been unsettled for some time; and the barometer began to fall rapidly. It was very close and muggy during the day; and, towards afternoon, the rigging became covered by those slender, thready substances, like spiders' webs, which sailors in these regions call virgins' threads,—a phenomenon common to the River Plate, and is said to indicate the approach of a strong pampero. Many other signs of an impending storm became visible, and old sailors shook their heads. The pampero came down upon them with its accustomed suddenness, and with a fury seldom experienced in any other wind. These pamperos are true hurricanes, and though not of such long duration as hurricanes in the West Indies and other places, are often quite as violent while they last.

Suddenly a beautifully clear sky became overcast and obscured by immense clouds of dust, whirling

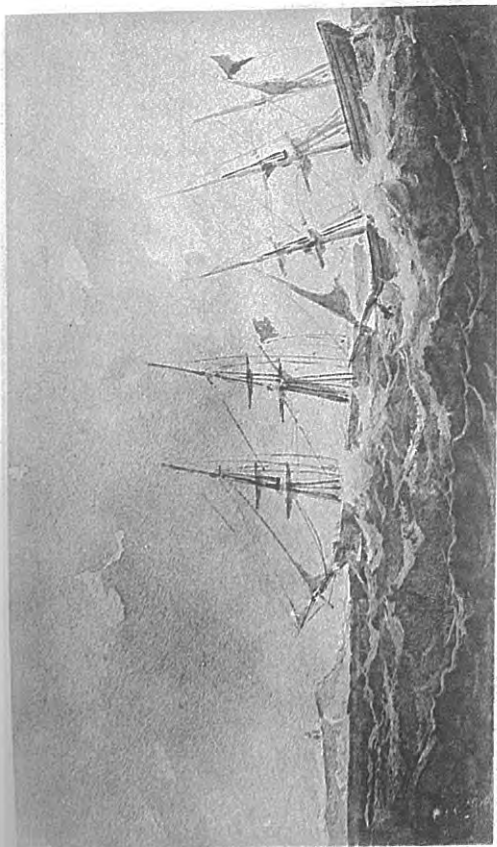
round and round and enveloping the whole town and roadsteads. Then the pampero burst upon them with a terrific roar, throwing some ships on their beam-ends, while others were swung round with violent jerks, causing numbers of them to drag their anchors, and, by fouling each other, did much damage. The *Philomela* had two anchors down, with sixty or more fathoms of chain on each, and dragged little, if anything. The strain upon her cables was tremendous; and, at times, during the heavy squalls, she seemed to be drawn completely under water; and serious fears were entertained lest she should founder at anchor. The wind blew off the tops of the waves, causing solid masses of water to fly through the air, which, as they fell upon the deck, almost drowned any one who ventured above. The first gust was too furious to last long; it was circular, as all violent storms are, going round all the points of the compass. The clouds of dust were soon blown away, and then, as far as one could see through the thick blinding spray, the appearance of the sky, sea, and city, under this dreadful visitation, was truly awful and magnificent. The atmosphere, during the progress of the gale, passed through many peculiar changes of colour, at one time appearing to be of a dark-red hue, at another pale-green; the ships, shore, vegetation, and everything assuming the same tint. During the night dreadful forked lightning, purple in colour, constantly shot across the dark, dull sky, with a vividness peculiar to these highly electric regions. Other electric phenomena were present. Each wave appeared to be capped

by a flame of fire, while the large hailstones which fell seemed to be mixed with showers of sparks.

The many casualties, both on shore and at sea, bore testimony to the strength of the wind. Many persons were killed, and the city was filled with consternation; numberless trees were uprooted, while many strong stone and brick dwelling-houses were razed to the ground. Both at Buenos Ayres and Montevideo the shipping suffered severely, one vessel with all her canvas stowed being capsized by the first gust. Others, having dragged their anchors, were driven together in a ruinous mass. Several large vessels, having parted their cables, were driven on shore with great violence, the receding waves leaving them high and dry.

During the hurricane an incident occurred which seems to have been the turning-point in Tom's life. Lying in the outer roadstead was a large American barque, which, though she had three anchors down, began to drag in shore. The crew did their utmost to make sail and stand off, but were not able to do so. As she swept past the *Philomela*, barely clearing her, some of the men were seen upon the forecastle trying to set a jib. A fearful gust of wind carried away the sheet; and as it unrove, the block flew across the deck with terrible violence, striking one of the men on the head, killing him instantly, and knocking the body overboard.

This accident seems to have completed in his mind the conviction of the necessity of being prepared to meet God. When Edye was lost he had asked him-



THE PAMPERO.

self the question what would have become of his soul had he met a similar fate. The same question now presented itself to his mind with yet greater force, and the only answer possible was that he would have been for ever lost.

That night, for the first time on board ship, he knelt down to pray; all he could say was the Lord's Prayer; and, at the commencement, "Our Father Who art in Heaven," he stopped, saying, "Why, that's a lie to begin with; I am serving the devil, and he is in hell." He prayed no more that evening.

Shortly afterwards, while keeping anchor-watch, he became greatly troubled in his mind; the arrows of conviction were in his heart, and he was no longer a stranger to that godly sorrow which worketh "repentance which needeth not to be repented of." He could see the folly of delaying any longer, though Satan constantly suggested to him that he could not be converted on board ship, and should wait till he reached home again, when he could attend the meetings of Wesleyans and others, who always converted people. This suggestion was as quickly dispelled by the thought—You may never get home again, and what then? Conviction, deep and terrible, got hold upon his soul. He had no one there to advise him, or to point out the simple plan of salvation. For a time he was shaken by the powers of the world, as trees are shaken by mighty winds. Say what you may about that which old divines were wont to call "law-work" in regeneration, Thomas Gainford quivered and struggled in its grasp. It was the

consciousness of a heart radically wrong that lay at the bottom of his alarm, the persuasion that outside decency was not the holiness of God. The Holy Spirit was dealing with him, and hence he quailed. Sin and the woe it merits were awfully real to him—so real that he determined at once and for ever to forsake it. Rushing into the deck-house he fell upon his knees, saying, "O God! let others do as they will, sink or swim, heaven or hell, I'll serve Thee." This was a submission of his will to the will of God, and pardon and peace followed immediately. The whole place seemed to become illuminated, and everything new; a sweet sense of Divine love had broken into his soul, not as the gradual dawn of day, but rather as if noon-day had suddenly appeared, and transfigured with celestial glory the murky night. He got an assurance of sonship, so bright and clear, that nothing afterwards darkened it for an hour.

The plan of salvation was now so clear and distinct to him, his great wonder was why he had not seen it before, and then, why others did not see it also.

The anchor-watch he had intended to keep was but for forty minutes, but he had been so carried away by concern for his soul and his happy deliverance, that he remained on deck three hours. The man who was to relieve him was the Christian sailor of whom we have before spoken, and he, wondering why he had not been called, came on deck to see if all was right. "Well, carpenter," said he, "this is a rough night." "Yes," he replied, "but a glorious one to me." Something in his tone and manner attracted the man to him, and,

after looking steadfastly into his face for a moment, he ran aft and called the second mate, who was also a professed Christian, saying to him, "Oh, sir, come on deck at once and see the carpenter: he has given his heart to God and been converted." The officer was not long in obeying the call, and the three men rejoiced together.

The commencement of his new life was marked by an earnest desire to get others to enjoy that peace which he himself experienced. No opportunity was lost of making known his change of heart. He had been known amongst his associates as one who cared nothing for religion, though he had never been addicted to those vices and open sins which marked the character of others around him.

He was determined that the light which had flashed in upon his soul should not be hidden, but that it should be seen by others. Such a determination was natural to a temperament like his. There was no half emotion about him any more than there could be half-way work. Halfness was against the grain. But it was something more than mere natural intensity that glowed in his face and throbbed in the testimony of his tongue.

There was a life hidden with Christ, whose pulsations, at the first, as ever afterwards, were strong as ocean's undertow. This will account for those positive ideas he held and urged regarding the doctrine of a new birth. Conversion was to him something real. It was not a maybe or maybe-not change. There was in his sight a line where living for self and Satan ceased, and living for God and godliness began; and

that line he looked upon as sharply drawn. He could not have regarded it otherwise. Divine grace had stopped him as the light from heaven stopped Saul at Tarsus, and as suddenly and squarely had he turned to the Lord. Christ's image had been stamped upon his soul as clearly as the coin is stamped under the die at the mint; and whose he was, or what, he could not allow himself to question. That had, once and for all, been settled. He was twenty-one years old when he thus found the Lord; or rather let us say when the Lord found him. "It is the Saviour Who is the chief seeker, and not the sinner."

The day following his conversion an opportunity occurred for him to make known his change of heart.

The weather had become settled, and he was ordered to go on board the *William Peile*, a new ship belonging to the same owners as the *Philomela*, and assist in repairing the damage sustained during the hurricane. He went on board early in the morning, and found the decks required caulking. Preparing the "thread" for this work occupied his time till breakfast. The crew, who were a rough lot, had their meal spread out upon the fore-castle head, and were cursing and knocking the boys about for some trivial offences. Going into the midst of them he said, "Well, lads, God has done a great deal for me, and wrought a wonderful change in my heart, and now I want to ask a blessing on our meal before we begin." All looked in astonishment at him; however, nothing was said, caps were removed immediately, and a blessing asked. The same scene took place at dinner and tea.

At night, as the time for turning in came round, he remembered his vow, that "let others do as they would, he would serve God." He began to tremble and perspire, a mighty conflict was going on in his soul. The time had come for him to openly declare his principles. Going on deck he prayed that God would give him strength sufficient for the task. Returning to the fore-castle, he found that some of the crew had turned in, while others were preparing to do so. Standing in their midst he said, "Well, men, if you are ashamed to say the prayers your mothers taught you I'm not;" and falling upon his knees he prayed most earnestly for them, that they might be brought out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God. This was his first prayer in public, and it was so owned and blest, that three of the crew professed to find that peace which passeth all understanding.

Shortly after the arrival of the *Philomela* in the roadstead, another vessel came in, and on hearing her name, Tom remembered that her carpenter was one of his fellow-apprentices. He was impressed with a desire to see him, so that he might let him also know of his changed state. One night as the sea was smooth, he took the ship's boat and went on board. After the first salutation no time was lost in turning the conversation into the desired channel. His friend was much surprised at the great change which had taken place in one who had been such a great wrestler and dancer. George, for such was his name, had been brought up a High-Churchman, and was a professed Christian. When they were about to part he said,

"Wait a moment, Tom; my mother gave me a prayer book, I have it here somewhere, let us have a word or two of prayer before you go." "Oh, never mind the book," said Tom; "you read a few verses in your Bible, and I will pray." This was done, and George became so convicted of sin, he could not find any rest until he found peace through an humble, full-souled trust in the Lord Jesus.

During their stay at Buenos Ayres they had many opportunities of seeing each other, and being strengthened in the Divine way. They were also made a blessing to their shipmates. George was not, however, spared long to work in his Master's vineyard here; a few years afterwards he was taken ill at home, and died rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

One of the saloon passengers of the *Philomela*, a friend of the captain's, remained on board some time after the ship's arrival. He intended to start a ship-building yard up the river, and, as he was not a theoretic man, had a great desire to understand the science of drafting, and asked Tom to teach him. In this way an intimacy sprang up between them. At one time he had been a Christian, but had fallen away, and was now "without God, and without hope in the world." Poor fellow! his plans for the future were soon to be frustrated. He became seriously ill; Tom and the two Christians on board constantly visited him, and did all they could to relieve his pain both of body and mind. It was of no avail, he was marked to die, and knew it. Never had any of them seen or heard of such a deathbed. When being prayed with,

or spoken to upon religious subjects, he would raise himself up in his bunk, crying out, "God has forsaken me! there is no hope! I'm lost! lost! lost! When I was superintendent of a Sunday-school, and a Christian, all was well; but I fell, and have since sinned away my day of grace, and am now damned and lost for ever." He would not be comforted; but, as long as he could breathe expressions of agony, he did so, till his voice gradually ceased, as if infernal spirits were bearing his soul away.

During the whole of this time prayer-meetings were being held on board, at which most of the crew attended, and though little fruit was seen, the interest in the meetings did not flag.

The labourers who used to come off to the ship with cargo in lighters were also spoken to about their souls, and urged to renounce sin. On some of them impressions were made for good, while with others it was like casting pearls before swine. Some of the rougher class had a saying among themselves, "Oh, if you want a dish of prayer go off to the *Philomela*."

By this time the ship was fast filling up, and very soon a start was made for home.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRAYING SAILOR.

FOR a night or two after leaving port the prayer-meetings were discontinued, but when all had settled down, they were again carried on with renewed vigour. The Holy Spirit was working in their midst. At one of the first meetings a revival broke out. The cabin boy, who had been converted at Sunday school, but had backslidden, was the first to find peace. God heard the prayer of the distressed youth that night, and brought him into glorious liberty, filling his heart with peace and joy through believing.

This was the first drop of a shower of blessing; the whole of the crew became concerned about their souls. As the night was very fine, the watch on deck, excepting the man at the wheel, came down. Some fell upon their knees at the foot of the ladder, crying for God to have mercy upon them, while others called out, "Oh, carpenter, save me, save me!"—such was their ignorance of Divine truth. The Holy Spirit was there with power. Tom was overflowing, at times praying, laughing, and weeping alternately. This power was with him at times in after-years, but never so strongly

as upon that occasion. He did his best to point out to them the way of salvation, urging them to accept Christ, and the pardon He offered them, and so be blest with the peace, and joy, and comfort, which he himself experienced. Each one was prayed with, and for, separately, and all were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

The meetings were continued with greater earnestness, each one being urged to take part. One of the crew, named John —, on being requested to pray, said, "No, carpenter, I shall not pray in public until I reach home, when I shall pray with my wife first." "But," replied Tom, "you may never reach home, what then? Honour God now for what He has done for you, and strive to build up the others." This seemed to have a great effect upon him, and he at once promised to take part in the next meeting. He did so, and was made a great help and blessing to his ship-mates. Poor John! he never did reach home again. Shortly after this scurvy broke out on board. He was one of the first attacked by the disease. Every effort was made to relieve him, and the crew vied with each other in their attentions to him. He lingered on for a time, slowly growing worse, and it was evident he was not long for this world.

One morning Tom was at the wheel, when one of the men came aft, saying, "Oh, carpenter, let me relieve you, and you go quickly to John; we fear he is dying." He was soon beside the sick man; the captain was present, and endeavouring to cheer him by saying he was worth two dead men yet. "We want none of

that here, captain," said Tom; "John is dying and going to heaven." The dying man looked up, and smiling said, "Carpenter, God will spare you to get home; when you arrive, go and see my wife, and tell her I have gone to heaven." He could say no more, but placing his hand upon his head intimated that he was going to wear a crown. These were his last words; his spirit soon took its flight. His body was committed to the deep the following day, and as the solemn burial service was read, never, perhaps, did so many hearts of a ship's company go up together in prayer to God, that they might be kept faithful unto death as their late shipmate had been. There was scarcely a dry eye to be seen as all joined in the concluding prayer of the service.

On nearing the Western Isles the vessel lay almost becalmed, when a low, rakish-looking brig hove in sight, and during the day drew nearer, until she came within speaking distance. Her decks were crowded with men, and altogether she had a most suspicious look about her. Suddenly one of those on deck jumped upon the rail, and dropping down into the fore-chains, sprang overboard and began to swim towards the *Philomela*. No effort was made by those on the brig to follow or pick him up. He was a powerful man, and swam breast high. Finding the *Philomela* was heading him, for she had a little way upon her, he called out in broken English, "Oh, captain, captain, a rope! a rope!" All hands watched him intently; his strength was evidently failing. Tom could stand the suspense no longer. "Captain, can't we do something

to save that poor fellow?" he asked. "I fear they are pirates," said the captain, "and that man has only been sent as a decoy. Still, it is a pity to see him drown before our eyes; and, if you like to make the attempt, you have my permission." He needed no second bidding, but with two of the crew quickly had one of the quarter boats down, and was rowing with all speed towards the swimmer. Their progress was watched intently by those on both ships. As the boat drew near, Tom rushed forward and tried to seize him as he was sinking. Alas! it was too late, he only caught the turban which he wore, he had sunk to rise no more, and the mystery connected with his leaping overboard perished with him; a breeze springing up, the vessels parted, and the pirate, for such she no doubt was, was seen no more.

The haste with which Tom and his companions had launched the boat and set out upon their errand of mercy, very nearly proved fatal to them. Their excitement was so great, and so intent were they in their endeavours to reach the man before he sank, they did not notice that both plugs were out of the boat, and she was fast filling with water. Nor did they discover their danger till they had failed in their attempt to save the drowning man, and commenced their return to the ship. By this time the boat was half full of water, but, by dint of bailing with caps and boots, she was kept afloat until the ship was reached.

As the voyage drew to a close, the scurvy began to spread again amongst the crew, and, with one or two exceptions, all hands were down with it. The carpenter,

fortunately, was one of the number who so far had escaped.

The food, especially the bread, became very bad. Under these trying circumstances the crew held on to their Christian principles, and not a murmur was heard from any, though it did seem very hard to ask a blessing before eating food which was so full of weevils as to be almost able to walk out of the platter.

Falmouth was reached at last, and great were the rejoicings and thanksgivings at being once more in port. The crew had become so emaciated that the carpenter was the only one fit for duty. They were sent ashore to the hospital, and a new crew having been shipped, the vessel resumed her voyage to London, where she arrived without further mishap. Here they were paid off, and Tom set out, in company with the second mate, for home. On the way every opportunity of confessing Christ was taken advantage of. Whilst waiting for the train in London they dined at the public table of a large hotel. There were present some eighty or a hundred persons, apparently merchants, lawyers, and others. The landlord, standing at the head of the table, said, "Now, gentlemen, commence; help yourselves, there's plenty." Tom's heart was throbbing wildly; now, thought he, is an opportunity to let all present know I am a Christian. Rising quickly, he said, "Gentlemen, will you pardon me if I trespass upon your time for a moment or two; I am a sailor, and have lately become a Christian. I wish to ask a blessing upon our food before we take it; if you will permit, I'll do so now." There was a ready assent; knives and

forks were dropped and a blessing asked. The second mate was even more nervous than Tom. "Well, carpenter," said he, "had I been offered all London I could not have stood up and spoken as you did. God will surely long spare your life and make you a blessing to others."

A day or two at Chester, where they tarried on their journey, afforded many opportunities of speaking for Christ, and some tokens were received that their efforts to do good were not in vain. From Chester they proceeded to Liverpool, and so home to Workington.

CHAPTER V.

ENGAGEMENT IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

BEFORE the termination of the voyage he had written home from America, giving an account of his conversion, and now that he had returned his friends were upon the tip-toe of expectation. He arrived at Workington on Sunday morning, and during the day attended a Christian fellowship meeting, at which he spoke, telling what the precious Saviour had done for him, both by sea and by land, and of his determination to spend and be spent in the service of Christ. At a second meeting held later in the day he spoke with great liberty. The place was crowded by those who were anxious to see and hear the praying sailor, as he was called, when there was a glorious revival, especially amongst the young. The following day he started for his home, some distance in the country. On the way he entered into conversation with a man who asked him, "Are you Mr. Gainford's praying son?" On being answered in the affirmative, he expressed a desire to see him again, and promised to call that evening. Tom arrived home safely, and all were pleased to have him in their midst again. The change which he had experienced had not yet, unfortunately, been felt by his parents or

any of the household; all were living for self and the world; and he had little or no encouragement to persevere in the Divine life. During the evening several visitors called to see him, and amongst them Mr. R——, the man whom he had met on the way home. When his friends were about to leave, Tom suggested that they should have family worship. This was an innovation in the Gainford family; prayer was almost unknown to them, yet they readily consented to the proposal, no doubt through curiosity and a desire to please him whom they were beginning to regard as a religious enthusiast. While he searched for a portion of Scripture suitable for the occasion, the company became impatient, and he was obliged to read at random. The chapter which he hit upon contained the narrative of the woman taken in adultery; and, as he read it, Mr. R—— appeared to be ill at ease, and immediately worship was concluded left without taking leave of any one. This seemed strange to Tom, but he was soon told the cause. His father was very angry, saying, "You should have been more careful in selecting a chapter; don't you know Mr. R—— has been in sad trouble lately for just such conduct as you have been reading about, and has been heavily fined and imprisoned?" "Well," he replied, "I was quite ignorant of it; and if I have caused offence, it was done innocently."

During his stay at home, and being anxious to do all the good he could, he visited all his old friends and associates living in the neighbourhood. They were astonished when they remembered what he had

been, and wondered where or how he got the power that enabled him to speak and pray without the aid of a prayer-book. The Holy Spirit accompanied his efforts, and he soon had cause for rejoicing in seeing several of his companions brought under conviction, and finally made happy through believing on Jesus. A Wesleyan, hearing him speak at one of the meetings, said, "Why don't you come on our plan?" "What is your plan?" he replied. "Why, to go on Sundays and meet the people who assemble in small cottages and chapels, and conduct service for them." "Well, that is just my plan; I will gladly enter into that work, for I am only too anxious to engage in any service where I can be of any use to my Lord and Master, Who has done so much for me." He accordingly joined the Wesleyan body, and entered upon his work with extreme ardour, and in his new militant character began to make war upon sin with all his ability. He would rebuke sinners wherever he found them, and exhort them to amend their lives. He permitted few to escape in whose conduct he discovered a flaw. There was little respect of person. His activity was remarkable, and his zeal indefatigable. The fearlessness he exhibited, and the blunt reproofs he delivered, sometimes exposed him to considerable abuse. His zeal was such that at times he appeared to some to be under the influence of intoxicating stimulants. On one occasion, when speaking in a meeting, an old lady was sure he had been drinking; but after he had prayed, she rushed up to him and asked his forgiveness for the cruel thoughts she had entertained concerning him.

About this time a prayer-meeting for young people was

started. It was a movement into which he entered with all his soul; and all the sympathies and earnestness of his ardent nature were called forth. He was eager for work in any form, and had an insatiable thirst for the salvation of immortal souls. This was the burden of his prayer day and night, and it can easily be imagined how eagerly he entered upon such a sphere of labour among the young. Through the instrumentality of these meetings many were brought under the influence of the gospel, led to accept the Saviour, and engage in the glorious work of leading others also to know Him Whom to know is life eternal.

One evening he was invited to meet at tea Mr. S—, a good old gentleman, who was a man of independent means, and also a local preacher. In referring to this incident in after-life, Mr. Gainford often said: "I never saw his equal either before or since. His desire to save souls was so intense, so instant in season and out of season was he to speak for the Saviour, and so near did he live to God, that a heavenly atmosphere, as it were, seemed to surround him. It was impossible to come into contact with him, to speak to him, or even to see him, without feeling more or less the influence of his holy life. As well as being a local preacher, he was also the leader of a class which used to meet at his house. It so happened that this particular evening was the night of meeting. About five or six minutes before the time to commence, Mr. S— said, 'Now, my brother, kneel down in that corner and pray that the Divine presence may rest upon us.' He then went upstairs for the same pur-

pose, and remained in communion with his Heavenly Father until the members of the class arrived. The service then commenced, each in turn relating his experience of the past week, and of God's dealings with him since last meeting. Mr. S— then prayed with and for each one by turn, beginning at one end and working his way down the room on his knees, stopping at each member. The class was a peculiar one. Amongst its members were men of independent means, while others were tradesmen, mechanics, or servants. All met in a common brotherhood. Every difference and distinction in social position was lost sight of and sunk in a common desire to sit at the feet of their teacher, and learn from him those lessons of piety he was so able to inculcate. His prayer was adapted to each individual case. For the rich man, that his riches might be put to a proper use, in relieving the poor and spreading the gospel, and above all to lay up treasure in heaven; for the tradesman, that he might be honest in all his dealings with his fellow-creatures, and ever remember that he was under the watchful eye of his Father in heaven; for the servant, that he might be diligent in his work, not to render eye-service as man-pleaser, but to do his work as a servant of God. When he came to me he thanked God for the praying sailor in a voice so loud as to be distinctly heard across the street, and that I might be kept by His almighty power, preserved from danger by sea and land, and be made a blessing to others. It was a time of spiritual refreshing by the way, and the very gate of heaven to my soul."

At this time a change came over the feelings and convictions of Mr. Gainford. He was passionately fond of the sea, and ever since he first conceived the idea of a sea life the passion continued to grow, especially as he made rapid strides in his profession, and had become thoroughly master of the science of navigation. He had become a great favourite in the firm by which he was employed, and was much thought of,—so much so, that the command of a new vessel then on the stock was promised him on his completion of another voyage. The Board of Trade was not then in existence, and no examination, such as we have at the present time, was necessary prior to taking command of a vessel. If a man showed any ability at all, and was diligent in the performance of his duties, and trustworthy, he was bound to advance, especially if he had influential friends to push him on. Before Mr. Gainford was out of his time in the yard, he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every portion of the work pertaining to ships and their construction, and had become a leading man, having under his supervision sixty men and boys for whose work he was held responsible. His evenings were devoted to the study of navigation. He soon mastered this, and long before he went to sea was able to work out a ship's position, and perform all the duties usually falling to the lot of a navigator. His theoretical knowledge only required to be reduced to practice, and this had been done to a very great extent during his first voyage. The height of his ambition was about to be realised. He had vowed at the outset he would never rest until

he could draft a ship, build her, and then sail her round the world. He had fulfilled two-thirds of his vow, and here was an opportunity of fulfilling it completely. His employers had every confidence in him, and said, "Now, Tom, make another voyage, and by the time you return the new vessel will be about ready for sea, and you shall command her." His most sanguine hopes were about to be realised, the prize was within his grasp, the goal almost reached. It was certainly a most tempting offer, and he longed to comply with the conditions placed before him. But now he looked at things in a different light. His first and great desire was to glorify his Lord and Master; every other wish must be subservient to this. He now asked the questions, Where can I serve my Master best? Where can I do the most good? These were questions paramount in his thoughts, and must be answered according to the dictates of conscience. It did not take long to decide. The struggle was short, though sharp. He could do good at sea as well as ashore, but at sea the opportunities would be limited, as the people with whom he could come into contact would necessarily be few; while, on shore, there seemed to be no limit to the opportunities of doing good. He felt his talents and powers would be buried at sea. There seemed only one course open—he must abandon all his bright hopes and prospects and long-cherished desires. This he did, that he might be enabled more fully to enter into his Master's work.

CHAPTER VI.

SETTLEMENT AT SHEERNESS.

HAVING made up his mind to remain on shore he at once set about obtaining employment. Through the influence of the late Lord Stanley he was appointed to a position in Her Majesty's dockyard at Sheerness, and shortly afterwards removed to that place.

Being now permanently settled on shore, and having no anxious care for his temporal wants, he determined to devote all the spare time at his disposal to working for the good of those around him. His first care in this respect was to associate himself with some religious body. He visited the various churches in and about Sheerness, and ultimately decided to connect himself with the Wesleyans; their mode of working and conducting services being more in accordance with his views than that of any others.

One of the first services he attended was a prayer-meeting. There was present the head master of a classical school, who appeared to be much affected by the earnestness of Mr. Gainford's prayer. On going home he said to his wife, "I met a young man at the meeting this evening, who, when he prayed,

affected me very much, though I could scarcely understand a word he said, his Cumberland vernacular was so strong. I feel a deep interest in him, and intend to see him again." This was the beginning of a long and valued friendship, which Mr. Gainford ever afterwards looked back to with feelings of unmixed pleasure; ascribing a great deal of his usefulness, intellectually, to the instruction imparted by that gentleman. Mr. B—— was not one of those schoolmasters who teach simply because it is their profession and they are paid for it; but he took an interest in his pupils, and taught them as he would have his own sons instructed. He took special interest in his young friend Gainford, and induced him to spend much of his leisure time in reading. He naturally possessed a quick and retentive memory, and at this time he learned several of the New Testament epistles. The practice of committing to memory large portions of the Scriptures he continued in after-years, and found it productive of great comfort and advantage. His earnest love of God's Book remained with him during the whole of his life, and his acquaintance with it was remarkably extensive and accurate.

Having become sensible also of the value of mental culture, and of his responsibility for the use of his intellectual powers, he referred with great regret to the time which had been so entirely lost to improvement of this kind. Under the influence of his new principles, and with his characteristic buoyancy of hope, he diligently applied himself to study, particularly to the study of the English language, and he succeeded in

inducing several of his companions also to devote their spare time to the acquisition of useful knowledge.

Mr. B—— was master of both Greek and Hebrew, and took great delight in comparing the English version of the Bible with the original. Under his tuition Mr. Gainford made considerable progress in both languages, and could read portions of the original both of the Old and the New Testament with tolerable accuracy. Mr. B——'s kindness did not cease here. He not only instructed and assisted his pupil in the preparation of the addresses he was in the habit of delivering at the various mission stations, but accompanied him to the place of meeting to assist in the services and watch the progress made. At the close of the meeting, when walking home together, Mr. B—— would point out any error of speech that had occurred during the discourse; but the criticism was always kind, and was invariably followed by sound advice. Such lessons were invaluable. The master and pupil became so deeply attached to each other, they were as members of one family.

There was no characteristic of the most striking and successful part of Mr. Gainford's life, the germ of which may not be readily discovered at this time. Of course, he obtained more perspicuous and exalted views of the truth; his faith was more powerful; his affections were more spiritualised, refined, and intense; he entered more fully into the designs of God, and enjoyed more perfect access to Him at a maturer period of his Christian career; but he was even now marked by Christian courage, zeal, activity, and bene-

volence; by love of God's Word, delight in prayer, simplicity of faith, deep concern for the souls of men, and an ardent desire for mental improvement; and these were the identical features which afterwards made his path so bright, and which now shed so pure and untroubled a lustre over his memory.

It amounts, therefore, to almost a moral certainty, that had his views of the rudiments of piety been less comprehensive or less practical; had he contented himself, in this stage of his Christian life, with merely walking on the verge of experience; had he postponed his efforts after a mature Christianity to some future and indefinite period; had he not, in fine, made religion in its integrity the alpha and omega of his desires and pursuits,—he would never have attained the eminence in the Church which multitudes afterwards delighted to witness, acknowledge, and admire.

It is not unlikely that the enlarged views which he was at all times enabled to realise of the fulness and extent of Divine mercy, were originally presented to his mind by a reference to his own unregenerate state; and the freeness and urgency of his invitations to sinners, however vile, might have partly arisen from a lively sense of the grace of God exhibited in his own case. He was greatly attached to prayer-meetings, and held them in very high estimation as means of grace. The operations of God's Spirit in his own soul had been powerful and rapid, and this was, no doubt, one reason for the force and frequency with which, in after-life, he insisted on the excellency of God's "quick way" of saving men.

He also became distinguished for his habitual devotion. This was in his case peculiarly necessary, when his former course of life is considered, and the steadfast alienation of his mind from God, as well as the natural strength of his passions. He lived, therefore, in constant watchfulness, and spent a large portion of his leisure time in intercourse with Heaven. In retired fields, in woods, and other places of solitude, he was accustomed to wrestle with God till he was copiously baptized by the Spirit.

It is not uncommon for young Christians to imagine that there are certain excellences and habits which, in all their degrees, belong exclusively to a highly-matured state of piety; and hence they do not labour to attain those mental and moral qualities which are perfectly within the reach of present faith and diligence. They appear to suppose that religion is a series of novelties, and that, in regular sequence of cause and effect, they shall partake of them severally and consecutively; that, in short, the elements of exalted piety are, to a certain extent, widely different from those of a less mature spiritual condition. They, therefore, rest contented, though consciously destitute of many qualities which the Word of God commends, and which the experience of other Christians exhibits; and they live in the vain hope of hereafter retrieving opportunities which they at present neglect, and of obtaining that good to which they do not at present aspire. But where is the Christian who has ever been eminent by the operation or under the influence of such opinions? The most robust man possesses no

greater number of bodily members than the infant just born; and from his scriptural analogy, as well as from the testimony of experience, we may conclude that, in general, he only can expect to attain any exalted position of piety or usefulness who labours to possess all the essential elements of perfection in his spiritual infancy.

Mr. Gainford was now in many respects a character so interesting as to attract the notice of some pious men of much intelligence, who probably discerned in him the indications of future usefulness in the Church and world. Having particularly noticed his diligence in the acquisition of knowledge, they recommended that he should be entered as a student at the Wesleyan College. This proposition pleased him greatly; but when he was informed that it would necessitate his giving up the position he held in Her Majesty's service, and devoting the whole of his time to a long course of training for the ministry, he decided, after prayerful consideration, to decline the offer, as he was, even at this early stage of his Christian life, beginning to glory, as the Apostle Paul did, in being able to preach the gospel without fee or reward, whilst his hands ministered to his own necessities.

The wisdom of this decision it is not our intention to discuss. A college training may have spoiled and unfitted him for the position in the Church and world he was afterwards to occupy. His zeal for the salvation of souls was so great he could not afford the time necessary for a theological course while sinners were perishing around him. He felt that it required no "wisdom

of words" to explain the plan of salvation, and point men to the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world; and with this conviction he determined to plod steadily on under the care and tuition of his excellent friend, Mr. B—. It must not be forgotten that it was not until after he had arrived at manhood that he discovered the importance of mental culture and discipline. He had previously formed no habits of application, and had consequently lost the most valuable, because the most impressible and the least occupied, part of his life. His mind had ceased to exhibit the facility of boyhood. Under these disadvantages it is no matter of surprise that he did not rise to that high degree of improvement which others, under different circumstances, may without difficulty secure; and if at any future period of his life he was deemed deficient in intellectual character and attainments, it was not from the want of a substratum of good sound sense, nor of a correct estimate of the value of human learning.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAY PREACHER.

IT is to be regretted that no diary or other complete record was kept by Mr. Gainford of the work he engaged in at Sheerness and the surrounding districts. The only source from which we can draw any account of this interesting period of his life is a disconnected narrative of some of the incidents which occurred during his labours as an itinerant preacher. The work of a local preacher in those days was far from easy; the distances to be travelled on foot were often very great, and it was a common occurrence for Mr. Gainford to walk twenty-two miles on Sunday, often through sleet and snow, and preach three times. So worn out used he, at times, to be, that on the way home at night he has frequently fallen asleep, to be awakened only by walking into a hedge or falling over a heap of stones. He delighted in going from place to place, proclaiming the "glad tidings," and continued to act as a lay preacher, besides occupying the positions of chief ruler of Rechabites, and president of the temperance society, during the whole period of his residence at Sheerness—some eight years.

In the narrative above referred to, after telling of

his reception by the Church at Sheerness, and being entered on their "plan" as a local preacher and class-leader, and detailing some of his first experiences, he goes on to say:—"I now commenced the penitent prayer-meetings, which, in conjunction with some of the brethren, I held every Saturday evening. We soon had a glorious work. The vestry became too small, and we were obliged to use the schoolroom. The superintendent of the district, who was a very dry stereotyped character, hearing of our meetings, paid us a visit one evening. Out of courtesy I asked him to lead, and he did so. After a long, dry, formal prayer for himself he gave out, and we sang, a hymn of six verses; then one of the old members prayed for no less than seventeen minutes. This was followed by another long hymn, after which I was called upon to pray. I only said a few words, and then he closed the meeting. I was very much put out, and all the young converts were disappointed and left murmuring. I felt it my duty to speak to the superintendent, and said, 'Well, sir, we like to see you here as the head of the circuit, but if you continue to come and lead as you did to-night, you will destroy our prayer-meetings.' 'Oh then,' said he, 'I had better come to sit behind the door while you lead the meeting. There is a great talk about the work you have been doing at Minster, but when I was there lately I could only find six persons who owed their conversion to your labours.' 'You may think yourself flattered, sir,' I replied, 'that so many as six ventured near you, seeing you are so cold and indifferent as regards young converts.' And so the matter ended.

“In order to make the services more interesting to the young converts I suggested that each of them should lead the meeting in turn, which, when carried out, was productive of much good, and we had the satisfaction of seeing many brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

“One of my preaching-stations was Queensborough, a fishing town. There the meetings were held in the court-house, a good-sized building. By this time I had several young converts who used to accompany me to each place of meeting, and remain to assist in the prayer-meetings after service. They were very useful, and gave a greater influence to my preaching. We soon had an extensive revival, considering the size of the place. One of the penitents was a rigid Calvinist, and when I spoke to her about kneeling down and asking God to pardon her, she said, ‘God will pardon me in His own good time.’ I asked, ‘Who brought you here, God or the devil?’ and, without further remark, knelt down and prayed with her. She did not find peace then; but, on the Tuesday following, came to me with swollen eyes and in great distress. ‘There is only one way,’ I said; ‘you must submit your stubborn will to the will of God.’ She did not appear to receive much light, though hope was beginning to spring in her soul, and in the following week I had the joy of seeing her rejoice in the possession of that peace which passeth all understanding. She was a very intelligent woman, but had, unfortunately, been driven away from the path of rectitude by the abuse and ill-usage of her husband, and was at this

time living in adultery. This connection was, however, severed immediately after her conviction. I visited the husband, and found him impressible, and it was not long before he too rejoiced in God as his Saviour. Shortly afterwards I had the joy of seeing the husband and wife reunited, and living in peace and harmony, which continued as long as I knew them.”

Another incident will illustrate the prayer of faith at that place:—

“I was crossing over a large field adjoining the village on my way to the meeting-house in which I was to preach, and as I walked along, reasoned with myself, saying, Why should not some soul be saved to-night? Immediately this passage of Scripture flashed across my mind, ‘What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them’ (Mark xi. 24). I did pray for the conversion of souls, and said: ‘Lord, I believe,’—repeating it two or three times. The enemy of souls at once suggested, Now you have done it,—what presumption!—do you think God will be dictated to by you when and where souls shall be saved? However, I held on to the promise, saying, ‘Lord, I believe it; and take Thee at Thy word.’ I did not speak to any one as I went into the court-house, but held the promise before me. During the first hymn a woman entered, and my attention was fixed upon her. She sat down near the pulpit, and as I continued to hold on to God’s promise, and to believe that souls would be saved, I could not take my mind off this particular hearer. At the close of the service I announced the prayer-meeting, and while

doing so she rose as if to leave. It was a great blow to my faith ; but she only went a few pews back and then knelt down. I said, inwardly, Glory to God, He has got the victory. Going to her, and placing my hand upon her shoulder, I said, 'My dear sister, you want the Saviour.' 'Oh yes, sir,' she replied, 'I do, I do.' It was short work, the Holy Spirit was present to save, and she soon found Him for Whom her soul was yearning. Several others followed, and we had a glorious meeting. The young brethren who had accompanied me were a great help, and so were the praying sisters, for I had some of them too. We went to work during the week, and revived an old class-meeting that used to be held there, but had dwindled down to three or four members. I was asked to become leader, and before long we had the joy of seeing the numbers raised to twenty-eight. Several small revivals in the villages round about followed, and we were rewarded by seeing many brought from the power of Satan unto God.

"At Minster, another of my stations, a rather painful case came under my notice. About ten o'clock one night I was called upon to visit a woman who was supposed to be possessed by an evil spirit. She lived some six or seven miles in the country, and on my way to her house I called upon a friend, another local preacher, who accompanied me. We found her lying coiled up in a corner of her bed, half dressed ; several of the neighbours and friends were in the room, some apparently in great distress, while others were praying for her. She took no notice of any of them,

but continued to throw herself into fits of violent passion. Going to her bedside, I said in loud and abrupt tones,—'Come, get up out of that, God won't save lazy people in bed.' A female present said, 'Oh, Mr. Gainford, she is not dressed.' 'She is sufficiently dressed to serve the devil,' I answered, 'but now I want her to begin to serve God.' She arose, and we knelt together at the table. Putting her hands together, I said, 'Now say, Lord have mercy upon me.' 'No, I won't,' she replied, and tried to get away from me, but I held her too tightly. I repeated it again, but she only became more violent, saying she hated us all and everybody. Just at this moment the door of an adjoining room opened, and her little boy, about three years old, who had been wakened by the noise, came out, rubbing his eyes, for he was still half asleep. 'Do you hate this little fellow?' I said. 'Just look at his happy little face ; this is your boy?' The Spirit of God had now arrested her, and she said, 'No, bless his heart, I love him!' The spell was broken, and her whole countenance changed. She now readily followed me in prayer, and soon found peace through believing. We sang glory to God, and she rose up clothed in her right mind. Nor would she allow us to depart on our journey homewards till she had prepared coffee and other refreshment for us. In consequence of her affliction, she had to be under medical treatment for some time ; but, ultimately, she recovered her health. I generally had good times at Minster, it was one of my favourite places, and many were brought to God."

CHAPTER VIII.

WORK AT VARIOUS PREACHING-STATIONS.

THE personal narrative continues thus:—"I was frequently called upon to preach at Eastchurch, a town some considerable distance from Sheerness. When I commenced the duties of local preacher I made a resolve that nothing but sickness should deter me from keeping any appointment I had made; and, in consequence, I always had a good congregation, for the people used to say, 'Oh, we must go, however badly it rains, for Mr. Gainford is coming; and you know neither rain, snow, nor sleet will hinder him if he is well.'

"At Eastchurch I was known as the 'Black Preacher,' partly on account of my black hair, beard, and swarthy appearance, and partly on account of the determination with which I braved all weathers to keep my appointments. One evening I had a violent toothache, and the temptation to remain at home instead of going to my preaching appointment was very great. However, I started out, hoping by the time I reached Eastchurch it would be better; but as I neared the place it became more and more violent, until it was almost unbearable. When I came within view of the

church, and saw the people standing around the doors, unable to gain admittance, the pain began to abate, and it entirely vanished when I entered the building and found it crowded, even the aisles being filled. That evening we had many penitents. One of them, a female, was, however, very hard, and would not yield. At the close of the service one of the members came to me saying, 'I believe you are to be here next Sunday morning and evening.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'D.V.' 'Well,' he continued, 'that was my wife to whom you were speaking, and she wishes me to invite you to dine with us next time you are here.' I thanked him for the invitation, and accepted it. The day came round, and during the service both the husband and wife were in the front pew, and ready to escort me to their house. Great preparation had evidently been made; the dining-table was laden with viands all smoking hot. I have always had a most profound objection to any unnecessary work being done upon the Sabbath, such as the cooking of food and the performance of other household duties, which could easily be attended to on Saturday, and thus leave the Sabbath to be, as it was intended by God, a day of rest. The present opportunity I considered a fitting one for the administration of a mild rebuke. Turning to the hostess I said, 'May I ask who remained at home from church to prepare this meal?' 'My sister,' she replied. 'And what is to become of your sister's soul? I feel so strongly,' I continued, 'upon the custom of making the Sabbath a day of toil at home, instead of the day of rest, as it is intended to

be, that I ought to show my disapproval of it by not partaking of this meal.' I found I had said too much, for her countenance changed. 'Oh well,' I said, 'I know you have provided it all out of love for me, and I shall take it; but I beg of you not to make any such preparation when I come again.' She brightened up at this; and no more was said. The reproof was, however, not lost; for, though I frequently dined at her house afterwards, I never had occasion again to remind her of Sabbath observance. But to return. That evening she was amongst the penitents; and stood up in the pew when I invited the anxious ones to do so. I went to her saying, 'Well now, are you not going to give your heart to God?' She made no answer. 'Will you pray then, and ask the Lord to have mercy upon you?' Still no reply. I accordingly knelt down myself and prayed for her. Before I had finished her limbs trembled and gave way, and she fell down in the pew. Satan's spell was broken, and she very soon rejoiced in the liberty of God's people. Several others also decided to serve God that evening, and these she ever afterwards claimed as brothers and sisters in Christ.

"Laisdown, a farming district, was another of my stations. The people here were for the most part of very High-Church tendencies, and consequently did not often visit the little chapel at which I preached. A circumstance, however, occurred which brought me into much favour with them. The daughter of one of the most rigid church-goers attended our chapel one evening, and was much moved by my prayer; so much

so, that, afterwards, whenever I was preaching in the district, she was sure to be one of the congregation. She, unfortunately, became ill and died. I was asked to preach her funeral sermon, which I did. The church was crowded. At the prayer-meeting afterwards, several of the farmers' sons and daughters, companions and friends of the deceased, were converted. From that evening I was a favourite with them, and had no more difficulty in securing a congregation.

"There was a small Primitive Methodist chapel at Laisdown. One very wet night the preacher did not put in an appearance; so the congregation came over to our chapel *en masse*. My style of conducting prayer-meetings was different to what they had been used to. Several of them were amongst the penitents. One, a stout, strong labouring man, resisted all my attempts to get him to confess his sins and ask for mercy. As we were both going to Queensborough after the meeting, he asked if he might accompany me. Of course, I was only too glad to have another chance of speaking to him and explaining the simplicity of the plan of salvation, and of God's willingness to save even the most vile of His creatures. As we conversed the light of God's truth seemed to suddenly dawn upon his soul, and he called out, 'Glory to God! I now see that I have nothing to do but accept His mercy; that He is not only willing, but ready and waiting to pardon and receive me; I do accept His proffered mercy, and will live for Him; let us kneel down here on the road and thank God.' 'No, no,' said I, 'the

roads are very muddy ; besides, God does not look at our attitude, let us pray in our hearts as we go along.' He was so zealous that two weeks from that night he wished to preach for me. He was of a very peculiar disposition ; and one of the church members, fearing the consequences of a refusal, came down to tell me of my friend's desire. I was very glad he did so, as it put me on my guard.

"Sure enough, on my way to Laisdown the following Sunday I met my friend coming to meet me, his face shining with light indicating his happy state. I thought it best to get the first word, and said, 'Well, I am glad to meet you again, I trust you have been preaching all through the week to every one you have met, both in the streets and fields. You preach during the week to the people, and get them to come to church on Sunday, when I will preach from the pulpit.' 'All right, Mr. Gainford,' said he, 'we will work together in the cause of Christ in that way.' He afterwards joined the Bible Christians ; and, ultimately, became a most useful and consistent minister of the gospel.

"One evening, while at tea, I received an urgent request to go at once to visit a young woman who was dying at a small public-house in the village. I found her lying in a little room partitioned off from the bar. Another girl, lately from the country, was waiting upon her ; but a neighbour, who had come in out of sympathy, was the principal attendant. On inquiring her name I found it to be Mary. I conversed with her in as familiar and kind a manner as I could ;

but neither in prayer nor conversation could I make any impression upon her. The following evening I received a similar message, and, at the same time, one from the publican to the effect that, if I came, I was not to pray so loudly. 'Tell Mary I shall visit her directly,' I said, 'and also inform the landlord that I am coming, and, whilst there, intend to pray as long and loudly as I think proper ; and further, that I intend to take steps at once to have his licence cancelled in consequence of the disorderly house he keeps.' This message, I believe, was delivered ; for the publican, though he said nothing, took a great dislike to me. I found the invalid much worse than she was on the previous evening, and I could plainly see her days were numbered. During our conversation it occurred to me that there was something upon her mind and troubling her greatly ; and I felt convinced that, as long as she concealed it, there would be no peace for her. 'There is something you are keeping back,' I said ; 'why will you not confide your secret to me, so that I may help you to bear your trouble, and, perhaps, point out to you a way of escape from it?' After some hesitation she said, 'You have shown me the road to pardon and peace, and I feel that I can with confidence throw myself upon God's mercy, knowing that He is ready to receive and pardon me ; but oh, sir, you don't know, nor does any one here know, that at home I have a child, my darling little Mary ; and who is to provide for and watch over her, when I, her poor forsaken mother, am gone for ever?' 'Cannot you leave her to the

care and keeping of the loving Saviour Who will open out her way in life? Don't you remember that Christ had a Mary whom He loved? and surely He is able to watch over and protect yours.' This thought seemed to comfort her, and she became quite calm and resigned. After a little while she grasped my hand, saying, 'Now I can yield her up to Christ Who has pardoned my sins, and is about to take me to Himself. I feel I am dying and going to heaven, and I shall see you there.' She died that night rejoicing in God her Saviour. A few kind friends contributed towards the expenses of her funeral, so that she should not receive a pauper's burial. The girl who was attending upon her I persuaded to leave the public-house, and abandon her course of life. I sent her home to her parents in the country, and soon afterwards received a letter from them so full of heartfelt gratitude for the interest I had taken in reclaiming their wayward daughter, that it would almost have melted a heart of stone.

"On the Sunday following poor Mary's death I went, accompanied by several others, and preached just opposite the public-house door. The publican was very wroth, and endeavoured to disturb the service. For this purpose he hired a drunken ruffian, a stonemason, who was at the bar, to molest me. He came out cursing and swearing, and foaming at the mouth, and threatening what he would do to me if I did not cease. I took no notice of his threats, but looking at him said to my hearers, 'You remember when the Saviour once approached a man possessed

by a devil, the evil spirit threw down the man who was thus possessed and tore him. See, we have here this afternoon one who is possessed by a devil, look at him.' With this a man who was a stranger to me, but evidently little better than my would-be assailant, stepped out of the crowd, and going to him said, 'If you say another word, or make another step towards molesting that good man, I will knock your head off your shoulders.' The drunken bully was a coward, for he slunk off into the bar again, and I was left undisturbed to continue the service.

"Amongst the penitents at one of my prayer-meetings was an old man-of-war's man. While praying with him I repeated my favourite passage, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness' (1 John i. 9). 'Do you believe,' I asked, 'that God is faithful and just?' 'Of course I do.' 'Well then, having confessed your sins, you have complied with the condition of the promise, and if you do not believe that God has pardoned you, you are telling me lies, and do *not* believe that God is faithful and just.' 'No, indeed, I am not telling lies, I do believe Him, and I see now that it is the simple act of faith that secures pardon.' Falling upon his knees he thanked God for His long forbearance and mercy towards him, in that He had not cut him off in his sins, and prayed for grace and strength to live to Him during the remainder of his life. He held on firmly, and proved a good and valiant soldier for Christ. A short time after his conversion one of the men in the dockyard said to me,

'How is it, Mr. Gainford, that that old man-of-war's man of yours goes every day to the battery and prays beside the big gun?' I thought the man was trying to pass off a joke at my expense, so paid little attention to his question; but, on the following day, I met the old sailor and said, 'Is it true you go every day to the battery, and pray beside the big gun?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'I fought for many years beside a gun in the devil's service, and now rejoice and am glad that my life has been spared, and God has given me strength to pray beside a gun.'

"At this time there was a great stir about what is called by the Methodists the 'Second Blessing.' I did not regard it in that light, but looked upon it as a renewing influence of the Holy Ghost. Still, I determined, if there were a higher attainment in Divine grace, God helping me with His Spirit, I should have it. To this end I purchased books upon the subject, and read them through with great attention and prayer, but seemed to receive no more light. One night, or rather morning, for it was about three o'clock, I was praying, when this thought came to me, What would you say to a penitent who asked you, What must I do to be saved? Would you not reply, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved'? I at once saw that what was known as the 'Second Blessing' was obtained by faith alone. I prayed no more, but said, 'O God! forgive me for doubting!' I retired to rest without any particularly increased light upon God's word, but next day, while at work, the Spirit of the Lord entered my soul in His fulness. I could have

shouted 'Glory to God,' so that all around might have heard. In going to and coming from the dockyard, several of my friends used to meet me; and, as we continued the custom, we were soon known as 'Gainford's Party.' When we met on this particular day their first exclamation was, 'Why, where have you been, you look so happy, your whole face shines again?' I told them how I had been seeking after the second blessing, and that the Lord had now confirmed my faith upon it. They rejoiced with me.

"I now commenced to preach holiness of heart; and, in our prayer-meetings, had a separate form for those who were seeking pardon, and those who desired to become wholly devoted to God. The result was great enjoyment and usefulness amongst the people. All who enjoyed the blessing worked more diligently and lovingly in saving souls.

"This was in 1848, the year in which cholera visited England. A great many of the poor inmates of Maidstone workhouse died; something like six hundred fell victims to the terrible disease. When the plague had ceased I was one of the preachers appointed to go to Maidstone and conduct thanksgiving services. Maidstone lies in a hollow, and we had to approach it from the summit of a hill. As I neared the town and looked down upon the great white walls of the workhouse, in which so many had died, a most peculiar sensation of horror crept over me; my very vitals seemed to turn within me, and I understood for the first time what mental effect such a plague had upon those poor people who feared to die, when

the thought of it could affect me so who had no fear of death.

“Our service was well attended, and at the after-meeting we had several penitents, both men and women. Some of them seemed to step right into the liberty of God, while others had to contend long for it. One of them, a female, was especially anxious, and so powerfully affected, that, rising from her seat, she cast herself upon her knees, and began to plead with God in earnest prayer for the blessing of a present salvation. In a little while the light began to dawn upon her soul and hope to spring in her heart. She exclaimed, ‘I *will* believe,’ and immediately the Comforter came. She rose, crying, ‘The Lord has washed away my sins, and granted me His forgiveness;’ and, in an ecstasy of gratitude and triumph, she rushed up and down the church aisles, crying, ‘I have it! I have it!’

“The Maidstone people were much pleased with our visit, and I was invited to preach there again the following Sunday, and I did so. There was a very large congregation, and amongst the number a very tall and stout man, who, after carefully adjusting an ear-trumpet, calmly walked up into the pulpit, and took up a position by my side, holding the trumpet very near to me. His presence annoyed me very much at first, but I soon overcame it. He was not a Christian,—indeed, was far from it, for he was regarded as the bully of the town. After service he thanked me for allowing him to remain so close to me, as he was very deaf. He was present at the

evening service, and came forward as a penitent. In an agony of soul he called upon God to have mercy and pardon his many sins. I asked, ‘Are you willing to yield your heart to Jesus?’ ‘Oh yes, I am willing, and I do yield,’ he replied; and at once decided to serve God the remainder of his life. Another of the penitents was a man of similar character, who was a great trouble to the neighbourhood; he also decided to serve God. I paid another and final visit to Maidstone; and, on going into the Sunday-school, found the man last referred to teaching a class of small boys who were much attached to him; truly, the lion had been turned into a lamb.

“In my experience I have often found that a few words spoken in season, even by way of rebuke, have resulted in the arrest and conversion of persons who, up to that time, had no thought of giving their hearts to God and living for Him. The following is an instance. The dockyard work was generally confined to ships on the stocks; but, occasionally, our men were told off for work on board ships afloat, especially when winter was coming on, and it was necessary that windows be fitted round the gun-ports, to protect the crew from the severe weather. On one occasion several gangs of men, of which mine was one, were ordered on board H.M.S. *Waterloo*, to fit windows round the guns after they were run out. Being the youngest man in charge, the chief gunner, who was to give instructions, left me till last, and my men were standing about idle. When the first gang was set to work I went aft to see in what position the guns were

to be placed ; and, having ascertained it, went forward, levelled out the guns, and set my men to work. When the officer saw it he ran forward, saying to the men, 'Who authorised you to run the guns out and begin work?' 'Mr. Gainford, sir.' 'And who is he?' he cried in rage. When I was pointed out he came across the deck, cursing and swearing, to demand an explanation. 'First of all, sir,' I replied, 'you will please to cease your cursing, or I shall not trouble to give any explanation.' At this he stopped, and I continued, 'My reason for beginning work was this—I did not want my men to remain idle when I knew I could run out and depress the guns quite as well as you, or any other officer on this ship; and I accordingly did so.' 'Oh well, I am the one to do that, and no one else; you tell me not to swear,—one must swear on board a man-of-war.' 'Nonsense!' I replied; 'the work can be done, and done better, without it. Do you like to be sworn at?' 'No, I do not; but, talking about the right or wrong of it, do you know, sir, that I have fought beside a gun till I was the last man left; and do you think that I shall be lost after all my service to my Queen and country?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'both the Queen and you will be lost, unless your souls are converted.' We had a little more conversation, and he appeared struck by what I had said. Before we parted I invited him to spend the evening with me at my house, and he came, bringing his wife with him. The result was that both of them became anxious about their souls, and decided to serve God. They remained consistent Christians as long as I knew them."

CHAPTER IX.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.—ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY.

CONTINUING his narrative, Mr. Gainford says:—
 "Though I was blessed with a 'constitution of iron,' I found the amount of work I undertook was beginning to tell upon my health; and I longed for a rest by which I could gather strength for future conflicts. I desired more time for study, which I felt was absolutely necessary to enable me to fill, with credit to myself and profit to my hearers, the various preaching appointments I had. Though I loved the work in which I was then engaged, my mind often turned towards other fields of labour, particularly those of foreign missions. The Missionary Society was at this time contemplating a mission to the Patagonians. Their proposed plan of operation was to send a number of missionaries to be stationed on the various islands in the Straits of Magellan, who should have a small vessel at their disposal for the purposes of the mission. They wished, if possible, to have a missionary as captain of the vessel, who should exercise control over the others, and have charge of the station. Some of my friends who knew my desire to enter upon work of that kind, and being aware that my former experi-

ences and qualifications would fit me for the position, suggested that I should make application for it. I accordingly did so; and received the appointment. This undertaking I had made a subject of earnest prayer, and, though I had applied for, and been appointed to, the position of captain of the vessel, I did not see my way clearly to enter upon the duties. I did not perceive the hand of God leading me on as I had done hitherto, but felt as one groping in the dark. I made it again the subject of prayer in order that I might be guided into the right path and do the right thing. A settled conviction took possession of me that I should not go; that God had work elsewhere for me to do; and that it was not His will I should be a missionary. At almost the eleventh hour I determined to resign my appointment, and did so. Another was received in my stead, and the expedition started, alas! never to return. The vessel was wrecked in the Straits of Magellan; those of her crew and passengers who were saved from the wreck perished on shore, either at the hands of those to whom they were sent as messengers of peace and goodwill, or by the ravages of hunger and disease; not one of them ever returned to their native land, from which they had set out so full of hope and enthusiasm. I could now clearly see why I had been led to resign my appointment—God had other work for me to do; I was to be spared yet many years to labour in His vineyard and be the humble instrument in His hands of winning souls for the kingdom. I returned to my work as a lay preacher with renewed vigour, and with a full

determination to spend and be spent in the Master's service.

"I frequently had opportunities of preaching to the soldiers who were stationed at Woolwich barracks, and God owned and blessed my labours amongst them. To many of these fine fellows I became much attached; I felt for them in their naturally exposed situation; and, knowing some of the many temptations to which they were constantly exposed, rejoiced in their profession of godliness as being marked by more decision and maintained under severer trials than ordinary. Nor was I insensible to the *manly bearing* of these Christian soldiers; for, if there was any quality I admired that was not in itself religious, it was *manliness* under all its forms.

"The temperance cause was one in which I took a great interest, looking upon it as a stepping-stone to religion. I had frequently found that those who were careless and indifferent in regard to religious matters, assumed a very different attitude towards them as soon as they became abstainers, if previously they had been given to drink, even in a small degree. When they became sober, thinking men, they were more susceptible to impressions of a religious nature. Though one of the youngest members of the Rechabites, I had risen in their ranks, and, at this time, was their president or chief ruler. Our society was very strong financially, and we used to engage the services of a paid lecturer from London to advocate our cause at public meetings held periodically under the auspices of the Association. It frequently happened,

however, that he missed the boat or train and disappointed us. Upon these occasions, as president, I used to be called upon to supply his place, at almost a moment's notice; and it often proved an advantage in this way. The audience was composed principally of men from the dockyard and ships lying at Sheerness, a lot of hard-headed fellows, who could not be reasoned or persuaded into anything they could not see; and who, after listening to the arguments and persuasions of the paid lecturer, used to walk off, saying, 'Ah! it's all very well for him to talk about drink and its evils, and how much better we would all be without it; why, he is paid for it, and it is his business to talk; but let him come down to the dockyard and work as we have to work, he would have a different story then, and see if he would do without his beer.' When, however, it was I who addressed them, they could not reason in that way. I could appeal to them as being one of themselves, who worked as hard and long as they did, and could do better without drink. The consequence was we frequently had more pledges taken on those nights, as the men used to say, 'Well, there must be something in temperance, or Mr. Gainford would not talk like that; he gets nothing for it, but does it simply for our good; come, let us give it a trial;' and many of them did.

"At this period of my experience I was a 'peace advocate,' and the carrying out of my principles in this respect was one of the prime causes of my leaving England and coming to the colonies. Rumours of wars were agitating the public mind, and grave fears

were entertained that France and England were about to be again plunged into war. Active preparations were being carried on at all the dockyards and arsenals, and the Admiralty, with a view to the increase of the reserves, issued an order that every man in Her Majesty's service at Sheerness should join the militia. Out of sixteen hundred able-bodied men I was the only one who refused to comply with the order. On being remonstrated with by my superior officers, I replied that soldiering was against my principles; not that I was afraid to go out and meet my country's enemies, for I feared neither man nor devil; but I could not believe that 'Love your enemies' and 'Shoot your enemies' meant the same thing. One of the militia officers was very anxious that I should join his battalion, and pointed out all the advantages likely to accrue to me by complying with the order; but it was of no avail. 'No, sir,' I replied, 'if I were going to soldier it would give me great pleasure to serve under you; but it is the principle I object to, and I shall not comply with the order under any pretext.' The consequence was that, though I remained in the service for three years longer, I received no further promotion, notwithstanding I was strongly recommended for it each year.

"My position and prospects now being so altered I determined to remove with my wife and family to Australia, and fixed upon Sydney as my home. Many of my friends tried to dissuade me from such a course, but it was of no avail, as my mind was quite made up. When my intention became known I was invited to

preach once more at my various stations. At Queensborough and Sheerness the people arranged for and held public farewell meetings at which I was presented with two addresses.

“As the result of my final sermon I had the joy of leading to the Saviour several who, up to that time, had resisted all my efforts to bring them to a knowledge of the truth. One in particular I shall refer to. He was an infidel who had done all he could to oppose my work in the church, though he was anxious and willing to work shoulder to shoulder with me in the temperance cause. He was at my final service, and was awakened to see his sinful state. He did not remain at the prayer-meeting, but went home in deep concern for his soul. Before daylight the following morning I was awakened by some one knocking at the door of my house; and, on going to see who it was, found him there in great distress of mind. ‘Oh, sir,’ said he, ‘after going home last night I could not rest; your words seemed to have eaten into my very soul. At last I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamt that I was on one side of a hedge and you on the other. I wanted to get to you, but could not. Will you pray with me that I may have peace with God?’ We knelt down and prayed together, and he very soon entered into the liberty of God’s people, and found that peace and pardon his soul was yearning to receive.

“Not till our final preparations for departure were completed, and our passages taken on board the good ship *Walmer Castle*, did I realise how hard it would be to say farewell.

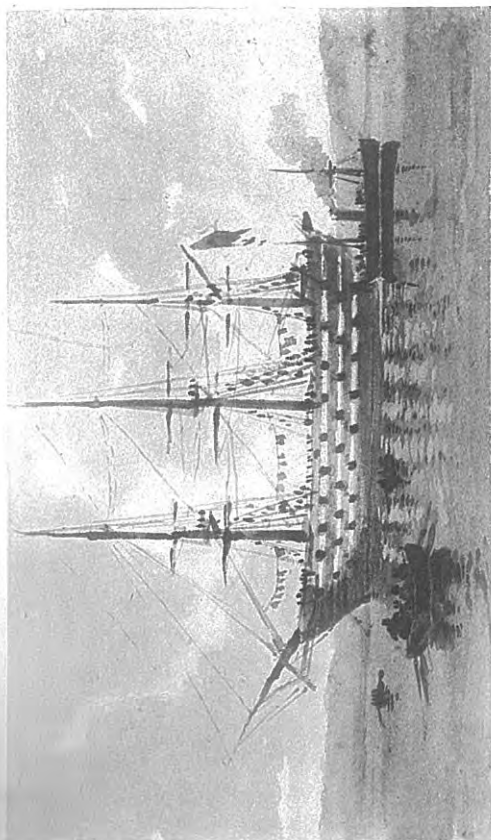
“‘Farewell! there is a spell within the word,
Methinks I never heard it sound so mournful;
Oh! thou subdued, oft scarce articulate sound,
How powerful thou art, how strong to move
The hidden strings that guide us puppet mortals!
Password of memory, of bygone days,
Thou everlasting epitaph—is there
A land in which thou hast no dwelling-place?
Wherein may be nor pageantry nor pride,
Nor altars, save the pure one of the heart,
Nor tombs, except for sorrow and no tears?
There is a world, O God, where human lips
May say Farewell! no more.’* ”

“I shall never forget my last day at Sheerness. Our house was almost besieged by old friends and acquaintances, calling to say good-bye, and wish us God speed; while not a few, even at that late hour, when our passages were paid, and most of our luggage on board the ship, renewed their entreaties for us not to go. It was no ordinary leave-taking. We were looking upon each other’s faces and grasping hands for the last time. The class-leader was bidding farewell to the members, knowing that they should meet no more till they met at that day when all should stand before God. The pastor—for I was regarded as such—was leaving his flock, never more to minister to their spiritual wants. Such a parting I never wish to experience again. When we could remain no longer, and everything was ready, a party of dockyard men and some sailors from a ship of war came to the house; and, shouldering our boxes and effects, carried them before us to the steam-tender which was to convey us to the *Walmer Castle*.

* Dilnot Sladden.

Here again we were met by those who wished to bid us adieu, and the scene was even more painful than that at the house. We were so overpowered by loving friends clinging to us and hanging round our necks, sorrowing because they should see our faces no more, that we almost longed to get away. At the last moment a member of my class rushed on board; he was a gentleman of independent means, and had been most anxious that I should abandon my idea of going to Australia. With tears in his eyes he said, 'Well, you *are* going; I have done what I could to dissuade you from taking so foolish a step; but, as you will not listen to me, take this, it will help you on your way; and now, good-bye; may God bless you and make you a blessing to others.' He left in my hand a purse of sovereigns. The steam-tender moved off from the wharf, and I thought we had said, and waved, our last farewell; but, as we passed the guardship—H.M.S. *Waterloo*—the crew, many of whom I numbered amongst my friends, mounted the rigging and gave me three hearty British cheers. I could only wave my thanks and good-bye; but, inwardly, I prayed that God might keep those of them who had made a profession of godliness faithful unto the end, and that the wayward and wandering ones might be speedily brought to a knowledge of His truth.

"We arrived safely on board; and shortly after the *Walmer Castle* weighed anchor, and we set out upon our journey. The first night out we had a stiff breeze, and the ship rolled heavily. Many of the passengers had neglected to secure their cabin requisites, etc.; and



DEPARTURE FROM SHEPHERNESS.

the consequence was, at every lurch of the ship all sorts of things were constantly changing cabins, and great was the confusion. Besides this nearly every one was dreadfully sea-sick.

“ Before setting out on the voyage I had made up my mind that, with God’s help, I should try to make myself useful in His cause amongst my fellow-passengers. The confusion and sea-sickness just referred to I thought might be turned to advantage in the carrying out of my intention. I accordingly set to work and helped to gather up the *débris*, and, as far as possible, restore them to their rightful owners. This little act of kindness on my part was appreciated, especially by those who were too sick to look after themselves, and served as an introduction. Many of them continued to be ill for some days ; and, in my conversation with them, I asked if they would object to my conducting family worship each evening at 8 o’clock. Without exception they consented, saying how glad they would be to attend, and thanked me for making the suggestion. The family worship was accordingly started, and kept up during the whole voyage. I found that divine service on Sunday morning would be acceptable to many, and I accordingly obtained the captain’s permission to preach on deck. In order that any of the crew who might wish to attend should have an opportunity of doing so, I fixed upon the fore-castle head as my pulpit. Some of the men, however, objected to my preaching so near their quarters, and it was whispered about that, headed by the boatswain’s mate, they intended to disturb the service. Mrs. Gainford heard

the rumour and said to me, 'Ah, my dear, the boatswain's mate says if you preach near his quarters he will knock you down.' 'No fear,' I replied; 'I will manage him.' I prided myself a little on being able to read character, and had already formed an opinion of this man which I soon found was correct. He was a great bully, and consequently a thorough coward, eaten up of self-conceit, and proud of the petty authority he could exercise on board the ship. I could see plainly that by working upon his pride I might turn him into an ally instead of a foe. Going to him I said, 'I suppose you have heard, boatswain, that I intend to hold a service on Sunday; I shall preach from the fore-castle head, and hope to be able to teach some of the passengers and crew something of their duty to God, as many of them appear to know very little about it. Now, it is just possible some of the crew may object to my preaching on the fore-castle, and try to disturb the meeting; and, should anything of that sort occur, I want you to be my protector, and keep order.' This so tickled his vanity that all the opposition and enmity he had previously exhibited vanished, and he replied, 'All right, Mr. Gainford, have no fear, for I shall see that you take no harm, and that the service is not disturbed.' Weather permitting, this open-air service was continued each Sabbath during the voyage, and was not unproductive of good fruit. My influence for good amongst the passengers was supplemented by another means. I had, fortunately, brought with me my nautical instruments; and, for my own amusement, took sights each day and worked out

the ship's position. The passengers used to come to me every afternoon to know where the ship was; how far we had gone during the past twenty-four hours; how far we were from old England, and what distance must be traversed ere we reached our destination; and, as I took pains to point out on my chart the ship's position to them, they were much gratified. Some of them would, at times, make similar inquiries of the captain; but such was their confidence in my capabilities as a navigator that, if my reckoning did not agree with his, I invariably had the benefit of the doubt, and they looked upon my statement as correct.

"We had been at sea a few weeks; the ship was running before a strong gale of wind, the weather was very clear and fine, though the sea ran very high. We were about to dine, when suddenly the cry was heard, 'Man overboard!' In an instant all was bustle and confusion; the helm was put down, and the ship brought to, life buoys and hen coops thrown overboard, and efforts made to lower one of the quarter-boats, and a man sent aloft to look out. Much delay was occasioned by the careless manner in which the boat had been made fast in the davits, the girthing having been overlapped by some lines. It was not until the boat was lowered and the crew in her that we asked who it was had fallen overboard. We found it was the fourth officer; in the execution of some duty he had carelessly jumped up on to the poop railing, which was covered with polished brass; his feet slipped, and he fell overboard. The crew of the boat pulled some considerable distance in the

direction of the life buoys and other things which had been thrown overboard, and picked them up again, but nothing could be seen of the unfortunate mate, who had sunk to rise no more. If the difficulty in launching the boat had been great, getting it on board again was much greater, and it seemed, at times, as if we were going to lose both it and the crew. Eventually, by means of lifelines, each man was hauled safely on board again, and the boat secured. This fatality cast a gloom over the ship; and the circumstance was rendered still more melancholy by the fact that a brother of the fourth mate was on board and witnessed the sad accident.

"The *Walmer Castle* was bound to Sydney, *via* Melbourne, and we arrived in Hobson's Bay without further mishap. Here great inducement was offered me to remain; and I have often wondered, what those of my friends at Sheerness who considered me mad to leave a situation there in which I was provided for for life, and go out to a place like Australia, would say, had they known that on the very first day of our arrival I was offered £500 per annum to go on shore and manage a sawmill. This offer, tempting as it was, I declined, preferring to adhere to my original intention of going on to Sydney. After two weeks' stay at Melbourne we resumed our voyage, and reached Sydney on the morning of the 13th September, 1853.

"No sooner had we dropped anchor than the ship was surrounded by boats of all shapes and sizes, many of them bringing off the friends and relatives

of our passengers, and great was the rejoicing at the reunion of those who had been long separated. Not having any friends or relations in the colony that I knew of, I did not expect any one to meet me; and, consequently, paid little attention to those who came on board. Being anxious to get on shore as quickly as possible I set about engaging a boatman, and getting my luggage on deck. I took no notice of the crowd of boatmen who had come on board, and were rushing up and down the deck annoying every one they met by their importunity for engagement, and evident determination not to take 'No' for an answer; but crossing over to a man I had noticed sitting upon the rail, and evidently waiting for some one to employ him, I said, 'Have you a boat?' 'Yes, sir, I have,' he replied. Something in his manner and appearance arrested my attention; and, fixing my eyes upon his, I continued, 'Yes, and you have something better than a boat; you have Christ as your Saviour.' His whole face lit up in an instant, and, jumping off the rail, he wrung my hand, saying, 'Yes, bless God, I have:' and welcomed me to Australia. Such a reception I had not expected, and it was, on that account, all the more welcome.

"On landing we found it was almost impossible to find accommodation; but, acting upon the advice of my friend, the boatman, we applied for rooms at a certain house, the proprietor of which, strange to say, proved to be an acquaintance of my father's: and thus we were amongst friends at the very outset of our colonial life. That night I had the pleasure

of meeting and having tea with our late venerable city missionary, Mr. Nathanael Pidgeon, and this was the beginning of a friendship which I enjoyed for many years.

"In a few days' time we were granted, as a great favour, the use of one room in a house situated in Castlereagh Street, near Liverpool Street, for which we were required to pay the modest (?) sum of fourteen shillings per week. On going to the ship, which was by this time berthed at Campbell's wharf, for the remainder of our effects, I was surprised to find that a most melancholy occurrence had taken place, and one which was evidently a visitation of God. During the voyage out a report was current amongst the crew that the boatswain intended to desert immediately after arrival at Sydney, and go to the diggings. His mate, the man to whom I have already referred in connection with my preaching on board, was much pleased at the prospect of promotion, but, when challenged by some of the crew with wanting to have the boatswain's place, he made a declaration, seasoned with oaths, that he did not want the position, and called upon God to break his neck the first day he should accept it. Sure enough, the boatswain did desert as soon as the ship was berthed, and when his absence was reported to the captain, he called the boatswain's mate aft, and promoted him to the vacant place. Thanking the captain he immediately entered upon his duties. The crew were employed unbending sail, and the new boatswain, while directing the work, had occasion to mount up on the bottom

of a boat lying across the roof of the deck-house; as he gave his orders he stepped backwards, and, falling to the deck, broke his neck and died instantly. The way in which he had challenged God to break his neck had long been forgotten by the crew, but it had not been overlooked by the Almighty Who took him at his word. Verily, God will not be tempted, neither will He always strive with the children of men."

CHAPTER X.

FIRST YEAR IN THE COLONY.

FOR a new chum, with his want of colonial experience, to get a footing in the colony, even in those days—thirty years ago,—which are now spoken of as the “good old times,” was not an easy matter. However, Mr. Gainford was singularly fortunate in this respect. Shortly after his arrival he was employed by the late John Cuthbert, ship-builder, at a salary of £6 per week. This was a good beginning, and infinitely better than he had expected.

At the termination of this engagement he determined to start business as contractor on his own account. His first tender was accepted. It was for the erection, in Sydney Cove, of wharves for the Peninsular and Oriental S.S. Company. The work was completed to their satisfaction, and led to Mr. Gainford's appointment as superintendent of the steamers while they were lying in Sydney. This position he held till the boats were removed from the service, and employed in carrying troops to the Crimea.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention here an incident which occurred during his connection with the P. & O. Company. Though simple in itself it serves

to illustrate a trait in his character—ingenuity, of which he was blessed with no small share. The company required large moorings laid down at which to moor their steamers; and Mr. Gainford was entrusted with the work. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining an anchor large enough. At last one was given them by the Government. It was an immense affair, and had belonged to one of the large men-of-war, but was lying, at this time, in a paddock near the circular quay, at present forming the yard of the commissariat stores. The harbour department did then, and still do, require the upper fluke of any anchor laid down for mooring purposes to be cut off, or bent down level with the stem, so as to prevent it from fouling the chains of other ships. To cut off, or bend down, the fluke of such a large anchor as the one in question, was no easy task. The work was undertaken by an engineering firm, who contracted to cart the anchor to their works and alter it as required for the sum of £35. The task was to be completed in a week's time; but, on Mr. Gainford going on the appointed day to see that the work was done according to instructions, he found it had not only not been commenced, but the anchor itself still lay in the paddock. After various excuses the manager acknowledged that they could not do the work, not having the appliances, and would be glad to be allowed to cancel the contract. Mr. Gainford knew well that if the firm in question could not do the work, none other in Sydney could. As the conditions of the harbour department had to be complied with, the question now arose, how was it to be done. The

difficulty seemed insurmountable, and the company were about to use two smaller anchors, when, to their surprise, Mr. Gainford, who had been considering the matter, offered to bend the fluke himself. Some laughed at the idea, knowing he was without the necessary appliances; while others, who knew him better, were ready to render any assistance in their power. A gang of men were set to work, and, with levers and tackles, the ponderous anchor was dragged and rolled along till it rested upon the very edge of the stone wharf. Here all waited in silence, wondering what next was to be done. After digging a hole between the large stones, one fluke was firmly buried therein, so as to leave the other in an upright position. A large fire was then kindled around this; and, after giving instructions to some of his men about keeping the fire burning till his return, Mr. Gainford went off in a boat, taking the others with him. Great speculation was now indulged in as to the next move. Some thought he was trying to melt the fluke off; others said he had gone away to obtain a supply of sledge hammers, and would try to beat it down with them; but all prophesied failure. Their conjectures were, however, all wrong, for the boat soon re-appeared, towing a large pile driver. This machine having been moored in proper position, and the fluke being sufficiently heated, the monkey was raised, and then dropped with such good effect that, with only three blows, the fluke was bent down completely flat. The thing was done so well and so simply the general cry was, Oh, any one could do that! Very true; so anybody could, when—like Columbus and

the egg—he had been shown how. Simple as was the whole affair, the fact remained that Mr. Gainford's ingenuity had performed, in a few hours, a work that had defied all the appliances and engineering skill of the largest firm of iron workers in the colony. After inspection the anchor was passed by the harbour master, and Mr. Gainford complimented upon his cleverness.

The above is an outline of the first year or so of his life in the colony as far as temporal affairs are concerned. The spiritual work, in which he so much delighted, had not been neglected in the meantime. He had become acquainted with the city missionaries, and entered heartily into their work. His Sabbaths were generally occupied in preaching in the open air on Hyde Park, or lecturing on temperance in the same place. Much good attended his efforts, and he soon had gathered around him a band of devoted helpers. Several of them are living still, and can look back with gratification to the time when they assisted in the good work. Some who first received their good at these meetings, and were encouraged to stand up and let others know what God had done for them, are now successful ministers of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, pointing their fellow-men to the strait and narrow path that leads to life eternal.

The Female Refuge was an institution which engaged his particular attention. On visiting that institution for the first time he was much affected by the condition, both bodily and mentally, in which he found the inmates. There were some twenty-eight females, old

and young, some having been reduced to their present state by their vicious inclinations, while others had been ruined by those who should have proved to be their protectors; one of the latter was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. So overcome was he at the sight of their wretchedness and misery he could not preach, but spent the time usually allotted to the service in conversation with them individually. This mode of seeking their spiritual good was evidently new; for, on leaving, the matron said to him, "Oh, Mr. Gainford, the ministers who come here do not do as you have done; they preach, but very seldom speak personally to any." "I don't come here for preaching's sake," he replied, "but that I may be the humble instrument in God's hands of saving their souls."

In speaking of his visits to the Refuge Mr. Gainford says:—"One day I was asked by the matron to go into an adjoining room to see one of the inmates who was lying there sick. When I saw her I was much struck by her appearance, her beautiful black eyes and intelligent face clearly stamping her as one who had seen better days. On questioning her she gladly gave me her history, in the hope that I might perhaps be able to help her regain her lost position. She was the daughter of French parents, and had been reared in all the luxury which wealth and refinement could secure. A rich colonist, from South Australia, while travelling on the Continent, married her, and they shortly afterwards left for Adelaide. They, unfortunately, took passage by a ship which was commanded by a gay young Lothario, who, by his blandishments,

succeeded, during the voyage, in weaning her affections from her husband. On arrival at Adelaide she openly left her home, and went to live with the captain, who brought her round to Sydney in his ship. It was the old story over again; she was deserted, and left a wanderer without house, home, or friends, upon the streets of Sydney. At last, wretched and almost famished, she received food and shelter at the Refuge, where I found her. In further conversation with her I ascertained some particulars regarding her husband, who, she informed me, though much her elder, was greatly devoted to her. Her conduct had, however, so hardened his heart against her, he had made no effort to follow her, or even ascertain her whereabouts. After some reluctance she furnished me with his name and address, and agreed to allow me to write and plead her cause with him. I accordingly did so; and, whilst carefully avoiding any palliation of her conduct, pointed out where he had committed serious error, in contracting a marriage where such disparity of age existed. By return post I received a letter from him full of love and sympathy for his erring partner; not only promising to forgive and forget the past, but enclosing a cheque for £25 to pay her passage home again. I need hardly say how pleased I was to get it, and how quickly I conveyed the joyful news to the poor girl; or how gladly she received it, and with what tears of joy and gratitude she thanked me for my intervention on her behalf. Under this new inspiration she quickly recovered, and after having procured an outfit, and made herself more presentable, I paid her

passage, and sent her home, where she arrived safely, and was received, like the prodigal son, with open arms."

At the conclusion of his engagement with the P. & O. Company Mr. Gainford again entered into business as contractor. At this time the Mariners' Church, Lower George Street, was being built. The foundations and a portion of the walls were completed, and tenders were called for supplying the necessary timber. Amongst others he tendered, but was not successful. Little did he think, when measuring the building and making his calculations, that he should one day be a minister of the gospel, and preach in that very church, and his labours be so much blessed within its walls. Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

In the year 1855 we find Mr. Gainford, in conjunction with Mr. —, proprietors of a sawmill on the banks of Duck Creek, Parramatta River. This venture was becoming profitable, and they determined to extend their operations to the Richmond River, where they decided to open a branch establishment. For this purpose Mr. Gainford left Sydney for the Richmond, where he remained some four months, building the sheds and other structures for reception of the machinery on its arrival. These being completed he started for home; coming down the river he took passage in a vessel which was lying at the heads waiting for a fair wind to cross out over the bar. The fair wind came; but, unfortunately, there was not

sufficient water on the bar; again, there was plenty of water, but the wind was contrary. He remained on board two months, waiting patiently for the time when both wind and water should be favourable, but that time seemed as far off as ever. At last, becoming impatient at the delay and loss of time and money, and being anxious about Mrs. Gainford and family, with whom he had no means of communication, and who, he knew, would naturally be uneasy about his long silence, he, with another passenger—a German, named Essie—determined to leave the vessel and walk to the Clarence River, a distance of many miles, where they could join the regular steamer for Sydney.

This journey, as far as they knew, had never before been attempted, and the old settlers at the Richmond entreated them, if they had any love for their wives and families, not to think of taking so foolish a step, as the intervening country was inhabited by a fierce tribe of blacks, who would probably kill them before half the journey could be accomplished. Notwithstanding the danger, they determined to make a start, as there was still no prospect of the ship getting out of the river. The following day, having provided themselves with sufficient food for the journey, some firearms and a compass, they started off, not without some slight fear as to the success of the undertaking. Before dark they had covered about twenty miles, and now their troubles and difficulties began in real earnest. The rain began to descend in torrents; they had no shelter of any description, and the situation looked gloomy in the extreme. They were tired out and drenched to

the skin. Having pulled up a quantity of scrub, with which the place was covered, they made it serve for bedding, and to keep them off the wet ground, and so prepared to pass the night. Before lying down, Mr. Gainford knelt in prayer, and commended them both to the care and keeping of God. His companion, who was an infidel, and did not believe in a God, lay down to rest in anything but a cheerful frame of mind. Already was he beginning to repent his foolishness in starting out upon such a journey, and heartily wished himself safely back again on board the ship. They slept soundly through all the rain, notwithstanding their wet clothes and uncomfortable bed. The morning was far advanced when they awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and their prospects seemed more encouraging. After breakfast they resumed their journey, still following the coast line as they had done on the previous day. Before noon they had rounded a headland, known as Long Point, behind which lay their first real barrier, Evans' Creek. This creek was really a small salt water river, and very deep. As they had neither boat nor raft, their only means of getting across it was by swimming, which they decided to do. On approaching the banks they found the water very clear, and could see the bottom quite distinctly; and well for them it was so, for it revealed the fact that the river was infested with immense sting-rays and ground sharks. Not being anxious to become acquainted with such monsters, they decided to leave them in undisputed possession of that portion of the river, while they travelled a mile or two

along the banks in search of a narrow and shallow place which they might be able to ford. The water, however, appeared to keep a uniform depth, and as by searching any longer they were only going out of their course they determined to swim across. The water at this point of the river they found was almost fresh, and they concluded they would have little to fear from sharks or sting-rays. They divided their clothes, provisions, etc., into two equal portions, and tied them in bundles, intending, if possible, to carry them on their heads and walk across the river. Mr. Gainford, being the taller of the two, took the water first, and waded in shoulder-deep. At each step the depth of water increased, and the idea of walking across had to be abandoned. Returning to the shore they constructed a small raft, large enough to float and keep dry all their belongings. Having launched it, they carefully loaded it with their provisions, clothes, etc., and fixing upon a landing-place lower down the stream on the opposite bank, they set out, Mr. Essie towing, and Mr. Gainford shoving, the raft. By fixing upon a landing-place lower down the river, they had the advantage of swimming with the current, which was a great help. The distance across was not great, but they had to take the raft with them; and, being already fatigued, the exertion told upon them much more than it otherwise would have done. They reached the other side, and Mr. Essie could touch the bottom, and was partly walking and partly swimming, and Mr. Gainford thought he could do so too, being much taller. Letting go the raft he

straightened himself, and tried to stand, when he immediately sank. This unexpected immersion was very nearly proving fatal; but, on coming to the surface, he made a desperate effort and reached the bank, though in a very exhausted state. On searching for the cause of this accident, he found that Essie had been walking along the edge of a sandbank, and that the width of the raft had been sufficient to keep himself in deep water, it shoaled so rapidly.

Having dined and rested awhile, they set out again upon their journey, travelling a direct compass course for Clarence Heads. On leaving the Richmond River they had hoped to be able to travel the whole way to the Clarence along the beach; but, having been obliged to go out of their track in searching for a fordable place in Evans' Creek, they were now some distance back in the country. They had not proceeded far, when they entered a very low-lying district over which it was evident at certain periods the sea flowed, and turned it into an immense salt-water marsh. To walk through such a swamp was not a pleasant undertaking, and they determined, if possible, to avoid it. Altering their course, they skirted the margin for some miles in the vain hope of finding the end and so getting round it, but without avail. The further they walked the more extensive did the marsh appear; as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but long lank reeds with here and there a patch of clear water, or clumps of stunted mangroves, which seemed to be literally alive with black cockatoos and other birds; while black swans and ducks swam about the marsh in

myriads. There was no other alternative but to cross the swamp, and, having provided themselves each with a stout stick, they started, Mr. Gainford leading. He had not taken many steps when he stopped, saying, "Why, Essie, here is a little dog: who can have left it?" Suddenly, and to his utter amazement, the creature spread a pair of wings, and took flight. "Well, well," said he, "Australia is a queer place, it can boast of flying dogs." Mr. Essie, who was an old colonist, explained that the creature he had supposed to be a little dog was nothing more than the common flying fox. The opposite side of the swamp could not be seen, and they did not know how far they would have to struggle through mud and water before they again reached *terra firma*, so determined to do the journey by stages, trusting to be able to find some dry knolls upon which to rest. From the very outset the journey was a perfect toil. At each step they sank knee-deep in the mire, and their top boots becoming filled with mud and water, added greatly to their distress. They were obliged to steer a compass course, as the reeds were so high and thick they could not see more than a few paces ahead, excepting when they happened upon one of the few open spaces already referred to. In the centre of one of these they descried a little island which appeared to be quite dry, and they pressed onwards towards it, hoping to have a little much-needed rest thereon. Floundering and plunging, covered with slime and filth, they at last reached their goal, and were about to scramble on to it, when, to their horror, they found it already occupied. The

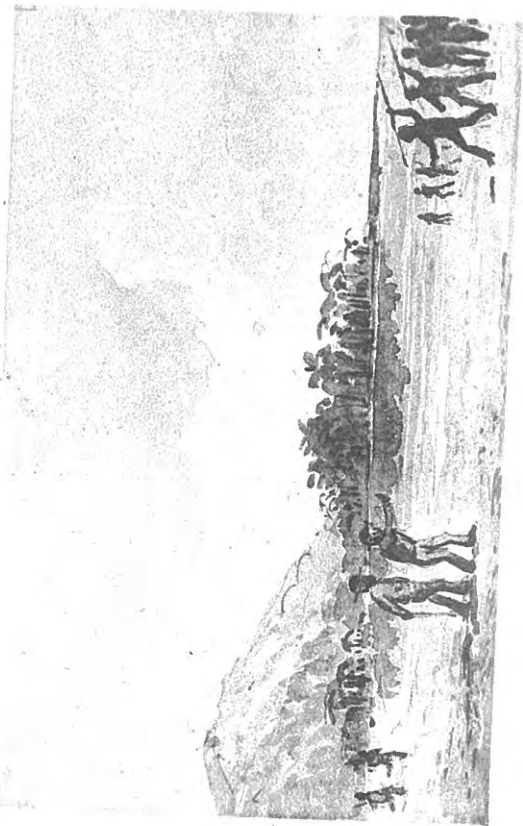
knoll was only a few yards in circumference, and a foot or two above the surface of the water; but, in its very centre, an immense snake of the boa species lay coiled up and asleep. The two stood for a few moments almost within reach of the monster, undecided what to do; though they were armed with a stout stick each, they dared not attack him in their present exhausted state. They feared to move, lest the noise of their wading should waken his snakeship, when it was just possible he might become the aggressor. However, by stealthy steps, they managed to pass on, leaving him in undisputed possession of the island. Entering the reeds again, they plodded wearily along, now walking in shallow water with comparatively firm footing, then plunging waist-deep into a hole full of slime and mire. Each yard they became more exhausted, and were slowly levering one leg after the other out of the mud, when suddenly, and to their inexpressible relief and delight, they emerged from the wilderness of reeds to find themselves upon dry land, and very near to the beach they longed to regain. Unconsciously they had selected the narrowest portion of the swamp in crossing; and as night was fast approaching their escape from it was providential. They were quickly on the beach, where they proposed to pass the night. Their food and blankets had, fortunately, been kept dry, so, after partaking of a hearty supper, they prepared for rest. There was no scrub or bushes of which to make beds, so, after divesting themselves of their wet clothes, they each scraped a hole, their own length and shape, in the fine white drift sand, which

they found to be perfectly dry, and spreading the blankets in them lay down, covering themselves over with the ends. In this way they slept soundly and comfortably all night. The following morning Mr. Essie seemed much depressed; the toils of the preceding day, especially through the swamp, had so weakened him, he felt little inclination to start again. However, after breakfast, the journey was continued; and, as they kept to the beach, walking upon the hard sand, their progress was more rapid. By noon they had reached a headland, where the beach terminated; and, as the rocks were precipitous and washed by the sea, there was no alternative but to climb over, and descend to the beach on the other side. Poor Essie, who was almost done up with fatigue, could not be persuaded for some time to commence the ascent. "What is the use," said he, "of going any farther? We can never climb this mountain, and will only perish in the attempt,—far better die here." They had lost all reckoning of the number of miles traversed, owing to the detours made at Evans' Creek and the swamp; and now had no idea of the distance they were from the Clarence River. This was perhaps an advantage, for Essie could only be roused to fresh effort by his companion suggesting that when they reached the top, they might be able to see their destination. They started with this hope, and reached the summit, only to meet with disappointment; for, as far as the eye could reach, nothing but white sandy beach lay before them. During the ascent of the hill, Essie had been buoyed up with the hope infused into him by Mr. Gainford; but now that

his expectation was not realised, he fairly gave way to his disappointment and fatigue, and lay down to die.

With much difficulty he was rallied, and resolved to make a final effort. They continued their journey, wearily dragging themselves along, and, after travelling a few miles, came in sight of another headland, ~~but~~, alas! not their destination. Late in the day they reached it, and with considerable difficulty climbed to its summit, when to their joy they could see the end of their journey—the pilot station at the Clarence Head was in full view. The sight of it infused new life; and no one, judging from the rapid strides with which they resumed the march, could have believed that they were the same two weary travellers who, an hour or two before, had been slowly dragging themselves along the beach.

They were within a mile of the pilot station, and stepping out briskly, thinking of home and hoping to be in time for the Sydney steamer, when, happening to look back, they found to their dismay they were being pursued by six or eight naked savages, armed with spears and other weapons. In their exhausted state flight was hopeless; their only chance of escape was putting on a bold front and showing no fear. Their only weapon was a revolver which Essie carried. Mr. Gainford advised him to keep it out of sight, lest they should consider it a menace, and not to use it unless to preserve his life. During his residence on the Richmond, Mr. Gainford had been much amongst the blacks, and had picked up enough of their language to make himself understood. Turning sharply round,



PURSUED BY SAVAGES.

he walked quickly back to meet the natives, who, seeing him coming towards them, stopped short and prepared to receive him. As he approached them, closely followed by Essie, the chief called out asking who they were, where they came from, and whence they were going. Mr. Gainford fortunately understood their questions, and answered them as well as he could. The blacks appeared satisfied with the replies, and, after asking for and receiving the remnants of the travellers' provisions, retired into the bush as quickly as possible. Neither Mr. Gainford nor his companion could account for the hasty retreat of the blacks; but, on turning round to resume their journey, they found that a party of men who had been watching proceedings through a telescope from the pilot station, had set out to their assistance, and were now near at hand.

They were very kindly treated by the pilot and his men; and, after having partaken of a hearty meal, and having a good night's repose, went on board the steamer, which, much to their gratification, they found was to sail that afternoon. Great were the rejoicings in Mr. Gainford's family and amongst his friends when he so unexpectedly reached home. Mrs. Gainford, he found, was almost worn to a shadow through anxiety on his behalf, for the news of his departure from the Richmond had reached Sydney; and, as he did not put in an appearance at the expected time, it was currently reported that he had been murdered by the blacks. The journey had been a long and tedious one; but, beyond the fatigue and the loss of his toe nails, which dropped off during the march, he suffered no ill-effects.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE RICHMOND RIVER.

HIS objects in returning to Sydney were soon accomplished. The necessary machinery was procured; and, having engaged sufficient men to work the mill, he left for the Richmond River, accompanied by Mrs. Gainford, two children, a nephew—a young midshipman who had left his vessel in Melbourne and come to Sydney in order to throw in his fortunes with those of his uncle—and the gang of men above referred to.

They sailed in the schooner *Frolic*, which was commanded by a man who, though occasionally addicted to drink, was regarded as one of the most skilful coasters then sailing out of Port Jackson. Everything looked favourable for a quick and prosperous voyage,—the wind fair, and the sea smooth. The captain, who had a large wager at stake regarding the trip with a friend in charge of a vessel to leave Sydney the following day, was naturally in high spirits.

The *Frolic* arrived safely off the Richmond bar; and, though the pilot signalled that there was not sufficient water for her to cross in, the captain, afraid of losing his wager, refused to stand off for the night

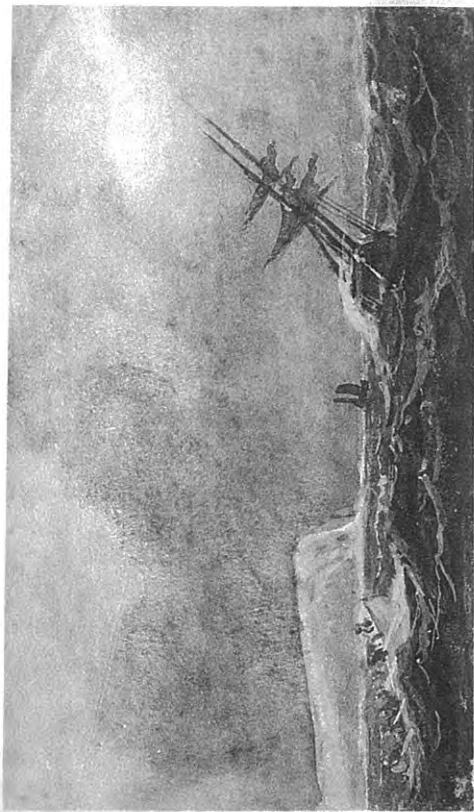
and catch the morning tide; so, squaring the yards and slacking the main sheet, he ran for the river's mouth. A heavy broken sea was running on the bar, clearly indicating shallow water. The hatches were battened down, and everything movable on deck secured. Mrs. Gainford and the children were sent below, and the scuttle closed. The captain secured himself in the foretop, where he could see the channel and give directions to the man at the wheel. Mr. Gainford, who knew the bar pretty well, having taken particular notice when crossing over it before, remained aft to assist in the steering, should it be necessary.

Being anxious to know how Mrs. Gainford and the children were faring below, he ran down the companion for a moment to give a few words of comfort and cheer, when, at that very instant, the ship struck the bar, smashing almost everything in the cabin, and hurling its inmates into one corner. All was confusion and darkness, Mrs. Gainford clinging to her husband, and beseeching him not to venture again upon the deck, over which seas were breaking with overwhelming force. Some few moments elapsed ere he could disengage himself from his wife; when, rushing on deck, the captain was seen lashed in the foreward rigging, white as a corpse, while the crew were huddled together on the fore-castle, evidently given up to despair, and resolved to do nothing to save the ship.

As the lives of those he held dearest upon earth were at stake, and the greater portion of the cargo his property, Mr. Gainford determined to do his utmost to save the ship, which was now practically abandoned by

the captain and crew. Though bumping heavily she still had way upon her; so, rushing to the wheel, which had been left, he tried for a moment to steer her into the channel; 'twas only for a moment, for the next instant the rudder was unshipped, and the vessel unmanageable. As a last effort he called his own man aft, and by means of the mainsail tried to direct her course, but without avail. She was lost. The heavy sea beat her in upon the bar as long as there was enough water to float her; then she stuck fast about a mile from the shore, the sea making a clean breach over her. Fortunately, though the ship was full of water, she did not go to pieces, but held well together. The crew and passengers, after some hours of great danger and privation, were rescued by the pilot boat, which put off to their assistance.

Mr. Gainford and family were very kindly entertained at Ainsworth's Hotel, where everything possible was done for their comfort. The crew of the ship and the sawmill hands were also cared for. Always anxious to do good or speak a word for his Master, Mr. Gainford, at bedtime, proposed that family worship should be held, and thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance from death by shipwreck. Calling the landlord into his room, he said, "Mr. Ainsworth, I am about to conduct family worship, and will be glad to have you and yours take part." "You must excuse me to-night, sir." "That means," continued Mr. Gainford, "you think, what is the use of my kneeling down here in prayer, and then going out into the bar to sell drink?" "That is just it," said he; "I cannot



WRECK OF THE "FROLIC."

reconcile one with the other." "I shall assist you then out of that difficulty," replied Mr. Gainford, and, going into the bar, he ordered those of his own men who were there to leave and go to rest, as they had a hard day's work before them at the wreck on the morrow. The sailors he also persuaded to go to their quarters, and so the bar was closed.

At daybreak the following day all were astir. Mr. Gainford's nephew was the first at the wreck, and came back, saying, "Oh! uncle, it is all up with the *Frolic*; she is high up in the surf, with the water rushing in and out, while the cargo and wreckage are strewn all along the beach. I managed to get on board, and looking down the hold saw your stores and machinery and other goods washing about from side to side; some of your cases are smashed, for I saw your sextant floating about." This was anything but cheering news, as Mr. Gainford had some hundreds of pounds' worth of stores and machinery on board, and not one penny of insurance upon it; to say nothing of his personal effects and library, which, at that time, comprised some four hundred volumes.

All hands formed themselves into a salvage corps; and their numbers and strength were increased by the crews of some ships which were lying in the river, whom the captain hired to assist in saving as much as possible of the cargo and wreckage. All worked with a will, wading out into the surf, and securing whatever came within reach. As the sea went down, they were able to go out to the ship and get out of the hold what little remained therein. It was cold, wet work; and

the sailors sent one of their number to Mr. Gainford, who was working, if anything, harder than any, besides directing operations, to suggest that they should be supplied with brandy to keep out the cold. Though he was a most rigid abstainer and temperance advocate, he could not very well, under the circumstances, refuse their request. With his own men he was, however, very different; a similar request from them was refused. "No, my lads," said he, "I have no authority over the seamen, but over you I have; you shall not, while in my service, have from me that which will do you no good, but a great amount of harm. I intend directly to appoint one of you as cook, when a fire will be built upon the beach, and you will be supplied with as much hot coffee as you like to have." This pleased them greatly, and it is only fair to add, that the coffee was much more appreciated, and did more real service in keeping out the cold and wet, than double the amount of brandy could have done.

This work was continued some three or four days, during which time nearly everything was saved from the wreck, though in a very damaged state. During the next high wind the *Frolic* went to pieces and became a total wreck.

The sawmill was a considerable distance up the river, some forty-five miles; and having secured all his belongings, and made arrangements for having them lightered to their destination, Mr. Gainford resumed his journey. Their only means of transit was a somewhat heavy and clumsy boat, which they would have to row the whole distance. On the fifth morning

after the wreck they set out, leaving the heads at about eleven o'clock, at the turn of the tide, having the flood with them, and taking one of the crew to assist in rowing. The first few hours of the journey were pleasant in the extreme; the still, calm surface of the river, ruffled only by the dip of the oars, and the solemn stillness of the air, broken only by the hum of insects, or songs of birds, were in strange contrast to the surging of the ocean, the howling of the storm, and the crashing of falling spars and broken timber. The scenery of the Richmond River, at that time, once seen, was remembered during a lifetime, and the voyagers, whilst being carried on their way by the flowing tide, and lost in admiration of the natural beauties by which they were surrounded, passed their time pleasantly enough. But by-and-bye reverses came; night, with all its darkness and deathlike stillness, came down upon them ere they had completed much more than half their journey; the tide, which had been their friend, and borne them along on their way so merrily, turned, and became their enemy. The rowing, which before had been so easy, now became a positive toil. As night closed in, the scenery on the river banks, which during the day had been so enchanting in its variety, now haunted them with its dreadful sameness. Hour after hour passed, their progress becoming slower and slower as their strength failed. The sailor at last gave in, saying he could row no further, as he was completely used up; and suggested that they should make the boat fast to a tree on the bank, and wait till the morning. To this Mr. Gainford would not agree, as

he had lost enough time already, and wished to be at his destination without further delay. Mrs. Gainford also begged of him to wait till morning, but he was obdurate. Taking up the oars he continued rowing alone, while his man laid down in the bottom of the boat to sleep. At last, almost exhausted, he too must have fallen asleep, perhaps only for an instant, but sufficiently long for the boat to be caught in an eddy of the river, and turned round. Rousing himself, he continued rowing, not noticing in the darkness that he was going in the wrong direction, and undoing all the toils of the past hours. While congratulating himself that the tide had turned much earlier than he had expected, he suddenly came to a head in the river they had passed an hour or so before. The truth at once flashed across his mind; and, though much disheartened by the accident, he turned the boat again and pulled on with renewed vigour, having first roused his man to assist him.

It was past ten o'clock, and they were silently struggling on, when suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the rapid splash of oars, as of a canoe being quickly paddled after them. As there were no settlements about that part of the river they could not account for the presence of their pursuer. Mrs. Gainford was much alarmed, fearing they were being followed by blacks who would murder them, and begged of her husband to row harder and so escape. This, however, could not be done; they rowed steadily on as before, and their pursuer, either tiring in or giving up the chase, dropped astern, and they heard

no more of him. The mystery was, however, solved a few days after; the pursuer was a facetious Chinaman, who, hearing that Mr. Gainford was coming up the river, having with him his wife and children, rowed down to meet him, saying, "Me go give ladigee frightee," and so he did.

They had not proceeded much further when they came up with a boat in which was a man, evidently in trouble of some sort. He had a light, and was poking about amongst the timbers of the boat, and hammering the bottom boards or lining most vigorously. On being questioned as to the cause of his trouble, he said that, being tired of rowing, he had tied his boat to an overhanging tree, intending to pass the night, when a large snake dropped into it, and crawled under the lining, and he was then endeavouring to kill it. "Oh, Tom," said Mrs. Gainford, "how truly thankful I am you did not take my advice, and tie the boat to a tree. One of those dreadful reptiles might have dropped into it, and then, whatever should we have done?"

They had now been rowing twelve hours, and were expecting that the next turn of the river would bring them within sight of the lights at the station, when they met a large punt coming down. On being hailed, the man in charge replied that he was going down to the wreck to bring up Mr. Gainford's machinery, etc.; and when he learned that it was Mr. Gainford to whom he was speaking, came alongside and welcomed him back to the district. To his surprise and disappointment he was informed by the puntmen, that, instead of

the next turn in the river being the last, he was still six miles from the stopping-place. How their hearts sank on hearing it! two or three hours more of rowing! they felt they could hardly endure it; however, they applied themselves steadily to their task, hoping every moment to feel the influence of the turning tide. It came at last, and their labour began to lessen. Bend after bend in the river was passed; each one bringing them nearer home. By two o'clock in the morning they judged the six miles must have been covered; and, as they rowed, listened attentively for any sound indicating the nearness of the station. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the barking of dogs. Never, perhaps, did music sound more sweetly to their ears, than did the yelping of those curs. They were at their journey's end; there was the little rustic wharf at which they were to land, and kind friends hurrying down to greet them. They were soon on shore and enjoying a hearty meal which had been prepared for them, and then retired to seek their well-earned repose.

CHAPTER XII.

BUSH LIFE.

THE Richmond River mill venture was in itself a success, but the venture as a whole, comprising the Duck Creek establishment, was a complete failure. During Mr. Gainford's absence, his principals in Sydney were making ducks and drakes of all the profits, and he determined, after a residence of eight months on the river, to return to Sydney and sever the connection. Making the necessary arrangements, he took passage to Sydney in the *Josephine*, narrowly escaping a second shipwreck on the bar; and, after discharging his various liabilities in connection with the speculation, was left a much poorer man than when he entered into it.

Though the venture was so disastrous financially, he never regretted having entered upon it, as the experience gained, during his sojourn on the river, was of great service to him in after-life. Very many of the settlers, cedar-getters, and others living in the district, were time-expired convicts; and strange characters they were, exhibiting all the lower traits of human nature in their worst forms. The cedar-getters were especially a rough lot; and Mr. Gainford, on

going amongst them, and having to do with them in business matters, soon found that there was abundant scope for work both in regard to religion and morality.

A commencement was made by inviting the saw-mill hands to attend a little service which he held every evening at his house, by way of family worship. Many of them attended regularly, and some received good. A temperance advocate was sadly needed, and he entered heartily into the work. The publican had for years been a sort of ruler in the district; all disputes were referred to him, he kept the cedar-men's accounts, and transacted their business, many of them being unable either to read or write. He was storekeeper, postmaster, banker, etc., occasionally even going so far as to undertake the duties of clergyman and baptize infants. The advent of Mr. Gainford to the district, and his endeavours to promote the good of those around him, soon brought about a change. Many of the cedar-men became abstainers and were able to attend to their business without the aid of the publican; and found themselves all the better off for the change. They began to refer their disputes and difficulties to Mr. Gainford, who could decide impartially, rather than appeal to the publican, who invariably gave his decision in favour of him who had the more money, or was the better customer.

The cedar-getter's life was one of great privation. Going out into the cedar forests he would remain for months together exposed to all weathers and living upon the scantiest of fare, principally damper (flour and water baked in ashes) and tea. The work was

most laborious. Two would generally work in partnership, and their mode of operation was this:—At certain seasons of the year they went away back into the interior and commenced felling the cedar-trees, which, after being roughly squared, were rolled, or perhaps dragged by bullocks, and deposited in the beds of the many creeks which fed the river. There they were branded with the owner's mark and left. After a certain number of logs had been treated in that way, the cedar-man would come back into the village, and wait for the rainy season, when the creeks became flooded and the logs of cedar floated down into the river, where their owners waited for them. Here they were formed into rafts, and sold. It was no uncommon thing for two men, at the close of the season, to have a raft of cedar worth a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds. Their first care, after receiving payment, was to adjourn to the public-house, and commence a drinking bout, which rarely ended while any money remained. No wonder that, with such customers, the publican became a rich and prosperous man. The scenes which commonly occurred at such times beggar all description, and had to be witnessed to be believed. Few would, perhaps, believe that human beings could become so helplessly the victims of intoxication and filth as to be found sleeping in the vicinity of a bush public-house, with maggots crawling in and out of their eyes and ears; nevertheless such scenes were by no means uncommon.

The following incident, narrated by Mr. Gainford, will serve as a sample of many which came under his

notice during his residence on the river; the same drunken habits and laxity of morals characterising the majority of them:—

“I had a good deal to do with one of the cedar-getters, named J. J——, who, when I met him, was a careless, drunken, immoral character. His wife was little, if anything, better. They had for years been separated, Jimmy living with another woman, while his wife had been kept for a very long time by a man named P——. By way of commencing his reformation, I, after much difficulty, persuaded Jimmy to sign the pledge, and he became a sober, thoughtful man. He had been a particularly good customer at the public-house; and now the publican, seeing he was likely to lose him, began to clamour for settlement of his account. Poor Jimmy, who had spent all his money in the tavern, had no more, and besought me to intercede for him. On speaking to the landlord, he said, ‘Well, Mr. Gainford, as you have persuaded Jimmy to sign the pledge and leave me, perhaps you will help him to pay off his score here?’ With this he produced a bill for £375, the balance of Jimmy’s account. ‘Surely, Brown,’ said I, ‘he can never have spent this money in drink?’ ‘Oh yes, he has, and much more; I can give you the particulars; here, for instance, take the first item, £20. On that day Jimmy brought some of his friends in to treat them; they had twenty bottles of champagne, for which I charge one pound per bottle.’ There was no remedy, the account had to be paid, and I promised Brown that, when Jimmy came in again from cedar getting, I should see that he squared it off. Jimmy and his mate went

out; and, in a few months, returned with a raft of cedar valued at £1,700. I measured off timber to the value of £375, and transferred it to the publican, and had the bill receipted. No sooner was this transaction completed than he produced another account, this time for £150. ‘I have already paid that,’ said Jimmy, ‘I gave you my team of bullocks in settlement.’ ‘No, you did not,’ replied Brown; ‘the bullocks were for another score altogether.’ ‘Well, Jimmy,’ said I, ‘you beat all the drunkards I ever saw; in your love for the cursed drink you have swallowed cedar logs, and bullocks, horns and all!’ As he had kept no check on the landlord, the second account had also to be paid; so, after measuring off and handing over cedar to the value of £150, Jimmy was a free man. He had a family of three children, all of very doubtful parentage, but Jimmy claimed them as his. The eldest one, a boy of fourteen years of age, named Willie, he seemed particularly attached to. One day he told me the history of the child. ‘He was the son of a woman with whom Jimmy had been living at Mosquito Creek. Some ten or twelve months after Willie’s birth his mother deserted him, and Jimmy could not get any one to nurse or look after the child. He had to go away into the bush; and, not liking to leave the infant to die in the hut, decided to take it with him. Dressing it as well as he could, he bundled it into a sugee bag; and, throwing it over his shoulder, set out for the bush. The poor child ate when he ate, at morning and night; but, during the day, it fared rather badly; for, whilst he was away working, it had to be left somewhere. For this purpose

he used to find a secluded spot in the cedar scrub in which to hide it, first having tied it securely in the bag, and provided it with a piece of fat bacon dipped in brown sugar, to suck by way of amusement. At night poor Willie was taken home to the cedar-men's camp; and, after being washed, was furnished with a clean bag to serve him over night and during the next day. For some time the child was reared in this way, and the father became much attached to it. Eventually Jimmy picked up with another woman, and Willie received better attention. Willie's foster-mother was the person with whom my friend was living when I became acquainted with him; and was the mother of the two other children I have referred to.

"Jimmy had some friends living at Mosquito Creek who were very anxious that I should go and preach for them. I promised to do so, and set out for the place, taking Jimmy as guide, as I did not know the way. I was mounted, but he would not ride, preferring to go on foot; he was a thorough bushman, and I was astonished at his agility; though a man of middle age, he kept up a jog trot and ran before me the whole way—some fifteen miles. We reached the settlement safely; and having some time to spare before meeting time, Jimmy acted as missionary, going from house to house and inviting the people to attend the service. The consequence was we had a full house, and I am pleased to say that good was done. I was much surprised, on looking round the room, to find that Jimmy, who had been so zealous in getting others to attend, was himself absent. On questioning him the next day he said, 'I

was there for a moment or two, but had to leave. Did you see that woman sitting just inside the door?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I did notice a woman sitting there.' 'Well,' said he, 'she is Willie's mother, and I dared not meet her, so, as soon as she came in, I left.' I was very sorry my friend had been obliged to leave; for, as he was under religious impressions, I fully expected him to be among the penitents.

"I knew, of course, that little good could be done him whilst he was living as he was; but his way to reformation was opened shortly after this by the death of P—, the man with whom Mrs. J—, Jimmy's lawful wife, was living. I looked upon the present opportunity as a providential one, and determined, if possible, to be the means in God's hands of bringing about the reformation and reunion of husband and wife. With this object I called upon Mrs. J—, and found her a woman of some intelligence and in every way superior to Jimmy. I made known the object of my visit, but made little progress in its accomplishment. I persuaded Mrs. Gainford to see her and try what influence she would have over her. After repeated conversations and much persuasion Mrs. J— agreed to meet her husband, and my wife having arranged both time and place, they met, and were reconciled. Mrs. J—, being possessed of considerable money and property, and having no family, agreed to receive Jimmy's three boys as well as himself. He was delighted at the prospect of becoming once more a respectable man and living with his own wife; so, hurrying home to his woman, said, 'Well, old girl, I'm

off; I'm going to leave you, and take the boys with me.' 'All right! off you go,' said she, 'but you shan't take little Jim with you; he is called after you, but you are not his father; he belongs to J— M—.' 'What will you take for him?' said Jimmy. 'Fifty pounds.' The bargain was struck, the money handed over, and Jimmy walked off with the boy. The woman went on the spree with the fifty pounds, and picked up with another man, so my friend got rid of her.

"Things were thus satisfactorily arranged, and I had the gratification of seeing a husband and wife, after a separation of twenty years, reunited, and become respectable members of society. As it was likely they would be annoyed by the mother of the children, who lived only six miles away, I suggested that the boys should be sent to school at Sydney. This was done, and Jimmy and his wife lived happily together."

Mr. Gainford also relates two other incidents of his life on the Richmond—one connected with himself, the other having reference to the habits of the Australian blacks. He says:—

"I resided some considerable distance from the saw-mill, and could only spare time to visit my home once or twice a week. On one of these occasions I was lost in the bush. It was Saturday evening, and, as my horse had strayed away, I determined to set out on foot. About dusk I missed the way, and wandered about some time in search of it. I came across a cattle track, and thinking it might lead to my destination, I followed it up as well as I could in the dark, in the hope of soon coming within view of the lights

at the camp, as the settlement was called. After a while I missed this track, too, and was obliged to crawl through the dense scrub upon my hands and knees. By-and-bye the moon rose, and I got along better, making, as I thought, good progress homewards. Happening to reach the river bank, I found, to my dismay, it was flowing in the same direction in which I was travelling, this showing beyond a doubt that, instead of going home, I was walking from it. Turning back I hastily retraced my steps, stumbling along as best I could in the gloom, only to find myself going into a swamp. It was now about midnight, and I gave up all hope of reaching home before daylight. Climbing up into a large tree, I broke off sufficient branches to make a bed thick enough to keep me off the wet ground; and, after committing myself and those belonging to me to the care of Him Who so far through life had been my helper and guide, I laid down, thankful for even the scant comfort I had. I had not been lying long when I heard the sound of a boat coming down the river. Springing up, I cooed, and was soon rejoiced to hear in answer, 'Is that you, Mr. Gainford?' 'Yes, my lads,' I replied, 'it is; and I am thankful you have come.' Scrambling out upon an overhanging bough I dropped into the boat, which, I found, had been sent by my wife, who, alarmed at my non-arrival, had concluded I had been lost in the bush. But for their timely arrival I should have been obliged to spend a most uncomfortable night.

"During my residence on the Richmond I had

many opportunities of mixing with the blacks, and noting some of their manners and customs. At times I had one or two of them in my employ, but almost invariably found them indolent, and unwilling to undertake work of a laborious nature. Not being able to go home more than once or twice a week, I used occasionally to write to Mrs. Gainford, and employ one of the blacks as postman. On safely delivering my note he was rewarded by having a good meal, and, perhaps, a piece of tobacco given to him. I often wondered how he managed to keep the note dry, as he had to swim across the river before reaching my home. On making inquiries I found he used to get a piece of stick, and, having split the end, would put the envelope in the crack: this he held above his head while swimming, and so kept it dry. It was very handy to have such a good messenger when one was required; but, eventually, he became a perfect nuisance, coming to me times out of number during the day, and tormenting me for 'paper-yabber,' by which he meant a letter, to take to Mrs. Gainford.

"A large number of blacks had encamped near the mill; and one evening I was asked by a friend to go with him to witness their mode of doctoring a sick man, who appeared to be suffering from what we should call inflammation of the bowels. We found him lying on his back in the centre of the camp, with a fire burning on each side near his knees, two others at the shoulders, and one at the head—five in all; the warmth these gave acted instead of poultices, which they of course knew nothing about. Near by sat two

gins, the patient's wives, howling most piteously, and beating their heads with sharp stones, while blood streamed down their faces. After a little time had been spent in this performance, the doctor, a burly-looking savage, arrived, having three assistants with him. After examining the patient, the doctor quickly decided upon his course of treatment. Kneeling down he fastened his teeth in the sick man's breast, and instructed his assistants to follow his example, but lower down upon the body. Accordingly they began operations upon the stomach, where they fastened upon him, having their mouths as near together as they possibly could. In this way they bled him, to allay the inflammation; and, after the treatment had been continued for some time, and the doctor considered sufficient blood had been withdrawn, he left, retiring alone into the bush. He shortly re-appeared, walking slowly towards the camp, and having in his hand and pressed hard against his stomach a flat stone of a peculiar kind, which the blacks consider a talisman. Approaching the sick man, and still holding the talisman against his own stomach, he laid down flat upon him, face to face, body to body, arms to arms, legs to legs, having the talisman thus between them. This part of the programme appeared to be the finale, for the patient was soon afterwards removed to his gunyah, and the doctors left, probably to make another professional call. Some days afterwards I inquired at the camp, and found the sick man had recovered, and was then quite well."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOLD FEVER.

I N the year 1857 we find the subject of this memoir at Tarrangower, a mining township in Victoria. Business in the building and contracting line had become very bad in Sydney. The gold fever had turned the colony upside down. During the excitement men occupying positions in all grades of society were resigning them, and leaving to try their fortunes on the goldfields. Mr. Gainford must needs go too. Leaving his wife and family in Sydney, he set out, taking as his mate a young married man named George Ward, who, shortly before, had been a convert to Mr. Gainford's ministry, at the Methodists' chapel, Botany.

On the passage to Melbourne he remarked to George that, as he was going to a new place where there were few people and all strangers to him, he hoped to be able to rest awhile from his preaching and temperance lecturing. He was, however, of a temperament that knew no rest while work remained to be done. On the first Sunday of his residence at Tarrangower he broke his resolution. Seeing the miners strolling about, looking at their claims, or idling their time away, he said, "Well, George, this will never do; I

shall hold a service on yonder reef, and you must come with me to lead the singing." They started off, and held their service; the fine singing of George, who possessed a remarkably good voice, quickly attracting a large number of the diggers. This was his introduction to the residents at Tarrangower. His fame as a preacher quickly spread, and resulted in both the Wesleyan and Welsh Chapels being quickly placed at his disposal for the holding of religious services. The consequence was that, instead of getting the rest he had longed for, and which he felt so much in need of while in Sydney, he was harder at work than ever. Week-night services, temperance meetings, Bible classes, etc., were in full swing; and much good resulted therefrom.

Though his prospects of doing well on the diggings, after six months' trial, were not very encouraging, he determined to go on with his claims, and thoroughly test their value. With this object in view he erected two substantial dwellings, one for himself and family, the other for George and his wife; and returned to Sydney for Mrs. Gainford.

On his return he, in conjunction with three others, formed a company, and commenced quartz reefing, as well as alluvial digging. This venture, as indeed did all his other ones at the diggings, proved a complete failure, various causes conspiring to bring about both loss and disappointment. Serious inroads were made upon his capital; and, being the only one of the company with any means to fall back upon, he had to bear the brunt of the failure. The claim ran out, and was abandoned. Mr. Gainford then suggested that his



OPEN-AIR PREACHING ON THE DIGGINGS

three partners should go out prospecting, while he remained in the township and contracted for the erection of certain buildings which were to be constructed. He obtained the contracts, and, in that way, supplied the funds for the prospecting party, as well as for his own wants; nothing, however, came of the prospecting, and the partnership was dissolved.

About this time a large company was formed in Melbourne for the working of certain claims at Mount Corong; and Mr. Gainford was offered, and accepted, the position of mining manager, which he held as long as the company continued their operations. He remained on the diggings in all about three years, meeting with varying success, at times being in comparative affluence, and at others reduced almost to penury; through all, however, he maintained those Christian principles which had for so many years sustained him and been his guide. His unwavering faith in God and thorough belief in the precious promise that "all things shall work together for good to those who love Him" kept him happy and contented whatever his lot was. Working like a slave all day, and spending money without any return for it, did not prevent him, either by fatigue or discouragement, from devoting the major portion of his evenings to going about attending to the spiritual wants of those by whom he was surrounded. Almost every night in the week was set apart for the holding of some meeting either of a religious or moral nature; and much good fruit they yielded.

Speaking of his experiences in Victoria, Mr. Gainford relates the following incidents:—

"On going to the diggings I found that, to be able to hold my own against the many curious characters to be met with there, it was necessary I should be well acquainted with the land laws and Mining Act. I accordingly studied them closely, and became tolerably conversant with their many details. Shortly after my arrival I was raised to the dignity of magistrate, or member of the local court.

"A new Land Act was, at this time, being introduced in the legislative assembly at Melbourne. Some of its clauses were much objected to by the residents in the country districts, especially that clause which provided for new leases being granted to Squatters. I was one of two delegates sent to Melbourne to protest against the Bill becoming law. My companion was also a member of the local court, and a man of considerable intelligence, though, unfortunately, at times given to indulging in drink. We took up our abode in the same house at Melbourne. There were several other boarders; and, as we were all together in the sitting-room after tea, I asked permission of the landlady to conduct family prayer, if it were agreeable to those present; all expressed their willingness, and I accordingly prayed aloud, after having read a few verses in my Testament. In the morning a boarder, who had not been present at prayers the previous evening, asked the landlady in my presence who it was that prayed, saying, at the same time, he did not believe in prayer, as he was an infidel and had no God. 'You should have remained to hear for yourself,' said she, 'and you would not then talk as you do now.' That night

he did remain to prayers, and became deeply convicted of sin, and, ultimately, a changed man.

"Our mode of operation in regard to the Land Bill was to hold indignation meetings at every electoral district in the colony, and bring such pressure to bear upon the members of parliament as would cause them to vote against the measure which we denounced. The delegates met first in Melbourne; there were ninety-two present; I spoke rather warmly, and my address was so well received, that the audience gave three hearty cheers for Tarrangower, the district which I was representing. At this meeting the delegates were appointed to their respective lecturing stations. I was told off for service at the Eastern Market, Melbourne, while my companion was sent to Castlemain. We were thus separated, much to his delight. On leaving he said to our landlady, 'Now that I am free from Mr. Gainford, I can have my glass of drink whenever I like without being lectured and reprimanded every time.' He evidently did have his glass whenever he liked; for, when he returned to Melbourne to report progress, I could plainly see he had been having too much, and was in a condition not at all likely to reflect credit upon Tarrangower. I got him home and out of sight as quickly as possible, keeping him there until he was in a fit state to resume his duties.

"At the close of our lecturing tour I was one of those deputed to plead our cause at the bar of the House, and I shall never forget my surprise and disgust at what I saw while in the Chamber. I had never before been inside, and had no idea of the manner in which

the business of the assembly was conducted. I had expected to find the chamber filled with men devoting all their mental powers and energies to legislation for the best interests of the country. I had pictured to myself the gentleman who was introducing the new Land Bill standing in his place in the House eloquently addressing the members, who were rapt in attention to his remarks, and taking notes of the various points in his discourse, which they intended to enlarge upon, or speak against, as the case might be. How different was the reality! There stood the speaker, vainly endeavouring to gain the attention of his audience; one or two certainly appeared to be listening to his remarks, but the others paid no heed whatever. Some were sitting with their backs to him and reading the evening papers; some with their hats stuck on the back of their heads, and their feet resting upon the top of the bench in front of them; others were staring vacantly into space; while many were stretched out upon the benches, quietly sleeping off the effects of a late dinner. I was horrified. 'Surely,' I thought, 'these can never be the men who, when seeking the suffrages of the people, promise to do so many things and pay such great attention to their wants;' but such they were.

"Our mission was a success, for so much influence and pressure were brought to bear against the Land Bill that it was thrown out.

"On my return to Tarrangower I was offered the position of representative of the district in parliament, and £200 per annum as long as I should consent to act. I thanked the electors, but declined their generous

offer, saying, 'No, gentlemen, I could not sit in such a place, and amongst such an assemblage, if you were to give me £1,000 a year.' I felt I could not maintain my Christianity, and at the same time successfully cope with men who feared neither God nor devil, and who made everything subservient to their own selfish ends. My companion thought me very foolish, saying, he only wished he had the chance. His wish was granted; for, on my refusal being made known, he was offered, and eagerly accepted, the position, which he held till his death.

"A gold-field, I think, of all other places is the best in which to meet with a variety of characters. On the Victorian diggings at this time were men from every grade of society; perhaps in one claim would be found the son of an English nobleman, a doctor, a naval officer, a master or bachelor of arts, a lawyer, or other professional men, working like slaves, in company with men the most illiterate and from the very opposite social scale, each his own master, and independent of the other, yet all bound together in a common brotherhood, and all animated by the one common desire,—the desire to strike gold. I have often noticed the different effect the accomplishment of that desire had upon them; for instance, a party of diggers had for some time been working a claim with little or no result. They were greatly cast down and dispirited by their want of success, and were contemplating the abandonment of the mine. Suddenly, and most unexpectedly, they came upon a very rich deposit; gold in abundance lay at their feet; the object of their search, wealth, was

found. But how did it affect them? The joyful news was quickly communicated to those on the surface who were working the winch, etc.; they could not believe it, it was too good to be true; but when the first bucket was pulled up, filled to overflowing with almost pure gold, the sight of it turned the brain of one of them, who instantly became a laughing maniac, and ended his days in an asylum. Upon some of the others the good fortune had a different, though equally disastrous effect. Suddenly raised from poverty to great wealth, they became addicted to all sorts of evil habits and excesses, which their money enabled them to indulge in, till premature death ensued. The rest lived fast lives; race-horses were bought, and betting and gambling practised. As the mine held out, gorgeous equipages and liveried servants appeared on the scene; and men who, a month ago, were met carrying upon their backs all they possessed—a blanket and tin-billy—are now to be found in their carriages. Thinking they have a never-ending source of wealth, they live up to, and perhaps beyond, their income; each crust is divided and squandered by the time another is ready, nothing laid by for the future! Why should they? They dig it up as fast as they can spend it; it will never end! So they think, and act accordingly. By-and-bye there is a change—the claim has run out; suddenly they became rich, suddenly they fall back into their former poverty. Race-horses, gorgeous equipages, and liveried servants disappear, even more suddenly than they appeared; the discarded blanket and tin-billy are again resumed, and their owner goes out upon the field to try

his luck once more, inwardly cursing his want of foresight in not making hay while the sun shone, and resolving to act differently should he have another chance. I have seen him have another chance, only to repeat his former extravagance.

"As may be imagined, the publican on a gold-field is generally a prosperous man. Cash is scarce; but he willingly exchanges nuggets for nobblers; so the poor digger who is given to drink is soon eased of his hard earnings. Seeing how the poor fellows were being daily victimised, it was only natural I should wage war against those who were engaged in the traffic. My interference on their behalf, on one occasion, caused me considerable inconvenience and much expense. It happened in this way. We had two claims, valued at £500 each. By law we were obliged to keep a certain number of men working in each, except under particular circumstances, when permission could be obtained from the warden to work with less. I had been to Melbourne to purchase a steam engine and stamper battery; and, having returned with them, set about having the plant erected. For this purpose it was necessary I should take some of my men from the mine. Before doing so I applied for, and obtained, the usual certificate of permission from the warden, and placed it in a conspicuous place at the top of the claim; this was necessary to prevent others from 'jumping' the mine. There was a publican in the district, known as German Fred, who was not by any means friendly to me. He was a pretty shrewd fellow, and always on the alert to seize any chance by which he could make money,

or gain advantage of any kind. While looking over the *Government Gazette* one day and comparing dates, he found that the officer who had given me permission to take my men away from the claim was not legally appointed, seeing that he had been gazetted to the office fifteen days after the passing of the Act, whereas, by law, twenty-one days should have elapsed. Supposing the certificate I had was invalid, he immediately set out for my claim, and finding no one in charge, 'jumped,' or took possession of it. By law, any one who jumped a claim had to report having done so at the first meeting of the local court, and so secure his right to hold it. I was not present at the court when Fred reported having jumped my claim; but a friend who was there, and heard the report given in, came running to me, saying, 'Oh, Mr. Gainford, German Fred has jumped your claim.' 'He cannot have done so,' I replied, 'for it is properly registered, and the certificate is attached to a signboard at the top.' 'Oh well,' said he, 'I heard the report read, and the warden was inquiring for you; so you had better go to the court at once and see about it.' I accordingly went, and found it was as my friend had said. I appealed to the warden, asking what was the use of any one getting a certificate if it would not protect his property. 'I can do no more at present,' said he; 'German Fred has jumped it, and handed in his report, which has been received. I shall look into the facts of the case, and give my decision in a few days.' With this I was obliged to be content. The clerk of the court was a friend of mine; and, as soon as the warden's decision

was given, furnished me with a copy by special messenger, while German Fred was allowed to receive his copy in the usual way; I was thus in possession of the document half-an-hour or so before my opponent. The decision was given against me, the warden having decided that, as the officer who granted the certificate had not been legally appointed, he had no power to give the permission he had given; the document was, therefore, null and void, and the claim liable to forfeiture, and Fred, the publican, could hold possession. Pending the warden's decision the claim had remained unoccupied; so I determined to take possession again, and hold it till I had appealed against the decision at a higher court. Calling my men together, I told them what I intended to do, and instructed them to hurry away and take charge before Fred and his party, who were already on their way, could reach the claim. They did so; and were none too soon, for they had hardly commenced work when the jumpers arrived, armed with their authority to take possession. My men were a determined lot, and very soon repulsed the intruders, who were obliged to retire.

"Knowing that I had right and justice on my side, I was determined to fight the matter out; so, having given notice of appeal, and paid the usual deposit of thirteen pounds, I started off upon horseback, and rode sixty miles that day to interview the warden who had given the decision. I found him in company of several other wardens, in whose presence I questioned him as to the justice of his action. 'Sir,' said I, 'it is generally understood that your province is to protect persons'

property, not to give it away. Remember, I am one of the local court, and know exactly what your duties are; you should have inspected the claim before you gave a decision; you did not do so, and now do not even know where it is; the validity of the certificate is a mere subterfuge and excuse for favouring Fred's case.' The warden's friends, much to his astonishment, sided with me, and censured him for his conduct. Turning to me, he continued, 'Well, I cannot upset my decision now without first appealing to the attorney-general in Melbourne.' 'Your decision,' I replied, 'is a very curiously worded one; for in it you say that the claim is *liable* to forfeiture, not that *it is forfeited*. Acting upon the word "*liable*," I have taken possession, and intend to hold it till your decision is upheld or upset by a higher court.' 'That may do very well in horse-racing,' said he, 'but it won't do in law.' And so we parted.

"Before leaving for home I called upon a judge who lived in the town, and explained the case to him, thinking it just possible he might be able to put matters right before I went to the expense and worry of an equity action. 'Mr. Gainford,' he replied, 'I deeply sympathise with you; but, if the people elect old women to frame the laws of the land, it is their own fault; my duty is simply to carry out the laws, whatever they may be; however, you may depend upon this, if the case comes before me you will get justice.'

"During the interim there was much excitement over the approaching fight between the parson, as I was called, and the publican. He had very few

sympathisers, while I had many. The day was fixed. Fred employed a barrister from Bendigo to plead his cause. I engaged a solicitor from Castlemain; he was a clever little fellow, and appeared to understand the case thoroughly, saying, he would rather forfeit £300 than lose the day, as a verdict in our favour would be worth £1,000 to him as an advertisement. 'Well,' I replied, 'if I get justice, which is all I want, I shall not lose the claim.' 'No fear,' said he; 'if I find there is any double-dealing, I have a plan which will carry the day in spite of every one. I have found out that German Fred is not naturalised, and, therefore, not legally entitled to act as he has.' 'I would rather you did not act upon it,' I continued, 'for I have more faith in the word "liable" than anything else.'

"The day arrived, and persons came from all parts of the surrounding districts. The court house was filled. The case was one which interested, to a certain extent, every man there. To my surprise, as well as that of all present, the trial lasted only a few minutes. Fred's barrister commenced proceedings by reading the warden's decision. 'Allow me to see that,' said his Honour. 'What is the meaning of the word "liable"?' My lawyer was quick to reply, 'Your Honour, it means nothing, and is not worth the paper it is written upon.' The barrister suggested that, as there was some doubt as to the meaning of the word, the decision should be returned to the warden for explanation. 'Oh no,' said the judge; 'this is a court of equity; we are not here to give property away. Is there any one in possession of the claim?' 'Yes, your Honour, my

client, Mr. Gainford, is, and has been all along.' 'Then,' replied his Honour, 'my decision is that Mr. Gainford keeps possession.' As soon as the decision was made known, all my friends, both inside and outside of the court house, began to cheer, so pleased were they that the parson had beaten the publican. My lawyer was not content with a simple verdict and upset of the warden's decision; he applied for, and obtained, all my expenses, mileage, etc.; so poor Fred not only lost the case, but had to pay over £200 costs. There is no doubt in my mind that the whole affair was simply the outcome of animus entertained towards me by Fred; had I been one of his party, or anything else but an enemy to the drink traffic, the claim would never have been jumped, and all the trouble and annoyance would have been spared.

"Out of our claims we raised about one thousand tons of stone, which, after being put through the stamper battery and treated in the usual way, yielded only a quarter of an ounce of gold to the ton. The reef then ran out; and as there seemed to be no prospect of the affair paying, the claims and plant were sold, and the company dissolved. As an instance of the uncertainty of mining operations, and how near one may be to great wealth and not know it, I may mention that the persons to whom we sold our unprofitable mine went to work by driving a tunnel in an opposite direction to that in which we were going, and had only driven a few feet when they struck a very rich reef, which yielded an immense quantity of gold and provided a large fortune for each of them."

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE GOLD-FIELDS.

"DURING the greater portion of my life on the diggings I was engaged in preaching almost every Sunday. Great interest was taken in the services, and the little chapel in which they were held very soon became too small; we accordingly set to work and had its accommodation increased by adding sixteen feet to its length and raising the roof two feet higher.

"A revival broke out in our midst, and many were added to the Church; amongst them were one English and six Scotch families. They were all genuine cases, having before had the theory of religion, but no power. After their conversion they told me that, before they were brought to a knowledge of the truth, they used to think I inquired after the welfare of their souls as I would ask about the state of their bodies, and did not like my questions. They now, however, saw things in a different light, and were ready to reply as to their spiritual state. Not content with being right themselves, they were anxious that those who were near and dear to them should also experience the happiness and comfort of mind they themselves

enjoyed, and read over to me some letters they were sending to their parents and friends, in which they warned them against a mere form of religion without any power, and besought them to have the Spirit of God with them and be happy, as they were.

"I used to hold a temperance meeting once a week, and had the pleasure of persuading many of the diggers to sign the pledge, and lead sober, honest lives. At this time there was on the diggings a noted character, one Tom Sullivan, a prize-fighter and pugilistic trainer, who kept a low grog shanty. He was attracted to our temperance meeting, as he afterwards told me, by my earnestness. One Sunday evening he also appeared at our service. At its close I spoke to him, expressing my pleasure at seeing him there. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I like you because you are in earnest, and act what you preach.' 'Why can't you, too, be in earnest?' I asked. 'Well, Mr. Gainford, I intend to try; and to show you that I mean what I say, will sell my grog shanty.' He did so, and, for a while, became a constant attendant at our services, and I had great hopes that he was about to become a changed man. I frequently spoke to him, but all my endeavours to bring him to a knowledge of the truth seemed fruitless. One evening he appeared more penitent than usual, and asked me to accompany him home, that we might have some spiritual conversation; I did so, and, though he was melted down and became like a child, I had no liberty either of speech or prayer. At last I found out what was his hindrance,—he was living in adultery. Of course, nothing could be done towards

his reformation while he pursued this course of life; and, as he was not willing to renounce it, he drifted back into his old habits. He was a man of considerable intelligence; and, notwithstanding his drunkenness and immorality, was much thought of and looked up to by many of his neighbours. He was a sort of 'diggers' lawyer,' and they used to consult him in matters concerning their claims. In one of my conversations with him, and while referring to his intelligence, I said, 'Why, Sullivan, you are a gem in the rough, and ought to be in a very different position to that in which you now are.' He acknowledged that he should have been in a very different position, but now feared it was too late to retrieve his many lost opportunities of doing well. He went from bad to worse, leading a drunken, idle, vagabond life; and had not only passed from my sight, but memory too, when all the circumstances connected with his case and my acquaintance with him were, some years afterwards, brought vividly back to my recollection, while reading in the daily papers an account of the dreadful murders perpetrated by a gang of desperadoes at one of the New Zealand gold-fields. Tom Sullivan was one of the murderers, and turned Queen's evidence. In his address to the jury he said, 'I am not devoid of good; there are some traits in my character which, had they been developed, might, with the aid of my intelligence, have led me into straiter and narrower paths. At Mount Corong, in Victoria, Mr. Gainford pointed this out to me, telling me I was a gem in the rough, and entreating me to amend my ways; but I

would not. Had I attended to what he told me, and acted upon his advice, I might now have been preaching the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, instead of standing here, a condemned criminal.'

"A Mr. Campbell, a lawyer, and a rigid Calvinist, used often to attend our services and temperance meetings. On leaving the church one evening he said to a young convert, 'If man is such a being as Mr. Gainford represents him to be, he could never have fallen, and has no need of the gospel.' 'Had you not better remain till Mr. Gainford comes out, and then, perhaps, he may explain his reason for saying what he did?' The lawyer did so, and we walked home together. In the course of our conversation he said that he had been brought up a strict Calvinist; and, though his faith had for its foundation the Shorter Catechism, he could plainly see that the doctrine, logically applied, was little better than fatalism. When asked, he acknowledged that he was not at peace with God, but had a desire to be. 'Well now,' I replied, 'when you go home read attentively and prayerfully the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of John's Gospel; and, when you see me again, let me know what you think of them as applied to your faith.' He called upon me shortly afterwards, saying that he had taken my advice, and was now thoroughly convinced that Christ died for all, and that the Holy Spirit was given to as many as believed. At our next penitent prayer-meeting he was amongst those who professed to find peace, and who rejoiced in Christ as their Saviour.

“Though my humble labours and endeavours to do good were blessed to many, and I had numerous seals to my ministry, there were, at times, amongst my hearers those upon whom my words and entreaties had no effect. They would come to church and sit with God’s people, apparently enjoying and paying great attention to the service, but were all the while loving sin. Three such as these, a husband and wife and a friend of theirs, were constant hearers. They lived together in the same house, and were apparently respectable persons. The husband was a rather effeminate character, while the boarder was just the reverse. The contrast in the two men was very marked, and it was not long before the wife began to exhibit a decided preference for the more manly of the two. The intimacy continued; and as it deepened, her marriage bonds became irksome, so together they schemed to get rid of the husband. Both men were diggers, and had a claim between them. They worked in the same drive or shaft; and it was no doubt arranged between the faithless wife and her paramour that he should kill the unsuspecting husband, and then endeavour to make his death appear the result of an accident. The murder, though deeply planned, was badly carried out, the very means by which the guilt was to be concealed serving to condemn the murderer. One day great excitement was caused in the neighbourhood by the report that the roof of the drive had suddenly fallen in, and buried one of the two who were working in it. The diggers ran from all directions to the scene of the accident, and quickly had the unfortunate man

exhumed; there he lay—the betrayed husband—quite dead, and much cut and bruised. His mate, who was the only one in the claim with him, told how, as they worked, the roof suddenly came down, and buried the poor fellow. Such accidents were common; and, no doubt, the story would have been believed, and a verdict of accidental death returned at the inquest, had not an old miner, who, either knowing something of the previous relations that existed between the deceased and his mate, or, perhaps, detecting some suspicious circumstance connected with the sad affair, suggested that the scene of the accident be more closely examined. Some of them accordingly descended the mine, and, by the aid of lights, examined the roof of the drive, where the landslip was reported to have taken place. Immediately the whole truth was known;—the unfortunate man had been murdered in cold blood, and, as he lay upon the ground, the roof of the drive had been picked down upon him in the vain hope that his death might appear the result of a landslip. No proof was wanting; the very pick marks were plainly to be seen in the roof,—silent and stern witnesses to the truth. These facts were brought forward at the inquest; I was on the jury, and had the pain of recording a verdict of wilful murder against one who had sat under my ministry for a considerable time, and to whom I had often spoken, and urged to renounce the wrong, and to cleave to that which was right, but without avail. The murderer was a man of fair education and possessed of considerable intelligence, and at the trial defended his own case with

great ability. The evidence was, however, too conclusive, and he was found guilty, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The woman escaped punishment, though she, no doubt, was quite as guilty in the sight of God as the one who actually did the deed. I visited her afterwards, when she as much as admitted her share of the tragedy, and referred to family matters which prompted her action.

“Notwithstanding all my digging ventures turned out to be what miners call ‘duffers,’ the three years I spent upon the Victorian gold-field I count amongst the happiest days of my life. There is something fascinating in the free-and-easy life of the digger—a certain sort of independence that is not met with in any other class of men. Such a life was congenial to me, and it was through sheer necessity I was compelled to abandon it. The many failures and bad speculations I had made used up my capital to such an extent, that I was compelled to seek other employment. Had I been working purely on my own account, I should have been able to hold out longer, and, perhaps, have fallen upon something worth working for; but, unfortunately, my partners were men without capital, and all the losses fell upon me,—losses which it took me years to pay.

“At one time my funds ran so low, I had not sufficient money left to purchase shoes for my children; and as they required them very badly, and I could not bear to see my boys go barefooted, I determined to try my hand at shoemaking. Now, I had never, to my knowledge, seen a boot made, and was at a loss to know how to begin my task besides, I had no leather, and

was without money wherewith to buy it. After much consideration I managed it in this way:—For many years I had been accustomed to wear Wellington boots, the legs of which reached almost to the knees. I hunted up a pair or two of old discarded ones, and found, to my great satisfaction, that, though the soles were much the worse for wear, the leather of which the legs were made was almost as good as new. By cutting off the leg parts and carefully opening the seam at the back I found myself in possession of four or five sheets of good leather, quite sufficient for my purpose. My first difficulty was thus overcome. I next carefully examined the boots to see how they had been made, but externally they showed nothing likely to solve the mystery, and I was obliged to take one of them to pieces. This I did, carefully removing layer after layer of the sole till I came to what (as I have since learnt) shoemakers call the welt. The manner in which the welt was sewn to the upper, and then to the sole, so as to form a connecting link between the two, for a time puzzled me greatly. However, after much study I saw through the difficulty, and considered myself master of the situation. I measured the children's feet with a rule and tape line after the most approved fashion; and with my jack knife soon had some lasts made of the requisite size. After many hours of weary sewing—for the implements at my disposal were not at all suited to the work, being simply a bradawl and an ordinary small-sized packing needle which I had pressed into the service—my task was completed, and my boys shod with shoes the like of

which they had never before worn, nor have they seen since! Though the workmanship was not so neat and well finished as a tradesman would have it, the boots were strong and serviceable, if well-seasoned leather, well-waxed thread, and good, large, honest stitches could add to their strength. They served their purpose well; in fact, they lasted so long, the boys grew out of them, and they were obliged to be replaced by larger ones, which I was, fortunately, soon in a position to procure. The shoes were kept for a long while as curios; and on one occasion I showed them to a bootmaker, just to get his opinion of my first and only attempt at such work, when I was much surprised to hear him say that, had I not told him I had made them, he could not have believed any one but a tradesman had put them together, they were so well finished.

"I could look back to my life upon the diggings—to the many happy hours spent in striving to benefit, both morally and spiritually, those with whom I was constantly coming into contact, to the many warm friendships formed, and to their associations—with feelings of unmixed pleasure and satisfaction, were it not for the recollection of one sad, dark day,—the day when I lost my faithful friend and mate, George Ward. George and I came from Sydney together. Through thick and thin we had stuck to each other. He was my 'man Friday,' not only on weekdays, but on Sundays also. In the claims he was my factotum; and his cheerful happy countenance and contented disposition went a great way towards lightening our toils,

and taking off the keen edges of our many disappointments and failures. On Sundays he was my right-hand man; he used to lead the singing. And such singing it was,—would that we had some of its soul-stirring harmony in our churches nowadays! Our little chapel was situated in a valley; and on a still, quiet night George's splendid tenor voice, as he led the singing of some of our favourite hymns, such as 'There is a fountain,' 'My God is reconciled,' or the Doxology, could be heard upon the hillsides for at least a mile around. It was a picture to see him standing beside the pulpit, singing with all his might and main, while perspiration, and often tears, streamed down his sunburnt face. George needed no hymn-book—he knew all our hymns by heart; indeed, a book would have been of little use, for he invariably sang with his eyes closed, while his body kept time with the tune, rolling from side to side, like, as sailors would say, 'a seventy-four in a gale of wind.' George was a happy Christian,—not one of those long-faced, woe-begone individuals so often met with, and from whom everybody shrinks, but rather one of those joyous, cheerful ones who recommend their religion. He was greatly attached to me, and I to him. I believe he would cheerfully have laid down his life to save mine. Our times are in God's hands—when we came into this world, and when we shall depart from it. George's life was cut off suddenly, without a moment's warning; he died in the high day of his manhood, and died, too, in my stead.

"In one of our claims George and I were working

together. We had commenced a new drive from the bottom of the shaft, and had carried it in about ten feet under what appeared to be solid pipeclay. We were working by candlelight; and as our candle was nearly burnt out, George left for home to get another. As he came back he was swinging the candle round by the wick, and singing merrily. While passing a diggers' tent his happy mood attracted attention, and the remark was made, 'Well, that man must have a good claim and be making lots of money, he seems so happy and contented.' Little did the man who made the remark know that poor George had anything but a good claim, and so little money, it was with great difficulty he could make both ends meet. Yet, for all that, George was rich; he had the 'pearl of great price' and much treasure laid up in heaven, where neither moths corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. The assurance he had of one day entering into possession of the riches laid up for him in heaven kept him happy and contented whatever his lot might be. His expectation was to be realised far sooner than he expected.

"On reaching the top of the claim he called out, 'Tom, you had better come up and let me take your place; there is not enough room for two to work in the drive, and as I am much shorter than you, I can work there better.' 'No,' I replied, 'I am getting on all right, and can manage it very well.' For a few moments I continued my work, when he again called me, saying, 'Tom, come up here; Macfarlane wants to speak to you.' Now, Macfarlane was a young

convert in whom I took much interest; and, thinking he might want to see me very particularly, I dropped my pick and came out of the claim. On the top I met George, and we had some conversation regarding Mr. Campbell, the lawyer to whom I have already referred, George remarking, as he went down the shaft, that the new convert would be a great assistance to me at the church, as he was a good speaker, while he himself could only sing, and was very little use in any other way.

"I remained in conversation with Macfarlane about ten or fifteen minutes, and, having occasion to leave with him, I called out to George, saying that I was going away. I received no answer, and called again. There was still no reply, and I became anxious. Quickly descending the shaft, I rushed into the drive, and found, to my horror, that the whole roof had fallen in, and, where George had been working, there lay a large heap of earth which had buried him alive. Seizing a shovel, I dug with all my strength, and quickly had him exhumed; raising his head, I called to him, but received no answer; alas! he was dead. By this time the alarm had been given, and a doctor was in attendance, but nothing could be done; George was far beyond human aid; his happy spirit had winged its flight to those bright realms of which he so often talked and so constantly sang. As there was no clergyman in the district, I was obliged to conduct his burial service myself, and on the following Sunday preached his funeral sermon.

"George died almost penniless, and his widow was



DEATH OF GEORGE WARD.

left totally unprovided for; however, we made a collection amongst his digger-friends and raised sixty pounds, with which we paid her passage and sent her home to her friends in England.

"The death of George Ward was a great blow to me. I felt his loss most keenly. We had been so much together, I now missed him at every turn, and it seemed as though I had lost my right hand. I determined as soon as possible to leave the diggings.

"About this time I received a visit from a friend, Mr. James Scott, of Newcastle, New South Wales, who, while in Victoria for a short time, came up to the gold-fields to see me. He was then the proprietor of the Patent Slip at Stockton, and was very anxious that I should accept the position of foreman under him. I agreed to do so, and started as quickly as possible for Newcastle.

"When my intention became known there was universal regret amongst those with whom I had been associated. I referred to my intended departure at the next week-night service, and on leaving for home was accosted by one of the diggers, who, after expressing his regret at my going away from them, said, 'I want you, Mr. Gainford, to accept this little present from me; it is six sovereigns to help you on your way. I know how unfortunate you have been, and how much capital you have lost. You have had bad claims all along, while I have had good ones; besides, had I not taken the pledge from you, I should have squandered ten times that amount in drink.' At first I refused the present. I had so far been enabled to preach the

Gospel without fee or reward, and gloried in the fact that, whilst I was enabled, by God's blessing, to minister to their spiritual wants, my hands ministered to my own temporal necessities. He persisted in my taking the money, saying, 'Use it now, and some day, when you can afford to do so, buy something by which you can remember me.' At last I consented, remembering how useful it would be to me on my journey to Newcastle, especially as Mrs. Gainford had that very evening told me she had parted with the last penny we had in the world. The digger wept like a child on leaving me, saying, 'Good-bye; may God make you a blessing wherever you go, and thank you a thousand times for stopping me that evening.' By thanking me for 'stopping him that evening,' he referred to the occasion of his conversion. At one of our prayer-meetings I had noticed this man, who was then a stranger to me, leave the chapel, and return again several times, as if he had a desire to go away, but could not do so. Going over to him, I said, 'Well, my friend, Satan has tried hard to get you away from the prayer-meeting to-night, but has not succeeded; do you wish to give your heart to God?' 'Yes, I do wish to do so, and I shall.' 'Very well,' I replied; 'after we have finished this hymn, just kneel down and ask God for that pardon you require, and for strength to set out upon, and continue in, that Christian life you wish to lead.' He promised to do so; but I could see there was a fearful struggle going on in his soul. Every now and then he would look towards the door as if he intended to rush out. When we knelt for prayer

I was careful to place myself between him and the door; not that I intended to forcibly detain him, but it occurred to me that my presence there might assist him to overcome the temptation he had to leave. He kept his promise and prayed, though he trembled to such an extent, the whole form shook again. His prayer was from the heart, having for its burden, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner;' and, like the publican of old, he went down to his house justified. He often used to thank me for kneeling where I did, saying, 'What a good thing it was you knelt between me and the door! for, had you not been there when you asked me to pray, I should have bolted, and you would have seen no more of me; but, thank God, it was not so.'

"On the eve of my departure the members of the Church and congregation, as well as the public, held a farewell meeting, at which I was presented with the two following addresses, accompanied by a purse of ten guineas:—

"TO MR. THOMAS GAINFORD, OF WEDDERBURN, IN THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

"WEDDERBURN, 3rd October, 1859.

"SIR,—We the undersigned members of the Mount Corong Total Abstinence Society, having heard with deep regret of your intention of leaving this place for Newcastle, N.S.W., deem the present a fit and proper opportunity of expressing our sorrow at your leaving, and, at the same time, of tendering you our most heartfelt thanks for the very able and efficient manner in which you have advo-

cated the principles of our society, and have so strongly denounced the evil effects of intemperance; and we beg to assure you that much good has resulted to families and individuals in this locality, who were induced by you to eschew the slavish vice of drunkenness and intemperance, and to rally round the standard of total abstinence. And it is further our most anxious prayer that you may be spared to carry on that good work in the place you are now destined for, and that the blessing of God may ever attend you and yours for the many benefits you have conferred upon that portion of God's creatures who were so deluded by the use of intoxicating liquors as to forget the respect due to themselves and their duty to God.

"Meanwhile believe us to be, sir,

"Your obedient servants and well-wishers."

(Signed by forty members of the Wedderburn Total Abstinence Society.)

"WEDDERBURN, 3rd October, 1859.

"DEAR BROTHER,—We the undersigned members of the Wesleyan Chapel, Wedderburn, have heard with much sorrow of your intention to leave this place for Newcastle, N.S.W., and we feel that we cannot permit you to leave without testifying to you the sincere affection and respect which we have and bear towards you as a brother in Christ, and a zealous and devoted labourer in His vineyard. It is now upwards of nine months since it pleased God to send you to dwell amongst us, and during that time we have had frequent opportunities of witnessing your efforts for ameliorating the condition of your fellow-men, not only by inculcating the principles of religion and morality, but by your own good example as a kind and affectionate husband and father, and as an honest, upright, sober, and industrious man; and we feel assured that much

good has resulted to many of us from your pious example, kind sympathy, advice, and conversation. We have much pleasure in testifying that during the whole time you have been resident amongst us you have most zealously preached the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and we are happy to say that your preaching has been both powerful and efficacious, inasmuch as it has been the means of bringing many persons to acknowledge their evil ways and turning them from sin and Satan unto Christ, and to whom grace and peace have been so multiplied that they are now enjoying the felicity and happiness of true believers in Christ Jesus, and, as such, are heirs of His Kingdom. We have also much pleasure in being able to testify to the inestimable value and efficacy of the Bible-class you held here, and the religious instruction and benefits which many derived therefrom who had but an imperfect knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; and we can assure you that the time you so ungrudgingly and unsparingly devoted to that class has already been productive of much good in the cause of Christ's Church and Kingdom, inasmuch as private individual inquiries had to be made by members in order to answer your questions; and thus a desire and a thirsting after Scripture knowledge was created, and the seeds of gospel truths sown in many hearts, which it is hoped, by the blessing of God and the influence of the Holy Spirit, may bring forth good and abundant fruit.

"And in bidding you this our last farewell we beg to tender you our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for the many benefits you have conferred upon us as a body and as individuals, and also for your unwearied exertions in propagating and establishing the gospel and the Church of Christ; and we pray that the blessing of God may rest upon you, your wife, and children, and that you may be long spared to each other, and that you may continue to be

instrumental in turning sinners from their evil ways unto Christ, until it shall please God, in His infinite wisdom, to take you to Himself.

"Meanwhile believe us to be, dear brother,

"Your affectionate brethren in Christ."

(Signed by upwards of fifty members of the Wesleyan Chapel.)

"When all our arrangements were complete, one of the church members who had a conveyance agreed to drive us to Melbourne. There were no trains so far into the country in those days, and the journey had to be done by coach. It occupied several days and nights, and was no small undertaking. The morning of our departure was beautifully fine, and many of our friends accompanied us some distance along the road. When the final halt took place, and we were obliged to say farewell, the scene reminded me much of the account, given in the Acts of the Apostles, of Paul's departure, and of the members of the Church of Ephesus falling upon his neck and kissing him. Our friends fell upon our necks and kissed us; sorrowing most of all because they should see our faces no more. Our final adieu having been said, we knelt for a few moments in prayer, commending each other to God's keeping.

"We had timed our departure so as to reach Melbourne upon a certain day, to catch the Sydney steamer. In this we were disappointed; for one night our horse, though hobbled, strayed away, and thus caused us to lose a whole day. At dawn my friend and I set out in search of the animal, leaving Mrs. Gainford and the

children alone in the camp. The part of the country in which we had camped was very lonely, there being only one homestead that we knew of for many miles around, and that one was occupied by a family having a very bad reputation. They were both horse and sheep stealers, and we feared very much they had helped themselves to our horse. Mrs. Gainford was naturally very timorous at being left alone in the bush, not only on account of the questionable characters referred to, but also by reason of her dread of the mobs of wild cattle straying about. We had been gone some hours, and she was momentarily expecting our return, when she was terrified at seeing three or four rough-looking men making for the camp. As they drew near all sorts of fears ran through her mind; perhaps they were bushrangers who, after killing her husband and his friend, were coming to murder her and the children. They might be a set of tramps who would rob the camp, and perhaps molest her! The worst fears were increased when they neared the camp, and, stopping opposite it, began to take out their axes and lay down their swags. 'Surely,' she thought, 'I am to be butchered in cold blood,' and earnestly she prayed for the speedy return of her protectors. After a few moments of dreadful suspense the thought occurred to her that the terrible fate she anticipated might be averted by putting on a bold front and showing no fear. Stepping down from the waggon in which she was seated, she walked over to the men, saying, 'Are you going to camp next to us? If so, you need not build a fire, for I have one here, and you are quite

welcome to boil your billies on it. My husband and his friend will be back shortly with the horse; but I am sure they won't mind your being here.' After some conversation amongst themselves they accepted the invitation, one of them remarking to Mrs. Gainford as he placed his tin billy upon the fire, 'I say, mistress, I reckon you won't want to go picnicing if ever you go back to the old country, for you have had enough of it here.' Our return with the lost horse shortly afterwards relieved her of any further anxiety; the party of men whom she, in her fear, had imagined to be bushrangers, murderers, cattle-stealers, and everything that was bad, proving to be simply a few honest diggers on their way to the gold-fields.

"On reaching Melbourne we found the Sydney steamer had left. This meant a week's delay, so we took up our abode at the Wesleyan Home till the next boat left. The manager of the Wesleyan Home was a local preacher. On the evening of my arrival at his house he had an appointment at Collingwood; but, being unable to keep it, he asked me to preach for him. I agreed to do so. Not knowing where the place of meeting was, one of the servants employed at the Home—an old Cumberland man, who had once professed Christianity, but had backslidden and was now a noted scoffer and ridiculer of religion—was sent to show me the way. When told to accompany me, he expressed his pleasure at having an opportunity of conversing with a parson, for he had never yet met with one who could tell him anything he did not already know. 'Never mind what you know now, my friend,' I replied; 'if you

will kindly conduct me to the chapel, I should feel obliged; on our way back we may have an opportunity of conversing.'

"The little chapel in which I was to preach I found only half filled, though it was situated in the midst of a dense population. I felt almost inclined to scold the people for their coldness and apathy in the cause of Christ, as evidenced by the paucity of their numbers compared with the immense field of labour in which they were living. I chose for my discourse a subject with which I was quite familiar, and spoke rather warmly upon Christian privileges and responsibilities. At the close of the service we held a prayer-meeting, when, in response to my invitation, several persons came forward to be prayed with, foremost amongst whom, to my great surprise, was my Cumberland friend. He was very penitent, and soon rejoiced in a knowledge of sins forgiven. Going home, he apologised for what he had said when asked to conduct me to the chapel, saying he little thought on setting out that he was going to see himself as seen by God, and to again rejoice in the joy of His salvation. On our return to the Home, there was great rejoicing amongst the inmates over the reclamation of the noted scoffer.

"We left Melbourne by the first boat for Sydney, where we arrived safely, and remained a short time before going to Newcastle to enter upon my duties at the Patent Slip."

NOTE.—It is only fair to state the fact that all the liabilities incurred by Mr. Gainford during his stay on

the gold-field, not only of a personal character, but also those of his partners in the various speculations and mining ventures for which he was not legally responsible, were honourably met by him. It took him years to retrieve his losses; and it was not until long after he was in charge of the Ocean Street Congregational Church that the last instalment was paid.

CHAPTER XV.

PASTORATE AT NEWCASTLE.

THE position Mr. Gainford occupied at the Patent Slip at Stockton was no sinecure. Both he and his men frequently had to work waist-deep in water for hours together while getting ships upon the slip. The hours of labour were long and uncertain, according to the tides, and very little leisure fell to his share.

Notwithstanding this he managed to find time for study; and, at the first opportunity, began to hold religious services amongst the few residents at Stockton. He commenced on Saturday afternoon by visiting the people, many of whom were fishermen, and inviting them to a service he proposed to hold on the green the following afternoon. Amongst those he visited was a man, named G——, and his family, who were living in a miserable state, the house being almost destitute of furniture, and the children half starved and nearly naked. After listening to the invitation G—— said, "I don't believe as you do." "No," replied Mr. Gainford, "I see you don't, or you would have a different house, and your family would not be in such a wretched condition; you are, no doubt, a disciple of George Holyoake's." "Why, do you know

George Holyoake?" he asked in surprise. "Yes," replied Mr. Gainford, "I do by his writings; and if you are a sample production of those writings, the sooner they are done away with the better."

After some further conversation he promised to attend the service. At the time appointed for the meeting there was a fair attendance, but they were drawn together from different motives. Some were careless and indifferent, while others seemed inclined to scoff at and ridicule religion. Mr. Gainford was deeply grieved at such conduct; and, in righteous indignation, prophesied that in less than three months, if they refused to attend to the gospel message, they would be removed from that locality. Strange to relate, his prophecy was fulfilled. True to his promise, G—— attended the meeting. After its close he came to Mr. Gainford, and said, "I hear you are a teetotaler, and although I don't hold with your religious views, yet if you will give a lecture on total abstinence in the court house at Newcastle, I will come and hear you and sign the pledge." The meeting was accordingly held, many attended, and the first to come forward in response to an invitation to sign the pledge was G——. He became a staunch teetotaler, and a reformation soon took place in his house. The children were properly clothed and fed, and sent to Sunday-school, and he himself soon after became a member of the Church. He became a very industrious man, kept steadily to his work, and in about twelve years both he and his son were able to retire, having made an independency; and went home to England.

Mr. Gainford soon found out the Wesleyans, with whom he associated himself. In conjunction with Mr. Daniel, a prominent member of the Wesleyan body, he frequently held services at the Glebe, a small mining township, some two or three miles out of Newcastle. Many converts were added to the Church. He was then invited to preach in the church at Newcastle, and took his turn with the other preachers. Here also his labours were abundantly owned of God, and many were, through his instrumentality, brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

Just at this time the Congregational Church in Brown Street, Newcastle, was standing empty, and had been for a considerable period. Two ministers had occupied the pulpit, but for some reason the cause did not prosper; the congregation gradually dwindled down, and at last the building had to be closed. One Sunday morning a deputation waited upon Mr. Gainford, and asked him to conduct a service there in the evening. In the event of his complying with their request, they promised to make it as widely known as possible, and try to get the people together. He said the notice was rather short, but undertook to conduct a service. He did so, and took for his text the words "Come over and help us." After that he preached there every Sunday for six months, and soon had the place filled. At the end of this time he was waited upon by another deputation, consisting of the late Dr. Knaggs and Captain Clarke, who were sent by the congregation to ask if he would consent to become their pastor. It was the unanimous wish of the people;

and, should he accept the pastorate of the Church, they would send for ministers from Sydney to ordain him. He said, "Well, you have taken me by surprise; I must have two or three days to consider the matter; then you shall have my answer." He thought, "Here I am, working like a slave, and the people continually asking me to visit them at night, which is impossible at present, much as I would like to do it. If it is God's will that I take this position I can then devote the whole of my time to the work." After seeking Divine guidance he thought it was his duty to accept the call. There was one regret, however; he could no longer glory in the fact (and he did glory in it) that, while he preached the gospel, his own hands ministered to his wants. But in this new sphere he would enjoy a wider field of labour, and be enabled to devote the whole of his time, talents, and energies to the preaching of the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which to him was supreme happiness. The announcement of his decision to become their pastor was received by the people with great joy. Previously to this he had been invited by some friends, who saw in him the makings of a hard-working, earnest minister, to attend a meeting of the Congregational Committee sitting in Sydney. He did so. The result was satisfactory. In answer to a question put to him Mr. Gainford said, "As to doctrinal points I trouble myself but little; my great desire is to get men to acknowledge the truth, and to be conformed to the likeness of God's Son, Who is our standard. I know the doctrines of Arminius and Calvin and others, but they do not trouble me; my

trouble is, and always has been, how best to get the souls of men saved."

At the ordination service, which was a most impressive one, the church was crowded, the Revs. W. Cuthbertson, W. Slayter, and other ministers from Sydney taking part in it. On this occasion Mr. Gainford in the course of his address gave his hearers a view of his theology,—of putting gospel truths to sinners, of leading penitents into the liberty of the gospel, and of building up believers in the higher Christian life. He also gave his views on church government. Thus commenced his career as an ordained minister. It is not our intention to follow him step by step through this career, but simply to notice a few of the more striking incidents of his ministry, which tend to show more clearly the characteristics of the man—his deep and fervent love of the work in which he was engaged, his uncompromising attitude towards sin in every shape and form, his undaunted Christian courage, his aptitude to deal with all sorts and conditions of men; for he had a thorough knowledge of human nature, with keen perceptive powers, and any point of vantage he was quick to seize and hold with all the tenacity of his indomitable will; wielding the weapons of the Spirit with such good purpose that the great adversary of souls was invariably beaten. When he took charge of the Church there were nine members on the roll. Hitherto it had been assisted by the Congregational Union. This was not at all consonant with Mr. Gainford's ideas. He maintained that every church should support itself. No doubt there are many who do not

think as he did, but to him it seemed like a weight hindering him in his work. He was determined this state of affairs should not last longer than was absolutely necessary. So well did he succeed that in two years the Church became self-supporting, and he felt at liberty to join the Union as an independent minister.

Although he had a large congregation, considering the locality, there were very few who enjoyed the spiritual life. It was his earnest desire to increase the number, and to do this he planned a system of work by which he could reach almost every member of his congregation. He rose at six, and all the morning was devoted to studying. In the afternoon he visited the wives, mothers, and elderly people of his flock. In the evening, after an early tea, he would visit those who had been employed during the day. A list of nine or ten families would be prepared; he would then start and call upon number one, who, perhaps, had just come home, and say, "Well, Mr. So-and-so, I will call upon you at such a time this evening, and I hope you will remain in to see me." And so he would go right through the list, and when at the end would work his way back again. By this means the men had time to get washed and cleaned, get tea over, and be prepared to receive their pastor. After a little conversation he would produce a Bible—he always carried one,—read a few verses, and give a word or two of advice or counsel as the case required, and then pray. The plan worked admirably. Sometimes the people would say when he rose to go, "Oh,

Mr. Gainford, you're surely not going yet?" "Yes," would be the reply, "I have promised to visit Mr. So-and-so; he is expecting me, and I must not fail to keep my promise." By this method he kept the husband at home; and, by stating his business and entering into it at once, prevented his visit turning into a mere gossip of the day's doings. He would then come into town and visit his shop members, saying, "Come now, is it not time those shutters were up? I want to see you for a little while to read and pray with you." The shop was invariably closed. He would then return home, often as late as midnight. The remark has been made more than once, "Why, Mr. Gainford, you are a strange pastor; I often see you going about at ten and twelve o'clock at night." "Yes," would be the reply; "the devil's agents are all alive with their various devices to ruin men and women, and why should I, as an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ, not be about too, striving to save souls?" He always had good congregations in consequence of this regular and systematic visiting. Beyond all doubt this was one of the secrets of his ministerial success. He also had a method in preaching. In the morning service he addressed himself chiefly to believers, building them up in the faith, enlarging on the Christian graces and the higher life. But in the evening he preached to sinners, endeavoured to arouse the careless and unconverted. His theme was salvation—*full, free, and present*—saved by faith and saved *instantly*. He endeavoured so to place the truth before sinners that they might see themselves as lost and

hell-deserving, and feel their need of the Saviour. Having accomplished this, he would direct their attention to the love of Christ for perishing souls, and point them to the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. Directly the service was finished he would start a penitent prayer-meeting, inviting all who were anxious to be prayed with, and prayed for, to come forward to the front seat. Rarely was a meeting held but one or two, and sometimes more, found peace through believing.

So the work prospered; the church was filled, and soon became too small for those who flocked to it to hear the word of life. A gallery was added, and in a short time that was also filled. A manse was also erected close to the church. Besides holding religious services, he likewise held temperance meetings, and started a Band of Hope for the young people, many of whom joined. Here they were encouraged to give recitations, etc.; and not a few who are now public men, or holding good positions in society, date the beginning of their successful career from those meetings.

Apart from his work in Newcastle, Mr. Gainford preached occasionally at Tomago (a township on the Hunter river) and surrounding district. To make sure of a good congregation he arranged to have a man meet him at the steamer with a saddled horse. He would then go round amongst the settlers, and, being a farmer's son himself, he soon found a way to their hearts, and after talking awhile would invite them to the service. This was held in a building called the

Blue House, which was always filled. Many were converted here through his instrumentality. The parents of one family amongst them had once been in a good state, but had fallen away from grace; they now were quickened in the Divine life, and went on their way rejoicing. Their son and two daughters decided to serve the Lord, and became bright and happy Christians. As a mark of their love for him who had been the means in God's hands of bringing about such happy results, they provided a room for his sole use and occupation whenever he visited there, and called it the "prophet's room."

He also preached at Mosquito Island, some four or five miles up the river; and as the only means of transit was by the market boats, it was all hours of the night when he reached home. Frequently a storm would come on, and, in that case, he would be detained all night. Here also his labours were owned of God; and not a few believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and the people were greatly blessed. One family living here joined the Church at Newcastle; others would have done the same, but it was inconvenient owing to the distance, so they held service amongst themselves on the island. He also preached and lectured at Minmi, Wallsend, and Waratah, with a great deal of success.

It will be easily seen from the foregoing that his position was no sinecure. Thus he laboured without intermission and with varying success for nearly seven years. During this period the membership had increased from nine to eighty-two, and the Church was in a flourishing condition.

Just about this time circumstances arose which ultimately led Mr. Gainford to resign the pastorate of the Church, and he accepted the charge of Ocean Street Church, Woollahra, Sydney.

When it became known by the friends at Newcastle that Mr. Gainford was likely to leave them, a strong feeling of disapproval was generally expressed; nor need this be a matter of great surprise when it is remembered that the majority of the members were Mr. Gainford's own spiritual children, whom he cared for and watched over with all the loving solicitude of a spiritual parent. To him they were accustomed to look for advice, not only in things spiritual, but also temporal. To him they came in the time of trouble, distress, or affliction; and in him they always found a tender sympathising friend, whose heart went forth to them in love, bestowing such counsel and consolation, as bruised, bleeding hearts yearn for; and whose hand was ever ready to render such pecuniary assistance as his limited means would allow. Pastor and people were bound together by that strongest of all bonds—*love*. No wonder, then, the people felt so keenly the stroke that was to sever such a connection.

After careful consideration and much prayer, Mr. Gainford decided to accept the call. Two things influenced him in this decision: the Church had been independent for five years, was in a prosperous condition, and would be a good position for one of the young students; while the Ocean Street Church, being in a young and rising suburb, would not only be fresh ground to work upon, but would afford a larger field

for labour. He had also his family of four sons to consider. By removing to Sydney he would have better opportunities of advancing their education and their future settlement in life.

At length all arrangements were completed, and the day of departure drew near. A farewell public meeting was held. The church was crowded by all classes of the community and members of every denomination in the city. During the evening the following address, accompanied by a purse containing fifty pounds, was presented to him:—

“TO THE REVEREND THOMAS GAINFORD.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We the officers and members of the Congregational Church, Newcastle, having with great reluctance accepted your resignation of the pastorate of this church, felt that we should not be doing our duty if we allowed you to depart from amongst us without giving expression to the feelings we entertain for you; and knowing that you are deeply respected in this city and district, we thought it would be selfish not to allow those who are animated by similar feelings of profound respect for your Christian character and zeal to participate in the privilege of rendering honour to whom honour is due. This address, therefore, is not from the members of this church and congregation alone, but is an embodiment of the high esteem in which you are held by all classes, irrespective of creed or party.

“Seven years you have laboured amongst us as a preacher; you have been eloquent, earnest, and practical; as a pastor, watchful, diligent, and faithful; and as a public man, you have ever been an uncompromising champion of civil and religious liberty, and a staunch friend of

the working classes, and, like Edmund Burke, you have known no arts but manly arts. The *Cause of Temperance* in this district hails you as its apostle, and the *Band of Hope* claims you for its father. You have been the life and soul of these institutions, and have baptized them with your own spirit. Nor must the *Bethel Services* be unrepresented in this address; your genius adapted itself heartily to the mind of the sailor, and hung around his little bark the sanctities of religion.

“Accept then, dear sir, this purse, containing fifty sovereigns, as a token of the sincerity of our friendship, and of the lasting impression you have made upon us.

“In conclusion, allow us to wish you a large measure of success in your new field of labour, and Mrs. Gainford, yourself, and family every happiness in this life and that which is to come.

“Praying that God may have you in His holy keeping,

“We remain, dear sir, your faithful friends, on behalf of the subscribers,

“JOSEPH THOMPSON,	THOMAS BROOKS,
JOHN GOODSIR,	WILLIAM LAING,
CHARLES ROBERTSON,	GEO. W. TAYLOR,
ROB. KNAGGS.	

“NEWCASTLE, 1st July, 1867.”

Mr. Gainford was deeply affected, as were many in the audience, and for some moments could not speak, but at length in a few broken sentences he thanked his friends for this manifestation of their esteem, regard, and love, and then committed them to the care of the great loving Shepherd.

One of the members afterwards told Mr. Gainford he

looked just like a corpse. He said he did not know how he looked, but he felt bad enough at leaving a flock so endeared to him, not knowing who was to lead them in the future. All he could do was to commend them to the great Shepherd of the sheep.

CHAPTER XVI.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS.

DURING Mr. Gainford's ministry at Newcastle many incidents worthy of note happened, some of them being rather remarkable. Whatever judgment may be formed of them by worldly men, the Christian will estimate them aright, for he knows that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. Those who have witnessed the operations of God's Holy Spirit upon sinners will connect these results with the wrestling of an earnest, devout man, seeking that the Holy Ghost's convincing and converting power might rest upon his labours, and bless his endeavours to save souls.

In Newcastle one of his members, the mother of a family, was taken ill. The doctor was called in, and pronounced the case rather a serious one. He continued his visits for some time, but the patient grew no better; rather, worse. At last the medical man said he could do no more for her; she was beyond the reach of human skill. Mr. Gainford, as her pastor, had been visiting her twice a day, and when she told him what the doctor had said, he replied, "Well, I have no intuition of that in my mind. I have remembered you

at the throne of grace twice daily; you have been the subject of special prayer, and with our Heavenly Father all things are possible, and He is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. I believe you will get better."

"Oh, but," she said, "I feel no pain now, and they tell me mortification has set in."

He prayed with her, and pleaded with God, that as she was the mother of a family, it would please Him to raise her up again and restore her to her place in the family circle. Almost immediately favourable symptoms set in; she soon became well, and is at the present day a living monument of God's love and mercy.

A similar case was that of a young woman, who had likewise been given up by the doctor, and of whom it was said nothing could possibly save her. Being a member of Mr. Gainford's church, he constantly visited her. She, too, was made a subject of earnest prayer in his private study. He besought the great loving Physician, if in accordance with the Divine will, to restore her to perfect health and strength. In a short time she had quite recovered. These two instances Mr. Gainford always regarded as direct answers to prayer, and illustrations of that passage in James's Epistle, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up" (James v. 15).

Besides visiting the members of his congregation, he would frequently walk round the wharf and speak to the men and others at work there. One day he met a man named "Jimmy," who hailed from the same county as himself, and was employed in the

lifeboat service. Not many words had been exchanged before Jimmy found out that his interlocutor was a countryman, which fact established a bond of friendship at once. In answer to an invitation to come to church, Jimmy said he would, although it was twenty years since he had attended a place of worship.

True to his promise, he came the following Sunday, and continued to come, so that Mr. Gainford began to visit him and pray with him and his family.

One evening, as he was going his pastoral round, a particular member he desired to see was not at home. He stood in the street a moment or two considering where he should go, when the thought suggested itself, "Go and see Jimmy." He was rather surprised at this, having only recently visited the family. Still the thought intruded itself, "Go and see Jimmy," and he could not shake it off. At last, taking it as a heaven-sent message, he determined to act upon its promptings, and bent his steps in the direction of Jimmy's house, arriving there about half-past eight. His wife opened the door, and on seeing who was there, called out, "Oh, Jimmy, here's the minister come to see you." "If he is in bed, do not disturb him," said Mr. Gainford. He, however, got up and came into the room, when they soon got into conversation upon that most important of all subjects, the salvation of the immortal soul.

He was being urged to decide for Christ, and hold family worship, when he interposed, "I do pray, and always do as well as I can; I pay my way, wouldn't hurt a human being, and try to get along peaceably

with every one; what more can a man do?" How many there are who reason like Jimmy, who are trying to find salvation in their own way, instead of the Divine way, seeking to merit it, to obtain it by *works*, instead of by a simple act of *faith*. Many there are who would willingly pay any price, undergo any labour or hardship, or perform any penance, to ensure forgiveness of their sins,—in fact, do anything and everything rather than *believe*. The very simplicity of the plan of salvation seems often, it is feared, a stumbling-block in the way of sinners.

In answer to the question "Are you saved?" he replied, "No."

"What?" said his minister, "do you kneel down and ask God for pardon, and then get up without accepting it? Are you going to mock God to His face in this way?" This rather staggered him; he was thoroughly roused; he had never viewed his conduct in this light before,—the light of gospel truth.

Continuing the conversation, Mr. Gainford said, "Suppose a man three miles outside Nobbys, swimming in a heavy sea. The lifeboat has gone out for practice, when the coxswain, seeing him, cries out, 'Oh, there's a poor fellow struggling in this heavy sea; let's pick him up!' The boat is accordingly headed towards him; the crew bend to their oars, and pull with all their might. At last they reach the struggling man. A life-line is thrown to him, he is directed to lay hold of it and be saved, but, to the amazement of all, he replies, 'Never mind; it's all right; I'm doing as well as I can; I don't want your lifeboat,' and refuses to be taken on

board. Would not the crew think the man was foolish, mad?"

"Yes, indeed, and well they might."

"Well now, Jimmy, you are infinitely more foolish and madder than that man. Here you are buffeting about on the sea of time; you do not know what moment you may sink beneath the waves, for life is so uncertain, and in the midst of life we are in death. I come with the Gospel lifeboat, and throw you the Gospel life-line, and beseech you to lay hold of it, but you persistently refuse. I offer you pardon and salvation through Jesus Christ, who died to purchase it for every sinner. I offer it to you in God's own appointed way, but you decline to take it in His way, preferring rather to obtain it in your own way. Do not procrastinate any longer, but decide at once for Christ to live and die. The very nature of your calling renders it extremely hazardous for you to neglect this most important duty. You know not how soon this supposititious case of a man overboard may become to you a stern and terrible reality. If ever it should be so, you will remember our conversation to-night. Even then God can and will hear the cry of faith, and at the eleventh hour freely bestow pardon to the truly penitent seeker, for man's extremity is God's opportunity."

After further conversation and prayer Mr. Gainford took his departure about nine o'clock.

The following night was very wild and stormy. About half-past eight signals of distress were fired from a vessel which was being driven ashore in the bight on the northern side of the harbour. The life-

boat was called out and quickly manned. In tow of a steam-tug she soon reached the scene of the disaster, and dropping astern of the ill-fated vessel, succeeded in saving all hands. By some oversight the rescued men were kept in the boat, instead of being placed on board the steamer, which was now heading towards the harbour with the lifeboat still in tow. There was a dangerous cross sea running. Some of the men in the boat were yarning, while others were either lighting or smoking their pipes, when Jimmy remarked, "Well, lads, this is hardly the time or place for such thoughtless conduct. It will require all our time, energy, and attention to keep the boat afloat in this sea. Take my advice and be careful, or we may be upset."

The words of warning were scarcely spoken before a tremendous wave struck the boat, and capsized her instantly. Being a staunch craft and self-righting, she was soon on her keel again, but Jimmy and five others were washed away.

Owing to the darkness of the night and the howling of the tempest, the people on the steamer did not know, neither could they be made aware at the time, that anything had happened to the lifeboat; so the poor unfortunate men were left to their fate. They swam as long as their strength remained, but one by one they sank beneath those terrible waves, until at last Jimmy alone remained. Subsequently he was rescued from his perilous position.

This fearful catastrophe occurred on Saturday night. After the morning service on Sunday it was told Mr. Gainford that several of the lifeboat crew had been

lost during the storm of the previous evening while returning from a shipwreck, and Jimmy was one of the number. He started off immediately to see the widow, as he supposed, and to render her what sympathy and consolation he could. On the way, however, he was made acquainted with all the facts of the case.

As soon as Jimmy saw him in the doorway he called out, "Oh, Mr. Gainford, God must have sent you to our house on Friday night; all that you said then has come true." After giving an account of the rescue of the crew from the wreck, he said, "On our way back to port our boat was capsized, and four others besides myself were washed away. We encouraged each other as well as we could while in company, but we soon were parted by the great rollers which went over us continually. One by one my companions sank, and I was left alone. I then made for Nobby's, but was unable to make any headway, having on a cork jacket. I then turned and swam towards the beach, when I was picked up by the steamer and rescued from a watery grave. But I was three quarters of an hour in the water, and oh! what my thoughts were during that terrible time is more easily imagined than described. Every word you said to me on your last visit seemed to stand before me in letters of living light. The agony of mind I endured was something awful—it will never be effaced from my memory; and I vowed if God would only spare me to get on shore, I would love and serve Him the rest of my life."

This providential deliverance deeply affected Jimmy, and he decided to become a Christian. He attended

church regularly, and was very earnest and happy. He would sit and listen most attentively to every word of the Gospel message as it fell from the lips of his minister. Often he would be so rapt in attention as to sit with his mouth wide open, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks as his soul eagerly drank in the words of Divine truth.

One of those busy-bodies to be found everywhere, and too often in the house of God, remarked, "There's Jimmy with his mouth open like a fly-catcher." Another of the fraternity thoughtlessly repeated this to him. It annoyed Jimmy very much, and being of a hasty and impulsive temperament, he resolved not to attend the church again.

For two Sundays Mr. Gainford missed him from his accustomed place. Fearing that something was wrong, he resolved on Tuesday to visit him. On arriving at his house, he was much disappointed to find that Jimmy was not at home. On his wife being asked the reason of her husband's absence from church, she became rather confused, but Mr. Gainford pressing his question, at the same time stating how anxious he was for Jimmy's welfare, she at last reluctantly told him what has already been stated about the "fly-catcher;" adding, that her husband had been so annoyed that he vowed he would never again sit amongst such a set of people, though he would gladly go anywhere else to hear his minister preach.

Mr. Gainford felt that Jimmy, by such conduct, was grieving the Holy Spirit. After praying with his wife, he rose to leave, and shaking hands with her, said,

"You tell Jimmy from me that God saved him from a watery grave and spared his life once for a wise purpose, that he might be brought to a sense of his danger in living without being at peace with his God. After that merciful deliverance he professed a change of heart, and did well for a time, until he listened to those foolish remarks; then in a moment of passion he vowed not to attend God's house again, and by keeping that vow and absenting himself from the means of grace, he is grieving the Holy Spirit. God will break his leg next, and then on the bed of affliction he will find ample time for repentance and reflection."

This strange prophetic warning was literally fulfilled; for on the following Friday morning, while engaged at work, he met with an accident by which his leg was broken. He was taken home and placed on a sofa. The doctor was sent for, but found the limb so swollen that he could not set it just then, until the swelling had been reduced.

The minister was, of course, summoned, and was in immediate attendance. As soon as Jimmy saw him he cried out, "Oh, Mr. Gainford, if God will only mend my leg I will never stay away from church again, and I'll love and serve Him till the end of my life." He eventually recovered, though ever after he had a short leg, but he attended church regularly during the remainder of Mr. Gainford's ministry at Newcastle. Some thirteen years afterwards they met each other in Sydney, when the pastor was delighted to find his old member still walking in the strait and narrow path that leads to everlasting life, and rejoicing in the love

of Jesus Christ his Saviour. He could heartily endorse the words of the royal psalmist, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word" (Psalm cxix. 67).

On another occasion, the people upon whom he called being out, he was considering where next he should bend his steps, when the thought presented itself, "Go to the hospital," much to his surprise, because, though he visited that institution regularly, it was always in the afternoon, so that the whole of the evening could be devoted to visiting families and others in their homes, whom it would be inconvenient or impossible to visit during the day.

Feeling he was being led by the Holy Spirit, and that God had a work for him to do, he went to the hospital. The warder said, "Oh, sir, what has brought you here to-night? we never had such a visit from you before." "No," was the answer; "when I left home it was with no idea of coming here, but as I am here I will walk round and see the patients." There lay in one corner of the ward a young American, whom Mr. Gainford had visited frequently. He was very happy, though suffering intense pain from a cancer. There was also another man, a Welsh sailor, whom he had been the means of leading to the Saviour. After having conversation and prayer with these two and other patients, he was about to leave, when the warder directed his attention to another inmate, who had been admitted since Mr. Gainford's last visit. On turning round he saw a fine young man lying on a bed. He was an engineer by profession, and a Scotchman,

though quite dark as to spiritual matters. Mr. Gainford says:—"I entered into conversation with him, and soon found that he was anxious about his soul. I talked to him in language bearing upon his own profession—spoke of key-heads, eccentric rods, cranks, etc., to illustrate the Divine truth—what particular attention had to be given to each part so that the whole might work together in perfect harmony. So it was with God's plan of salvation for saving sinners. Every detail was perfect, all the Divine promises were sure, and it only remained for man to do his part to set the whole of the Divine machinery into harmonious working order,—that was, to submit his will to God's will, and accept pardon by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ; then, being saved by faith, God gives the Holy Spirit, that man may work out his final salvation. He was a true penitent, and soon saw the truth, and whilst praying with him I enjoyed great liberty. When leaving, he held me by the hand, and, with his face beaming with joy, said, 'Oh, I am so happy, I can die now.' I left at a quarter to nine—fifteen minutes later his happy spirit took its flight to those regions where sickness, pain, sorrow, and death can never come. Just before his death he heard the Welshman humming over that grand old tune, the 'Old Hundredth.' 'Oh, sing on, sing on,' said the dying man. These were his last words.

"In the morning the warder came to my house to let me know of his death, and said, 'Now I know why you came to the hospital so late; the poor fellow with whom you prayed last died about a quarter of an

hour after your departure.' I was requested to inter the body, which I did, with the sure and certain hope that one day, when time with me shall be no more, I shall meet his happy spirit in glory."

A little incident happened at Stockton while Mr. Gainford was following his secular calling, which may be mentioned here, as showing his thoroughness and consistency, that it was no use a man wanting to be a Christian and serve God, and at the same time remaining in the service of the devil.

The publican of the place (there was only one at that time) was very ill, and supposed to be dying. His wife sent for Mr. Gainford to come and pray with him. He says:—"I took no notice of the first message. She sent a second, with this addition, that I must be a nice preacher who would not come and see a dying man. I sent word that I would come after tea, as it was not possible for me to leave my work just then.

"On reaching the house she met me at the sick man's bedroom door. I said, 'Is this your husband?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and I want you to pray with him; he is very ill and not likely to get better.' 'Well,' I said, 'as you have sent for me to come and pray with your husband, I require, before commencing, that you close the bar, and bring the barmaid in here; and supposing that God blesses your husband and pardons his sins, are you ready to give up this public-house business?' She said, 'Yes.'

"I then prayed with them, but with little or no liberty. On rising from my knees I said, 'When do you intend to give up the business, because it is of little use my

coming here and praying while you continue to sell the drink?'

"She said with tearful eyes, 'We have a lease of the house, but I shall go over to Newcastle and dispose of it.'

"The next day I paid another visit. I was received by the wife, who was, to my surprise and sorrow, considerably under the influence of drink, and rather abusive. I felt I could do no good, and shortly left. The man recovered, and ever afterwards looked upon me as his worst enemy."

Mr. Gainford frequently visited the shipping in the port of Newcastle. In such visits his seafaring experience proved of great value, as it enabled him to grapple with the difficulties attendant upon such work. A certain amount of tact is required when approaching this class of the community, which can only be acquired by living the life of a sailor, and being familiar with all the hardships, privations, dangers, and temptations of a sailor's life, not only afloat but also ashore. In this direction also were his labours blest, for he was instrumental in God's hands in leading several captains and officers to the Saviour.

The case of one captain may be mentioned. N— was a man of a very excitable temperament, and previous to his conversion had been greatly addicted to drink. He was engaged in the intercolonial trade, voyaging between Melbourne and Newcastle. Mr. Gainford became acquainted with him, and visited him voyage after voyage, but at first with apparently little prospect of doing him any permanent good.

On one occasion the vessel, ready for sea, was lying a short distance from the wharf, waiting to be towed outside. Mr. Gainford passing on the wharf stopped and hailed her. The captain, hearing the call, came on deck, and seeing who it was, called out, "Oh, my noble Gainford, so you've not given me up yet, eh?"

"No, I have not, and if you will send a boat for me I'll come on board and talk with you."

"You will? all right. Hi!" to one of his crew, "take the boat and fetch that man aboard."

Speaking of this incident Mr. Gainford says:—"When I got on board, the captain had locked himself in his cabin. He had been drinking heavily, and was in such a frame of mind that nobody could do anything to please him, as the poor steward knew to his cost.

"'Come, captain,' said I, 'open the door and let me in, I want to see you; is this the way to treat me?' After a little parleying the door was unlocked. On entering his cabin I found him half dressed and partly shaved. Entering into conversation I tried to reason with him, pointing out the folly and sin of such conduct, and the ultimate ruin of body and soul if persisted in; but he seemed unimpressible. Feeling the only chance of doing anything with him would be by removing him from his present surroundings, and getting him thoroughly sober, I invited him to come home with me. He at first refused, but by dint of a little persuasion he at length consented. He walked very unsteadily, so linking my arm within his I led him along, and not without some difficulty at last reached home.

"After giving him a cup of good strong tea I showed him his room, and helped him to bed. He slept soundly, and on waking in the morning, seeing everything around him so white and clean, fancied he was in heaven, and called out on the impulse of the moment to know if it were not so. He came down to breakfast quite a different man, being now amenable to reason, and thoroughly sorry for his past conduct. I had spiritual conversation with him, pointing out the plan of salvation, and God's forbearing mercy to him. He saw his condition as a lost sinner, and, feeling his need of the Saviour, accepted the overtures of mercy, and decided at once to be on the Lord's side. He also signed the pledge, and became a staunch teetotaler. Shortly afterwards he went down to his ship, 'clothed and in his right mind,' and took his departure for Melbourne.

"I saw him voyage after voyage, and was indeed gratified to find him 'growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.' He was not ashamed to have it known he was a Christian, there was no hiding his light under a bushel. Amongst his fellow-skipperers he was known by the sobriquet, 'In the light,'—the title of a favourite hymn of his. On one occasion he voyaged to another colony, and, while lying in port, several other skipperers whom he knew also arrived.

"After the business for the day had been finished, these jovial sons of Neptune would meet at the same house in the evening, and over a friendly glass and pipe discuss the topics of the day. These having been duly considered, they would then indulge in a little

music and singing. This house was the sole accommodation of the port, which was only a small harbour, the outlet for the produce of an agricultural district; so N—— had either to go there, or remain on board his vessel. Being fond of company, and possessing an argumentative turn of mind, he preferred the society of his friends to the solitude of his vessel. Not one of his companions held the same serious views as himself; he had, consequently, to put up with a considerable amount of good-natured badinage concerning his Christian and teetotal principles, which he bore in good part.

“One evening, after several songs had been sung, N—— was asked to favour the company. In vain he protested his inability to comply with their request, as he knew no songs, at least none which they would like; but they were importunate and would not be denied.

“‘Very well then,’ said he, ‘if you will have me sing, I will sing you one of the songs of Zion.’

“‘Order! order!’ cried one; ‘N—— is going to sing us a song of Zion, a “Methody” I suppose—hush!’

“This rather derisive friend having at length secured the attention of the company, N—— stood up, and sang that beautiful hymn beginning

“ ‘Tis religion that can give,
 In the light, in the light,
 Sweetest pleasures while we live,
 In the light of God;
 ’Tis religion must supply,
 In the light, in the light,
 Solid comfort when we die,
 In the light of God.’

“As he sang each succeeding verse he warmed to his work, and threw his whole soul into it, apparently unconscious of the presence of those who were not in sympathy with the sentiment of his song. His whole heart seemed to go out in praise to that loving Saviour Who had done so much for him, and as he sang his face beamed again with heavenly joy. The tune was a very sweet one, and as he rolled it out in his broad Scotch vernacular the effect was grand. His audience listened with respectful silence till the hymn was finished, and at its conclusion he was accorded a small meed of applause, but he was not pressed to sing again. Ever after this he was known as ‘In the light.’”

Five or six years after his conversion he made a voyage to Dunedin, New Zealand, when he nearly lost his life by drowning.

Having arrived at Newcastle early one Sunday morning, he went to the house of prayer, to render devout thanks to his Heavenly Father for His preserving mercy. In his prayer Mr. Gainford always prayed for the sailors and those whose business carried them on the mighty deep. On this particular morning he made use of these words, “Lord, there may be one here whom Thou hast saved from a watery grave; he called unto Thee, and Thou didst deliver him. This poor man cried unto the Lord, and He delivered him out of his trouble.” When he uttered the words “this poor man,” they seemed to strike home to his heart; why, he was perfectly at a loss to know, but his feelings so overcame him that he had to stop and bring his prayer to a close.

After the service was concluded Capt. N—— went to Mr. Gainford, who was surprised and delighted to see him, and said, "Who told you I was nearly drowned?"

"No one," was the reply; "I did not even know you were in port, and knew nothing of your providential escape until I was praying for the sailors, when God made it known to me by His Holy Spirit." They were both moved to tears, and clasping each other's hands thanked God for His goodness and mercy.

Another captain who was led to the Saviour through Mr. Gainford's instrumentality, relates the following little incident in his Christian experience as an illustration of prayer being answered. He said in course of conversation:—"Mr. Gainford, I believe in prayer, and God *does* hear and answer prayer. I was going from Newcastle to Melbourne one voyage, when the wind died away. I was hugging the coast, as coasting skippers usually do, when the current which was setting inshore drifted my vessel dangerously near the rocks. I paced the deck anxiously, waiting for a breeze from the land to take me out to sea, but not a breath was stirring. In the meantime the ship was slowly but surely drifting nearer the shore. The situation was getting desperate.

"I went below to my cabin, and locked the door. I then spread out my chart on the table, and knelt down in prayer to Him Who holds the sea as in the hollow of His hand. 'O God,' I cried, 'Thou knowest all about me and the critical position of my vessel at the present moment. There is no human

help to succour me, but with Thee all things are possible. A breeze from the land will save me; now, O God, the Author and Giver of all good, if it please Thee, cause that breeze to blow. I ask it in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer; and, Lord, I believe.'

"I rose from my knees, and going on deck held out my hand to feel if there was any wind, when I felt just the slightest breath *from the land*. I instantly gave the order, 'Square away, my lads!' The yards swung round, the vessel's head was put to sea, and we slowly forged ahead. Looking astern I saw the rocks about two hundred yards off. The breeze freshened, and soon carried us beyond all danger. Yes, Mr. Gainford, God *does* hear and answer prayer."

CHAPTER XVII.

WOOLLAHRA.—PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

IN assuming the pastorate of Ocean Street Congregational Church, Mr. Gainford was accorded a most cordial and enthusiastic welcome. The building was a fine stone structure, much larger than the one he had just left, and there were connected with the Church some good working officers, and a prosperous Sunday-school; altogether there was very much to be thankful for. On the members' roll-book were fifty-two names.

Having become settled in his new home, he immediately addressed himself to the task of becoming acquainted with the people individually at their own homes, and establishing between them and himself, as far as possible, sympathy and unity of purpose. He always maintained that for a church to become useful and a power for good in its neighbourhood, it was absolutely necessary there should exist a sympathy between the pulpit and the pew—pastor and people must be as one in their desire to save souls. To establish such a relationship was always his first work. His ministry soon began to bear fruit in this new field of labour, and during the first three months he

had the joy of introducing twenty-seven new members to the church.

Just about this time occurred great floods in the country. Several lives were lost, hundreds were rendered homeless, and much privation and misery existed throughout the district. The city's heart was touched, and public sympathy aroused on behalf of the sufferers.

Meetings were held in the city and suburbs to discuss the matter, and devise the best means of rendering assistance to the distressed.

For this purpose a meeting was held in one of the suburbs, at which Mr. Gainford, amongst others, was asked to speak. There was a large attendance, and the meeting was addressed by several ministers and laymen, amongst whom was Dr. H——. While the doctor was speaking, Mr. Gainford was much drawn to him by the meek, humble, and feeling manner in which he spoke, and thought, "Well, if you are not already a Christian, you would make a bright and happy one."

It was decided at the meeting that collecting cards should be issued, and collectors appointed who should work two together—a minister and a layman.

Mr. Gainford says: "A gentleman, Mr. S——, came to me after the meeting, saying, 'I am appointed to collect with you, for which I am very glad.' After congratulating each other, I remarked,—

"'Oh! by the way, who is the doctor who spoke to-night?'

"'Never mind him,' replied Mr. S——; 'you have

enough to do without troubling about such as he. He is an infidel, and his brain is gone through drink !

" 'Well,' I continued, 'infidel or not, I should like to know him.'

"The following day we commenced to collect. The third place at which we called was a shop, and at the counter was standing a lady waiting to be served. I felt drawn towards her just as I was towards the doctor the previous night, and asked Mr. S—— if he knew who she was.

" 'Yes,' he replied, 'she is Dr. H——'s wife.'

"My friend was very talkative, and in the course of his remarks spoke of religion, which he condemned most emphatically.

" 'Have you any religion yourself, my friend ?' I asked.

" 'No,' he replied ; 'I am a backslider.'

" 'Then I shall call to see you,' I continued, 'in order that we may have a quiet talk together.' To this he made no reply.

"Our collecting business finished, I called one afternoon at Mr. S——'s house to see him. After the usual greetings I expressed my desire for spiritual conversation with him. At this announcement he stepped back a few paces, saying, 'Why camest thou to torment me before my time ?'

"I felt surprised and grieved, saying, 'Do not use such awful passages so lightly and familiarly ; you may be called upon to realise their terrible import soon enough. Can you not spare time while we go into yonder room ?'

" 'What for ?' he asked.

" 'To read and pray together,' I replied.

" 'Oh no,' said he ; 'I have had enough of that, and am done with it.'

" 'Very well,' I continued, 'I have done my duty by you to-day,' and so left.

"Notwithstanding Mr. S——'s avowed disbelief in religion, he still continued to attend church.

I repeated my visit the following week, and in response to an inquiry as to how he was getting on, he asked, 'How do you mean ; as regards my soul ?'

" 'Yes,' I replied.

" 'Well,' said he, 'I sometimes fancy man has no soul at all, but is simply a superior animal.'

" 'Indeed,' I continued ; 'if that were true, it would be a good thing for the community if the government did with all paupers, cripples, and drunkards what a squatter I know did lately with some eight hundred horses on his run—shoot them, to get rid of the breed.'

" 'Oh, I don't mean that exactly,' said Mr. S——.

" 'No, there is not one of you infidels says what he means. If it is time you begrudge me,' I continued, 'I will come to see you at any hour you like to name.'

" 'What to do ?' he asked.

" 'To see you alone, to read and pray with you, that the light of God's love and truth may shine into your dark heart ; that you may see clearly the state of your soul, and be enabled to make your peace with an offended God.'

" 'Look you here,' said Mr. S——, 'when I see you

enter by my front door, I shall go out by the back one.'

"Very well, my friend, I feel I have done my duty to you as far as it laid in my power; I shall leave, and am not sure whether I shall visit you again or not.' And so I left.

"During this visit I asked Mr. S—— again to introduce me to Dr. H——, of whom mention has already been made. He refused a second time, saying, 'I have told you before it is no use your troubling about that man; he is done for.'

"Though I was thus visiting Mr. S——, my feelings towards him were exactly the reverse of those which I entertained towards the doctor, to whom I now determined to introduce myself. Stopping at the surgery, I said, 'Doctor, will you allow me a half-hour's conversation with you this evening after business?'

"'Certainly,' he replied.

"At the appointed time I was there, and our conversation lasted till midnight. The doctor had been a heavy drinker, but had lately taken the pledge. Although a professed infidel, I found he was open to conviction. After reading a few verses and explaining them, I prayed with him, when he decided to become a Christian, and appeared to be very clear in his acceptance of God.

"His wife had some property in her own right, amongst which was an hotel, the rent of which the doctor had been in the habit of collecting; but now that he had become a teetotaler and a Christian, he felt he could not conscientiously continue to collect the rent

as hitherto; besides, having suffered so much through drink, he did not wish to run any risk of violating his pledge or reviving the old appetite by going where liquor was sold. He was, consequently, rather troubled about it. 'Your difficulty can easily be overcome,' I said, 'for I have no doubt your wife will attend to that part of your business; if you will ask her in I will suggest it to her.' She was sent for, and quickly appeared. 'Well, Mrs. H——,' I said, 'your husband is a teetotaler, and to-night has determined to become a Christian. He feels he cannot consistently continue to collect the hotel rent, and is somewhat troubled about it; will you see to this work for the future, and so relieve him of it?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I will gladly do so, for I have long felt he should not even go into the way of temptation.' The difficulty was thus settled, and I went home rejoicing, giving glory to God for another trophy of His saving and redeeming grace.

"Next morning Mr. S—— went to see his friend the doctor, and was astonished at the change wrought in so short a time, for in conversation he would talk about nothing but total abstinence and religion.

"I visited Mr. S—— once more, when he candidly acknowledged the change in his companion. 'Will you not come too and be a companion in Christ with him?' I asked.

"'No,' he replied; 'but I will go to hear you preach, and will contribute towards the support of the church.'

"'No,' said I, 'I will not take any of your means while you continue so openly and determinedly to resist the gospel of Jesus Christ.'

“‘If you don’t leave me alone about my soul I shall not come to hear you at all,’ he replied.

“I was rather stirred up at this remark, and said to him, ‘If you don’t come and hear me, you must put up with the consequences.’

“The following Sunday he was not at church, and, on inquiry, I found he was quite well, but was reading and could not be induced to come out.

“On Thursday morning of that week, while looking through my study window, I was agreeably surprised to see Mr. S—— enter my garden gate. I felt cheered at seeing him, thinking there was perhaps a movement in the waters, or, in other words, that he was yielding to the strivings of God’s Holy Spirit. I hastened to the door to welcome him, and ask the reason of his visit. ‘Ah!’ he replied, ‘you remember when we were collecting together I promised to visit you, so thought I would fulfil my promise this morning.’

“‘I am very glad, indeed, to see you, but I do wish you would remember the promises of God, yield your stubborn will to His, accept the pardon and peace He is waiting to bestow upon you, and become a Christian.’

“I felt so strongly I ought to do my utmost on this occasion to bring him to see his sinful state and to renounce his infidelity, that I rose for the purpose of locking my study door, and with the intention of saying, ‘Now, sir, you must go down upon your knees and allow me to pray with you before you leave this room,’ but was impressed not to do so as he was of a peculiar temperament, and such an action on my part might only render him more hard to deal with. We con-

versed for some time upon various subjects, but he was unimpressible. At length he rose, and, bidding me good bye, took his departure. It was the last time I saw him alive. Early next morning he met with a fatal accident, being killed instantly, and without a moment’s warning.

“I visited the widow, and sympathised with her in her great bereavement. I buried Mr. S——, and there was an end to the earthly being of one who had espoused the cause of infidelity.

“Meanwhile the doctor was going on prosperously and happily, but unfortunately there arose about this time a dispute in which he was involved. The disputants, not being able or willing to settle matters amicably, resolved to go to law. The trial, which was pending for some time, at last came on, and was quickly decided in the doctor’s favour. The victory so excited him as to bring on apoplexy. Hearing of his illness I was quickly at his bedside, and found him very low, though quite happy. During the next three or four days he improved rapidly, and was soon able, with a little assistance, to take short walks. I visited him one evening, when he insisted upon being allowed to accompany me part of the way home, as he wished to have some further conversation with me, for I reminded him so much of his mother, who was a pious woman and used to talk to him just as I did. I tried to dissuade him from going out, but could not, so consented on condition Mrs. H—— should go too, as he was not fit to return alone. To this he agreed, provided she should walk by herself, as he wished to have

all my attention and to be alone with me. They accompanied me nearly the whole way home.

"The following day the doctor remarked to his wife that he was so grateful to Mr. Gainford for his kindness he would like to take him a bouquet of flowers, and started out from home with the intention of carrying out his idea. He had not gone far, however, before he felt a giddiness in the head, and as the weather was very warm, fearing it might perhaps be a sunstroke, he returned home.

"He did not go directly into the house, not wishing to alarm his wife, but went into the hay-loft and rested there awhile. Feeling he was not getting better, he went into the house and to bed. He rapidly grew worse, and sent for me; but fearing he should not live till my arrival, said, 'Give my Christian love and regards to Mr. Gainford, and tell him I have gone home.' He died before I reached his house."

Here, then, we have the death of two men. In life they were friends and companions, and lived without hope or God in the world, entirely ignoring the existence of an Almighty Being by their every word and deed. Both were brought under the sound of the gospel, and both were the subjects of solicitous visitation and prayer. Both were convicted of the Holy Spirit and convinced of the error of their ways; but one resisted, while the other yielded to the strivings of the Spirit. What an illustration of that awful yet grand passage in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, "To the one we are a savour of death unto death, and to the other the savour of life unto life."

Many no doubt would condemn Mr. Gainford's persistence in visiting Mr. S—— and trying to force religion upon him. It is a very prevalent notion at the present day that one should not intrude his religion upon his neighbour, but keep it to himself. Let every one look out for himself. Religion is all very well and quite proper for the minister, the church, and Sunday; but, apart from that, let it be kept in the background. In the house it is quite right to ask a blessing at meals, and to say a prayer when retiring to rest or rising in the morning. Religion is very well in the nursery, but it must not be introduced into the drawing-room, or seen in the social gathering. It must not be mentioned in social intercourse, or business relation. Oh no! These are not, unhappily, the ideas of the worldling only, but also of a great number of good and pious people, who, however, can never attain to the blessings of the higher Christian life, nor enjoy that thorough peace and happiness to be obtained only by a close and constant communion with God; and who, if they do not lose their religion altogether, will only be saved eventually by the skin of their teeth—"saved so as by fire."

When Mr. Gainford thought of the responsibility of his ministerial duties, he was sometimes very much weighed down, and, like Paul, would say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" He felt he had a message to deliver, and he could not deliver it in too plain or outspoken language, but with all the earnestness he was possessed of. Often he would say, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOOLLAHRA—*continued.*

ANOTHER case may be mentioned, illustrative of the working of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of the sinner. It was that of a quarryman, and a member of the Bible-class, and whose name was John. After seeing him on one occasion, and praying with him, Mr. Gainford said, "John, is it not time you were serving God?"

"Yes, it is, sir, and I wish you would visit my wife to-morrow afternoon, and come again at seven o'clock to see me."

"According to promise, I visited John's wife, and found her quite willing to converse upon religious topics, and indeed she professed to be a Christian. After praying with her, just before leaving, I said, 'Now I am coming to see your husband this evening, and you must not tell me anything about him, and especially any faults he may have, but remain out of the room till I send for you.' This she readily promised to do.

"At that time I was in the habit of carrying a malacca cane walking-stick with an ivory handle silver-mounted. At the appointed time I waited upon John, and was shown into the sitting-room, and sat down,

WOOLLAHRA—*continued.*

207

holding the stick in my hand. Presently he came in. I rose, unconsciously retaining hold of my stick, and said, 'Well, John, I trust you have decided to serve God from to-night.' He seemed alarmed at my saying this; perspiration stood out on his forehead; he trembled from head to foot, and undoubtedly would have fallen to the floor had I not placed a chair for him to sit on. I could not at the time understand such extraordinary symptoms, evidently of alarm and fear, but I understood it all subsequently. We conversed together upon spiritual matters; he was truly penitent and desirous of becoming a Christian. I then called for his wife; she too was under great concern for her soul. After further conversation and prayer they both decided to love and serve God."

In many Congregational Churches candidates for membership are visited by one or more deacons, and interviewed as to the ground of their hope, and to ascertain if there has really been thorough change of heart; in other words, if the case is one of genuine conversion. A deacon visited John, when the following remarkable experience was elicited:—

"About two months before Mr. Gainford became our pastor, I had a dream, and saw in the heavens a man riding upon a grey horse. He had a long grey beard, and a large riding whip in his hand, mounted in ivory and silver. He came to me, asking if I were prepared to meet my God; he told me of a judgment to come, and other things which made me fear exceedingly.

"One evening Mr. Gainford came to see us, and was

shown into the room. When I entered he was sitting alone, but immediately rose, holding in his hand a large ivory-handled stick, with a silver mounting. I was perfectly staggered, and would have fallen to the ground had he not placed a chair beside me, into which I sank. There before me stood the rider of the grey horse I saw in my dream; everything tallied exactly, and the words he said to me brought to my recollection with startling distinctness the conversation addressed to me in my vision. I was bathed in perspiration from head to foot, and shall never forget it as long as I live. I was then ready to give up all for Christ. Mr. Gainford prayed with me, and I was soon rejoicing in the pardoning and redeeming love of my precious Saviour; my wife also decided to become a Christian at the same time, and now we are both happy." Thus the Lord appeared to him in a dream which ultimately resulted in his conversion, inasmuch as the impression made by it upon his heart prepared it for the reception of the gospel truth.

"One day," says Mr. Gainford, "I was asked by one of my members to call upon a man and wife, an elderly couple, without any family. He was of a sceptical turn of mind, but claimed to belong to the Church of England. He was a clerk employed by one of the large city firms, and in receipt of a good salary, so that they were comfortably well off. I went to see them simply from a sense of duty, without apparently any drawing of the Spirit of God.

"I found he had an extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, and seemed inclined for argument, but I

refused to spend my time thus, telling him my object in life was to lead men to Christ. I prayed with him, and left him four or five of my favourite verses to read and study till I visited him again in a week's time.

"He promised to read them, but not with any idea of getting good, but simply to try and 'pick holes in them.'

"I called again at the appointed time, when his wife let me in. On asking how her husband was, she replied, 'He is quite well, and will be in directly.'

"On his appearing I said, 'Well, sir, firstly, how is your poor body, and, secondly, have you found any holes in those verses I left you to think over?' He said, 'No, Mr. Gainford, I have not, but I *have* found a God to pray to; and I intend to serve Him to the best of my ability.'

"'Thank God for that! And now, as you have begun to pray, you must pray with your wife.'

"'Oh! if you want me to do that,' he replied, 'you must allow me a prayer-book.'

"'Indeed! what would you think if your wife, when I came in, said, "Oh! Mr. Gainford, I'm so glad you have come; I want you to write me a long letter as to what I should say to my husband." Would you not think and say, "Well, my dear, if you love me, you would soon find words to express that love"?' "

"'Yes.'

"'Very well, then, why do you want another man's words, however beautiful and grand they may be, to express your love to God, and to make known to Him your wants, wishes, and desires?' He promised

to commence that night (Friday), and by Wednesday he had made such progress that his wife had to come to my house to let me know. She too soon became a Christian, and both were shortly afterwards admitted members of the Church.

“The good work continued to prosper, and I soon found we required a building for the accommodation of the Sunday-school children. Hitherto they had been gathered together in the church, but for many reasons this was very inconvenient. A Church meeting was called, when the desirability of erecting a schoolroom was submitted to the members. The matter was fully discussed at this and subsequent meetings, and at length it was decided to erect a building sixty-one feet by twenty-six feet, to be connected with the church by a vestry. I was my own architect, and drew up plans and specifications. I designed a wooden building of the aforesaid dimensions, with an arched plastered ceiling, (having better acoustic properties than the ordinary flat ceiling,) for I intended to use the room as a lecture hall for temperance and other meetings. The estimated cost was £400.

“The question now presented itself—Where is the money to come from? I resolved to canvass the district, and call upon the gentlemen residing there, many of whom were living in affluence, and could easily afford to give me a subscription, if they felt so inclined. To their honour be it said, they responded heartily to my call. I made no respect of person, creed, or party, and was assisted liberally by people of all denominations, and even by some who made no

profession of religion whatever. During my collecting tour I only had one or two refusals.

“Having what we deemed sufficient funds in hand to commence operations, a start was made. I employed a member of my congregation, who was a builder by trade, as foreman, and gave him two men to assist him. Besides being my own architect, I was also my own clerk of the works, and personally superintended the erection of the structure, very often rendering them manual assistance myself.

“The work progressed famously until one night, when we were overtaken by an untoward accident, which at first tried us very much, but eventually turned out for our good.

“We had got the main building up to the required height, sixteen feet. Our iron tie rods were in place and properly secured. All the circular roof-spans were up and fixed. I had told the builder what to do by way of securing the building against accidents from the wind, by having it properly stayed by battens to a post firmly fixed in the ground, and to the roof on the other side. On no account were these stays to be removed until the roof was secured.

“The timber merchant failing to carry out instructions given to him, sent out a load of weather boards instead of the timber immediately required. The carpenter not liking to be idle, and desirous of pushing on the work with all possible speed, removed the stay and boarded up the south gable end. Unfortunately, he neglected to replace the stay.

“During the night a strong southerly wind sprang

up. The building received the full force of it, and the roof, not being stayed, began to work—little by little, but surely and steadily, until at last the whole top fabric swayed backwards and forwards, and at length fell in with a terrible crash. Falling across the iron stay rods which spanned the walls, the sides were drawn together, and the building completely wrecked.

“One of my members, passing by early in the morning, saw the wreck, and came to wake me up, saying, ‘Oh, Mr. Gainford, the schoolroom is lying flat on the ground.’ ‘Then it’s time I was out of bed and getting it up again.’ I rose immediately, and going down to the building, found it as already described, and the carpenter standing in the midst of it, looking very pale and dejected. I felt much disappointed and not a little put out, seeing at once the accident was the result of carelessness. However, being a firm believer in that precious promise that ‘all things work together for good,’ etc., I derived much comfort and consolation from it, feeling there was some wise end in view, which by-and-bye would be made plain to me.

“An examination of the ruins showed me very clearly what an amount of trouble and expense it would cost to put the building in the same condition it was prior to the accident. Some of the frames were broken, and many of them twisted out of shape entirely.

“‘Well, carpenter,’ I said, ‘looking at it won’t do any good; go home and get your breakfast, and then come here with two labourers.’ I met them at nine

o’clock, and taking off my coat, worked with them, and continued working until the roof was on again.

“A Presbyterian minister’s wife was passing one day, and seeing me hard at work, said, ‘Oh, Mr. Gainford, what are you doing, working like that? You are lowering the dignity of your ministerial office.’

“‘My dear sister,’ I replied, ‘I care little about lowering my dignity in this respect, so long as I get my schoolroom up again.’*

“Though we had all this additional labour and expense, the accident so aroused public sympathy that contributions came in from all quarters; with these and the proceeds of a bazaar, got up by the ladies of the Church, we were enabled to clear off the debt of

* It may be remarked here that Mr. Gainford has often been spoken of in disparaging terms, on account of his having been engaged in a secular calling, and not being college-trained. “He’s only a carpenter; he was never at college in his life; how can he be expected to preach?” and similar other phrases have frequently been expressed. But those who spoke thus little knew how supremely indifferent the subject of their remarks was to what people said or thought about him. Instead of being ashamed, he gloried in the fact that he could work, and work as hard as any man, through the week, and then preach the Gospel on Sunday. A favourite expression of his was, “Thank God, my blessed Lord and Master was a Carpenter.”

The fact of his having been a working man gave him a wonderful power and influence with many of his people, who said, “Well, here’s a man preaching to us who has had to work for his living, the same as we have. He knows all the trials, hardships, privations, and vicissitudes of a working man’s life; he is a practical man, and evidently means what

the building entirely. We had now a nice room for our Sunday-school, and during the week it was occupied by temperance and Church meetings.

"God not only prospered us by giving us a new schoolroom, but—what was of far greater cause for thanksgiving and joy—He revived His work in our midst. We usually had a prayer-meeting at the close of the evening service, and generally one or more souls were born of God. One evening there was a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and many expressed their desire to lead a new life. Among the penitents was a man who had been brought to me some time previously. He was a terrible drunkard, gambler, and almost everything that was bad. To use his own words, he had been drowned twice and killed three times, *i.e.*, three times he had fallen off a 'bus, and was picked up for dead, and twice he had been taken out of the water in an unconscious state. He signed the pledge that day, and had strictly kept it. He was

he says, and if he could love and serve God and be happy, why can't I? if the Gospel has done so much for him, it can do the same for me." Many have reasoned thus and testified the same to Mr. Gainford.

True, he was not college-bred, but he learned his lesson in a much harder school—the world. Here he also learned to estimate men and women, not by their wealth or social standing, but by their character, and he gained such a knowledge of human nature as was not to be acquired by any amount of book-learning. His heart was filled with love, and his soul was afire for the salvation of the souls of his fellow-creatures. A college training may perhaps have abated his love, and extinguished the fire of his soul. He was taught of God, and not of man.

present at the service on this occasion, and remained to the after-meeting.

"The penitents were invited to come forward, but he stood where he was, trembling all over, the perspiration rolling from his face. I said, 'Some of you who refuse to come forward will stand there till the Lord brings you down.' The words were no sooner uttered than this man fell to the floor.

"One of my oldest deacons, not being accustomed to such scenes, immediately left the church, taking with him his daughter. Some of the other members wanted to give him water to revive him, thinking he had fallen in a fainting fit. 'Let him alone,' I said; 'the only water he wants is the Water of Life; he will come now.' He did come to the front, accompanied by his wife, and they were both soon rejoicing in the liberty of the Gospel. This was sixteen years ago, and at the present time they still are Christians, living happy and consistent lives.

"At times we had so many penitents, we had to adjourn to the vestry; this soon became too small to accommodate those who were seeking the Saviour, and then we held our meeting in the schoolroom. As many as sixty penitents were present on one occasion, some of them entire strangers to me, their ages ranging from fourteen to sixty years. Many found peace, were made happy through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and became useful in the Church and in the various circles of society in which they moved.

"The reclaimed drunkard did not reside in Woolлахra, but in an adjacent suburb. On Monday morn-

ing, about six o'clock, I visited him. He saw me coming, and hurried forward to meet me. On inquiring if he were all right, and still happy, he replied, 'Yes, blessed be God, I am, and I was never happy till now.'

"What were your feelings last night when requested to come forward? Did it not seem as though something had formed internally, and was rolling upward till it reached your throat, and you felt as though you were choking, and then you fell to the floor?"

"Yes, that is exactly how I felt,' he said, with eyes wide open with astonishment; 'how did you know? I wanted to come up with the rest, but something kept me back. I felt as if rooted to the spot, and could not move hand or foot, till God, by His Holy Spirit, broke me down; then the spell was broken, and I was enabled to go up, when, blessed be God, He pardoned my sins, and I came away such a happy man.'

"He not only became a converted man, but through his sobriety and Christian principle, made money rapidly. Like all other Christians, he had his trials and temptations, his ups and downs, but the Saviour in whom he trusted, and from whom he sought comfort, consolation, and strength, delivered him out of them all.

"The good work continued with varying success. Each Sunday evening service was blessed to some souls, two or three and sometimes more being brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. By way of deepening the work and strengthening the new converts, cottage prayer-meetings were held, which were much blessed in the building up and

establishing the faith of those who had been brought in during the revival.

"Three years and a half had passed away since my settlement in Woollahra, when it was reported that Mr. Leishman, minister of the Mariners' Church, Sydney, was dying. On hearing this intelligence, I was seized with the conviction that if that gentleman did not recover, I would be required to take his place. Four years previously I had been appointed, but did not then see my way clear to accept the charge; but now I felt convinced that soon I should have to leave Woollahra.

"This thought pained me much, for my people had endeared themselves to me exceedingly, and had given tangible proofs of their love and esteem, by various presents, and a salary of £300 per annum. As pastor and people, we were in perfect accord and sympathy with each other. The Church was in a flourishing condition spiritually and financially, and the district was steadily increasing in population, and so affording a larger scope for labour and usefulness. Everything tended to keep me where I was, and if I yielded to my own feelings, or was influenced by the protest of my loving people, I should not think of leaving a charge which was endeared to me by many tender and hallowed associations. If, on the other hand, the path of duty pointed to the Mariners' Church, then feelings must be sacrificed, and at any cost I must walk therein."

The Rev. Mr. Leishman died. Shortly after the reverend gentleman's decease, a deputation representing shipmasters, ship-agents, and merchants waited upon

Mr. Gainford, requesting him to become the minister of the Mariners' Church.

"'Well,' he said, 'I feel drawn to the place, and duty prompts me to accede to your request, but I don't know how to broach the subject to my people; it pains me to think of parting from them. The best thing you can do is to embody your desires in a petition, stating that on account of the death of Mr. Leishman, the pulpit is vacant, and knowing of my experience of seamen and others connected with the shipping, you request me to take charge of the Sydney Bethel Church, as being specially adapted for that work. The people are aware that I have been asked, and are in a measure expecting something of the kind to be laid before them for their consideration.'

"Subsequently I was called upon to attend the annual meeting of the Sydney Bethel Union, at which Lord Belmore presided. It was a very small gathering, only about eight persons being present when his Lordship took the chair, which number, however, increased to about thirty at the conclusion of the meeting. Such was the interest shown by the public towards one of the noblest institutions of the city! The late Rev. Dr. Lang was present, and suggested that the committee send to America for a man, as he did not know of anyone in the colony capable of undertaking the duties of such a responsible position.

"I was then requested to speak, and in the course of my remarks drew attention to the state of the building as being in no way attractive to either sailors or landmen. One third of the space was partitioned off by a

rough deal and canvas partition. A miserable platform occupied the place of a pulpit or rostrum, the seats were wretchedly uncomfortable, and the whole place presented a cold, gloomy, and forbidding aspect. A building of this description was not one to which our sailors should be invited to hear the Gospel preached. They liked a nice clean attractive place to worship in; not only so, but they liked to mingle with shore people, and knew how to appreciate good singing. In all this the Bethel was sadly deficient, and to this deficiency was attributable, in a large measure, its miserable failure in carrying out the object of the Sydney Bethel Union. There was no Church formed; it was simply a rope of sand. What was wanted was a Church which would hold itself responsible for half the minister's salary, while the committee guarantee the remainder. If properly worked, the Bethel could be made a most useful and influential means of disseminating, through its members, Gospel truth to all parts of the world. It would become a centre of influence and a power for good, which would be felt in every land and every clime, and from which would radiate all the blessings of the Gospel in the salvation of precious souls."

When he sat down a Presbyterian minister said, "Why don't you take it?" Mr. Gainford replied, "I might ask you the same question. I have as large a Church as you have, and it would be just as great a sacrifice for me to leave my people, as for you to do so."

The personal narrative thus proceeds:—"When the meeting was over, my senior deacon, who had accom-

panied me, said, 'Surely, Mr. Gainford, you will never leave Woollahra to come to this miserable place, and the wretched locality surrounding it?'

"All the greater reason, my dear brother, that I should come and try to make things different.'

"Finally, I met the committee. There were three other candidates, representing respectively the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Church of England bodies. The committee stated the conditions upon which they wished the Bethel to be worked, and the rules by which the minister was to be guided. All the candidates expressed their views on the subject. When my turn came I said, 'Gentlemen, if I am elected minister of this Bethel, it will be with a desire to be untrammelled by any of those rules. I take it as a minister of Christ, to preach Him free to all, my object being to save all, as He died for all, of whatever nation or country. I would form a Church so as to receive support spiritually, and otherwise, in carrying out the great object of the Sydney Bethel Union.' The late Hon. J. Fairfax, who was chairman, said to the other members of the committee, smiling at the same time, 'Well, gentlemen, I think we may trust Mr. Gainford, and leave the matter entirely in his hands.' Without further discussion I was unanimously elected minister of the Mariners' Church, Sydney, at a salary of £150 per year.

"I tendered my resignation of the pastorate of the 'Ocean Street' Church, Woollahra, which was eventually accepted amidst tears and protestations. Many were the arguments and offers put forth to induce me to

remain where I was—my salary would be increased to three hundred and fifty pounds—why should I leave a prosperous Church and devoted people, to take charge of such a place as the Bethel, with its wretched surroundings, and for one hundred and fifty a year?

"But with me there was no choice. I felt impelled to go. I was firmly convinced it was a direct call from my Master, and whither He directed, thither I must go. This step had long been made the subject of earnest prayer. I had sought light, wisdom, and guidance from above, and to my mind everything was made as plain and clear as the light of day; therefore it was not optional on my part whether to go or stay, but my imperative duty to go. True, the salary was only half of what I had hitherto been receiving, but that had never entered my thoughts or troubled me for one moment. My Master Whom I served would attend to the wants of His servant, and I was thoroughly contented to leave that matter entirely in His hands.

"My people, viewing it in this light, were more reconciled to my leaving them. At a farewell meeting held in the church, which was crowded to excess, I was the recipient of a beautiful marble timepiece, and also the following address from the ladies of the Church:—

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—We the Sisterhood of this Church cannot allow the occasion of your going from us to pass without publicly expressing something of the feelings with which you have been regarded by us during the time you have been our pastor. We take this occasion to thank you for all the good you have done us, also to express

the deep grief we feel at having so soon to part from one whom we have all learnt to love. We have given our affection, because we know you have been faithful in many things, not only in holding up to us the light of the Gospel, but you have shown a fatherly interest in our everyday life, and wakened new hope in the despairing breast; you have roused our sleeping thoughts to things beyond this world, and taught us to feel that we have each a never-dying soul to be saved. That you have much of the philanthropy which animated the first Christians and glowed in the breast of our blessed Redeemer is evidenced by your unwearied attention to the sick and poor, by the patience with which you have met every Church difficulty, by the humility and mildness of bearing, and above all by your prayerful life, for we never had a visit that we did not have your prayers also. The interest you have taken in our homes and families, particularly in helping us to build and keep the family altar, has convinced us that we have not only had a dear kind father and friend, but a pastor who was faithfully leading us to Christ. You cannot now wonder, sir, at our sorrow and reluctance in parting with our friend and minister, or at the silence which prevailed at the meeting you called to announce your leaving, when every heart was too full with pent-up grief at the thought of your going to allow any member to speak or even wish you God-speed. Time and reflection, sir, have taught us to subdue our sorrow and resign ourselves to the will of the Divine Providence which has called you away to a larger sphere of usefulness. And we can now sincerely congratulate you on being the one chosen to fill such a responsible position as that to which you have been called. We also congratulate the people among whom you are about to labour, and feel assured it will be with them as it has been with us, that each visit of yours will contribute

something towards making them wiser, better, more spiritual, and happier.

“The good you have done in Woollahra in the temperance cause is made manifest by the altered lives of so many; even the most hardened drunkards have trembled at your earnest appeals to their conscience. Indeed, sir, we know it has always been your aim and desire to raise us morally, socially, physically, and spiritually, and we have been particularly grateful that Almighty God had blessed us with a pastor possessed with such great natural abilities, and who knew how to use them with such discretion for the welfare of others. And now, sir, we think the only way we can show you we have profited by all you have done for us is to follow your advice, to unite ourselves more closely as a Church with the object of doing good to our neighbours, and to help keep up the fire which your zealous, faithful preaching has kindled in so many hearts. As your future labours will be principally amongst the sailors, a class of men who have been much neglected by society generally, and whom you are so well calculated to instruct and benefit, we take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy for them, and beg to assure you that it will ever be a source of consolation to remember that we have given up our dear pastor and friend for the advantage of the noble-hearted, but hitherto neglected sailors.

“We cannot conclude this address without acknowledging our deep affection for your dear wife, and assure you that we part from Mrs. Gainford with extreme regret; we shall miss her sympathy in the sick-chamber, and in our hours of affliction, and can only pray that Almighty God will spare her to you and her family for many years to come, and that she may have health and strength to continue her good work to her fellow-creatures. Our fervent prayer is that you may both be blessed with a happy old age, and

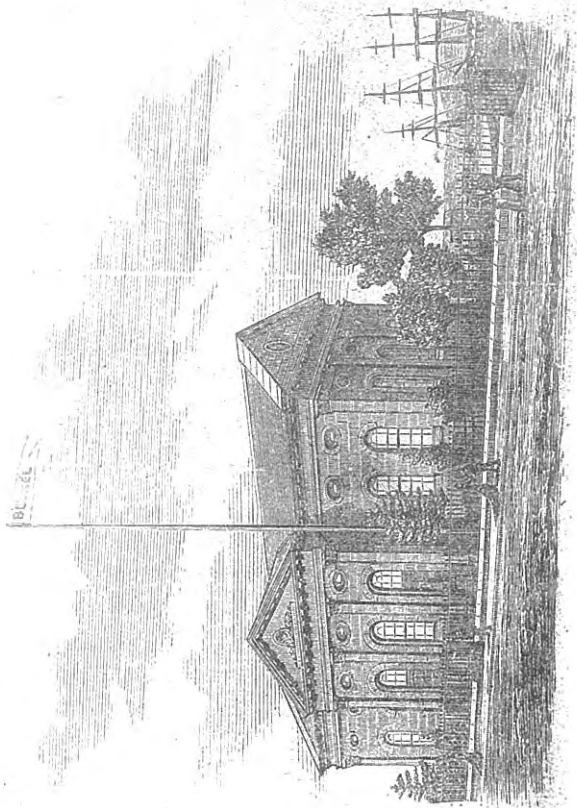
that your every effort to bring souls to Christ and to speak of His kingdom may be crowned with success.

"We are, Reverend and Dear Sir, with much affection,
"The Sisterhood of Ocean Street Church.

"Mary A. Moore — on behalf of the ladies."

During Mr. Gainford's ministry at Woollahra, a diggings-fever broke out in the country, attracting numbers from all parts, among them members of Ocean Street Church, which had the effect of lowering the number of members on the roll-book to ninety-five, but which, at the time of his resigning the pastorate, had been raised again to one hundred and thirty.

On Mr. Gainford's departure from Woollahra, some thirteen or fourteen members became so unsettled that they resolved to move into town (much against their pastor's wish), so as to be able still to attend his ministry and help him in the formation of a new Church.



THE MARINERS' CHURCH, SYDNEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

ENTRANCE UPON WORK AT THE BETHEL.

MR. GAINFORD entered upon his new duties as chaplain of the Bethel, or Mariners' Church, with his characteristic energy. His first care was to visit all the shipping at the various wharves, introducing himself as the newly appointed chaplain, and inviting the seamen to attend the Bethel on Sunday; then he made a house-to-house visitation among the residents in the locality of the church. He likewise made a thorough inspection of the building, and found it to be in a dilapidated state. His practical eye took in at a glance the situation. The next thing was to plan and estimate the cost of repairing, enlarging, and beautifying the place. Gradually there came before his mental vision a new church. The dust, dirt, and cobwebs had all disappeared, and clean, bright, fresh paint and varnish had taken their place. The old rickety seats were replaced by new comfortable pews, and instead of twenty or thirty persons, there were crowds attentively listening to the preaching of the Gospel, and sinners penitently seeking the Saviour. He was deeply moved with the results, and said, "By the blessing of God, and with the assistance of a sym-

pathetic public, this place shall become a grand and glorious power for good." How far and to what extent these hopes were realised the sequel will show. We will give Mr. Gainford's own words; he says:—

"I preached my first sermon in the Mariners' Church on Sunday, 1st January, 1871. The seats, such as they were, were all occupied in the morning, but in the evening all the sitting room was taken up, and some had to stand. After the sermon was over I said, 'Now, men, I purpose, by the blessing of God, to entirely renovate this place, and put new seats in, instead of these old ones, and I want you to help me do it. Some of you, I am afraid, are not teetotalers, and spend your money in that which harms you. Now who will convert nobblers into seats? Each new seat will cost twenty-five shillings.' Two sailors immediately rose, saying, 'Here you are, Mr. Gainford; we will give that sum each.' Several others of the congregation also promised to assist.

"Next day I went to Mr. Booth, timber merchant, and told him what I wanted, at the same time telling him the state the Bethel was in, and giving an account of the previous evening's meeting and the sailors' ready response to my call.

"'Oh, I'll give you two seats also.'

"'Two! why, what will be the good of two in a building that size? I want at least six from you.'

"'Well, I suppose I'll have to give them to you. I'll send the timber round to-morrow.'

"'Thank you; that will do nicely.'

"I then called upon Mr. Rolfe, another timber

merchant, and told him what Mr. Booth had done. He did likewise.

"I now had the material given me for the construction of twelve pews, fourteen feet long, but no money to pay for the employment of labour. I resolved to appeal to the merchants for pecuniary assistance, and accordingly drew up subscription cards and distributed them amongst those who were likely to make good use of them. I then started collecting myself, being careful to have with me the requisition signed by merchants and others asking me to take charge of the Bethel. When I went to the offices of these gentlemen, and was successful in obtaining an interview with them, I said to each, 'Good-morning, sir; is your name Mr. So-and-so?'—looking at my list for the signature—and on receiving a reply in the affirmative said—'Well, sir, you have got me into trouble; now I want you to help me out.'

"'How have I been instrumental in getting you into trouble?'

"'By signing this requisition and getting me to take charge of a wretched building, which is a disgrace to the mercantile community of Sydney—the Mariners' Church.'

"'Oh, you are Mr. Gainford?'

"'Yes, and I want your cheque to help me put the place in thorough repair.'

"The merchants responded so liberally that I was encouraged, and determined to put men to work at once. That portion of the building which was partitioned off was turned into a joiner's shop, in which all

the pews and a new platform were made. While my men were working inside, I turned my attention to the exterior of the building. The approach to it was very bad, being full of holes, which in wet weather became a series of puddles. The place was surrounded by a dilapidated fence, which seemed undecided whether to stand any longer or contribute to the general desolateness by falling down. The remainder of the church ground was simply a mass of rock and rubbish, and extended over what is now known as Bethel Street. This ground was a resort for larrakins and characters of the worst kind.

"I went to the Lands Office to see the city plan, and ascertain the alignment of Bethel Street. Having possessed myself of the necessary information, I went to the City Council and asked if there were any means of having Bethel Street made, at the same time pointing out the advantage of having another thoroughfare from George Street to the Circular Quay and Campbell's Wharf. The council promised to attend to the matter. Some time elapsed, however, before the work was commenced, owing to a dispute between the Government and themselves concerning the boundaries of the property. This at length being amicably settled, a start was made, and the work eventually completed. I succeeded in getting the authorities to erect a dwarf wall on the north side of Bethel Street, which bounded the Church property. Upon this I put a good strong fence.

"I now turned my attention to the interior, with a desire to have it renovated. For this purpose I contracted to have the walls cleaned, coloured, and painted.

At one end of the church, and immediately behind the pulpit, were three blank windows which looked very unsightly. These I had faced and plastered, and upon them were portions of Scripture written, bearing upon Faith, Hope, and Love. This was a great improvement, and tended to relieve the deadness of the wall.

"My attention was directed to a plate on the eastern side of the church, close to the roof. On examination I found this was attached to an iron girder, which extended from wall to wall between the ceiling and the roof, and acted as a stay. The coping stones were very heavy, and having hardly any counterbalancing weight inside to act against the overhang, had tended during the time the walls were settling to throw them out of plumb. Hence the rod and plates. A further examination showed me that the gable ends were in a similar condition, so I determined to screw them up in the same manner. On measuring, I found that this stay would require one hundred and four feet of bar iron. The query now was how to get it, as my funds were very low. I had already got a contribution from Messrs. P. N. Russell and Co., iron merchants, but determined to call upon them again. When Mr. Murray, one of the members of the firm, saw me approaching his office, he called out,—

"'Well, what do you want now? I know you are after something this morning.'

"'My dear sir, I want neither gold, silver, nor copper from you to-day.' At this he seemed relieved, but when I continued—'I want some iron,' he smiled and said,—

“‘Oh, but that is money to us.’

“‘Well, it will be very useful to me, and I shall be very much obliged if you will give me what I want.’ Having fully explained the purpose for which the iron was required, he willingly gave me all I needed, and calling his storekeeper, gave him orders to send it down to the church at once.

“I soon had the iron ready, and having begged the clamps from one of the foundries, they were put in place, and the gables thoroughly secured. The roof at the same time, which was leaky, was also put in thorough repair. The ceiling likewise came in for a share of the general overhaul. It was made of cedar and nicely finished, but some years previously it had been greatly marred by having thirty-four large apertures made in it to destroy an echo. The acoustic properties were very bad, and as the building was nearly always empty, it was a difficult thing to hear distinctly what the speaker said. My remedy for this was to fill the church with people, and the echo would cease.

“The contractor now wished to have the partition removed so that he could get on with his work. Most of the pews were completed and ready for placing into position. The partition was removed on Monday morning. During the week all hands worked early and late, so that we were able to hold service in our newly seated church on the following Sunday, much to the joy and satisfaction of my congregation.

“The approach to the church was also greatly improved, by being newly flagged from the street to the

doorstep. In our newly-arranged seats we could accommodate about five hundred persons. The congregation rapidly increased, and God blessed His word to the conversion of many souls.

“Having now an attractive and comfortable building to which seamen could be invited to hear the Gospel preached, I adopted a system of visiting the ships regularly twice a week, and boarding fresh arrivals directly they came alongside the wharf. With very few exceptions, I was well received, and my invitations to attend the Bethel services were gladly accepted by many of the sailors. Besides this, I devoted three or four evenings every week to visiting the people residing in the neighbourhood, many of whom were constant attendants of the Bethel. In addition to the week-night service, I had a weekly temperance meeting, which was productive of much good. I always found total abstinence a great auxiliary to the work of the Church and in bringing souls to the Saviour. When a man is under the influence of drink, the chances of doing him any good are very remote. But once he becomes sober, then he becomes a thinking man, and has steering way, or, in other words, is amenable to reason and open to conviction. Frequently has it happened that a sailor has attended the Wednesday night temperance meeting and signed the pledge, on the following evening joined the Good Templars, and on Sunday attended the service in the church, and in the prayer-meeting decided to become a Christian. Total abstinence has to many proved the stepping-stone to religion, and they have cause to thank God that ever they were

induced to sign the pledge. While the principles of teetotalism were strongly advocated in the pulpit and out of it, it was at the same time clearly and distinctly stated that it could not save the soul—nothing short of a personal interest in the atonement of Jesus Christ could effect that.

“Hitherto, the Sacrament had not been administered at the Bethel; and I determined, as soon as possible, to observe the ordinance regularly, in order that pious seamen and others might have an opportunity of meeting together and being built up and strengthened in the divine life. We had no sacrament service; and I was considering how I should procure one, when this thought suddenly flashed across my mind:—‘I noticed the other day, in the papers, the arrival of a barque called the *John Knox*: the owners of that ship are using a grand name; why should they not pay for it?’ I made inquiries and found the *John Knox* was owned in Sydney; so, without further delay, I waited upon the owners and made known my want; at the same time saying that it would be a graceful act on their part to supply it, in memory of John Knox, the great reformer. They did not appear to fall in with my views just then; so I left them to think the matter over. A few days afterwards, a beautiful communion service, the tankard of which was engraved as follows, was left at my house:—

“This communion service was presented to the Mariners’ Church, by the owners of the barque *John Knox*, in remembrance of that great Reformer. 2nd April, 1871.”

“For several reasons I did not like holding my temperance meetings in the church, so began to look round for a suitable room in which to conduct them.

“The Mariners’ Church is built on the side of a hill. Under the floor was a great area of rocks and rubbish, which, if excavated, could be utilised in making just such a room as was wanted. I immediately set to work and had half the rock cut away, and the remainder boarded in. This gave me a room seventy feet by twenty-two, large enough and suitable in every way for the conducting of our temperance meetings.

“At one of these meetings was a Captain D., who signed the pledge, and at my request addressed the people. When we came out he took my arm, and we walked along together, conversing meanwhile. I said, ‘Captain, you want something else besides temperance.’

“‘What is that?’

“‘The salvation of your soul.’

“‘That is what I have been praying for, for two years.’

“I went on board his ship with him, and read my three favourite verses in the tenth chapter of Romans, viz., 8, 9, and 10. After explaining the verses, to which he listened most attentively and earnestly, I said, ‘Now, Captain, you have confessed with your mouth the Lord Jesus; do you believe in your heart that God hath raised Him from the dead?’

“‘I always did believe that.’

“‘But do you believe it now? Because if you do, you are saved.’

“Well, Mr. Gainford, what is the use of my saying I believe, and at the same time do not feel that I am saved?”

“Oh, indeed. Suppose I was one of your passengers, and I saw you taking the sun; and that after you had finished your calculations and found the ship's position, you seemed pleased with what she had done. I go to you, saying, ‘Captain, would you kindly let me know where the ship is?’”

“‘Yes, with pleasure, lat. —, long. —, and this’ (pointing to the chart) ‘is where we are at the present moment.’”

“‘Oh, Captain, I wish I could feel she is there, but I don't feel it.’”

“‘Why, sir, what has your feeling got to do with my figures?’”

“‘Would you not answer me thus?’”

“‘Yes.’”

“Well now, the Lord Jesus has sent me to you to show you the plan of salvation. But instead of receiving it, you immediately look within and consult your feelings. What you said about your figures and the ship's position is true. It is also true that God raised Christ from the dead, that He might become the Saviour of the world. You must first accept that truth before you can be saved; never mind feeling: that will come afterwards, just as you wished me to believe your figures concerning the ship's position.’ I saw his eyes dimmed with tears, and believing God had given him to see the truth, prayed with him. Directly I had finished he rushed out of the cabin and

on to the wharf. I followed him, and laying my hand on his arm, said, ‘Do you see it now?’

“‘Yes, thank God! but I never saw it until you said about the ship's position, ‘Oh, I wish I could feel it,’ and my reply, ‘What has your feeling to do with my figures?’”

“His wife, who used to sail with him, was also savingly converted the same evening.

“They both maintained their Christian principles, and I had the pleasure of meeting them on three successive voyages which they made to Sydney, when they were still rejoicing in the God of their salvation.

“Subsequently he built a new vessel and sailed for San Francisco, where he arrived safely, but on the homeward voyage the ship was lost, and all hands perished. The captain had his wife, family, and some relations with him on this ill-fated passage.

“A rather interesting case, though ultimately it proved to be a sad one, was that of a chief officer of a large ship of 1,700 tons burthen. On going my rounds one Saturday afternoon I boarded this vessel, and after visiting the crew in the fore-castle and inviting them to the Bethel, went aft to the apprentices and officers, extending to them also the invitation to attend the services on the morrow. The chief officer replied,—

“‘I shall not be there, for I am an atheist.’”

“‘Oh, indeed! It would hardly be right for me to say I am glad to see you, holding as you do such views, but you are the first man who has ever told me right out he was an atheist. I presume by your position you are a navigator. Is navigation true, or

is it not? Has the sun, or the moon, or north star ever told you a lie, supposing your calculations and observations to have been correctly worked out?"

"Oh! those are nature's laws. I consider man only a superior animal."

"Well, sir, you are the first superior animal I have met wearing such a fine gold chain.' He was a fine-looking man, and wore a large gold stud chain attached to his watch. He was rather staggered at this.

"Can you show me any advantages to be derived from Christianity?"

"Yes, I can soon do that. There is as much difference between you and the Christian as there is between the commonest watch and the best chronometer. The chronometer has a compensating power which keeps it going regularly and truly in all temperatures and in all climes. So the Christian has the witness within him that he is a child of God, and that what he does is pleasing in His sight. The true Christian, whether ashore or afloat, whether in the height of prosperity or the depth of adversity, whether in joy or sorrow, health or sickness, knows that whatever may befall him is permitted of his Heavenly Father, and is for some wise purpose. He rests satisfied in the blessed assurance that "all things work together for good to those who love the Lord." He has within him a compensating power—the Holy Spirit—which regulates his life and keeps him true to himself and true to God.

"Not so the man who is not a Christian. He is

like the common watch, which is affected by every change of temperature, sometimes gaining, sometimes losing, so that no dependence can be placed on it. The interests of this world absorb his attention; he has no time or inclination to think about his soul and the things pertaining thereto. He lives entirely for this world, as if there were no God, no heaven, no hell. He is unreliable, unstable, and when overtaken by trouble or adversity sinks into a slough of despondency, and is without hope or comfort, tossed about on the sea of time, like a disabled ship without rudder, chart, or compass.'

"There may be something in what you say, and I am open to conviction.'

"Will you come and see me this evening, when we can talk together alone? and I will try, by God's help, to lead you to the truth.'

"Yes, I will.'

"He came, and our conversation resulted in his being convinced of the error of his ways. He signed the pledge, joined the Good Templars, and before leaving port professed to have experienced a thorough change of heart. In a letter which he addressed to me, on the eve of his departure, he said, 'I came to Sydney dark spiritually, but now, thank God, I am leaving with the light of His love shed abroad in my heart, and I am trusting in the Lord.'

"I did not see him again for three years. At the end of that time he returned to Sydney in command of a barque, but he failed to call upon me. Being anxious about him, and not being able to see him on his ship,

I went to the agent's, and succeeded in finding him there. He appeared very much confused, and invited me on board to see his wife.

"I went and found her a poor broken-down, broken-hearted woman. On learning my name she said, 'Are you the Mr. Gainford of whom my husband used to speak when he came home from Sydney last time? He returned very happy, told me you had induced him to become a total abstainer, and had led him to the Saviour. He continued in this happy state for some time, and our home was a little heaven on earth. After a time he was appointed to superintend the building of two vessels. During that period he very frequently came into contact with his father, who was an infidel lecturer in Liverpool, who tried, and at last succeeded, in undermining his son's principles. He violated his pledge, and our home became again as miserable as ever it was. He got command of one of the vessels, and I determined to sail with him, hoping my presence might prove a check to his drinking. But I failed to have any influence over him; he still drank, and drank heavily, neglecting his wife, ship, and everything else; and here I am, a wretched, unhappy woman.'

"I learnt from others on board that the ship was off the port two or three days, the captain being too drunk to venture in. His bloated appearance certainly justified all that was said about him.

"I visited him two or three times, but he refused to attend the services, though quite willing his wife should do so, and he would accompany her to the door.

"Meeting him one Sunday morning, I said, 'Why

not come in? See what a kind Providence has done for you in raising you to commander.' He swore an awful oath, and wanted to know what Providence had ever done for him. There was no such thing as Providence.

"When he uttered that blasphemous oath a shudder ran through me, and I said, 'Well, captain, I shall never speak to you again; you seem to have given yourself entirely over to Satan if so, you are done for.' He left Sydney shortly afterwards, but never reached his destination. He died a miserable death at sea; the body was taken on shore at Anjer and buried. Thus died one who might have been a power for good. He was a fine, muscular man, of pleasing manners, and of considerable natural ability. He made shipwreck of faith, and died an infidel.

"One Sunday, after service, a captain waited to see me; he was very much concerned about his soul. He had heard me preach several times. We retired to the vestry and engaged in conversation and prayer. I led him through the promises to the Saviour, but, like another already mentioned, he could not feel. I led him a second and third time, but with the same result; he could not trust the Saviour: he wanted to feel first and be saved afterwards. I pleaded for him, and the Lord taught me to present the truth in another form. I said, 'Lord, Thou seest Thy servant here; he wants salvation. Show him clearly what Thou hast done and suffered for him in order that he might be saved. —Now, my brother, did not Christ do the will of His Father to save you and me? Did He not say, "Not

My will, but Thine, be done"? Cannot you then submit your will to the will of Christ? Just say, "Lord, I submit my will to Thine; not my will, but Thine, be done." He did so, and rising up from his knees, without giving me time to close in prayer, said, 'That will do; I see it, I see it, God's will shall be mine.' He went his way rejoicing and glorifying God."

This incident shows how the great adversary of souls strives to baffle us even at the throne of grace.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SECRET OF POWER.—BUILDING ANXIETIES AND TACT.

THE good work continued to go on and prosper. The congregation steadily increased in number, and souls were continually being added to the Church. People came long distances from various suburbs, and constantly attended Mr. Gainford's ministry. There seemed to be a holy magnetic influence which attracted people towards him. He seemed to possess some mysterious power to draw. It was not that he was what is commonly termed a fine, an eloquent, or a nice preacher. Few, perhaps, would say, "What a nice sermon we have had this morning!" or "What a beautiful discourse this evening!" but many have said, "What a *good* sermon we have had to-day!"—good, because of the good received alike by saint and sinner; good, because that sermon was the outcome of close, prayerful, and tearful study of God's word, oftentimes upon his knees; good, because he went straight from his knees to his pulpit, his Saviour's presence with him, his heart filled with love to God and love to man, and with a burning desire to preach

his precious Saviour's love to perishing sinners. We seldom hear of fine or eloquent sermons being the means of arousing sinners and bringing them to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Such sermons simply gratify the senses, and appeal only to the taste or intellect. They leave no lasting or permanent impressions. A sermon to be productive of good must go beyond this; it must appeal to the heart, and this was always Mr. Gainford's aim. No doubt, a certain proportion of ministerial success rests with the preacher himself, not only in the pulpit, in his method of presenting the truth to his people, but out of it also, in visiting the members of his congregation in their homes, and likewise in his general walk and conversation. It is sometimes difficult to analyse what men call personal power. It is easily recognised, but its elements are not easily discovered or described. Certain constitutional peculiarities probably help to make a man what he is; natural ardour, vivacity, persistency, sympathy, have something to do with a successful issue of ministerial work. We will not leave them altogether out of account; but the real springs of character were not in these. The palm of the desert, fruitful and beautiful, does not find its supplies in itself. Nor does it find them in the burning, blistering sand out of which it grows. The sources of its life lie deeper down. Far underneath are veins of water, at which its rootlets drink, and from which they draw up nourishment which keeps its uppermost and outermost leaves fresh and fair in the blaze of sultry suns. A consecrated and useful life depends on unseen

and eternal sources for what it is, and for what it gives.

Perhaps one secret of this power lies in unflinching loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, based on an adoring love. It has been said of Arnold of Rugby that "the central fact of his experience was his close, conscious, and ever-realised union and friendship with the Lord Jesus; and that in the ever-flowing fulness of his heart, every expression of affection that might pass between earthly friends passed between him and the Divine Man Whom as a Friend he had in heaven, and to Whom with an exhaustless enjoyment he clung." A picture in words this of Mr. Gainford. An irreverent mention of his Saviour's name would greatly distress him; he would almost sooner suffer a blow, than that name should be taken in vain. This love of Christ was not a fancy or a sentiment. It was a principle, a passion, an abiding motive. It was the antidote against worldliness. It was the incentive to action which this world could not understand. Heavy loads and hard toils grew light when with this affection his heart glowed. Poverty, reproach, and even death became things of little moment. Deeper than the love of kindred, of country, ay, of life itself, was his affection for that Redeemer Who had loved him and given Himself for him. He did not talk of heaven so much as perhaps some Christians do; he talked of being with the Lord and like Him.

Another secret of his power in the pulpit was doubtless his habitual intercourse with God in prayer. He began and ended the day with prayer. He prayed

about everything and over everything. He prayed when he went out, and he prayed when he came in. He prayed before every religious service. He prayed for the members of his Church by name and as many of his hearers as he knew. He never made a pastoral visit, of however short duration, but he always closed it with prayer.

Few phrases are more common among Christians than this—"the privilege of prayer;" but it is greatly to be feared that many who use it would more correctly represent their own personal feelings if they were to say "the drudgery of prayer." At least an honest conscience would compel them to say that it was a dull duty; uninviting often, and sometimes positively irksome, and engaged in as much from a sense of obligation as anything else. Now, to Mr. Gainford prayer was a privilege, a blessed privilege, and a real delight. He seemed to know the meaning of those mysterious expressions, "Praying in the Holy Ghost," "With all prayer in the Spirit;" and so his supplications were intense. There was a specific object to attain. He could not approach it with "easiness of desire." The ministry of any man imbued with such principles, and possessing such characteristics, must of necessity be productive of real and lasting good.

He always valued prayer-meetings, and generally had one at the close of his evening service. During the latter years of his ministry he always held them. He used to liken himself to a fisherman setting his nets, and then gathering them in to see what had been

taken. He spread the net while preaching, and drew it in at the after-meeting. How anxiously he would watch! and when a penitent would rise in his seat or come to the front, would joyfully exclaim, "Thank God, here's one. Praise the Lord, here's another." A hymn would then be given out, and during the singing of it he would walk up and down the aisles, eagerly scanning the faces of those present, to see if there were any with whom the Spirit was striving, and was generally successful in picking them out; and having done so, would earnestly and affectionately invite them to take Christ as their Saviour.

He would also say, "Before I leave my study I ask God to bless the preaching of His word to the salvation of some soul, and having done so, the least I can do is to remain behind and ascertain the extent of the blessing, and the result of my feeble efforts to win souls for the Master."

The period of which we write was no exception. Prayer-meetings were held, but the results were not satisfactory. The people were too scattered, and there was not the warmth and fire there should have been. There seemed to be a coldness; and that feeling of decision so much desired was not present. So another plan was tried. An invitation was given to all who were anxious about their souls and desirous of entering upon a new life to go over to Bethel House, immediately opposite. This was a great improvement. On one occasion twenty-two accepted the invitation. Fifteen of that number found peace, and went home rejoicing in God. Before leaving each was shaken

warmly and affectionately by the hand, and a loving word of counsel, comfort, or encouragement tendered, as the case required.

One man said, "Mr. Gainford, I came over to see you because we are both from the same country."

"My dear brother, let us first settle the salvation of your precious soul, and then we can talk about home after." He was chief officer of S. S. *Daudenong*, and subsequently became captain. During a severe storm the steamer foundered between Sydney and Melbourne, when he and several others perished.

"It soon became apparent that we should have to increase our accommodation. In the morning the church was comfortably filled; but in the evening it was crowded, and sometimes it was difficult to find seats for those who came after the service had commenced. After much thought and prayer, I determined to erect a gallery. I made known my idea to the members. The majority of them were of opinion that the time had fully arrived for the enlargement of the church, and offered many suggestions and valuable help for the undertaking. Others thought me mad for entertaining the idea of putting a gallery in such a place.

"However, it was settled that we should make the alterations. I accordingly measured the church and made the necessary plans; and on estimating the probable cost found I could erect a gallery to seat three hundred persons for the sum of three hundred pounds.

"By this time it was found the schoolroom was quite inadequate for our requirements, and we had already begun to enlarge it by further excavations.

The rock thus quarried out was utilised in building the retaining wall in Bethel Street. This enclosure, being filled in with earth and rubble, made a fine yard, upon which subsequently was built a little cottage for the chapel-keeper.

"Of course, the usual question was asked, 'Where are you going to get the money from?' Well, I had little fear on that score. I knew that I was doing my Master's work, and that He could influence the hearts of the people to contribute. Collecting cards were issued. On them I was careful to state the object, which was to provide a suitable room for educational purposes, lectures, and temperance meetings, as well as to enlarge the church by the erection of a gallery. Seeing the broad basis upon which we were working, many, perhaps, who would not contribute for religious purposes would willingly subscribe towards an institution having for its object the secular and moral well-being of the community, but especially of sailors.

"His Excellency the Governor having been chairman at the annual meeting, I thought it would be good policy to get him to head the list. Accordingly I waited upon him, and he willingly acceded to my request and subscribed three pounds. 'Dear me,' I thought, 'this will never do for a beginning;' so, obtaining a new card, I called upon my never-failing friend, the late Hon. John Fairfax, who had always been a true and staunch supporter of the Bethel Union, and explained to him my mission, stating that, being my own architect and contractor, I was doing all I could to save expense, and hoped he would head

the list with a good round sum in order that others might be stimulated also to give according to their means. He did so, and handed me a cheque for £25.

"I then went to all the principal merchants, lawyers, barristers, judges, and leading men in the city, who responded liberally and heartily to my call.

"One rich squatter said, 'Dear me, Mr. Gainford, when is this sort of thing going to stop? when is it to come to an end?' 'When you have no more to give. I come here and offer you an opportunity of receiving some moral interest for the use of a portion of your vast income.' He smiled, saying, 'That is all very well from your point of view.' But he gave me a donation.

"Nor were the members of the Jewish community forgotten. I called upon several of the leading firms, and said, 'Gentlemen, I have left you till the last, feeling some diffidence in asking you to contribute towards my mission on religious grounds, but as you are all more or less interested in the seamen, by whose help you get your merchandise, I believe you will have no objection to contribute towards their moral and social elevation.' 'Certainly not,' they replied, and each gave me a contribution.

"Meanwhile the work in the church and schoolroom was progressing favourably. All the time I could spare from studying and visiting was spent in superintending and marking out work for my men.

"At length the alterations were completed. The gallery and schoolroom were both opened on the same day. We celebrated the occasion by having a tea-meeting, at which eight hundred and forty sat down.

As most of the things were given, the profits were considerable. On making up receipts from all sources, it was found there was still a small debt remaining, which was soon cleared off.

"I had now to consider the ways and means for furnishing the schoolroom, or, more properly speaking, the Sailors' Reading Room. We wanted a few chairs badly, so I resolved to tax again the generosity of some of my merchant friends. Mr. S. Wooster was the first waited upon. After being made acquainted with the object of my visit, he immediately made me a present of half-a-dozen large-sized American chairs, and sent them down to the room.

"I next called upon Messrs. R. Towns & Co., and seeing Mr. Stuart, inquired if his firm did not import American chairs.

"'Yes, we do.'

"'Well, sir, I want some for the Sailors' Reading Room. I can take them just as they are in the case, having men at work in the room who can put them together.'

"He said he must pay a visit to the room to see what was being done. He accordingly did so, and approved of all he saw, and promised to send some chairs down.

"Some little time after this, fearing that the promise might, through press of business, have been forgotten, I resolved to call again. On this occasion I saw Mr. Stevens, who informed me the chairs had just been sent. Thanking him, I inquired for Captain Towns—was he in?

“‘Yes,’ was the reply, ‘but he does not transact any business now.’

“‘Oh, mine is not commercial business, and I shall not keep him more than two or three minutes.’

“I was shown into his private office.

“‘Good-morning, Captain Towns. I have seen Mr. Stuart about some chairs for the Sailors’ Reading Room, and he has promised me some. I know you have been for many years one of the warmest and most liberal supporters of the Sydney Bethel Union, and I thought, if asked, you would send some too.’

“‘Why! has not Mr. Stuart sent you a dozen? What more do you want?’

“‘A dozen! why, what will be the use of a dozen among forty or fifty sailors? I want at least another dozen.’

“‘There you are—never satisfied. You no sooner get one dozen than you want another. I never saw anything like it.’

“‘Wait, captain; have you not been doing the same all your life, striving for more, never satisfied with past or present success, but yearning for more? No sooner did you own one ship than you wanted another, and another, and so on till the present moment?’

“This line of argument had the desired effect. Ringing the bell for his storeman, he gave orders for another case to be sent to the reading-room.

“I still wanted two tables, but was unsuccessful in begging them. However, I managed to find two really good ones, made of cedar, in a second-hand furniture shop, and purchased them.

“The room was thus furnished and ready for use. In response to an advertisement, about three hundred useful books were sent me to form a library. The daily papers were always on the tables. Pens, ink, and paper were supplied gratis to any sailor on application to the caretaker. The week-night meetings were resumed, and well attended by seamen and others resident in the neighbourhood. Thousands have now to thank God that ever they entered that room, for in it they became convicted of the folly of their evil ways; and, by forsaking them and accepting the truth, have reformed and become respectable members of society, and in many cases true Christian men and women.”

These extracts from Mr. Gainford’s journal show him as a man of great energy and tact. He seemed to know intuitively what was needful to be done, and set himself to the task with an indomitable perseverance, to which all difficulties succumbed. He possessed that combination of tact so necessary to him in the position he occupied,—spiritual tact in leading souls to Christ; and business tact in surmounting the difficulties of a pecuniary character, arising out of his success.

The next chapter will bring him before us in an entirely different light.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRISON EXPERIENCES.

“AFTER about eighteen months' pastorate at the Bethel I had a new and strange experience in my ministerial life; *i.e.*, that of talking to two men in full possession of all their mental and physical faculties, but doomed to die on a certain day. I long had a desire to see and converse with such a man, and God now granted me this painful privilege, and not only so, but used me as an instrument in His hands of leading two men in this position to accept Christ as their Saviour even at the eleventh hour.

“At this time all Sydney was thrilled and shocked by the discovery of the double murder perpetrated by Nichols and Lester on the Parramatta River. When I read the account of the terrible occurrence in the papers, in which also appeared a brief history of Nichols' career, my heart seemed to go out towards him, and I felt impressed that if he were kindly and discreetly managed, he would make a complete confession of the crime, and become a noble example of the saving power of Divine grace.

“I determined, if it were possible, to see the murderers, to visit them. With this object in view I

waited upon the governor of the gaol, and made known my desire. He informed me that the privilege I sought could be granted only by the chaplain; consequently it would be necessary for me to see him. Accordingly I called upon that gentleman at his private residence, and expressed my wish to see Nichols and Lester for spiritual conversation. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I don't intend to speak to them at all till after they are condemned.’ I replied that if I could not see them previous to their condemnation, I would not be so cowardly as to visit and talk to them when they knew they had to die. I wanted to see them in their free moral agency, when they could say what they liked in their defence.’

“He said he did not see the necessity, and, therefore, would not grant me permission to see them till after their condemnation.

“‘Well, then,’ I replied, ‘I must try some other means of getting admittance, seeing you refuse me. Ministers of all denominations have access to the prisoners; and as minister of the Mariners' Church I claim that privilege, especially as both men have been sailors.’

“I then called upon my friend the late Hon. J. B. Wilson, who was at that time Minister for Lands, and through him obtained an introduction to the then Premier, the Hon. Sir John Robertson, to whom I stated my object; also my failure in obtaining it through the chaplain's refusal.

“Sir John characteristically remarked, ‘What has the chaplain to do with it? you go, and look sharp

about it, or we'll have them hanged before you get a chance to see them.' I got an order which gained me admittance, and my desire was at last accomplished.

"During the first interview with the prisoners Nichols said, in the presence of the officials, that he wished me to be his spiritual adviser. Such a request was sufficient to cause my name to be entered in the gaol books as assistant chaplain.

"On my second visit he was very reserved and sullen, maintaining a rather defiant attitude. I soon saw what was passing through his mind, and described his feelings to him, much to his astonishment. 'Nichols,' I said, 'you have made up your mind to get all you can from the chaplain and myself in the way of advice and comfort to soothe your feelings; you then intend to pray to God that He might influence the jury to acquit you, and so give you another chance to turn over a new leaf and lead another life, at the same time being fully conscious that God knows you are a double-dyed murderer.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'if I get clear of this trouble, I intend to lead a better life; I shall become a missionary.'

"'Is that the way you are bargaining with the Almighty? He will not be dealt with in that manner. There is another prayer you should offer, "O God! Thou knowest I murdered those two men, and that I richly deserve to die. For Christ's sake, Who died for me, deeply convict me by the Holy Ghost, and pardon all my sins for Jesus' sake."' After further conversation I prayed with him, but no impression seemed to have

been made upon him. He would not confess the crime.

"I visited him several times after this, but he still continued in the same frame of mind, and consoled himself with the idea that he would be acquitted. He intended to defend himself, and in the meantime was preparing for it.

"The day before the trial I saw him again. He looked very haggard and cast down. In reply to a question he said he had been reading about the crucifixion of our Saviour, and was much struck with the expression, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

"'Did He forsake Him?' he asked.

"'No,' I replied; and then proceeded to explain the passage, using some homely illustration. He listened very attentively, and with tears in his eyes thanked me, saying he understood it all now.

"The day following his condemnation I again visited him. He was now dressed in prison clothes, head and face shaved, heavily manacled and confined in the condemned cell. He was sitting with his head buried in his hands.

"'Well, Nichols, have the jury done right in condemning you?'

"'Oh, my head! my head! don't touch my head!'

"'I have not come about your head, but about your heart, and to try by God's help to get you prepared for your awful doom.'

"He now stood up, saying, 'Oh, what shall I do,—a terrible murderer,—can God, will God have mercy on

me?' I had hopes of his conversion now. The spell was broken, the great enemy of souls was defeated, a victory had been won, and I felt confident that before long this poor, wretched, double-dyed murderer would be rejoicing in the liberty of the Gospel, through faith in Christ Jesus.

"Yes, thank God, His pardoning mercy can reach even you, my poor brother. Jesus died to save sinners. *Whosoever* cometh unto Him He will in no wise cast out. God is waiting now to bestow pardon the moment you ask for it, and submit your will to His.'

"Oh, will you pray with me?"

"We knelt down together in prayer, and the power of God was there to awaken and bless. I had not prayed long before he called out, 'Oh, may I pray?'"

"Yes, and exercise faith in God, Who can save to the uttermost all who call upon Him.'

"I then led him in prayer to those precious promises contained in my favourite verses (Rom. x. 8, 9). He soon saw the plan of salvation in all its beautiful simplicity. He was enabled to take God at His word, the burden of his guilt was rolled away, peace and joy entered his soul, and he rose a new man in Christ Jesus. Grasping my hand, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he thanked me as being the instrument in God's hands of leading him to the Saviour, and bringing about such a blessed happy change of heart and mind.

"After his conversion he made the following statement to me, disclosing the most diabolical and cold-blooded plot it has ever been my lot to hear of, and in

which he fully confessed the part he played in that terrible tragedy.

"My life has been a sadly chequered one, and my misdeeds brought me within the reach of the law repeatedly. When I could not gain a livelihood by honest means, I resorted to dishonest ones; consequently I have been in gaol several times. It was during one of these terms of imprisonment I became acquainted with Lester, when a sort of intimacy sprang up between us.

"After many ups and downs I at last got a situation in the Meat Preserving Company's Works, Miller's Point. I managed to keep this place, and things went well for a time.

"One night, on returning home, my wife told me a man named Lester had called to see me. At the mention of his name a feeling of sorrow, regret, and sympathy came over me, which I could not describe or understand. This feeling led me to interest myself on his behalf, and I succeeded in obtaining employment for him in the Company's works.

"We worked together for some time, and our leisure hours were often spent in planning for the future, Lester intending as soon as possible to procure a good outfit and follow his proper calling, that of a sailor. One night, when taking a walk, and lamenting our positions and inability to leave the colony for the purpose of bettering ourselves through lack of means, I said in a joke to Lester, "Why, you had better take a man up the Parramatta river, kill him, rob him, and then throw him overboard." He asked if such a thing

had been done. "Yes," I replied, "but not by me." He thought it was not a bad idea. We both laughed, and passed it off as a joke.

"Every evening we met after that, the subject was sure to be brought up by one or the other; and every time it seemed to gain a stronger hold upon us, and the possibility of putting theory into practice seemed to become quite feasible the more we talked it over, until finally one evening in Lester's room we determined to try. Our plan was to advertise in the *Sydney Morning Herald* for a clerk for a store on the Parramatta River. Having engaged one, we would convey him to his destination in a boat, and while on the journey he was to be robbed and disposed of.

"There were a great number of applicants. We visited several, and by insidious questions soon ascertained what they were possessed of. At length we fixed upon two, named "Bridges" and "Walker." Matters of detail had now to be considered for the execution of the bloody work. It was finally arranged we should find out what drink they each preferred, and provide ourselves with it, and also some laudanum, which was to be administered to them in the drink. This was to be done by Lester. I was to provide myself with a pistol. Should the poison fail to take effect, it then fell to my lot to shoot them.

"All arrangements being completed, we started late in the afternoon with our first victim—Bridges. Lester sat forward in the bows of the boat, I in the stern, and Bridges between us. After a while a bottle of brandy was produced, and we all had drinks. I took the first,

and then passed the bottle to Lester, who poured some into a glass, to which he added the laudanum, and handed it to Bridges, whose back had been turned to him all the time.

"After waiting awhile, and the poison not taking effect, a second dose was administered in the same manner. On this occasion Bridges complained that the stuff was very bitter, and he would have no more of it. Neither dose bringing about the desired result, the pistol must be used. At my suggestion we landed at a point on the river, on the pretence the tide was not high enough to allow us to go any further, and to remain there until it rose, it being my intention while walking about together in the bush to shoot the unsuspecting man; but my heart failed me, and we returned to the boat and pushed off.

"Bridges remarked, "I think you are humbugging me." "Oh no! we are only waiting for the tide." I felt I could not do the deed, and went forward to Lester, and told him he must do it. He took the weapon, but could not fire. I then resumed my place again, and ran the boat aground purposely, telling Bridges the tide was not yet high enough to admit of our going any further.

"The boat was then backed out, and we all laid down to sleep till the tide rose. I slept for some time, and then got up. Seeing the position we were in, and knowing the purpose we had in view in bringing the man here, I reasoned with myself for a short time. It was nearly daylight, and if the deed was to be done, it must be done at once, or the results would be most

disastrous to ourselves. At last, as if moved by some unseen power, I grasped the pistol and fired at the sleeping man's head. Instantly it seemed as though my heart had leaped to my mouth, and I thought, "O my God, my God, I'm a murderer." Bridges jumped up, saying, "Oh, Mr. Clark" (the name which appeared in the advertisement), "you have deceived me; put me on shore, put me on shore." I then struck him on the head with the butt end of the pistol, when he fell. Lester searched his pockets, and handed the money to me, while I was busy getting the boat into deep water. Bridges' feet were tied together, and a heavy stone fastened to them. We then pushed him over the side, while he was yet faintly entreating to be put on shore.

"We returned to Sydney, and after having breakfast, sent Bridges' clothes to an auction room for disposal. I then saw Walker, and made all arrangements with him; he, too, was engaged as a clerk for my store on the river. He was disposed of much in the same manner as was Bridges.

"We found out his favourite drink was ale, and in that were administered two doses of laudanum, but without effect. We then laid down to sleep as before, but I could not rest. Several times I got up to perform my part in the horrible work, when Lester would by looks and signs try to urge me on, and to do quickly and completely what had fallen to my lot to do. At last I fired.

"Walker immediately rose to his feet, crying out, "Mercy! mercy! my mother! my mother! Oh, spare my life, and you may take all I have." I then grappled

with him, and struck him repeatedly upon the head with a life-preserver, which was taken from Bridges' box. Lester called out, "What's the use of humbugging with that thing?" and seizing Walker in his arms, threw him down. His head and body fell over the gunwale of the boat into the water, which revived him, when he called out, "Murder! murder!" Lester then held his head forcibly under water till his cries were silenced in death. We took his watch and chain, and then fastened a stone round his neck. Lester remarked that the pockets had not been searched. "Good God," I replied, "I've done enough; let him go." This accounts for the sovereigns found in Walker's pockets when the body was discovered.

"I also visited Lester, who likewise made a statement in which he denied having anything to do with the first murder, and only took part in the second, because his life was threatened by Nichols if he refused to assist in carrying out his designs. This was a lie, and he was all the time acting the hypocrite. Every endeavour to bring him to a sense of his awful condition in the sight of God, and his need of repentance, was of course futile until after Nichols' confession. When I repeated to him all that Nichols had said, he acknowledged his guilt, and became deeply penitent. He professed to find peace with God through Jesus Christ, and gave evidence of a change of heart, but he was not so clear in his experience as Nichols was.

"On the day of their execution I was with them at seven o'clock in the morning. Nichols had slept well during the night, and made a hearty breakfast as

soon as he awoke. We conversed together, and I prayed with him; he also prayed. Soon the order was given to knock off the chains. When this was done, he said, 'Oh, Mr. Gainford, I feel as though I had no legs.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and soon you'll have no body. Your soul will shortly stand free and untrammelled before its Maker. Now, Nichols, your time has come. Trust the Saviour Who died for you, Who has pardoned all your sins; lean upon Him; He will comfort and support you to the end, and then receive your disembodied spirit to Himself.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I do trust Him. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

"The late Rev. Canon Smith, who had baptized one of Nichols' children, came to see him and pray with him. Nichols conversed freely and cheerfully, and related his Christian experience in such a clear and happy manner, that the Canon was so deeply affected that he returned from the cell crying like a child, and saying he had never heard such an experience before.

"The melancholy procession was now formed, and we moved towards the gallows—Canon Smith walking with Lester, and I with Nichols, who walked with a free, firm, and steady step. On the scaffold he stood forward, and said with great composure and in a clear and distinct voice to those assembled in the yard, 'My friends, I think it is only right I should acknowledge the justice of the sentence passed upon me. I thank God for bringing me to such a frame of mind that I can see I ought to suffer for my crimes. I never thought I should have come to this, and hope it will

be a warning to you. Once I was an innocent child, but was led into temptation, and fell into evil ways. I once resolved to be good, but did not pray to God to assist me. I now ask His forgiveness, and trust in Him.' He then repeated the hundred and seventeenth Psalm—'Oh praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great towards us; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.' He then bade them all good-bye. He thanked me for what I had done for him, and requested me to look to the future of his wife and family.

"After a brief pause Lester advanced, and in a voice broken with emotion also acknowledged the justice of his sentence. What had happened to him he hoped would be a warning to young men, and especially those who had Christian parents. He then proceeded to speak of his mother, but was overcome by emotion. After several attempts to speak, he said, 'I cannot express my feelings; good-bye, friends.'

"The executioners then did their work, and the murderers of Bridges and Walker paid the full penalty of their terrible crimes.

"Thus closed the last scene in the lives of two men of good natural abilities and fair prospects in life, who, had they been Christians, might have been the means of doing much good to those around them, but who, unfortunately, perverted their talents, and allowed themselves to be led captive by Satan at his will, proving to their bitter cost that 'the way of transgressors is hard.'

"When all was over, I went to see Mrs. Nichols,

and told her of her husband's last words and wishes. The interview was a sad and painful one. After offering her the comforts and consolations of religion I left, and did what I could for her future welfare.

"The following are copies of letters which I received from the prisoners a short time before their execution, passed by permission of the gaol officials:—

"DARLINGHURST GAOL,

"June 13th, 18—.

"The Rev. Thomas Gainford, Mariners' Church, Sydney.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Before I die, I wish to acknowledge, in its deepest sense, the gratitude I feel for your great kindness in assisting me to prepare for death. You, sir, were the first to enlighten me on the subject of faith, and the blessed promises held out to me (Rom. x. 8, 9). Since you pointed out that passage, it has continually been before my mind. Even when the enemy had full possession, those two verses stayed the hand that would have turned upon itself and sent my soul to eternal misery. I have much to be thankful for; may the Almighty forgive me!

"When I look back into the dark valley through which I have passed, a feeling of awe creeps over me, and I wonder how one so unworthy as myself should have escaped that eternal death I so righteously deserved. It is only now, now that I feel safe, that I can view my life in its proper light. And what a life! It makes me shudder to think of the danger I have gone through, and to cast my eyes up to God, whose merciful kindness is great toward us—to Him be all honour and glory—with feelings of thankfulness that cannot be described in words.

"My life from the age of ten years has been one con-

tinual course of sin, and God even during this period has appealed to me, by granting me blessings I did not deserve: the first in a virtuous and faithful wife, as if by joining good to evil I might be saved by example; then again by giving me two beautiful children He appears to have entreated me to alter my course of life. I felt the appeals at those times, sir, and I believe, had I known you then, my life might have been different. I have many times resolved to alter, but never did so with prayer, and have, therefore, failed. I was always under the impression that it required much time and prayer before I could secure that peace which passeth all understanding. I had no idea of the simplicity of faith, and I fear that is the great obstacle with many young men in this city; the blessed words 'Only believe' seem too trivial; but you, sir, will coincide with me what a world of happiness is concentrated in them. It was only when I did believe in my heart that I could appreciate the glorious design the Almighty had in His mind when He became incarnate, and so died for us. When I come to think of the horrible crimes that have brought me into this position, I feel that I must have been mad. The restless spirit that followed their commission, the anxiety, despair, and wretchedness urging me to self-destruction, it is too dreadful to contemplate! And what is the next scene? A messenger from God. Even then, when the world has turned its back upon me, when my name is loathed and abhorred, an outcast with no one to turn to for sympathy but my faithful wife, even then the Almighty, in His infinite mercy, sends me a friend. You came; you took me by the hand* (that hand that only

* When I first went to see Nichols, I shook him warmly by the hand, hoping by so doing to gain his affection. One day, in course of conversation, he said, "Do you know, Mr. Gainford, how you conquered me? I had determined to steel myself against every one and to defy

a few days before sent a fellow-being to meet his God); you spoke words of comfort, but they fell on barren ground, for no sooner had you left the cell than the enemy returned. But you persevered in your good work, and although there was no impression made on my mind at first, still the seed was sown; the passages pointed out in the Bible altered to a certain extent my thoughts; I often found myself, to my surprise, thinking them over, until, by degrees, the light came. My first feelings were that it might be true after all, and if so what a glorious future I might look forward to! then came the old doubts. Sometimes I believed; at other times I doubted. I read Dr. Moffit's 'Precious Truths for Everyone,' and the 'Penitent's Inquiry,' two little books that gentleman gave me. They assisted a great deal; but when I came to think of the Christian faith from our Saviour until the present day, and thought what it had gone through, I felt that it must be from Heaven, and by degrees I felt the Holy Spirit prevail. My punishment has, indeed, been a blessed affliction, for it has caused me to turn to Him Who is continually appealing to us to come when we are heavily laden, and He will give us rest. I have thrown the whole burden of my sins on Him, our blessed Redeemer. I feel that I have been washed in the 'Precious Blood,' and when the hour of death arrives, I feel that I can leave this world with confidence in His never-dying love, and say, 'Oh, Lamb of God, I come.'

"In conclusion I wish to acknowledge my sincere thanks to the authorities for having permitted you to visit me and assist our chaplain, who has been very attentive to me, and

them all; but when you came, and so fearlessly, and kindly, shook my hand, knowing, as you must have done, it was stained with a fellow-creature's blood, and spoke so lovingly and affectionately to me, I was completely overcome; I could not understand it, and was drawn to you in spite of myself. When every man's hand was against me, yours was stretched out in love and tenderness."

to whom I feel much indebted. I also have to thank those who have remembered me in their prayers; they will be rewarded when they hear of my happy state.

"And now, sir, to your care I leave my dear wife and children; she has been a good and faithful wife to me. The Almighty has told me, in Jeremiah forty-ninth chapter and eleventh verse, to have no fear for them, and I cannot doubt Him Who has been so good to me. She has seen the happy change in me; I trust to you to point out the same path, that we may hereafter have a joyful meeting above. God bless and direct you, sir, in your good work, and may He permit you to remain on the earth many years, that you may be the instrument in His hands of rendering that consolation to others that I have received. Amen.

"I am, sir, with respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT FITZGERALD NICHOLS."

"DARLINGHURST GAOL, SYDNEY,

"June 16th, 18—.

"MY DEAR MR. GAINFORD,—I cannot find words to express my feelings of gratitude and thankfulness to you for all your kindness and Christian sympathy, both before and after my trial and on till the day of my departure. I can only say God will reward you. And now before I leave this world, I think it right to make an attempt (if only a futile one) to say a few words on behalf of the young men with whom you are constantly coming in contact, those especially who are not enjoying that peace of mind that I am in possession of. They have all of course heard of my sad downfall, and they may, like me, have Christian parents. It is, therefore, from an affectionate desire of my heart towards them that I ask them to value this great blessing.

There was one time in my life when I dearly loved my poor mother, but since I left home my feelings have become more deadened towards her, and in the excitement of bad company I forgot her. My dear Mr. Gainford, entreat them to cultivate this love for their parents, to estimate the worth of a mother's love, the anxiety of a mother's heart, and I sincerely hope and earnestly pray that God will help them to feel this, that it may stimulate them to be kind and affectionate to those who brought them through their younger years, and gave them their first lessons of early piety.

"The feeling I have now (in my present condition) respecting my treatment towards my poor mother is dreadful, but I earnestly pray that God will have compassion on her, and keep her from entirely sinking under it.

"I feel, my dear Mr. Gainford, that I have volumes to say to these young men through you, and do not know how to say it; my heart is overflowing with the one great fact that it should be possible for one so great in sin and crime (although so young in years) to obtain forgiveness. Oh, the amazing love of Jesus!

"I would wish these young men also to value their moments in life. By moments in life I mean certain periods, which occur more or less frequently in our history, when the spirit in which we then live, the step we then take, the word we then utter, or what we at that moment think, resolve, reject, do or not do, may give a complexion to our whole future being, both here and hereafter; that moment in life when we are tempted to evil, when large bribes are offered to the sin that doth so easily beset us, tempting us to betray conscience, give up principle, lose faith in the right and in God.

"Such moments may be brief, yet decisive of our future life. How unutterably solemn is the first deliberate act which opposes conscience! Future character and the life

and happiness of years may be determined by it. The step taken in that brief moment, the lie uttered, the dishonesty perpetrated, the drunkenness or debauchery indulged in, the prayers for the first time given up, and the father's home left for a far country,—who can realise or estimate the many links of evil and the endless chain itself that may connect themselves with the one link of sin fashioned in that moment of life?

"But there is one moment in life (and I conclude by suggesting it to the thoughts of these young persons) which must come to every man; I mean the last moment which closes our life on earth. Come it must; that day, though of no importance to the world, is to ourselves of more importance than is all the world. That moment in life ends time to us, and begins eternity. But if, when it comes, it is to bring us peace, let our present moments as they come find us watchful, conscientious, believing, and prayerful. As I said before, my dear Mr. Gainford, I do not know how to express all I would wish or how much I feel, especially towards those who are treading the same path I have trodden. Oh! from my inmost heart I would warn them and entreat them *at once* to give up the service of Satan, and enlist under the banner of Jesus, and I can assure them they will then soon find that 'peace which passeth all understanding.'

"And now, with deep and heartfelt thankfulness to you, my dear Mr. Gainford, for all your kindness, I thank you, and sincerely hope that God will bless your labours, and that from my unfortunate downfall many a young man will take warning, and learn the lesson I pray God it may be the means of teaching them.

"Believe me to remain,

"Very sincerely yours,

"ALFRED LESTER."

CHAPTER XXII.

TESTIMONIES TO USEFULNESS.

THE publication of the conversion of Nichols and Lester gave rise to a considerable amount of comment and discussion. Many, of course, did not believe it, and in some instances ministers of the Gospel were not slow in asserting they considered it all a sham,—that such men were not, could not be converted.

No doubt, as a rule, deathbed repentances are not always to be relied upon. Men supposed to be dying have professed to find peace with God, but on recovery have gone back immediately upon their old sinful courses again.

But during the short time these men lived after they professed conversion, ample testimony was afforded of a change of heart. So far as one human being could judge another by looks, words, and actions, these men beyond doubt were truly and genuinely converted. And why should it not be so? Those who doubt it or deny it limit the saving power of the grace of God, and who is prepared to do that?

The word of God says, "*Whosoever* cometh unto Me I will *in no wise* cast out," "*Whosoever* believeth

shall be saved," and "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin." Were it possible for these men to have been ten thousand times worse than they were, the precious blood of Jesus Christ could cleanse them from it all. Oh the power and efficacy of that atoning blood!

On Sunday evening following the execution, Mr. Gainford preached a sermon on "Sin and its punishment," in which special reference was made to Nichols and Lester. Several other ministers also took the opportunity of referring to, and enlarging upon, the painful and all-absorbing topic of the day, the Parramatta river murders, the services being advertised in the daily papers.

An hour before the time people flocked to the Mariners' Church, and by seven o'clock the building was crowded to its utmost limit; the aisles, stairs, and pulpit were literally crammed with people standing. Windows were thrown open for ventilation, when the sills were instantly filled by those outside who were unable to gain admittance. One thousand people were reckoned to have been present. It was a work of time and labour for the minister to elbow his way to the pulpit.

The service was a most solemn and impressive one; the Holy Spirit seemed to brood over the great assembly. Mr. Gainford was thoroughly in accord with his work, and preached a powerful and telling sermon, appealing directly to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. The heinousness of sin in every shape and form was clearly pointed out, and

denounced in unmistakable language. The unlimited love and mercy of God were set forth; where sin abounded grace did much more abound, and the sinner was pointed in all the simplicity of the glorious gospel to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

The sermon, which lasted sixty-five minutes, was listened to with deep attention, the silence being broken occasionally by suppressed sobs from different parts of the building, and at its close the subdued murmur of amens testified to the deep and reverential feelings of the congregation. A great number remained to the after-meeting, and many who went forward to the penitent form to be prayed with and for were enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls, and went to their homes rejoicing.

Mr. Gainford received numerous letters from persons living in different parts of the colony referring to his connection with Nichols and Lester during their incarceration, and his instrumentality, in conjunction with other ministers, in bringing them to a sense of their fearful condition, and in leading them to the Saviour. The writers begged an interest in his prayers and the favour of a few lines of spiritual advice and counsel.

Referring to his labours at the Bethel about this time, Mr. Gainford says:—

“The work still continues to prosper, and there is great cause for deep and heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God, the Giver of all good. Our alterations and addi-

tions from time to time have cost altogether £1,700. This sum, thanks to the energetic co-operation of the Church members and well-wishers of the institution, and the liberality of the public, was soon collected, and the debt cleared off, thus leaving me free and unencumbered to pursue my ministerial duties.

“But what is of infinitely more importance and a greater source of joy and satisfaction is the fact that the gospel seed sown from time to time is springing up and bearing fruit abundantly to the glory of God. It is, indeed, gratifying and encouraging to receive oral and written testimonies from many who have passed from death unto life, and who date their spiritual birth from the Mariners' Church. The following are a few of the many letters which I have from time to time received.

“G——, in a letter from the Heads, says:—

““Thank God for this loving-kindness He has shown me. Blessed be His holy name! I am happy in Christ, Who lived and died for me. We are now lying to for the pilot: I also have received the great Pilot and Captain of my salvation.

““Yours,

““A CONVERT IN CHRIST.”

“C—— writes:—

““Oh! the change I have undergone since I have accepted God's gift; it is sometimes almost indescribable; I feel quite a different man now. Before, the world was all dark and dreary; it is now a happy pilgrimage to me. As a sailor, I have resolved, by the grace of God, to care for my

soul; the Bible is my chart, faith my helm, hope my anchor, Jesus my Pilot, and heaven my port. Another great blessing I have experienced since I attended your church is, I have given up drinking intoxicating liquors and smoking, which generally lead to the gin palace.'

"A—— says :—

"I am about leaving the port of Sydney; I wish to say that I never spent such a time in any port as I have in Sydney amongst Christian people. God has followed me up, and made you, sir, the happy instrument of leading my lost soul to Christ. This will be happy news to all that know me at home. As to the past, suffice it to say that I was a poor miserable sinner, turning a deaf ear to all that I heard, till that morning and on the night of the 10th July. That hour seemed like a month; I trembled, the seat seemed to tremble. Oh! if my brother sailors felt what I did then, and the peace I afterwards felt in believing, they would rejoice here, and if found faithful unto death, receive a crown of life hereafter.'

"M—— :—

"As I am about leaving for England, I write to say I shall ever have cause to thank God I came to Sydney, or I might have been now running headlong to hell, led captive by the Devil at his will. Oh, Mr. Gainford! you know full well the blessing you have conferred on my soul; and not on mine only, but on my poor mother at home—God bless her—who knows so well the life I have been leading, to my shame be it said; I don't believe there was ever a greater blasphemer ever walked the streets of Sydney than I was, till you took me by the hand and pointed out to me the way of salvation, and now, blessed be God, He has lifted me out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon

a rock; bless His holy name. When my poor mother gets the news she will dance for joy, and will ever pray for a blessing on you and yours.'

"Captain D—— writes :—

"I shall ever remember your first visit on board my ship; at the time I was very unhappy, as I felt myself to be a great sinner in the sight of God. I prayed earnestly for pardon, and God sent you, His servant, to instruct me in the simple plan of salvation; when you read to me the first ten verses in the tenth chapter of Romans, it appeared as if scales dropt from my eyes, and I believed for pardon through a risen Saviour, and I now rejoice in hope of eternal life through faith in Christ. I am happy to say that my wife also has been blessed through your visits and ministrations. She now testifies to her acceptance through our Lord Jesus Christ. May the Lord continue to bless your efforts in winning souls to Himself.'

"A—— says :—

"I must say I am very happy, and I hope, by the help of God, ever to remain so. I was much affected when receiving the Sacrament to-day: I felt as if I could have wept the whole time; thank God, I could believe His blood was shed for me. I believe I have my foot on a solid foundation now; I am out of the mire and clay, and I intend, by God's help, to go on my way rejoicing. Dear sir, I thank you for having pointed out to me the clear plan of salvation. I might be ashamed of myself to think that I had come all the way to Australia to see the error of my ways; now I can say—thank God—I see my way lighted up before me. Should we not meet again on earth, I trust we shall in heaven.'

"F—— says :—

"Oh! what a difference I have experienced since my conversion! My unclean heart, which I gave to God, He gave back to me; but oh, so different. I would not now for the world change my way for my former life. "For what shall a man profit if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Everything seems so bright and clear now, I see things in quite a different light to what I formerly did. I have not the twentieth part of the troubles now as when I was in my wicked state. I can assure any one who has not found peace with God, that they would find it to their great advantage to do so at once. No one can realise the joy of salvation but those who receive Christ as their all; then they feel the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'

"An intelligent sailor, holding an officer's certificate, writes :—

"Oh, sir, I must have been groping in the dark all these months; I feel assured the Lord was working with me, but my stubborn will and pride resisted Him. But now, sir, I know that the light has shone in upon me and driven my darkness away; I know that the Lord Jesus died for me. I grasp the promise as does a drowning man a rope cast to him, and here it is, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." The moment you read it to me on Saturday evening, the light seemed to flash upon me, and I then saw how plain and simple it was to believe to the saving of the soul. Oh! sir, I feel a joy unspeakable. I am like a little child. I feel daily need of wisdom and strength from above. When at the Lord's Table on Sabbath

morning I had a strange feeling of unworthiness and assurance that through the blood of Jesus Christ I had eternal life.'

"Six weeks later he writes :—

"We shall sail to-morrow. I cannot leave without again expressing my gratitude for your kind hospitality and fatherly counsel in explaining to me the plan of salvation in Christ. I shall often think of the happy times I spent in Sydney.'

"H—— writes :—

"I cannot leave for home without giving you some account of the change that I have passed through. Before that change I often made resolutions to serve God, but it was in my own strength, and I as often failed. I was ashamed to let my conviction be known. It was that which prevented me from speaking to you on the Sunday night you first saw me; and had it not been for your son's alertness in noticing me and calling your attention to me, I might have been still wallowing in sin as I have been, even on board of this ship, a leader in wickedness, and felt disgusted with myself. I shall not cease to thank God that He did not cut me off in my sins. I never understood what pure simple faith was till God, in His infinite mercy, threw me across your path, and you explained to me the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." I prayed in full confidence that the Lord would grant me His pardon, and He did. Rest assured, dear sir, that I will ever pray for you, that God may abundantly bless you in your good work.'

"S—— says :—

"We are soon to start for home. Thank God, I shall be able to tell my parents and friends what the Lord has

done for me in saving me. I am a teetotaler also, and my continued prayer is that the Lord will keep me firm to my pledge and Christian duties. As you say, sir, we are not to keep our good to ourselves, but seek to bring others to the Saviour. That I intend to do by His help. You remember the night you spoke to me as I was returning to my ship. I had been taking my usual in the tap-room. You asked me if I was a teetotaler. I said no. You asked me would I be one, telling me the great advantages I would derive from it. I promised then to come to your house, and I thank Heaven that I did; and when we prayed together, oh! sir, God only, Who knows the hearts of all men, knows what I then felt, and since that time I have felt very happy, and pray continually that the Lord will keep me, and make me a blessing to my poor shipmates. I hope the Lord will spare me and keep me in the right way till I meet with my dear mother and sister, to tell them what He has done for my soul.'

"F—— says:—

"'Respected Father in the Lord,—Many thanks to the Lord Who led me to you, and through you to Himself, sinner as I was, and miserable. I shall never forget the night I first saw you and heard you repeat to me the verses in the tenth chapter of Romans; my heart seemed to leap within me, and I felt a new man directly. What will my wife say when she sees the change in me! I will read to her the verses that were so blessed to me, and then explain them; I know that she will then ask me to pray with her, so that we may thank God together for His goodness and love to us both.'

"K—— writes:—

"'My dear Sir,—I thank you for directing me to the

Saviour. I now feel there is no true happiness without Christ. I have tried different ways, but found no relief till I gave up all my sins, and believed in Jesus to the saving of my soul. Let me tell you, sir, the devil has got me into many a scrape, but he never helped me out; but the Lord did. I was once in a new ship in the China Sea. The captain and officers got drunk; then the men broke into the spirits, and all got drunk except two, also eleven passengers. What would have become of us if we had met with a squall or a shift of wind? We should have all been lost, body and soul, for ever. Oh, sir, no one knows how hard it is for an old drunkard to give up drink till he tries it. May God pity the drunkard, and bless you in your work of saving them from a drunkard's hell.'

"The writer of the following is but a youth, he says:—

"'I have been twelve months at sea to-day, but no happiness till now, and the cause is, the Lord has blessed your words to me. Had He not led me to you, I might have been this day a wicked, reckless, Satan-serving sinner. May the Lord help you in your noble work in saving poor wretched sinners, and that they may receive as much good as I have, the short time I have been in Sydney. God bless you and Mrs. Gainford and all your family evermore.'

"O—— writes:—

"'Reverend Sir,—I beg to return you many thanks for the kindness I have received at your hands, and for the interest you have taken in my spiritual welfare; since the first day I knelt with you in your study, from that time I have been a changed man, and the enjoyment I now feel causes me to thank God that I ever came to Sydney. I

am now a teetotaler, and such is my enjoyment that I find myself inwardly thanking God hourly for His goodness to me. I pray, dear sir, that your institution may be made a blessing to many poor sailors visiting this port.'

"It was refreshing and encouraging to receive such letters. Some of the writers visited Sydney periodically, and as soon as possible made their way either to Bethel House or the church, to report spiritual progress, and hold sweet converse with their spiritual father. Others again did not return to port, but wrote from time to time letters full of Christian hope, love, and sympathy.

"Some engaged in active Christian work in various fields of labour. One, a deep-thinking man, and for that reason called by his shipmates the 'Philosopher,' after his conversion left the sea, and took up the study of medicine. After due preparation he passed the required examinations, and received his diploma in Edinburgh. He has now a good practice in one of the midland counties of England. He administers not only to the physical but also spiritual wants of his patients. After prescribing for the poor body, he is able to direct them to the great loving Physician of body and mind, without Whose blessing upon the means used man's skill availeth not.

"Another young man, well-connected in England, at the time of his conversion was an able seaman before the mast, but held a second mate's certificate. He immediately began to work for Christ by speaking to his shipmates about their souls. Here, it may be remarked, is the secret of success or advancement in

the Divine life. Many people think that when they become converted there is nothing more to be done, so they sit at ease in Zion. Nothing of the sort. This is a terrible snare and delusion of the devil. As well say, when the keel of a vessel is laid, or the foundations of a house put down, there remains nothing more to be done! Suppose, says one, if every one were converted, what would the parsons do? Well, when that happy time comes, it will be the laying of the keel, or the putting down of the foundation. The next thing is to build the superstructure; to preach not the doctrine of repentance, but of the higher Christian life; to exhort to works and deeds of faith and love; to build the people up in their most holy faith, so that, when attacked by the enemy of souls, they may be enabled to withstand his assaults. When a convert neglects or refuses to put on the armour and battle for the Lord, the little spark of spiritual life soon dies.

"The young man now took a greater interest in himself, and determined to push on till he arrived at the head of the profession. With this object in view he shipped for London in a large passenger vessel. During the voyage home he organised temperance meetings, and a mutual improvement class. He also held a prayer-meeting during the week, and conducted services on Sunday. All these meetings were held in the 'forecastle,' many of the crew, and frequently some of the passengers, attending.

"Arriving in London, he soon passed his examination for chief officer, and in due time obtained a

captain's certificate. Having great influence, he succeeded in obtaining the position of a junior officer in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. Here he rapidly rose to the rank of second officer, at the same time gaining the affection and esteem of all with whom he came into contact. He liked the service very well but for one thing. He considered there was too much unnecessary Sunday work. This became a matter of conscience with him, and eventually led to his leaving the employ, much against the wishes of his superior officers.

"He now conceived the idea of being a missionary, and set to work at once, making inquiries as to the best means of attaining that end, the result being his admission to an institution where students received a theological training, preparatory to going into the ministry. After pursuing a course of study, he was appointed to the command of a little schooner, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, in which he made several voyages.

"Having fulfilled this engagement, he was appointed to missionary work on the Thames. For the purpose of carrying on this work, he was provided with a boat and boat's crew. As vessels arrived, they were boarded by him, and services held with the men. His labours were abundantly blessed, in some cases six or seven of a ship's company finding peace with God through his instrumentality.

"He was again engaged by the London Missionary Society. A small steamer had been built, and afterwards taken to pieces for transportation to Taŋganyika,

one of the large lakes in Central Africa. This undertaking was entrusted to him, and he carried it to a successful issue. The steamer was put together under his supervision, and launched upon the lake, and soon commenced her career as a messenger of peace and goodwill. Missionary stations were established at various points on the shores of the lake. The nations were brought under the sound of the Gospel, and many were the encouraging proofs that missionary enterprise and labour were not in vain. He is still engaged in that great and glorious work; God grant that his labours may be abundantly crowned with success!

"Another pious sailor left this port for London, pursued a course of studies, and finally left the shores of England to become a missionary in China. While here he was employed in one of the coasting steamers trading between Sydney and Brisbane. He was much thought of by his captain, officers, and shipmates. His daily life was most exemplary, and he maintained his Christian principles in spite of trial, temptation, and persecution. One of the officials connected with the Company said one day to Mr. Gainford, 'Have you any more men like George ——?'

"'Why?'

"'Well, we would gladly give men like him one pound a month more wages, because they can be trusted. No fear of cargo being broached. While George is in the hold, we have no fear of anything going wrong. I wish we could get a dozen more like him.'

"Here was a grand testimony to the work and

power of Christianity, and from one who was not himself a Christian.

“For the rest, some have died and gone home to glory, leaving behind them bright testimony to the saving and sustaining grace of God. Others, sad to relate, have been hindered in the Divine life by the great adversary of souls, have made shipwreck of faith, and died without hope.

“Thus the seed sown in the Sydney Bethel Union has sprung up and borne fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundredfold. To Christ, the great Head of the Church, be all the praise and all the glory! ‘Let him know that he which converteth a soul from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins’ (James v. 20).”

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAILING HEALTH.—BETHEL REPORTS 1881 AND 1882.

AT length, after ten years' hard and incessant work, Mr. Gainford's health began to fail. During this period he never had a rest from ministerial labour. The ships were regularly visited twice a week, whatever the weather. The shore members were also visited, these visitations sometimes extending into midnight. This portion of his duties greatly taxed his physical strength.

During the whole of this period he preached two *fresh* sermons every Sunday to his congregation, and though his theme was always the same—*salvation, full, free, present*—yet it was ever new, ever fresh. He frequently held an afternoon service in one or other of the suburbs, often walking there and back, as he would never ride on Sunday in a 'bus, or cab, or tram. Then, there were his week-night services. This no doubt overtaxed his mental powers, for although he kept all his MSS., he never preached the same sermon twice. He has repeatedly tried, thinking thereby to get a little rest, but found that the sermons preached one, three, or five years back, however suitable they might have been then, were not at all

adapted for present requirements. Things had changed. "Advance" was the watchword, and he must keep abreast of the times. He has frequently preached from the same text, but always a different sermon on every occasion.

To the duties of pastor Mr. Gainford had very often to combine those of medical adviser, and many, to the present day, bear testimony, with grateful and affectionate remembrance, to the good derived from him in this respect. He read with avidity and profit all the books he could get upon hygiene, physiology, and other works bearing upon the human system. He thus acquired an intimate knowledge of the various organs of the body, their relation to, and action upon, each other. He was also an hydropathist. He most firmly believed in the use of hot and cold water, packs, bandages, and baths; and by these simple remedies restored many to health and strength who had for years been under medical treatment. In some cases the patients were given up by their medical attendants as being beyond recovery, but, under the Divine blessing, were by the judicious application of the "water cure" restored again to perfect health and strength.

Mr. Gainford never undertook such work but he made it a subject of earnest prayer, always seeking Divine guidance and imploring the blessing of the great loving Physician to rest upon his efforts to alleviate human pain and suffering.

It was while on one of these errands of mercy he, unfortunately, received into his system the germs of

disease which ultimately cut short his career of usefulness. He was hastily summoned one night about ten o'clock to the bedside of one of his congregation who was supposed to be dying. After a few moments' conversation he soon ascertained the cause of the illness, which was of such a nature as to necessitate the performing of a simple, though rather delicate and painful operation.

With coat off and sleeves rolled up, he immediately set to work, and successfully did what was required. He then noticed for the first time a scratch upon one of his hands. He at once called for hot water, soap, and soda, and thoroughly washed his hands, hoping no harm had been contracted, but alas! it was too late; the virus had been conveyed into his system, and the deadly work begun, as the sequel proved.

He made no mention of this incident to any member of the family, but kept the knowledge of it to himself, fearing it would cause them anxiety and unhappiness. As the days went by, and no perceptible evil effects were observed, he began to hope he had escaped. But slowly and surely the terrible work was being carried on in his veins.

In February 1881 symptoms of an illness appeared. The muscles of the neck began to harden and swell. The swelling continued until it reached right round the throat, and assumed the form of ridges of flesh. At this period no feeling of pain accompanied these symptoms, only a little stiffness. Mr. Gainford, in the meantime, had put himself under a course of treatment according to Professor Kirk, of Edinburgh, who in his

medical treatise describes a case of precisely a similar character.

Finding, however, he was deriving no benefit, he obtained medical advice, and carefully followed the instructions given him.

The swellings now began to discharge a thick white fibrous matter, which emitted a very disagreeable odour. The neck had now to be constantly bandaged on account of the continual discharge, but this was not allowed in any way to interfere with his pastoral duties. Visitations were carried on, and services held regularly as usual until September of the same year, when he was prevailed upon to take a holiday, and seek rest and quiet in a trip to the country. He consented to this very reluctantly, begrudging the time he would have to spend away from his ministerial work. And it was only at the earnest request of his Church, that he at last gave way, and took a well-earned rest.

The members of the Church deeply sympathised with their beloved pastor in this hour of affliction, and gave a practical and substantial proof of their sympathy, by presenting him with a sum of money to meet personal expenses and supplies for the pulpit.

In his report, read at the annual meeting of the Sydney Bethel Union, held in February 1882, Mr. Gainford says :—

“In presenting to you my eleventh report I am thankful to the great Head of the Church, that all the services in connection with this institution, both religious and moral, have been regularly conducted at the right time and place. This report is the first in which

I have to record any cessation in my pulpit labours since I took charge of the Bethel. During my public life of thirty-four years, twenty-one of which I have been an ordained minister, I have been permitted to labour incessantly ; but regret to say that during the past year I have been obliged to seek rest. On the 16th September I went to Mittagong, and remained for six weeks, but received little or no benefit from the change.

“On the 14th October I returned, and resumed my work for two months, when I was again obliged to desist, and went to Campbelltown, remaining there for eight weeks, returning once during that period to preach in the Bethel on the first Sabbath of the new year. In all, I have been absent from my pulpit twelve Sabbaths. By the blessing of God, the work has gone on well. The supplies have been good, and I thank those brethren, as well as the members, for their united efforts in the Church. The week-night services and temperance meetings have been well sustained, so that in no way has the work of the institution suffered through my absence.

“Having resumed my work on the first Sunday of this month, I hope, by the blessing of God, to continue, and before long to be again restored to perfect health and the full work of my ministerial and pastoral duties.

“Although compelled to relinquish my work for three months, the year has not passed over without the fruit of our labour being seen. My diary records the names of many seamen who have professed to decide for the Lord, as well as a number belonging to

the shore congregation. There were also some visible manifestations of saving power attending the work amongst the seamen and Sunday school scholars during my absence which caused me to rejoice in my affliction, knowing that the united efforts of the supplies and the Church were blessed in the work.

"Whilst I was away the ships were visited every Saturday by my two sons; the members of the Church also assisted by inviting seamen and others to the Sabbath and week-night services and temperance meetings. These have all been well attended—in many cases with saving results, and in all, I trust, with moral benefit. During the year two hundred and eighteen seamen signed the pledge at our Wednesday night meetings, and many of them joined one or other of the Good Templar Lodges meeting in the reading-room.

"I have been pleased and cheered in my work during the year by meeting with masters, officers, and seamen, who received their first good at this Bethel, and who are still holding on in the Divine way, and endeavouring to do good to others. One of these, who had decided just before I went into the country, fearing he would not again see me before leaving port, wrote to me expressing his gratitude for the good he had received, and stating his hopes of future usefulness and happiness. He says in a portion of his letter, 'You remember, sir, the night you preached about the fool who laid up the treasure for himself upon earth, but had no thought about his soul? I could not help thinking what would be my state if God were to call me then. I should be lost. I determined that night at the

prayer-meeting to lay all my sins at the feet of Jesus, there and then. Ever since I have been happy, yes, really and truly happy.'

"I have to record another pleasing testimony, which shows how the work conducted by this Bethel is spoken of and felt in other parts of the world. My brother-in-law, who is master and owner of the ship he sails, lately made a voyage from London to Newcastle; and, as I had not seen him for thirty-five years, he came to Sydney and spent a few days with us. He was one of the young men who used to attend my meetings in England thirty-seven years ago, when I was known as the 'praying sailor.' From that time he has served the Lord, and He made him not only master, but owner as well. When giving him an account of the work going on here, he smiled, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said, 'Thomas, I know all about it. I have heard of the work of the Bethel in Sydney in almost every part of the world I have been to. The fruits of your labours in this institution you will never know till the final reckoning day, when all shall be rewarded according to their deeds.'

"In connection with the Sabbath school we have a seaman's Bible class, conducted by Mr. George Clark, an experienced Christian sailor, who also very ably conducted the Tuesday night services during my absence. This is a means of grace I am always anxious the young converts should attend, in order that they may be established in the truth. Our great Master once said to the Jews, 'If ye continue in My word, then ye are My disciples indeed, and ye shall know the

truth, and the truth shall make you free.' It is only by giving all diligence in building up the Divine nature within us, that we can make our calling and election sure. One of the last means of accomplishing this is an active, sympathising Church, that will take the young Christians by the hand. This applies particularly to our seamen, whose stay with us is so short. By thus encouraging them they may be able to resist temptation to evil, and do good to their shipmates. It was on this ground that I refused to take charge of the Bethel unless I could form a Church, which I felt was essential to the successful working of the institution. From my past experience and present impressions I do not see how we can improve the working of the Bethel, either by way of attraction or accomplishing lasting good. The services are well attended. As nearly as can be ascertained, we have received during the year 9,000 visits from seamen. What we want is more holiness, both in minister and Church, and a desire to obtain more spiritual intercourse with sinners. This seldom fails to produce attention, conviction, and conversion, aided by the ever-present and continued working of the Holy Ghost with speaker and hearer. I thank you all for past services in connection with our meeting and tea, also those who contribute of their means as well as personal service. I feel assured and pray that our great Captain and Physician will soon restore me to perfect health again, and that for many years we may be spared to unitedly work out the glorious objects of the Sydney Bethel Union.

"In conclusion, I would be glad if those who have

tracts, copies of the *British Workman*, *Band of Hope*, *Old Jonathan*, or any other good moral or religious periodicals which they have read and done with, would let me have them. I place all such papers that I can get on board the ships as they leave our port. At present, I have myself to purchase nearly all I use."

During the year 1882 Mr. Gainford still carried on the work that lay so near his heart, although it was often with great physical suffering and weariness of body that he did so. Only on three occasions was he absent from the pulpit.

His neck at times seemed to show signs of healing up, but as one side would mend, the other would break out in a fresh place. The neck was constantly bandaged day and night, but, notwithstanding this, the zealous and devoted pastor fulfilled his ministerial and pastoral duties, as his report will presently show. He always had a bright happy smile and cheerful word for everybody. In December he accepted the kind invitation of Mr. B. Short to spend a fortnight at his residence at Boural, a beautiful spot a few hours' journey by rail. Mr. and Mrs. Short and members of the family were exceedingly kind to their guest, and did all in their power to make his stay as enjoyable and as conducive to health and strength as possible. To use his own words, "They would have killed me with kindness if I had let them."

In presenting his twelfth annual report to the friends and subscribers of the Sydney Bethel Union Mr. Gainford says:—

"I regret to say that the past year has been to me

one of suffering; still, during the whole of that time, I have been enabled to discharge my Sabbath duties with but three exceptions, and I feel almost unable in words to express my gratitude to God for His sustaining power and grace. The three exceptions referred to are these: One Sunday, as I was much prostrated by a severe cold, one of my deacons, Mr. G. D. Clark, conducted the forenoon service. His preaching was very acceptable to the people, and I trust he reaped much benefit himself. In December last I accepted the kind invitation of Mr. B. Short to spend a fortnight at Boursal. I was away the whole of one Sunday, when Mr. Short preached in my stead. His services were much blessed to the people. I take this opportunity of thanking both those brethren, and feel assured that at any other time they are quite ready to repeat their kindness. Mr. Clark at present conducts the Tuesday evening services, giving suitable addresses followed by a prayer-meeting.

“Our Wednesday night temperance meetings are well attended. They are conducted by my sons. Here is another cause for gratitude to God, that He has done so much for my family, and that they are willing and able to work in unison with the members of the Bethel, both in the Church, temperance cause, and Good Templars. They all work in faith, and their labours are not in vain. Some two hundred and sixty seamen and others have signed the pledge at the Wednesday evening meetings, and three hundred sailors have joined the ‘Life Boat’ lodge of Good Templars during the past twelve months.

“Another cause of gratitude and joy in my affliction is the Divine strength I receive for my Sabbath work. I have often felt during the Saturday—my writing day—very weak, and have been tempted to think that I should not be able to conduct the service on the following day; but when the time has arrived, I have felt a new man, especially while speaking. Pain seemed to forsake me, and the needed strength was given to the body, so that after preaching twice and conducting a prayer-meeting, I have felt while going home, that I could do as much more, neither have I felt any reaction on the Monday.

“Many persons think from the number of ships in port at once, there must be many seamen on board. This is a mistake. Almost all our early wool ships have hardly one-fourth of their original crew on board while in port loading. Many of the crew come out as what are known as ‘shilling-a-month men,’ and leave immediately after arrival; others are paid off or discharged. Many of those thus leaving ship again as soon as possible either for home, the West Coast, or China, while others join the coasters. It will be seen from the above that we are unable to reach a very large proportion of the seamen visiting the port. When the ships are lying in the stream, the captains object to the men coming on shore to church, so we are deprived of their attendance. Chartered vessels, with limited time, endeavour as far as possible to keep their crews. These add greatly to the number of seamen we have to visit and try to bring to the house of God to hear truths whereby they may be saved.

The crews of the large cargo and passenger steamers we find some difficulty in inducing to attend the Bethel. The work to be done to the ship and machinery is so great and urgent, that the men, after working late on Saturday, feel little disposed to go to church; so occupy perhaps the only Sunday they have in port by walking about sight-seeing. The way firemen and sailors are mixed on board these steamers is very unfavourable to religious impressions. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I am thankful to God that we get so many seamen out to the services as we do. The ships are regularly visited twice a week by my son: on Saturday to invite to the Bethel on Sunday, and on Wednesday to ask the men to the weekly temperance meeting. During the year the various meetings and services in connection with the institution have received over 10,000 visits from seamen. Several of the young men connected with the Church also visit the ships when opportunity offers, distributing tracts, etc. Through the united efforts of all the workers, the past year has been one of the most successful in spiritual results of any since I had the church.

"The Sunday services are held at eleven in the morning and seven in the evening. The evening service is always followed by a prayer-meeting, that inquirers may be helped by the prayers of the people into the pardon and liberty of the gospel. On making known their desires they are directed from Scripture how to obtain peace. During the year one hundred and thirty-three have professed to find that peace. Of these sixty-nine were sailors, and sixty-four shore

people. Many of the former had weeks and some months to stay with us, so we had frequent opportunities of seeing that the work of grace in them was genuine. Others left shortly after their conversion, regretting that they had not attended the Bethel before, and saying, should they be spared to return to Sydney, they would not miss one Sabbath service. Some who have returned have attended as they promised, getting increased experience, abiding peace, and stability in the Divine life.

"Amongst those professing to lead a new life were captains, first, second, and third mates, boatswains, able seamen, ordinary seamen, apprentices, cooks, and stewards; the gospel proving its adaptation not only to the varied dispositions and education of men, but also to their different positions in life, and showing that all can do their duties better by being Christians. With many we have had frequent conversations, and found them clear on the plan of salvation.

"I shall now give some account of their experience as given to me in letters which I have received from them when leaving this port, and also from San Francisco and England. The first letter I shall read is from an able seaman, and is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure I write to you to let you know the state of my mind. I am now perfectly happy, being assured that I am saved by the blood of Jesus. I feel I owe you a life-long debt of gratitude, because it was through your instrumentality and that of the Church that I was brought to God. Oh, it was a happy day for me that I came to Sydney; here I found the pearl of great

price. I never thought I was half so bad until hearing you preach, and my conscience smote me when you said, "The soul that sinneth shall die." I was miserable all the day after. I went on board to dinner, but could not rest. When I went to tea the men said there was something the matter with me; and so there was. They did not know that the Devil and the Holy Spirit were striving within me. It was that that made me so miserable; but, thank God, the Holy Spirit conquered. After the evening service something seemed to say to me, "Go out; don't stop to the prayer-meeting;" so I went outside, but could not go away. Your son took me kindly by the hand, and led me in again, though I went unwillingly. He pressed me to go to God and ask Him to forgive me; but something within told me to wait until next Sunday evening. When you spoke to me, and said, "Come to Jesus," I could not resist. I felt then as low as if there was no hope for me, but after you had prayed for me, and I had asked God to help me, I felt a load was taken off my heart, and I can now rejoice and say, "I am on the Lord's side." I shall soon leave this port for home, and wherever I go, will recommend my brother sailors, who may be coming to Sydney, to call and see you, as they will be sure to find in you a friend and brother. Should it please God to call me by death before I get home, I feel and know, by the change that has taken place in my life, that I am prepared to meet Him, and join the happy and blessed society above.'

"The Lord did spare him, and on his arrival at home I received a letter from him, in which he says:—

"There was plenty of rum in our ship, yet I persuaded six of the crew to give it up, and five to knock off smoking. I was enabled, by the grace of God, to hold service every Sunday night, and often through the week. I had the

pleasure of seeing two of the worst men on the ship go down on their knees and cry for mercy, and they were very earnest. Thank God, I have not a cloud or doubt on my mind as to the work of Christ in me and for me. I often think of the happy time when Jesus washed my sins away. The letter you sent to my mother was the means of her happiness, and when she saw me, her heart overflowed with joy. I hope to come to Sydney again.'

"He has since been here, and was very happy and useful while with us. He was on board one of the steamers, and has again left for home, accompanied by another Christian sailor, both intending to return here to settle.

"Another letter, also from an A.B., says:—

"DEAR SIR,—On Sunday evening, March 12th, 1882, I found myself sitting in the Mariners' Church, listening to an earnest Gospel sermon by you. I felt the power of God was present to save, and, thank God, I was saved that night. I had been three times to hear you before, but something within me seemed to say, "Wait a little: there is plenty of time for you yet to go to Christ before you die;" yet I was not satisfied till the night I mentioned. I was not much moved by the sermon. I stayed at the prayer-meeting. When you walked down the centre of the church, and came to me, and asked me if I had found peace with God, there was an awful struggle within—the Spirit against sin and Satan. You laid your hand upon me, and led me to the seat where you prayed for me, and, thank God, since that time I have been at peace with God. It has been the happiest part of my life. I don't think that any one can be really happy if their sins are not forgiven. I used to think, "Oh, I'm happy enough," but I found out my mistake when I felt the burden of sin

on my soul. That cast off, I rose from my knees a new man in Christ; then I saw clearly what I was and had been. I have my trials in the fore-castle, but, thank God, now I can kneel and pray without being disturbed, as they all acknowledge the change in me, as I speak to them of the love of God, that if they would give up sin, God would save them by faith, as He did me, and they would be happy too. They know well that I was one of the worst in the ship, and now that they see the change I ask them what more proof they want of the truth of the Bible. Although I may soon leave all the dear friends in Sydney, I take with me in Jesus a friend and brother, yes, one that sticketh closer than a brother. I can say in the words of that beautiful hymn, "It is well with my soul."

"The last letter I shall refer to is from a cook. It shows the working of the Holy Spirit against sin, and its final victory over the soul.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Peace be to all that love our Lord Jesus Christ! I have been a very great sinner against the Lord, but now I know He loves me. I received your kind letter with much joy, although read with many tears. What a joyful day when I became a brother in righteousness! Oh! if the poor sailors that do not know God could know how happy I am, they would give up sin, and serve Christ at once. A man may say, "I am too wicked for God to forgive me." Oh no! that can never be, for I was so wicked I wonder I was kept out of hell; but now my mind is changed, I never think of sinning, as I feel God is with me all the day; yet I am sometimes tempted by the devil, then I cry, "Lord, help me, Thou knowest I am weak, give me strength, and cleanse my heart from all sin." Then the Lord is with me in a moment, and the devil is off like a shot out of a gun. I find it is best to keep in my mind

God's thoughts, and I find I get daily strength, especially when I read my Bible at night. I know that I am getting better every day. I do not get out of temper, or lie, or swear,—nay, I want to do good if I can, as I feel so happy myself. Sometimes I feel so sorry for what I have done against God, and cry, "Lord, help me!" I may tell you my downfall was *drink*, till the Lord sent you, His messenger, and you said to me, "Come with me, and I will make a new man of you." I did come, and I am a new man to-day; my work is easy, my mind is easy, and my heart is light and I am full of joy. You should see the change in our crew; I do not hear one bad word, and those of us who are changed are so happy together, and doing all we can to gain others. I always feel better when I have been talking to them. I tell them to look at myself and see the change; they acknowledge it, yet they don't give up their sin. Oh! sir, do tell them from me to take the first step as said—first sign the pledge, join the lodge, go to Church on Sunday night, and stop to the prayer-meeting, give up all sin, give themselves up to God, and God will give them strength to repent and believe, and they will become new men. Then stand by the royal halliards, for the great squall will soon come, but let them be ready at all times, the Lord is always ready to help those who seek Him, and He will bless them, and they need not be afraid of anything. I am sorry we are going from the wharf, and will not be able to be with you on Sunday. All the brethren send their love to you, thanking you for your great kindness to them all.

"I received two letters from this brother while he was in San Francisco. I shall read you a portion of the second, which speaks for itself, as to his stability in the Divine life.

"DEAR SIR,—You will remember that in my first letter I

told you that when the crimps and runners came on board, some of them knew me, and welcomed me, saying they were glad to see me, and then offered me a drink. "No," I said; "I do not drink now, and, better than that, I am a Christian, and done with the likes of you!" When we got on shore my brethren and I went to the Bethel, and there I gave them my experience of the love of God to me, and also to some of my shipmates. The minister was so pleased with my experience, he made reference to it next Sunday.'

"He further states:—

"I and three of my shipmates went on shore to church and prayer-meeting again, and were able to speak of the Lord's goodness in keeping us and others of our brethren from the evils of this wicked city. The rum-sellers' agents came to see me, and offered me drink. When I refused, they said, "Oh! stop till he gets on shore, he will drink then, he cannot refuse." But the Lord helped me—glory be to His name. Oh! how I long to be where there are good people. I will never forget you. God saved me through you from going down in the sinking ship *Sin* to hell. Do, I pray you, sent me a letter to my home, that I may get it on my arrival, if the Lord spare me, and I shall write to you to let you know how I have been getting on in the good work.'

"These letters clearly set before us the good work of the Lord in the salvation of souls, and also His sustaining grace under very trying circumstances.

"In closing this report, I request your continued prayers and efforts in order that the Sydney Bethel Union may be a still greater blessing to the seamen visiting our port."

Thus ended another year's labour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT ENTERING INTO REST.

ANOTHER year's work is commenced, and we find Mr. Gainford still at his post, still zealously prosecuting his duties in connection with the Bethel, although far from well. His trip into the country was not productive of such beneficial results as was anticipated. Medical men were again consulted. They were of one opinion—their patient *must absolutely* rest from all kind of labour, and especially *mental* labour. It was imperative the brain should rest, and give the body an opportunity to recuperate its nearly worn-out energies.

But to this advice as well as to the entreaties of his family Mr. Gainford turned a deaf ear. As long as he could study, and on the Sabbath drag himself across the street to the church, so long must he be about his Father's business. He could not bear to be idle while there remained so much to be done in the Lord's vineyard. He could see the harvest was truly plenteous, but the labourers few. So long as he had strength to move he must remain in the field and gather in what sheaves he could. Ever before him, spurring

him on, was the burden of the text: "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." Souls were perishing around him, and while he possessed strength enough to raise his voice, or move a finger, he must proclaim the glorious gospel. The poor body was weak and feeble, but the spirit was willing, strong, vigorous, and full of life as ever. To see and hear him in the pulpit one would hardly credit he was so ill. He seemed to lose all feeling of bodily pain and infirmities, so enwrapt was he in his great and holy work. But after the service and prayer-meeting were concluded, and he returned home, then the reaction set in, and the poor frame suffered. Throwing himself into his easy chair, he would say, "Thank God, I have been enabled to do another day's work for Him—another day's march nearer home—home, blessed home!"

And so the months rolled on, but he became no better. He suffered intense pain, but he bore it with Christian fortitude. Not a murmur ever escaped his lips. Again his medical adviser urged him to relinquish his duties, for a time at least, but he would not, he could not. For the past eighteen months he had been really unfit to go about. Mind and body had been on the fullest stretch, and they now needed rest. But rest was precisely that of which he would not hear. His soul was as alert and eager as in his prime. Flesh and blood must serve it still. The feet must not stop running, though they were tired. He would keep right on till he dropped in the harness. His great ambition was to die in his pulpit—to die at his post. He was delighted with, and heartily endorsed the

sentiments of the poet, because they were precisely his own:—

"Oh that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

And again—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb."

Had he been allowed to choose as to how he should leave this world, this was the way he would have it arranged. His Lord and Master did not order it so. His unflagging spirit constantly and persistently overlooked the body, or over-estimated and overtaxed its powers. Nature will ultimately exact the penalty for such violation of her laws, however good the object.

In the case of Mr. Gainford, the wonder is that he had hitherto escaped those consequences; that he had retained his bodily vigour for so long a period. Had he not come of sturdy stock, he could never have borne the continuous strain of forty years' public ministry. But now at length it was plainly telling upon him, and he was compelled, though very reluctantly, to acknowledge the fact. His once powerful and massive frame was now terribly reduced and attenuated, but still he would not give in. Sunday after Sunday he preached twice, though he was so weak that he could hardly stagger across the street and up the pulpit

stairs. No description can convey an idea of the living death which was his lot, it was far worse than suffering and prostration; yet, once in his pulpit, bodily weakness was forgotten, and as he warmed to his work, his physical and mental energies seemed renewed, and his face shone with heavenly light as he proclaimed the Gospel message of truth and love. Especially was this the case during the evening service, when he invariably preached for fifty or sixty minutes. The trouble with him was not to preach, but to stop preaching at a reasonable time. Frequently has he been asked by members of his family to curtail his sermon, and not hold a prayer-meeting, that the service might be less exhausting to him. He would reply, "Well, I will try and confine myself to thirty or thirty-five minutes at the most for my sermon, but I will never give up my prayer-meeting—oh no! Before leaving my study I ask God to bless the preaching of His Word to the salvation of some poor soul, and the least I can do is to remain behind and ascertain to what extent my prayers are answered, and to receive whatever blessing the Lord may see fit to bestow upon me."

He would as soon think of not preaching at all, as preach without holding an inquiry-meeting afterwards. It is to be feared many a soul, awakened under an earnest sermon, has relapsed into a state of carelessness and indifference, and finally been lost altogether, because there was no inquiry-meeting where that soul could have been brought into closer contact with God's people, whose prayers and sympathies might have strengthened his or her faith to lay hold of the precious

promises to the saving of the soul; but no one was there to take them by the hand and lead them to the Saviour. The devil is ever ready to look after such, and loses no time in trying to stifle their convictions, and snatch the truth from their minds, and persuade them to put off the salvation of their souls to a more convenient season. Why, then, should not the minister, who is the ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ, be equally vigilant to foster and carry on the good work commenced under his ministry by the Holy Spirit?

Directly he had pronounced the benediction, Mr. Gainford would descend from the pulpit and commence his prayer-meeting. He would give out such hymns as, "Come, every soul by sin oppressed," etc., and "Just as I am, without one plea." While the hymn was being sung, he would walk up and down the aisles, and eagerly scan the faces of the people. His eye was quick to detect the slightest indication of the working of the Spirit, when those who were under conviction would be asked to step forward to the penitent form. If there were no indications visible, he would lay his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of any who were strangers to Him, and put the question, "My dear brother, or sister, are you at peace with God?" or, "Do you love the Saviour?" If the answer was in the affirmative, his face would light up with joy as he said, "Thank God." If, however, his question remained unanswered, or a reply was given in the negative, he would beseech them with all earnestness to come to Jesus, and use every means and argument in his power to lead them to the Saviour. His favourite hymn for

these meetings was that one commencing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," which was always sung when penitents found peace. He never neglected, but rather sought, every opportunity of following up his work.

It was thought Mr. Gainford overtaxed his little remaining strength by his earnest and vigorous manner of preaching, so he was interviewed by some of his members who esteemed and loved him dearly, and was asked by them if he could not preach a little more quietly; surely it was not necessary to raise his voice so loudly; to be so terribly in earnest. They meant well, and out of the fulness of their hearts they were prompted thus to speak to their pastor. He listened to them very patiently, and then, smiling, said he could not help preaching the way he did. He saw souls perishing all around him, the thought overwhelmed him, and he only regretted he could not preach with tenfold more earnestness. No, he could not preach quietly. When the startling cry, "Man overboard!" resounds through the ship, paling every countenance, thrilling every heart, quickening every pulse; when life-buoys and lines are thrown out; when the boat is lowered and manned by brave men hastening to the rescue; when every eye is strained to catch a glimpse of the poor unfortunate battling with the waves, as well ask, "Why all the commotion, why all this shouting and hurrying?" "Why!" cries the captain, "don't you know there's a fellow-creature yonder struggling for his life, and unless we hurry to his assistance he will perish?" "Fire! fire! fire!"—away rush the

fire-brigade with appliances for saving life and property to the scene of conflagration. Willing hands grasp the handles, and, to the air of a rousing song, volumes of water are soon thrown into the burning mass. The escape is fixed against the wall under the window, when some one asks, "What is the use of all this commotion; why this tremendous excitement, can't the work be done without all this hurry and bustle? Take things quietly!" "What!" cries the fireman, just ascending the ladder, "and those people at that window, with the flames roaring beneath them. Impossible! if we do not exert ourselves, they will perish in the flames."

So with Mr. Gainford; he beheld his fellow-creatures struggling on the ocean of life, many of them without God or hope in the world, in danger every moment of dropping into the flames of eternal torment. While he could he must strain every nerve, exert every power to rescue their souls from the eternal burning.

It was impossible for him to preach "quietly," and many in time and eternity have to thank God he could not preach quietly, for it was his terrible earnestness which first awoke their slumbering consciences, and gave them to feel their awful condition with the wrath of God hanging over them, so that they had no rest or peace until they accepted the overtures of God's mercy, and entered into the liberty of His people.

At length it became evident, even to Mr. Gainford himself, that unless he completely rested from his labours, he must break down altogether; so arrangements were made for another visit to the country.

On Sunday, 9th September, he occupied his pulpit as usual, but for the last time. He preached with his accustomed vigour and earnestness. When administering the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper he was very impressive, especially while reading the words, "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in my Father's Kingdom." There seemed to be a prophetic foreshadowing in the slow and solemn manner in which these words were uttered. Many hearts ached, and eyes were dimmed with tears, as the members looked upon the bent and wasted form of their beloved pastor. To many of them it proved to be the last look.

This time it was decided to try the salubrious air of the Kurrajong Heights, some thirty or forty miles distant from Sydney. Rooms were accordingly secured in Mr. Peck's boarding establishment, and on the morning of the 12th September, 1883, Mr. Gainford, accompanied by his wife and one of his sons, set out for his mountain retreat. The railway portion of the journey was accomplished with comparative ease, but the remaining distance had to be traversed in a buggy. The roads were rather rough, and in some places very steep, so that this mode of travelling proved exceedingly painful and wearisome to the invalid; but at last, after much shaking, the end of the journey was safely reached.

Great and beneficial results were anticipated from this visit, and everything seemed to favour these anticipations. The situation commanded a fine and

extensive view of the surrounding country, and the atmosphere was salubrious and invigorating. It was Mr. Gainford's intention, if he felt benefited by the change, to remain for three months. During the first week or two his health seemed to improve, and hopes were entertained that recovery might yet be possible. But alas! after a lapse of four weeks these favourable symptoms began to disappear, and he felt himself getting gradually weaker. To make matters worse, a heavy fog set in, and lasted several days, completely enveloping the house and its surroundings in its cold damp folds.

One day he said to his wife, "Well, my dear, I am afraid if I do not get back soon, I shall be carried from here. I had better write for one of the boys to come up and assist us home." The letter was written and dispatched that night; three days later they were at home.

During his stay at Kurrajong Mr. Gainford could not be idle altogether. Permission was asked, and gladly given him, to hold family worship every evening, which was attended by the other boarders and all the members of Mr. Peck's family, excepting the two youngest children, altogether some fourteen or fifteen souls. On Sunday evenings a short discourse was given, and his hearers earnestly exhorted to take Christ as their portion through life. These were precious times to Mr. Gainford, and he gloried in being able, notwithstanding his infirmities, to testify and speak for his blessed Lord and Master. The members of this little congregation were all more or

less affected by the simple and earnest appeals made to their hearts. Let us hope that the seed thus sown in weakness may bear fruit abundantly to the honour and glory of God. During his previous visits to the country he also conducted family worship where he stayed. The people deemed it a privilege to attend, and gladly bowed themselves with him before the throne of grace.

As in health and strength, so in weakness and suffering, this devoted servant of God never neglected an opportunity of speaking a word for that Saviour Who had done and suffered so much for him.

After his return home, Mr. Gainford became weaker day by day. At the earnest solicitation of his family another doctor was called in, who subjected his patient to a thorough and searching examination. The result was communicated to a member of the family; the worst fears were verified. There was no need to tell the sufferer; he knew, and for some time previously had been convinced, that his work on earth was finished. He was calmly and joyfully awaiting the summons that should call him home to rest; but this he had kept to himself. He only allowed another medical man to see him to please those around him, as he knew he was beyond the reach of human skill. When fruit is altogether ripe it drops readily from the bough. Till then it clings with tenacious hold. Mr. Gainford did not let go of life at once. In spite of sufferings, which were sometimes terrible, he was in no hurry to shake off mortality, and have the battle done. Not only was the life instinct strong, but he saw much yet to be done,

and he would fain bear a part in doing it. Whenever a slight improvement was manifest, he regarded it as an indication that he should again buckle on the harness: "Who knows," he would say, "but the Lord may raise me up yet, and spare me a few years longer to work for Him?" But now such fondly-cherished hopes were laid aside, and he was quite willing to bide his Heavenly Father's will concerning him. He had no desire to live if he could not work; he would rather wear out than rust out.

On Tuesday evening, February 19th, 1884, the sixty-first annual meeting of the Sydney Bethel Union was held, and for the first time during a period of thirteen years Mr. Gainford was absent. He was now laid by on a bed of suffering; but though absent in body, he was with them in spirit, and his prayer for a successful meeting went up to heaven from his sick chamber.

In the absence of the pastor, his report, portions of which we give, was read by the Rev. S. W. Asher.

"Mr. Chairman, Christian Friends and Contributors to the Sydney Bethel Union.

"The following is my thirteenth Annual Report of the working and progress of the Sydney Bethel Union, and in presenting it to you, I desire again to express my gratitude to God in that He has, during the greater portion of the past year, permitted me personally to carry on the work of this institution.

"In presenting my last report, I regretted that the year had to me been one of suffering, and now, in submitting the present one, I have to make a similar state-

ment. Though suffering great bodily weakness, I have been enabled, by the power of God, to discharge my Sabbath duties during eight months of the year. On the 9th September, however, I had to give in, and since that time the pulpit of the Mariners' Church has been supplied by others.

"I am pleased to be able to report that ministers and lay preachers of various denominations, recognising the unsectarian character of the Sydney Bethel Union, have come forward and volunteered to supply the pulpit during my sickness. The Rév. F. Hibberd, Baptist minister, has kindly offered to administer the Sacrament each ordinance day.

"On account of my illness we were obliged to dispense with our half-yearly tea-meeting and sacred concert, which, till this year, has been regularly held in the month of August. This is the only meeting my illness has interfered with.

"The usual week-night meetings have been held regularly, and fairly well attended. The Tuesday evening service has been conducted as usual, my place being supplied by the Rev. F. Fairy, Rév. W. S. Asher, and others alternately, and I desire at this time to thank those brethren who have so kindly come forward and volunteered to bear part of the burden, which I found was pressing too heavily upon me in my weak and enfeebled condition.

"The Wednesday night temperance meetings have been regularly conducted by my sons, and a great amount of good has been accomplished. The meetings, in order to make them attractive, generally take the form

of an entertainment or concert, songs, duets, recitations, musical selections, etc., being introduced, the sailors themselves contributing the principal part of the programme. At the close, those who have not already signed are invited to take the temperance pledge. At these meetings during the past twelve months two hundred and twelve seamen and others have taken a pledge to abstain for life from using themselves, or giving to others, as a beverage any intoxicating drinks, and during the same period three hundred and twenty-five persons, mostly seamen, have taken part in the meetings either by song, recitation, or address. The good results accruing from these meetings do not stop at the two hundred and twelve persons who have been induced to become sober and thinking men, for a large proportion of them have, in their turn, become advocates and missionaries in this great and good work. They have gone to every quarter of the globe, carrying with them the truths they have been taught, and the seeds that have been sown in their hearts, and exercising an influence for good upon those with whom they have come into contact and associate. Our Wednesday meeting has become the stem of a mighty tree, the branches of which have now spread to every part of the globe, bearing fruit and accomplishing good which eternity alone will reveal. . . . As long as I could I visited the ships, but when laid aside by sickness, the work was taken up, and has since been performed, by my son. I am pleased to be able to report that the invitations issued to the seamen by him to attend the Bethel, have been freely accepted, and several thousand

visits have been paid by sailors to the various meetings connected with the institution. . . . On the whole, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which I have laboured, and the fact that the pulpit has been supplied during the past few months by a different preacher almost every Sunday, I am pleased and thankful to report that the past year has been a successful one, and that much spiritual good has been accomplished. Though I have preached in great suffering and weakness, I have received special grace and strength from on high. We always hold a prayer-meeting after our Sunday evening service, and during the whole of the year hardly a meeting has been held without some penitents coming forward to be prayed with and for. Sometimes as many as eight and ten have professed to find peace at one of these after-meetings. . . .

"In closing this brief report I desire to acknowledge God's goodness, and to thank Him for all the sustaining grace He has bestowed upon me in my affliction, and that He has permitted me to labour so long in His vineyard, and granted me so many evidences that my labour has not been in vain. To Him be all the glory. To those kind brethren who have come forward, and so generously lent a helping hand in carrying out the work of this institution, I tender my best thanks; God will reward them in their own souls. I request your continued prayers and support, and trust that whether my days may be many or few, this institution may grow and prosper, accomplishing its grand object—the spiritual and moral elevation of the seamen visiting Port Jackson."

Mr. Gainford was now so ill that he was unable to leave his bed, and so weak that he could not move without assistance. When he became convinced his work here below was finished, he seemed to lose all interest in earthly matters, even to the work he had so loved. He was always glad to know that the meetings in connection with the Bethel were still well attended, and that the work was progressing, but beyond this he seemed quite content to let things take their own course. He had settled all his worldly affairs—they were not many; and the few remaining days allotted to him now on earth he wished to spend in quiet, holy contemplation. His New Testament was his delight and constant companion, which, while he had strength to hold it, was seldom out of his hands. He also delighted to have read to him memoirs of good and holy men. He did not converse much, he was too weak.

Shortly after taking to his bed, one of his medical advisers paid him a visit, more, however, of a friendly than a professional nature. He was much struck by the change he saw in his patient; after a few moments' examination, he said, "Well, Mr. Gainford, I am sorry I cannot report favourably, your case is very serious."

"You wish to say, doctor, I cannot get better,—that I must die?"

"Yes, that is just it."

"Well, doctor, I am not afraid to die, I long to go. Absent from the body, present with the Lord. But shall I meet *you* in heaven? When your turn comes to leave the world, will it be well with *your* soul, doctor? will you regard death as a welcome friend?" Thus on

his dying bed he sought to improve opportunities by speaking for Jesus.

One day he received a visit from a clergyman in the neighbourhood, of the Church of England denomination. After some little conversation the clergyman remarked, "My brother, have you that peace of mind which is necessary for your own happiness on a dying bed?"

"Yes, my dear brother, thank God. Forty years ago I got that peace of mind, and have kept it till the present moment, without a cloud or a doubt as to my acceptance with God. There is a bright look out ahead, I shall soon be at home."

After praying with his sick brother, the clergyman departed.

A brother minister writing from New Zealand to a friend in Sydney said, "Give my Christian love to Mr. Gainford. I hope he is getting better. All being well I shall be in Sydney by the end of the month and trust to see him then." "Ah," remarked Mr. Gainford, "but I shall be better by that time, for I shall be at home with my Saviour."

His was not like the chamber of a dying man, for he seldom spoke of death; he spoke of going home, and always in such a happy, joyous spirit. It was happiness to be anywhere near him. Gloom and sorrow were banished whenever he spoke of his departure; he was so cheerful and bright at the thought of it. He was anxious to go. He would sometimes say to his dear wife, when nature would assert itself and cause the tears to flow, "Come, mother, thou" (they always thee'd and thou'd each other) "must not fret like this. I am only

going from one room to another in my Heavenly Father's mansion. The separation will not be for long, then we shall meet again in the glorious realms above."

His love for his family was beautiful to behold, and his thoughtful care, to spare them pain and anxiety, never to be forgotten. As long as he could, he kept from them a knowledge of the fact that he considered his case hopeless, but gradually, sweetly and tenderly, he made them aware of it. First by hints—he would say to his wife, "You know, mother, this sickness may be unto death; if it is I should like so-and-so to be done." Then by supposition—"Supposing I should not recover;" and at last by speaking of a certainty, "When I am gone."

One day while conversing about his weak condition with one of his sons, the son replied, "My dear father, it is no use disguising the fact any longer, or shutting our eyes to what must be. It is hard to part with you, but that parting must take place, and perhaps very shortly." A weight seemed lifted from his mind, and his face brightened as he said, "That's right, my son, that's right; I am glad you view matters in that light. I wish the others would do the same. I cannot recover, it is only a question of time now, a few days or weeks at the most."

He sought to reconcile his family to his departure by pointing out the goodness of God in granting him the privilege of a dying bed, and not calling him in the midst of his work, as he himself would have wished. Now they were being schooled to their loss, it came

upon them gradually, and they were prepared for it; was that not easier for them to bear than sudden death? He would have preferred the latter mode of exit out of this world, but God had willed it otherwise, and that blessed never-failing promise would recur again to his mind—"All things work together for good for them that love God." Unerring wisdom had decreed what was best for him, and what was best for his loved ones. He was thoroughly satisfied, and rejoiced now that those so near and dear to him were in a measure reconciled to the will of his Heavenly Father.

While lying on a bed of affliction, and prostrated by bodily weakness, he would often say, "I am the happiest man in Sydney." Holding his index finger in a horizontal position, he continued, "There is the balance perfectly even, and I would not put the weight of a feather to turn it either way. If I get better I shall live a little longer in the kingdom of grace, to work for my blessed Lord and Master; if I die, I go to the kingdom of glory to be for ever with my Saviour." Beautiful resignation! Oh that we too may exhibit such simple trust and resignation when we come to die!

Though the body was incapacitated, the mind was still strong and vigorous as ever. Frequently in his sleep would he go through the form of service, and at its close conduct a prayer-meeting. He would pray for penitents, lead them into liberty, and then pronounce the benediction, the last two or three words being almost inaudible, the preacher would be so exhausted. He would then pant for breath, sometimes waking up, at others commencing another meeting; thus showing

how strong the ruling passion was, even on a dying bed. Of course, such realistic dreaming rendered him still weaker.

On one occasion a friend came to see the dying saint. He was so deeply affected to see the emaciated form of the once big and powerful man, under whose ministry he had derived so much good, that he involuntarily exclaimed, "Poor fellow!"

Quickly came the words, "Please do not call me poor, for I shall soon take possession of my 'rich inheritance.'"

His whole thought for those around him, and those waiting upon him, was to give them as little trouble as possible. He would not hear of any one sitting up with him at night. When such a wish was expressed, he would say, "Oh no, there is no occasion to sit up just yet, and I hope there will be none at all." His hope was realised, for no one lost a night's rest during the whole time he was laid up. He was so grateful for the least kindness done, or the smallest attention shown him—giving him a drink, smoothing his pillow, sponging his face or hands with florida water to cool them, or wiping the sweat-drops from his brow, or the gift of a flower, or some little delicacy;—if the lips refused to utter thanks, the eyes spoke volumes. It was a pleasure to wait upon him, or to do anything for him; he was so good, thankful, and patient.

Many were the visits he received from the members of his congregation and others who knew and esteemed him. On one occasion he regretted to a member his inability to preach any more. "You should not regret

that," was the reply ; "for now you are preaching a most powerful sermon to all who come to see you by your thorough and complete resignation to God's will. You now practise in sickness and affliction what you preached in health and strength." And so it was.

As the days passed on the end seemed to draw nearer. He still retained all his faculties, and delighted to dwell upon the love and goodness of God. He loved to think of seeing his Saviour and meeting the apostles, Paul, Peter, James, John, and the noble army of martyrs. He would tell them how the Church of Christ was progressing and the work it was doing. If things outside of heaven can interest the inhabitants of that glorious kingdom, he thought this would. But there were no spiritual raptures, no ecstasies of bliss, no heavenly flights such as might be supposed would be given him on a dying bed. As the body wasted, the quick, active mind declined. The strong, earnest spirit seemed to share in the prostration of the earthly house it had so long lived in. The mortal tabernacle was falling, and the immortal tenant felt the jar.

We might have wished it otherwise, but the Lord ordained it so, and He makes no mistakes. It is best to think of it as Paul did, when he said, "The good and acceptable and perfect will of God." But had he been granted the most triumphant deathbed, what could it have added to the testimony which he had borne for God the past forty years? Like George Whitefield, he had testified for the Lord Jesus Christ so often and triumphantly in life, that it was not required in death.

The last day came. Early in the morning (about

two o'clock) he was a little restless, and asked for a drink, which was given him, when he dozed off into a quiet sleep. At seven he woke again, breathing rather heavily. His head was raised on the pillow, which gave him a little ease. Shortly after this a change came over the features which alarmed those who were watching. The rest of the family who were in the house were hastily summoned to the bedside. It seemed the last moment had come, but not just yet. He revived and seemed himself again, only, however, for a moment. A relapse set in ; another change came over those dear features. It was evident now the end was at hand. The group of watchers gathered closer round the dying bed. All the family were there but two, who lived at a distance, and for whom a special messenger had been dispatched. The departing one looked round on those he loved so dearly, and seemed pleased to see them ; but there was an inquiring look, which was instantly divined. He was told the absent ones were sent for. He faintly smiled, and then the eyes closed. Presently they opened again, and wandered round the tearful group with loving lingering look. Then they looked upward, lighted with an ineffable expression of joy ; a sweet heavenly smile passed over the face ; the lips moved, but the sound was so faint it could not be heard. Then the lids slowly drooped over the loving eyes, and a little before eight o'clock the last breath fluttered from between the whitening lips—Wednesday, 5th March, 1884.

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;

Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo, the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of His merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love."

Perhaps we may be allowed to employ the language of the author of that illustrious man's life, William Bramwell, a devoted servant of God, and follow the flight of the just departed spirit a little further in imagination.

"As earth receded from view, eternity with all its marvels, its strange spectacles, its novel phenomena, burst upon his astonished sight. The scales had fallen from his eyes:—nay, the vision of the body had ceased, and he now saw with the soul alone. All before him was new. All around him was changed, and still changing. He was now free. He had shaken off the flesh with all its encumbrances; the spirit had left its prison-house of clay, and was at liberty to enter the Promised Land. The great mystery would soon be perfectly solved. In another moment he should stand before his Creator, and gaze upon the mighty Sovereign of all worlds. He pressed onwards. He had already trodden the gloomy paths of the Valley of the Shadow. Jordan's stream was darkly rolling around him; he plunged fearlessly through; its foaming billows were gallantly breasted; the further shore was gained,—and with a shout of triumph he leaped upon the soil of Paradise. The first sound he heard was a rapturous burst from thousands of angelic tongues; there was joy in heaven that another child of mortality had

finally escaped. The first sight he beheld was the city of the Great King, which rose before him in unspeakable splendour. From its gates there issued some 'shining ones,' sent to welcome the happy stranger, and to conduct him to the presence of his God and their God. But with what pleasure did he greet them, when he discovered that they were *not* strangers, but children in Christ. His works had verily gone *before* him!

"And yet, as he entered the golden city, and passed through the 'pearly gate,' would he not cast one look behind? Where was earth now? Yonder in the distance—a black and fearful sight indeed, as seen in its shroud of guilt from the battlements of heaven; but he had done with it for ever! What had become of sorrow? It had ceased! Of toil and labour? They were past! Tears? They were dried for ever! Trial? It had terminated in victory! Could this indeed be true, or was it not rather a splendid shadowy dream? No; he had only to look before him! There was the goal—reached; the crown—won; the prize—in hand; heaven—he was in it! And the King of kings? He lifted his eyes, and beheld *Him in His Beauty.*"

Such was the death of the righteous! *Death?* We can scarcely call it death, it appears more like a *translation.*

Yes, the faithful servant had gone to his reward. As a soldier of Christ he had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, and kept the faith. The victor had gone to possess the crown.

He left his widow and children no legacy of wealth. His earthly possessions were small. There were too many demands upon his means to admit of them accumulating. Had he been so minded he might have been a capitalist, but he preferred to live and work for Christ. But he did leave them a legacy nevertheless, one transcendently above riches—that of a spotless name, and a record of heroic devotion and saintly sacrifice, the memory of which will live in their hearts ever fresh and ever green, as long as time with them shall be.

The news of the decease of Mr. Gainford soon spread far and wide. The flags of the shipping were half-masted in respect to his memory. During the day friends and sympathisers flocked to Bethel House to condole with the bereaved ones, and to take a last look at him whom they had learned to esteem, reverence, and love, and under whose ministry they had derived so much good. Among them were some who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth through his instrumentality twenty years previously at New-castle. Many were moved to tears as they gazed upon the wasted form of their late beloved pastor. People continued to come during that evening and the following forenoon. The mortal remains were placed in their narrow receptacle. Now the last look must be taken, and the last fond kiss imprinted on the cold marble brow—the dear face is slowly, reverentially, and tearfully covered—but we draw a veil over the rest, and think only of the loving husband and father, the faithful minister and devoted pastor. The family and

friends then knelt round the sacred dust while solemn prayer was offered to Almighty God for the comforting and consoling influence of the Holy Spirit to rest upon the bereaved ones, that they might realise the fulfilment of the Divine promise, that God would be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless, and that the mantle of their late father might rest upon his sons.

Shortly after one o'clock the mortal remains of the deceased were removed from Bethel House to the church, which was crowded by those who wished to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late minister of the Mariners' Church. All sections of the community were represented. The coffin was shrouded with the Union Jack and bedecked with floral wreaths. The chief mourners were the four sons of the deceased, and as the sorrowing procession moved slowly up the aisle, the whole assemblage rose to their feet as one man. The coffin was placed in front of the pulpit and on the very spot where in life the deceased had so often stood pleading with sinners and beseeching them to come to the Saviour, and which was hallowed as the place where many souls were born of God through his instrumentality. The solemn silence was broken by the sobs of those who mourned the loss of their tender-hearted and loving pastor.

The Rev. J. P. Sunderland conducted the service, assisted by the Revs. S. W. Asher and A. G. Fry. After singing and prayer Mr. Sunderland said:—

“ We pay our tribute of love and esteem to-day to the

memory of our departed brother. We need not trace his early life, but think of him as the faithful, self-denying minister of this church for the past thirteen years. To have known him was to have loved him for his all-absorbing devotion to his work. His character is one well worthy of study. He had grand natural powers, and could grasp a subject quickly. Had he received, in early life, a special training, he would have become still more distinguished for his success. He was called by the Lord to the work of the ministry. He was a devout man—a man of prayer. He was a minister who threw his whole soul into his work, and was specially fitted for the position he held at the Bethel Church. His knowledge of men, his aptitude to deal with the common objections to a Christian life, and the directness and earnestness of his appeals to the conscience, won many souls for Christ. He gained the esteem of ship-masters visiting this port, and his memory is dear to many seafaring men all over the world. He was a powerful preacher. A sort of inspiration came over him at times, and hearts thrilled with his wonderful exhibitions of God's love in Jesus Christ to perishing sinners. He had a very tender heart. How many came to him with their tales of sorrow—how patiently he listened—how unceasing were his efforts to save the fallen, restore the backslider, and bring outcasts into the fold of Christ! He always seemed to me to be three men folded into one godly man. There is no doubt he overtaxed his strength by not taking the required rest the body demanded. He saw there was work to do, and he did it with all his

might. He has not laboured in vain. His works will follow him in souls saved, good accomplished, and tender, loving hearts ever responsive to his memory. He had not only an active life of work, but also a time of suffering. How he struggled against his infirmities, and preached as long as it was possible for him to do so; and when laid aside, with what patience he bore his pain! His soul overflowed with gratitude to God on remembrance of all His mercies to him. He was gradually taken away to the tomb, but though he left loved ones behind, he has given to them the most hallowed memory to cherish. His love to his wife and four sons was beautiful to see, glorious to think about. His Christian character was one worthy of imitation. All classes of the community loved and respected him. The name of Thomas Gainford will be a household word in many families for years to come. May God send a meet successor to take up and carry on his work in this institution for the good of the mariners, and all others who worship in the Bethel Church."

After the benediction had been pronounced, the *cortège* moved from the church, the organ pealing forth the solemn tones of the "Dead March in *Saul*." As the procession moved along, nearly all the shops in the vicinity were closed or partially closed.*

* It is worthy of note that all the *public-houses* were *entirely* closed. A higher tribute of respect and esteem could not be, coming as it did from a class of men engaged in a traffic Mr. Gainford abhorred with his whole soul, and denounced with all his might on every possible occasion. He

At the Necropolis the scene was most touching. The remains were borne to their last resting-place on the shoulders of the four sons of the deceased—a sight not soon to be forgotten. The burial service was conducted by the Revs. J. P. Sunderland and J. Savage. Few, if any, dry eyes were to be seen in all the great number assembled round the grave; the sorrowing faces bore testimony to the depth of love and affection in which the departed one had been held, and long after the solemn rites had been concluded, many continued to linger round the tomb which held all that remained of one whom they had learned to love, and who had proved himself their friend indeed.

was their greatest opponent in the neighbourhood in which he lived, yet there was not a publican but respected and esteemed him for his sincerity and truth, and earnest desire to do good. They knew him to be *true* to the core; hence their esteem, notwithstanding his most pronounced opposition to their traffic.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNVEILING THE TABLET.

THE members of the Mariners' Church and other friends, being anxious to perpetuate the memory of their late pastor, decided to erect a tablet in the church. The work was undertaken with spirit, and the necessary funds quickly subscribed.

On Tuesday evening, 10th June, 1884, the tablet was publicly unveiled in the presence of a large assemblage in the Mariners' Church. The chair was occupied by Captain Sadleir, R.N., President of the Sydney Bethel Union.

The hymn, "O God of Bethel!" having been sung, the Rev. S. W. Asher, of the Congregational Church, North Willoughby, read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. The hymn, "My Redeemer," was then rendered by the choir, after which the Rev. F. Hibberd engaged in prayer. This was followed by the singing of the favourite hymn of the late Rev. Thomas Gainford, "It is well with my soul."

The chairman briefly reviewed the history of the Sydney Bethel Union, from its formation in the year 1822 down to the time of the late Rev. Thomas Gainford. He had been acquainted with Mr. Gainford for

no less a period than thirty years, and could speak confidently as to his sterling worth as a Christian and a man. The Mariners' Church owed its present prosperous condition to his untiring, self-denying labours.

Rev. J. P. Sunderland, having been called upon to unveil the tablet, said: "I have been requested by the committee who have erected this tablet, now to be unveiled, to come before you to-night to perform this ceremony, and we are here under very peculiar circumstances, with our hearts filled with sorrow, and yet at the same time we have songs of gladness and gratitude to God for all His great goodness to His servant who laboured here.

"Before I unveil the tablet, I will read the inscription which is on it, so that those who cannot see it at the end of the church may come and look at it at the close of the service. On the tablet are these words:

"In loving memory of THOMAS GAINFORD, a chosen, approved, and valiant minister of the gospel; who, after thirteen years of faithful labour in the cause of Christ in this place, was promoted to the Church above, on March 5th, 1884. Aged 61 years.

"Reader! when thou approachest this tablet, erected and consecrated to his memory by sorrowing friends, may the remembrance of him still proclaim what he lived to publish, "Prepare to meet thy God."'

"As we gaze upon this tablet we take the words written in Heb. xi. 4: 'And by it he being dead yet speaketh.' 'The memory of the just is blessed.' The deeds of good men live after them. Their record is left behind for the benefit of coming generations. We have in the Old and New Testaments short and striking statements of the doings and sayings of good men in past ages. Abel's sacrifice offered to God in faith stands out as a memorial to all ages, and by it, or through the sacrifice, he being dead yet speaketh. We desire to keep before us fresh and green the memories of those we have loved, who have been our friends, our guides, our teachers, and our pastors. There are many ways of making permanent our impressions of the departed. We cherish the photographs of good men, the government erects monuments to its most distinguished statesmen and its warriors who have fought its battles and gained glory for the nation.

"Is it not a fitting tribute to departed worth, that a congregation which has enjoyed and profited by the ministrations of a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, should desire in some appropriate way to keep before coming generations his consecrated and devoted life? so to-night we have unveiled this beautiful *tablet*, placed here by friends to perpetuate the memory of our late beloved brother, the Rev. Thomas Gainford, who for more than thirteen years laboured in season and out of season for the moral and spiritual benefit of this congregation and the sailors visiting this port and attending Divine worship in this church.

"We can turn from this tablet, and point to this

church, and see the record of his devotion. When he came here, but few attended Divine service; but under his self-denying zeal the numbers attending worship increased, and the partition which was placed across the inside of this church was removed, galleries were erected, and the church made commodious and beautiful, and to him this church owes the conception and carrying out of the designs which have eventuated in what you see around you.

“His active mind originated the idea of the spacious rooms below for meetings and classes, reading-room and Sunday-school; and all these are memorials of his labour and his worth.

“There are, however, other tablets than marble or stone, on which are written the name of ‘Thomas Gainford.’ These are souls rescued from the power of sin. There are those who have been helped in the time of degradation and intemperance, and placed upon the broad basis of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and are now living sober, godly lives, and they speak of his love and sympathy. These are the living monuments of his work.

“He being dead yet speaketh *through those who* have been brought to Christ by his ministrations. They were his joy on earth, they are Christ’s witnesses now, they will be his crown of rejoicing in eternity.

“He being dead yet speaketh through his sons and family. They have caught his spirit, and are following in his footsteps, and showing in their lives their love and devotion to Christ.

“He being dead yet speaketh by the very precious

memory he has left behind to this people of his zeal, self-denial, and his entire consecration to the work of his Divine Master. In how many places is his name known! How many who have visited this port, and have listened to his preaching, and have come under his personal influence, now speak of him in tearful tones as a man of God, a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He speaks through many captains and many sailors who derived great good from his spiritual ministrations. His influence is wide-spreading, it has reached many lands. He being dead yet speaketh through all who enjoyed his teaching and acknowledged the power of his life.

“A testimony to this worth is found in the ready way merchants responded to his appeals for help in his work. He raised a large sum to pay the expenses of the alterations in this church. He was looked upon as a man of God, and he never made useless appeals, and when he did personally ask for God’s cause, few had the heart to deny his request.

“Few men possessed the aptitude he had to deal with all classes of men. There was a directness of appeal, a personal application of the truth of the Gospel which came home to the consciences of men. There was force in what he said. He feared not the face of man. He lived with eternity in view; with the cross of Christ ever in sight, as the sinner’s hope, the Christian’s glory. There was nothing light, superficial in him; life was serious, earnest; time was short, and he gave himself, body, soul, and spirit, to glorify God in the salvation of men.

"He being dead yet speaketh to us all to take up his work ; to carry on efficiently the services he conducted here. It would, indeed, be a sad thing to see his work decline, but we must hope that by God's blessing it will be carried on and sustained with vigour and zeal.

"He has left behind him a spiritual testimony that will live through ages in those who have been his spiritual children in the gospel of Christ, and it will ever be a comfort to look back upon the last years of his earthly being and his closing days on earth, and see in them the beautiful spirit of calm, holy resignation to the will of God. He worked, when in health, with great energy. He had a mighty spirit of determination, but when the Master laid him aside he was as gentle as a little child.

"He being dead yet speaketh to us of the living power of the gospel to give energy to work and grace to suffer. His review of life was one which filled his soul with adoring wonder to his Lord and Master Who had watched over him, led him on through many changes, and given him the greatest of all privileges, that he should preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed Lord to perishing men.

"Well may we, then, rejoice to-night, that the love of his friends has manifested itself in the erection of this tablet to his memory, for he, through it, though being dead, yet speaketh.

"Could our late brother speak to us to-night in some visible form as an angel of light, a messenger from the spirit world, what words would fall from his lips to

rivet our attention? Would he not tell us to work for Christ, to live for Christ, to prepare with all our strength to meet our God, so that when death comes to us we may pass away to glorify our Father on high? there throughout endless ages to glorify the sacrifice upon the cross which cleanses from all sin. To love the Saviour while life and opportunity last, that by-and-bye we may glorify the Saviour he so much loved and Whom he is now praising in the glorious realms above. Let us then work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

The hymn "Safe within the Veil" was then sung by the choir, when the secretary to the committee appointed for the purpose of erecting the tablet read letters from the following gentlemen regretting their inability to be present and take part in doing honour to the memory of their late beloved friend, the Rev. Thomas Gainford—Rev. C. D. Madgwick, Rev. W. Taylor, Rev. Dr. Jefferis, Rev. H. Mack, Hon. W. I. Forster, M. H. Bowmaker, Captain W. H. Eldred.

The Rev. F. Hibberd next addressed the meeting, saying:—

"My dear friends, I cannot say with our old and esteemed chairman, Captain Sadleir, that I knew your late beloved pastor thirty years ago, but I can say I knew him twenty years ago, when he was pastor of the church at Newcastle, where, although now formally devoted to the work amongst the sailors, he used to do a vast amount of work for their good. It was the work which his heart loved, and I felt greatly rejoiced when in the order of God's providence he was

intrusted with the work in this place, which I knew he was so fitted to perform.

"It was a pleasing review of his life and labours which the chairman just gave us, and there are many features in his life which, if time permitted, I would have liked to single out to-night; and we should all do well to follow in the footsteps of him who has gone, and left behind him such an example, which even I as a minister and we all should do well to follow, and that is the firm and unwavering purpose of his life; viz., the winning of souls for Christ. You could not help feeling that our brother was a man who was "always abounding in the work of the Lord," and doing his utmost to fulfil the words of the apostle when he says, 'Therefore glorify God in your body and spirit which are His.' And, my dear friends, I say again that in this respect we shall do well to follow our beloved brother's footsteps.

"I remember when I saw him on one occasion during his long illness; he was telling me how he was led to see the possibility of living holy. He said, 'I used to pray night and day for it without avail, but one day, while I was on my knees, one seemed to say to me, "Suppose you were talking to some sin-stricken penitent soul, what would you say to him? Why, you would send him to Christ, and there you must go for your holiness." He said, 'I went to Christ and found what I was seeking, and I have given my life to Him Who loved me and gave Himself for me.'

"Our brother carried about with him the burden of souls; it was his meat and drink, as it were, to win

souls, and many here to-night know that it was through his anxiety for your spiritual welfare that, under God's blessing, led you to the feet of Christ, Who has said, Come unto me, all ye that labour, and I will give you rest. I never met a man who reminded me so much of the old prophets; his faith was so firm, it had a death-like grip.

"My desire is that this work may go on. I believe that it will go on, and that the prayer offered by our brother to-night for a blessing upon this church will be granted, and that many will be found to take up this glorious work and carry it on, and that the Bethel will be a blessing, and that many souls may be born again within its walls.

"It is a pleasing thought that sailing across the deep there are hundreds of men, sailors and captains, who have heard the word of life here in this place, and through the administrations of our departed brother have found peace in believing; and, my dear friends, until the time when under the Divine conduct of our gracious, loving God we shall be brought to our desired haven, may God grant that you, as a people, may follow in the footsteps of our dear brother, whose conversation on earth and ministry in life was for the one great and glorious purpose of winning souls for Christ."

Mr. G. Clarke, in a few well-chosen remarks, spoke of the life and work of the late pastor, stating that he himself, as had many others, had been greatly blessed through his administration. The choir having sung the hymn "Memories of Galilee," the Rev. H. Sunder-

land pronounced the benediction. When leaving the church each person received a card bearing the inscription on the tablet, the choir singing during the time of their going out the hymn, "We shall meet beyond the river by-and-bye."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHARACTER.

DURING the last two or three weeks of Mr. Gainford's life his failing strength would not permit him, as he lay in bed, to hold up a book sufficiently high for him to read it. Even the smallest edition of the New Testament seemed to be too heavy. Then, at his suggestion, single copies of the Gospels, and of several of the Old Testament books, were procured, but these soon became too weighty for him to hold, and had to be laid aside. It was then the privilege and delight of his family to read to him.

Next to the Bible he delighted in listening to the reading of the memoirs of such men as the Venerable William Bramwell, Rev. John Smith, or the Rev. John Fletcher. The first of these was his favourite; and, though the volume had been in his library for over forty years, and had been read by him many times, he seemed fonder of it than ever. He would lie with closed eyes, eagerly drinking in every word that fell from the reader's lips, occasionally uttering such words as these: "Glorious man, Bramwell! would that I had been more like him, and could have died as he died—hard at work in the streets!"

The Rev. William Bramwell was Mr. Gainford's *beau-ideal* of a minister of the gospel; and his course as a Christian worker was, no doubt, shaped, in a measure, after the lines laid down by that eminent divine. Whilst reading to him this became apparent to us, and we have more than once broken off the narrative, saying, "Well, father, had we not known we were reading 'William Bramwell's Memoir,' we could fancy it was your own, for this is your experience exactly." Faintly smiling he would say, "Yes, yes, we have trod very similar paths."

The characters of William Bramwell and Thomas Gainford were in many respects identical. We have, therefore, incorporated several passages from Bramwell's memoir to portray the character of Mr. Gainford, and interwoven them, not as quotations, but as a continuous narrative.

The character of such a man is far too simple and homogeneous—if the word may be allowed—to present many of those peculiarities which give interest and piquancy to mental portraiture. There is little variety, and less antithesis, to be discovered in its minute details. There are no striking incongruities, no grating discords, no happy groupings of dissimilar properties. It is a character in which there appears little breadth, but much intensity. That he had a *singleness of purpose* was the fact which first arrested the attention. What that purpose was, none who ever exchanged a few words with him could long mistake. Dr. Johnson said of Bourke, that you could not meet him under a shed, whilst seeking shelter from rain, without discover-

ing that he was a man of uncommon genius. It would have been almost as difficult to meet the subject of this memoir, under similar circumstances, without perceiving that he was a man of uncommon piety. It was apparent that he was a being wholly dedicated to heaven. He bore the badge—the cognizance—of his Master at all times. Fiction has told us of vessels at sea, drawn onwards by some mysterious influence, their speed increasing as they advanced, their track a straight line, from which no deviation could be effected, their goal for a long time unknown and invisible; but, at last, a huge rock appears in the distance—it is an enormous magnet! In this (to change the figure) we have an emblem of the career of Mr. Gainford. Once brought under the influence of the distant and viewless loadstone, to which all that is good and pure on earth must ever tend, his bark sped rapidly over the troubled sea of time. Its path was as straight as an arrow's flight. Neither perverse winds nor boisterous waves could change its course or retard its progress. It toiled onwards, through storm and calm, gloom and sunshine, night and day, until at last the great Rock of Ages rose before him in palpable majesty; and that was the end of his voyage!

The doctrine of *progress* was, in fact, an especial favourite with him. Life, and especially religious life, was, in his view, perpetual motion. No man, as a Christian, should be found on the same spot two days together. In a *month* much might be done, so much, that he thought it possible the believer might advance sufficiently far to entitle him to a "double weight of

glory." Hence he insisted strongly upon the practical application of this doctrine. It was clear to him that to be stationary in the Divine life was impracticable, impossible. The old, but still unregarded truth, as expressed by Coleridge, that "if man is not rising to the angel, he is always sinking to the devil," or, as in Young's,—

"If man can't mount, he will descend,"

is one of paramount importance in spiritual life. *There*, safety can only be secured by progression. To stand still in appearance is to slide back in reality. Nay, progression itself will not suffice, unless it be swift and steady. The languid, loitering pilgrim may find himself in the position of Arctic travellers prosecuting their journey across an immense field of ice, and discovering at night that whilst *they* have been advancing northwards all day, the field itself has been in more rapid motion southwards; thus placing them at a greater distance from the pole than when they first set out. Certainly, few men ever gave a more literal colouring to the Scripture metaphor of "running the race" set before us. It was his aim to keep himself at "full speed." This progress was thus rendered perceptible, not only at intervals of years and months, but of days, and almost hours. He was, indeed, one of those who seem to have outstripped their competitors in the Christian course. We may say that he was not exactly the same person for two days together; the Thomas Gainford of to-day had outrun the Thomas Gainford of yesterday.

Not a little stimulus to proceed thus was derived from the doctrine of Christian perfection. He wished believers to labour as if this "privilege" were within the reach of all; but never to delude themselves by supposing that they had attained anything like the climax of earthly purity. Whatever may be the theoretical merits of this doctrine of perfection, there is considerable policy and practical worth in the principle of constant, *indefinite* progression. "A man," says Cromwell, "never rises so high as when he knows not whither (how far) he is going." If his goal is out of sight, he cannot safely relax his efforts for a moment. People are more apt to measure the ground they have gone over, than to consider what remains to be traversed. Those who aim at things distant may, at any rate, reach others less remote. "Shoot at the moon," says the old Persian proverb, "and you may hit the clouds." The *aliquid immensum, infinitumque*—something vast and indefinite—is the aim of every true Christian, in a sense far transcending the thought of the eloquent Roman.

It is not, therefore, surprising that a spirit constantly employed in the work of progress and purification, should ultimately exhibit a degree of beauty which the observer might almost deem angelic. Whilst on this world, the soul was already changing—within the limits of mortal exaltation—from one degree of glory to another. "Oft converse with heavenly habitants began to cast a beam on the outward shape." For the last two or three years in particular he was like a shock of corn fully ripe, fit for the heavenly garner.

Indeed, there was so much of devotion in his habits, and his mind appeared to be so constantly occupied with heavenly things, that one might naturally suppose he did not give due attention to temporal matters and the business duties of life. At friendly gatherings he has often managed to convert social relaxation into spiritual "wrestling." At church-meetings he would endeavour to despatch the more secular part of the work as quickly as possible, in order that the remainder of the time might be spent in prayer and religious improvements. And at other public meetings he was careful to avoid, as far as lay in his power, everything like pointless conversation or unprofitable debate. He might occasionally, perhaps, have been too much abstracted from this world, but this was neither the result of a proud self-esteem nor of religious ecstasy. As for the duties of this life, however mean or obscure, he did not slight them. He would have pursued his original avocation to the last, and with all his characteristic earnestness, had he believed that such was the indication of Providence. Even in those trivial matters which are frequently neglected by others, he would exhibit a most scrupulous exactitude. In respect to engagements and public meetings, the proper time was calculated with as much care as if he had been a busy tradesman whose minutes were money; stick, hat, and watch would be laid ready on the table, and if there were a brief interval to spare, it was spent in prayer, or profitable conversation with his family. Life to him was so short he could not afford to lose a moment of it. We have known him go to a place of meeting at

the appointed time, and, not finding the persons he expected, leave, saying, "I cannot waste my precious time in this manner; if they do not take sufficient interest in the proceedings to be here at the proper time, I cannot wait for them." Frequently have we heard him say, "Life is so short, and there is so much to be done; I would gladly put three days' work into one, if I could; I would not sleep if I could avoid it."

Although beyond most Christians he reached a habitual spiritual state, yet he was always prepared for daily worldly duties. With all his abstraction of soul, he was a plain practical labourer in God's vineyard. Every duty is, to the Christian, a work for God. Duty is before enjoyment. Work is worship, work is visible thanksgiving; and the heart most filled with God does the noblest work. It was this holy familiarity with things unseen that enabled Mr. Gainford so effectually to "allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way." He did not merely *point* others to the goal, he *ran before them*, and offered an example which served not only to guide but to stimulate his followers. And while he possessed on earth the happiness of a sense of the Divine presence, he was ever looking forward to the happy moment when he should be changed into the Divine image, when he should be like the Saviour, when he should see Him face to face in glory. During the early portion of his Christian life he frequently longed to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. On one occasion in particular, while returning from a revival meeting in England, this longing took such pos-

session of him that he felt as though he could lie down upon the road and die, and go home to heaven at once. Nor did this feeling leave him till some days later, while reading the memoir of George Whitefield, he came across that portion in which Mr. Whitefield is said to have experienced a similar desire; and on making it known to an elder brother minister was reproved as being a coward and wishing to escape the heat and burden of the day. From that moment the desire to die left him; and he set out upon the Christian path with renewed energy, and a determination to spend and to be spent in the Master's cause, till it should please Him to take him home to his reward.

Though he could not pass over Jordan into the Promised Land while work remained for him to do here, yet he might still behold it in the distance from the top of Pisgah. This was his favourite occupation, there his favourite outlook. Standing upon its summit his eye swept rapidly over the region which lay extended beneath, and fastened upon the distant horizon. There, as the spiritual vision cleared itself from the scenes of earth, unfolded before him a spectacle of glory. Faintly he could trace the outlines of a magnificent city, with walls of jasper, and foundations glittering with all manner of precious stones. Its gates were of pearl, its buildings of pure gold, and its streets like unto transparent glass. A light "as of setting suns" dwelt upon it, "for the glory of God did lighten it." It was indeed the city of the great King, the holy Jerusalem, glowing in all the radiance of the Eternal Luminary Who is the "light thereof." To the

vivid imagination of the gazer this brilliant mirage of the soul was complete. He listened, and fancied he could hear the "harpers harping with their harps;" the loud-voiced angels singing their anthems of praise; and then the universal burst from every creature in heaven, as if each tongue moved, and each string trembled, to the mighty chorus of "Blessing and honour, and glory and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever." Nay, the piercing eye of faith could discern the bright forms, the shining ones, which dwelt in the City, or went in and out of its ever-open gates. More than this, he sometimes seemed to "take pleasant walks by faith in the heavenly country," to "enter the city" itself, and not only to "see the company," but to "live for some moments in blessed fellowship with the glorified." It was then he felt entranced. The world, nay, the Church itself, were almost forgotten, and self was virtually annihilated as he gazed upon the transporting spectacle!

But mixed with this rapture there was regret, that he was still standing on the mountain-top, here; while yonder—yonder, far in the distance, lay the Promised Land! Much as he longed to go up and possess it, he could not yet depart. There are cries for help, souls are perishing, the sheep are being scattered, and where is the shepherd? Can he remain gazing, though on so bright a vision; longing for a translation, though so glorious, when the enemy is securing so many immortal victims? He cannot. He rushes from the mount, plunges anew into the contest, strives to tear the prey from the jaws of the devourer, and

if he can but rescue another sinner from destruction, deems his imprisonment in the flesh a worthier though less happy lot, than an immediate removal to Paradise.

Nor was he simply anxious to mingle with the spirits of the blessed. He had his ambition—an ambition more daring than usually actuates poor mortals. In *this* world he “laboured to live as near to God as any one he had ever known; yea, as near as St. Paul himself.” He wished to be as zealous as Paul, and loving as John. In the *other* world his ardent wish was to be near the throne, to receive the greatest attainable glory, and to stand amongst the very foremost of the celestial hierarchy. The highest heaven was his aim. He must be admitted into the “first orders of glory.” Nay, he was striving each day to secure, as far as possible, the first “degree in glory.” To be great in the sight of Jehovah, to be crowned with glory, and had in everlasting remembrance with God; to contemplate the Divine perfections, and to stand before the throne—how glorious!

United with this soaring ambition there was the profoundest *humility*. Nor is there any paradox in such an association, however incongruous the two sentiments may appear. Just as deep learning produces a conviction of deeper ignorance, so a genuine ambition awakens a spirit of still more genuine modesty. The mortal who was boldly aspiring to one of the “highest places in heaven,” was content with the lowest on earth. He could emulate the great St. Paul, and yet was sometimes ashamed even to “look at him.” He was almost absorbed in God, yet reproach-

ing himself, because his love was so little, and crying constantly that he might “receive a thousand times more of it.” The preacher who wielded the thunders of the law, and shook the sinners’ heart with such resistless power, trembled as he performed the task. The suppliant whose prayers were so mighty, was himself constantly soliciting the intercession of others on his behalf; and though he often left his bed at midnight to address his Maker, yet condemned himself that the feathered songsters of the grove were awake and employed in the praises of God before he arose.

He could not but perceive that his ministry was highly successful, and yet it was impossible to detect anything like complacency or self-approbation in his bearing. If any man can be honoured, it is surely when God selects him as a distinguished agent, and bestows an extraordinary measure of the Spirit. But such grace is productive of the deepest humility.

This humility showed itself in a feeling of *dependence* upon *Heaven* which was touching, from its childlike simplicity. Everything was referred to his Divine Parent. Not only in matters of importance, but in those of little moment, he consulted the oracle. When friends sought advice from him, he sought it from God. If the answer were not prompt, if its terms were vague, or his own interpretation unsatisfactory, he flung himself again before the mercy-seat, and pleaded until the difficulty were decided. And rarely did it happen this energetic suppliant was refused the counsel he sought.

This perfect dependence upon the power of the

Almighty necessarily involved implicit *faith*. Here, in a great measure, lay the secret of his strength and success. There is, perhaps, no Christian virtue which furnishes a better test of Christian excellence. It is the merit which comprehends all other merits. Perfect faith takes hold of the power of God. In this respect the subject of this memoir was eminently practical. In most things, indeed, he was what may be called a business-like Christian; he did his work as promptly and pointedly as he possibly could—always took the shortest route, and put his resources to the best purpose. He, therefore, wielded this simple but magical implement with wonderful effect. He made, if not the most of it, yet more than thousands less energetic than himself have done. In praying especially his faith was exhibited with the greatest prominence. With him prayer was not a kind of speculation upon Divine assistance, but a firm conviction that, unless the thing desired were incompatible with the arrangements of Providence, it *must* be granted. In a word, he adopted and practised literally the injunction of our Saviour, "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Thence the confidence with which he addressed his Maker; he went *boldly* to the throne of grace. His energy of belief startled his hearers. Some might deem it presumption; others an overweening estimate of his own powers. But if so, the prompt and extraordinary answers which he frequently received proved that this holy violence was not unblest. Anecdotes in illustration have been related; many more could be referred to.

It is, perhaps, scarcely to be wondered at that a man should become a favourite with heaven who was always holding communication with it. Prayer was his first duty in the morning, and his last at night. As much of the day besides as could be properly spared was also devoted to it. It might be said that he prayed in season and out of season; in the pulpit, and at the tea-table; at the hour of public worship, and in the middle of the night. When at sea he would avail himself at any place or position for the practice of this duty; the fore-peak and the main-top were his favourite resorts; and, whilst on the diggings, he had a particular spot upon the side of one of the mountains, to which he would frequently retire at night for secret commune with his God. This resort was far away from any habitation, and he was accustomed, while occupying it, to pray aloud. One night the sound of his voice must have attracted the attention of a traveller; for, on looking up, Mr. Gainford was rather surprised to find that he was not alone, as he supposed, for, a few yards away from him, stood an individual gazing intently on him as he knelt. On seeing he was observed the intruder disappeared.

Throughout Mr. Gainford's ministry a strong military spirit was exhibited. He perceived clearly that religion was a warfare—life a campaign—and death a crowning victory, or an irreparable defeat. He saw that there was a desperate struggle between light and darkness—God and Satan—for the soul. To assist in rescuing mortals was his great work. Somehow or other his very words were what Richter calls Luther's "half-

battles." Such, at least, was their effect, that they did the business of blows. They brought on a general engagement, where previously the hostile forces had kept up a little skirmishing. Hence, in a single hour, under his exhortations, the elements of good and evil joined battle, and fought out the question which otherwise might have continued in suspense for years. Perhaps this is the highest merit which a preacher can possess—that he brings his hearers to the point, and the dispute to a decision.

Nor when this decision was made was the warfare finished. Not only Satan himself, but everything belonging to Satan, must be ejected from the soul. If he gave sinners no rest while his voice could reach them, as little could he sanction the repose of professors. He preached to such the doctrine of perpetual progress and entire sanctification with unwearied zeal. The possibilities of a lapse were constantly urged. However high believers might rise, they were always warned against the danger of a fall, gliding along, it might be, like the glacier, with sure but imperceptible movements; or, like the avalanche, falling with frightful velocity into the deepest abyss. The same fearless spirit which he had displayed in youth was manifested to the end. If there was a professor whose conduct was not accordant with his profession, he would earnestly, yet affectionately, exhibit the discrepancy. If there was a wealthy member in danger of attaching too much value to his wealth, how faithfully would he warn him! If a young disciple was about to marry an unconverted individual, even in so delicate a matter he would

venture to interpose, and to point out the danger of an unsanctified alliance. All this was done mildly, respectfully, but still firmly. The manner was kind, if the counsel was unpalatable. He was faithful, both in the pulpit and in private, to the rich and to the poor, to the professor and to the profane, to his friends and to his enemies, to preachers and to people.

He was often instrumental in producing a reconciliation between estranged relatives, and counselling marriages which proved extremely happy. On these matters he was freely consulted, both in person and by letter. It was the same also in matters of business, and we know of many who can bear testimony to the value of his advice.

Mr. Gainford's indifference to mere worldly comfort or enjoyment made it an easy thing for him to practise—what is often termed such by mere courtesy—benevolence. Although his means were limited, something was regularly abstracted from his income for the relief of the necessitous. Money, provisions, and wearing apparel were dispensed with a liberality which, in his circumstances, savoured of indiscretion. He has often bestowed the last penny in his pocket upon some distressed individual.

By the purchase of "Bethel House" for his residence, he was relieved of paying rent to the extent of £85 per annum; and on Mrs. Gainford suggesting that that sum should be put away annually, and be saved for their use in old age, he replied, "Oh no, I shall not do that; it will help me greatly in relieving the poor, I shall give it all away; never fear, my dear, we

shall not want in our old age!" This unrestrained benevolence very largely encroached upon his professional stipend. Thus voluntarily impoverished, he could, however, make the sacrifice of worldly comforts with more cheerfulness than most men; what he gave he lent unto the Lord.

At home, he was to his family everything that a father should be. His love to his wife and children was of the purest kind. He held at all times a profound sense of his parental responsibility, often saying he would not allow the Archangel Gabriel to interfere between him and his sons, unless he could produce a warrant from the Saviour. His sons were given to him to train for a higher life, and, as he was to be responsible for that training, he would brook no interference. In training his family he believed, with Bishop Taylor, that "Parents must give good example and reverent deportment in the face of their children. And all those instances of charity which usually endear each other—sweetness of conversation, affability, frequent admonition—all significations of love and tenderness, care and watchfulness, must be expressed towards children; that they may look upon their parents as their truest friends, their defence and sanctuary, their treasure and their guide." When correction was necessary it was inflicted in love, and often with tears. He was a strict disciplinarian, being moved thereto by kindness and affection. The punishment inflicted upon one, for even the lightest offence, was made to serve as a warning to the others. Well do we remember the scenes that invariably occurred when one of us

had to undergo correction. At the appointed time the culprit would be summoned to the "study," where father would be found sitting at his desk with the open Bible before him. We who had not offended were then brought in to witness punishment, and thereby take warning lest we also should be overtaken by the fault that had caused our brother's disgrace. Amid profound silence, broken only by the suppressed sobs of the guilty one, father would read slowly and impressively the account of Eli's neglect to correct his sons for their wickedness, and how God punished Eli with death, and brought about the destruction of the wicked sons. The delinquent would then be required to step forward to the desk, and reply to certain questions put to him with the object of ascertaining whether he understood his position, and realised the justice of the punishment about to be inflicted. The replies invariably concluded the trial, for by them the culprit was self-condemned. Punishment was then inflicted according to the enormity of the offence, after which prayer was offered up for the erring one. These scenes generally left a deep and lasting impression upon our young minds. To see our kind, indulgent father in tears was infinitely more painful to us than any corporal punishment he could inflict; and we invariably left his "study," not smarting under the pain of the castigation, but burning with shame that we had caused our loving parent so much pain and sorrow by our misconduct. He was always kind to us—in fact, was kindness personified, ever ready to sacrifice his own personal comfort or con-

venience for our enjoyment. One instance of his kindness we shall never forget:—A small pleasure-yacht being for sale was offered to us for the sum of £20, but having no money we were unable to buy it. Being very fond of boat-sailing, and unwilling to allow the chance of securing so fine a boat to be lost, we determined to lay our case before father. He listened to us very attentively and patiently; then, smiling, said, "Well, my boys, I like to see you enjoying yourselves rationally; and though I do not quite approve of your going boat-sailing, on account of your mother's dread of such amusement, I shall purchase the craft for you, as you appear to have set your hearts upon it, and I don't like to see you disappointed. Besides, you are ever in the Lord's hands, and equally safe on the water as on land. Mother may overcome her dread when she sees how large the boat is." He then drew a cheque for the required amount, and we went off in triumph to complete the purchase. It was not till years afterwards we learnt that that twenty pounds was all the money he had in the bank! His benevolence was so great he rarely had more than a pound or two to his name; but mother had, at last, persuaded him to save a little, and he had just managed to get twenty pounds to his credit when we made our request, and he so generously acceded to our wishes. Ah, what unselfish kindness!

We have endeavoured to show in the foregoing that the ambition of Thomas Gainford was to become holy, zealous, and loving—zealous as St. Paul, loving as St. John; and, verily, if ever man^s in modern days

strove with heart and soul to attain such glorious eminence, it was he. How far he succeeded, to what a height of purity he ascended, may be inferred from the striking coincidence not only of sentiment, but of language which marks the various testimonies to his character. "Never met his equal," is the eulogy which has passed from lip to lip and been echoed from every district in which he laboured. Qualify it as we may, it is but just to conclude, from all that has been recorded of his life and ministry, that in zeal, devotion, humility—in faith, piety, and self-denial—in consecrated toil and evangelical ardour, he was scarcely a whit behind the very chiefest apostles.

* * * * *

And now we must ask, what have been the products of the brief existence which Providence allotted to Thomas Gainford on this earth? His sixty-one years of probation have terminated; all its pains and pleasures, its trials and triumphs, are over; the results only remain. What are these? For himself, then, we cannot doubt that the greatest, as it was also the most coveted result, is everlasting glory. It was for this prize that he strove so patiently, and fought so gallantly. For this he despised the momentary pleasures of sin, and trod the thorny path of poverty and self-denial. For this he laid aside every weight, even the sins which did most easily beset him, and ran with patience his appointed race. For this, too, he enlisted in the army of Christ, vowed unceasing hostility to the Prince of Evil, and carried on an intrepid warfare as long as he could breathe. And now the race is

ended, the battle closed. All of earth, life, trial, preparation, experiment, is over,—*and he has triumphed!* He has entered into rest! He is now amongst the happy multitudes who dwell perpetually in the presence of God, not least, perhaps, in glory, nor feeblest in his hosannahs. In that “bright pomp” he will doubtless shine conspicuous; amongst those “blest voices, uttering joy,” his will swell as loud, and sound as sweet as most. And this is to be *for ever!* No change, but advancement in joy and in glory! Not a single tear shall be shed, nor a sigh heard throughout eternity! He can weep no more; his sorrows are all ended; everything that could pain has already done its work during his short period of mortal existence. And he has an *eternity* before him! Far as his eye can reach or his thought extend, all is glory—increasing, expanding, interminable glory!

Now we may ask, what were the results of his life as regards *others*? He was ever at work, as we have seen. That work was the noblest of all; it was the salvation of souls. To warn his fellow-creatures against the horrible fate which might be so easily incurred; to point them to a prize which, if won, would make their fortunes throughout eternity, was the task to which he devoted all his energies. The Spirit of God crowned his efforts with success. His converts were numerous in every sphere in which he laboured. Few preachers, in our knowledge, have been more eminently owned of God; in some spheres of labour he had many scores of converts, and in others many hundreds. The harvest he reaped was, indeed, ample

for the toil of little more than forty years in God's vineyard. It is difficult to suppress a speculation as to the consequences, had he lived and laboured for a few years more. If the same success had attended his ministry, and the same rate of conversion had obtained, hundreds or thousands more might have been added to the Church militant, and, ultimately, to the Church triumphant. *Might*,—what a painful thought is implied in that conditional word!

For Christians generally the life of such an individual is charged with peculiar meaning. It furnishes a striking example of the victorious character of faith. It shows how the soul may triumph over its adversaries, how it may escape from the petrifying influences of this world, and enjoy continual intercourse with heaven, amidst all the cares and distractions of life. It is valuable, too, as exhibiting the power of simple holiness, and the mighty results which artless piety can ensure. Whilst intellect can, at best, but raise a man to a throne or a monument, pure religion can lift him to heaven. Hitherto the merit of holiness has not been fully recognised upon earth. Men do not call, neither do they think, it *greatness*. The time will doubtless come, though as yet it may be far distant, when the highest eminence will be accorded to the purest.

The time will come when the highest honours shall be accorded to saints on earth, though now looked down upon by sinners. There is truly a vast amount of interest, nay, of romantic greatness, in the position and pursuits of every true Christian, however humble he may appear in the estimation of the children of the

world. Thus in the subject of this memoir we see a man who, according to a conventional judgment, would be ranked with the lowly and obscure; yet he was the "friend of God." Without wealth or territory, he possessed a pearl of incomparable price, and had more treasure laid up in Heaven than any of the millionaires on earth. He left a name now remembered and cherished by a class only on earth; but a name which will never be forgotten by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of glorified spirits in eternity.

To the reader who *does* appreciate goodness more than what is popularly designated greatness, we would say, it is possible that you may imitate, equal, and even *excel* this man of God. You may be more pious than he was. You may serve Jehovah better than he did. You may pray more fervently, labour more zealously, and triumph more gloriously. Your faith may be stronger, your love purer, your services worthier. You may not have wealth, worldly influence, dignities, nor surpassing intellect, yet you may shine as a star in glory. Your journey is through a world of sin to the celestial land; you must force your way, step by step, through hosts of deadly antagonists, ranged under the black flag of that triple alliance—the world, the flesh, and the devil,—which has made such havoc with humanity, and swept off myriads of men into hopeless, endless ruin. Do you hesitate? Does your spirit quail? Are you ready to despair? Christ is your strength, your salvation, and it is through Him alone that we can conquer. Fight the good fight of faith,—and the crown of glory shall be yours for ever!

CHAPTER XXVII.

TESTIMONIES.

WHEN the foregoing memoir was commenced, many of Mr. Gainford's friends wished to contribute to the work, and numerous letters, testimonies as to character, accounts of special incidents which came under the immediate notice of the writers, etc., were received from all parts of the colonies. To publish them all would swell the volume beyond the proposed limits, but we have selected a few—a fair sample of the whole—for publication, in the form of a chapter of testimonies.

A church-member writes:—

"For many years it was my happy privilege to be intimately acquainted with my late pastor, the Rev. Thomas Gainford. I have watched him closely, and carefully studied his character. A more self-denying, earnest, and devoted man it would, indeed, be hard to find. He literally followed his Master's footsteps, and ever went about doing good both by day and night. Countless were the calls upon his time and means. Never was a deserving case slighted or turned away; but often did he allow his better judgment to be warped and overcome by his benevolent feelings; consequently he was victimised times out of

number by designing and fraudulent persons. He will be sadly missed by many of the poor in his parish, and by others who sought his counsel and advice in the time of trouble and distress.

"The congregation worshipping at the Mariners' Church has lost a faithful, zealous, and loving pastor, whose place it will indeed be difficult to fill. Many a time have I sat entranced while listening to his faithful discourses. A holy inspiration seemed to possess him, and his face appeared to be illuminated by a heavenly light, as he faithfully and fearlessly delivered the message of his Lord and Master. I have heard some of the most noted preachers in different parts of the world—men of pulpit fame, men who could preach powerful and eloquent sermons; but I *never* heard a man preach with such terrible and yet loving earnestness as did my late pastor, especially during his evening services. His constant theme was *salvation now*,—a full, free, and present salvation; and nothing short of that would satisfy the cravings of his soul. This would be the burden of his preaching week after week, month after month, and year after year; the same old subject, but never stale, ever new and always fresh. And no wonder; for he went straight from the throne of grace to his pulpit, his heart filled with love and fired with zeal, and his soul refreshed with the dews of the Holy Spirit. It was no unusual thing for him to preach a sermon of sixty-five minutes' duration, and afterwards hold a penitent prayer-meeting and be instrumental in leading many into liberty and peace. Many might think that so long a sermon would prove wearisome, but the rapt attention and breathless stillness with which a crowded congregation listened was ample and conclusive proof to the contrary. Frequently has the remark been passed, 'Is it possible he preached so long? Why, it seemed only like fifteen instead of sixty-five

minutes; I could have listened another hour.' He just seemed to live to preach, and he repeatedly expressed the wish that he might 'die in harness'—in fact, die in the pulpit and go straight from his work to his rest and reward. Would to God there were more like him!—men who would preach to save souls; for, most undoubtedly, that is, or should be, the chief aim and object of all preaching; men who would preach the Gospel in all its simplicity and purity, alike regardless of the frowns or smiles of the world; in fact, men who would preach to please God, and not man! If such preaching existed, in the measure it ought to, we should not see so many empty pews in our churches, and spiritual vitality would not be at such a low ebb."

Mr. B. Short, a deacon of the Ocean Street Congregational Church, contributes the following:—

"About twenty years ago my acquaintance with dear Brother Gainford began, when I was impressed with the thoroughness of his consecration to the Lord, and his wholeheartedness in surrendering body, soul, and spirit to the service of the Redeemer. It has been my privilege to come into close and intimate fellowship with him for the most part of the period that has intervened, and I unhesitatingly declare I never met with a Christian his equal. The early impressions formed of him have intensified with succeeding years, and led me to own the grace of Christ which was so abundantly manifested in him. His meat and drink was unmistakably to do the will of his Father in Heaven. He possessed for many years a strong and vigorous constitution; and would not, until the last two years of his life, be induced to take the least relaxation; remarking, when invited to do so, 'My health does not require it, and there is so much to be done. I shall have plenty of time to roam the fields of glory. I shall have a

grand holiday, if the Lord lay me aside by illness.' And literally it was so; for instead of the painful disease from which he so long suffered taking the sunshine out of him, his repeated expression was, 'I am running over; the Lord so abundantly reveals Himself to me, and sends His word with such precious force to my soul.' Truly he gloried in tribulation also, counting it joy to be so blessed in his time of trial.

"Having been for several years a deacon of the church over which he presided, I can testify to his unceasing labours, in season and out of season. He truly watched for souls as one who should give an account. Probably thousands have been led to Christ through his instrumentality. He did not wait for people to come to church before he visited them, but if they did not attend he went after them; and many careless ones, who, previously, entirely neglected the sanctuary, were aroused to repentance and faith in Christ, and became consistent Christians, and members of the Church. He had clear insight into two books—God's Word and Human Nature,—and well did he use his knowledge of both for the glory of God and the conversion of souls. When visiting one who had, in former days, been a sailor, he would be sure to ask 'if he belonged to the ship's company, and had he signed articles?' I well remember one case in which this home-thrust was the means of arousing a careless one who had not attended church for years. Another instance which came under my notice was that of a retired sea-captain whom Mr. Gainford called one evening to visit. In course of conversation he learnt that the captain did not possess a Bible. 'What, captain,' exclaimed Mr. Gainford, 'no chart in the cabin?' Before another visit was paid the captain owned a Bible, for, said he, 'He shall not find me without a chart in my cabin again.'

"His knowledge of how to deal with difficult cases was wonderful; the only explanation being that the secret of the Lord was with him. He delighted in the Lord Who gave him the desire of his heart in being a soul-winner indeed. His usual plan was to tell how the Lord guided him in dealing with one whose case was similar to that of the individual he was addressing; and to my knowledge, even when the narrative was not personally applied, many have been refreshed, warned, comforted, and not a few saved. When visiting, his first question on entering the house was, 'Well, how are you getting on?' and the friendly grasp of the hand was retained until the answer came; no answer satisfied him except that which testified to an onward experience. His loving fidelity endeared him to every member of the church over which he presided. I remember shortly after I became acquainted with Mr. Gainford I was delivering an address at his week-night service in Newcastle, and having expressed my love for him to the little band of Christians who composed the meeting, I said, 'If my short acquaintance has endeared your pastor to me, I am sure you who have known him so long must love him very much more.' One of the audience immediately responded, in an audible and emphatic voice, 'We do, sir!'

"Indeed, it was impossible for a Christian who desired conformity to the mind and spirit of Jesus not to love Mr. Gainford, in proportion as he was known to him. During the years of his pastorate at the Ocean Street Congregational Church, the love of the Spirit which was so much enjoyed by the pastor was in a large measure experienced by the members. If the faithful inquiry before mentioned elicited the reply that some unkind word had been spoken or deed done by another Church-member, and the complaint were followed up by the not uncommon

phrase, 'I would not have cared so much had I been guilty, and deserved it,'—he would at once say, 'Stop! stop! my friend, what need you care if you are not guilty and do not deserve it? There must be something wrong with you, or you would not talk like that. Your parlour-carpet looks very nice and clean; but take it up and shake it, and you will see the dust fly. Just so with you. "For what glory is it if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye take it patiently? but if when ye do well and suffer for it ye take it patiently, this is acceptable unto God."' After prayer he would immediately visit the offending brother or sister, and a similar scene would occur, but always resulting in a complete reconciliation, so that no root of bitterness was ever known in the church, the beginning of discord being thus early and lovingly removed.

"Mr. Gainford's sermons were characterised by extreme simplicity and most faithful dealing. He became distressed if unconverted persons remained so any length of time under his ministry. He sought suitable opportunities for personal entreaty as a supplement to the clearest unfolding of the guilt of unbelief, and the doom that awaited the finally impenitent. Every utterance was aimed at the conscience. There was no preaching over the people's heads, but every sermon was an appeal to their hearts; not only by the threatenings of God's word, but by the most loving and affectionate entreaties, constrained by the love of God to every sinner, willing to forsake his sins and accept of salvation by faith, and the assurance of acceptance there and then. His services were followed by invitations to anxious ones to remain behind for conversation; and under the influence of the Holy Spirit many were led to accept, first, the invitation to remain for conversation, and then, God's invitation to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Our pastor was wonderfully gifted in

looking after the wounded ones, discovering them, and leading them straight to Calvary, after making the way of salvation plain, and they had expressed a willingness to yield to the Lord Jesus body, soul, and spirit. When leading anxious ones into liberty he would induce them to follow him in prayer; he would take his—the sinner's—place, and confess guilt before God; and, when faith in Jesus was expressed by the pastor, it is not too much to say that many hundreds at that solemn moment passed from death unto life. And surely our brother was warranted in thus dealing with penitents, not only by the wonderful results which attended his efforts, but because our Saviour Himself used the sacred bond of marriage to illustrate the union of the believing sinner and God; and while few know the words to be repeated after the minister when the earthly union is made, the relationship is nevertheless entered into, because of the purpose of both bride and bridegroom. So with the heavenly bridegroom who woos the sinner, and has ever been willing and waiting to complete the union, and when the hesitating one has at length been led to say, 'Nay, but I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more, I sink, by dying love compelled to own Thee conqueror.' I take Thee to be my own precious Saviour—

"Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come,"

surely then Jesus and the sinner are one! It is not the words repeated, but the purpose of the soul, receiving Christ and surrendering to Him, living or dying to be the Lord's, that is pleasing in His sight.

"Oh to catch somewhat of the same spirit that energised and made Thomas Gainford strong in the strength which God supplies, through His beloved Son!

"He has ceased from his labours, and is for ever with the Lord; amen, so let it be; but his works do follow him! To God be all the glory, both now and for ever. Amen."

The REV. DR. JEFFERIS says :—

"I had conceived a very high opinion of him, and my regret is that our paths did not oftener cross, that we might have shared one another's thought and counsel. Save for one or two brief conversations we did not meet, but I well remember the impression then created and the life lesson borne in upon my soul as a Christian and a minister. He seemed to me so grandly unselfish, and so intensely devoted to the work his Lord had given him to do. In my heart and in the hearts of many his memory will be fragrant. May our Lord Christ raise up a worthy successor! Few are fitted for the arduous and self-denying service required."

"To Mrs. Gainford and family, with Christian love and sympathy :—

In Memoriam.

"THOMAS GAINFORD,

"THE SAILOR'S FRIEND, BROTHER, AND PASTOR.

" Rest, brother, rest !
No more by pain oppressed ;
The fight is o'er, the victory won,
Through faith in God's beloved Son—
Rest, brother, rest !

" Rest, brother, rest !
Across life's stormy sea

Thy sails are furled, thy anchor's cast,
Secure within the veil at last
Christ welcomes thee.

" Rest, brother, rest !
Thy midnight watch is done,
No earth-born storm can break thy rest,
In Christ thou art secure and blest
Till He shall come.

" Rest, brother, rest !
No doubt can e'er arise
In mind of wife, or child, or friend,
Thy Saviour kept thee to the end.
Thine is the prize.

" Rest, brother, rest !
From all thy toil of love ;
Thy trumpet gave a certain sound,
Proclaiming grace to all around,
From heaven above.

" Rest, brother, rest !
For thee we cannot mourn,
Thy labours end in large reward,
Through merit of thy Saviour God,
Where He has gone.

" Rest, brother, rest !
In spirit we rejoice
That thou art with the ransomed host,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thrice happy choice.

" Rest, brother, rest !
With all on yonder shore
Who by His grace thou once didst lead
In pastures green on Christ to feed,
Safe evermore.

“ Rest, brother, rest !
 No more to bear the cross—
 The scorn of those whose pride of heart
 Knew nothing of the better part,
 Thy gain their loss.

“ Rest, brother, rest !
 No more to sorrow for
 Lost souls who turn aside from grace,
 To wander on in folly's race ;
 Thy grief is o'er.

“ Rest, brother, rest !
 On heaven's eternal shore,
 Until this day of grace shall end,
 And Christ in glory shall descend,
 And death is o'er.

“ Rest, brother, rest !
 Until the Archangel's voice,
 The mighty shout and trumpet-call,
 Raising the dead, and changing all,
 Shall say, Rejoice !

“ J. G. C.
 “ *March* 1884.”

The Rev. Joseph Barnier, when referring to the death of Mr. Gainford, said :—

“ I held him in very high esteem, and took it as no small compliment when he would invite me to his social gatherings to address those accustomed to his stirring appeals. I was always impressed with the singular honesty and general simplicity of his character. He was one on whom you could rely ; a good mate in an hour of danger, I should think. He seemed to me emphatically a godly man. The Lord Jesus Christ was to him a real Saviour, Master, and Friend ; and his fidelity to Him made him kind and true to his fellow-men. He had a genuine love for souls ; and

this made him large-hearted and liberal in all his views of men and things. He did not keep his unsectarianism for platforms, but lived it. I never knew to which of the denominations he belonged. He was too zealous for Christ, and too careless about smaller things, ever to become a partisan. In his deadly hatred to the cursed drink traffic I rejoiced with the fellow-feeling of a brother ; yet I could not but notice his charity when the wretched traders themselves were spoken of. I thought he almost erred in this respect, as nothing can be too harsh which truly describes those ‘ artists in human slaughter.’ When he died I felt that the Church of God in Sydney was much the poorer by his removal, and that I had lost a friend.”

Mr. John Shorter, while referring to the proposed memoir of Mr. Gainford, says :—

“ It will be precious to many ‘ who go down to the sea in ships ;’ for, long before I visited Sydney, I heard from sailor lads of him. They always said, ‘ He talked just like a father to me ;’ and when in the East, I was not surprised to hear again from weather-beaten tars of the ‘ good times’ they had with ‘ Father Gainford’ of Sydney. I well remember when I landed in Port Jackson, a friend of mine had a letter of introduction to him ; and when we called with it, how kindly, and yet honestly, he alike cheered and warned us of the good things and bad things in Sydney life.”

In a letter of condolence sent to Mrs. Gainford by the Committee of the Sydney Bethel Union, and signed by Mr. William Neill, J.P., chairman, the following occurs :—

“ They would bear testimony to his untiring efforts for

the moral and spiritual good of seamen visiting this port ; to his success in raising the Bethel services from a languishing state to a condition of great prosperity ; to his zeal and self-denial to benefit the poor and neglected in the immediate vicinity of the Mariners' Church ; to his devotion to the temperance cause, and to the faithful manner in which all the duties of his office were discharged for a period of fourteen years. The improvements made in the church since he undertook the work, and the love and esteem of all who knew him, are the best testimonies to his worth. We trust that in your great sorrow you may be comforted by the thought of what he was, what he was able to do, and that the Gospel of Christ he so much delighted to preach may be your strength and joy."

Mr. John Dart, one of Mr. Gainford's spiritual children, writes :—

"I mourn the loss of a father ; for Mr. Gainford was, spiritually, my father. It was through him that early in life I gave my heart to God. How happy I have been, and am, through Jesus' love ! He has kept my feet from falling, and has enabled me to witness for Him. We sorrow not as those without hope. Though we weep, our tears are not rebellious. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord. No Christian minister can ever take Mr. Gainford's place in my affections. I loved him dearly, and often spoke of him ; and now that he is gone I shall revere his memory and pray that God may raise up many like him. How many will mourn his loss in Newcastle, in Sydney, and over the wide world ! He is now with Jesus ; he has passed through the valley of the shadow of death ; he has triumphantly exclaimed, 'O grave, where is thy victory ; O death, where is thy sting ?' He has fought the good

fight, he has finished his course, and has laid hold on eternal life."

Mr. M. H. Bowmaker, City Missionary, says :—

"My acquaintance with Mr. Gainford began some twenty years ago ; and I well remember the occasion, as well as the few words he addressed to me. It was at a cottage prayer-meeting on Surry Hills, Sydney. I had just prayed, when he placed his hand upon my shoulder saying, 'My brother, don't burn shavings, remember that. Get some coal or good iron-bark.' I wondered what he meant, but did not like to ask. A few years later we met again, while he was on a visit to Sydney from Newcastle, where he was minister. 'Brother Gainford,' said I, 'as you have not sent me any coal from Newcastle, I have burned iron-bark.' Grasping my hand he replied, 'God bless you, Brother Bowmaker, I knew you had the fire, and the fire must have suitable fuel, or it will only make a flare with little or no heat.' I understood him then, and thanked him."

Mr. C. A. Hewlett, for some years a deacon of the Mariners' Church, writes :—

"No one had a greater respect for Mr. Gainford than I ; having had opportunity for several years of knowing him intimately, and being associated with him in the work of the Mariners' Church ; listening to him from Sunday to Sunday, and meeting him from time to time in his own home. I thought him one of the most earnest, loving workers for the glory of his great Master and everlasting welfare of his fellow-creatures, that I ever met with. His one constant, anxious thought appeared to be, how best to lead those with whom he came into contact into the right path. In the pulpit he was always very earnest and

anxious to drive home his words to the hearts of the hearers. Many a time, as he strove to apply his subject, do I remember seeing the tears in his eyes, caused by his deep feeling of the great importance of his subject, and his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of the congregation. He was particularly good as a preacher to sailors. I hardly think it would be possible to find a minister in the colonies who could compare, even in a small degree, with him in that respect. His correct knowledge of all that belonged to ships and the navigation of them made it easy for him to use expressions strictly nautically correct, and that carried his meaning with force to seafaring men. I have heard clergymen, while addressing sailors, try to introduce nautical phrases, and make great mistakes in them. Not so with Mr. Gainford. One remark of his comes to my mind at this moment. We were at sacrament, and he was explaining to some Christian seamen the use of the ordinance, and while remarking that it was not essential to salvation he said, 'It is not a bock stay, but is very good chafing-gear,' an illustration readily understood by each of them. I recollect when it was my privilege to conduct the Bible class for sailors and others, how anxious he was about it, and how delighted he was to see it grow so large and appear to be the means of doing so much good to those who attended. When I first joined it we had an attendance of about six. As it grew he watched it with care, and seeing that it would be beneficial to it to have a separate room in which to meet, he had one built and comfortably furnished. At this time we had an average attendance of from twenty-five to thirty. One thing worthy of notice was the great hold he seemed to get of the sailors; and their great affection for him. Invariably they would speak of him in the most kindly and affectionate manner. I have received letters from different parts of the world, written

by sailors who attended the Bible class, in which they spoke of him in most loving terms. If I remember rightly some of them referred to him as 'Father Gainford.' Many are the sailors who when leaving Port Jackson have had great cause to thank their Heavenly Father that they had come into contact with the good minister of the Bethel Church; for they were first made total abstainers, and then led to look for guidance and comfort to the true and lasting source in heaven."

Mr. H. J. Foreman, of Barrington, at one time a seaman attending the Bethel, while referring to the memoir, says:—

"As a memento of one whose intense earnestness and broad Christian charity won the lasting esteem and veneration of all who were privileged to know him, it will be invaluable; and, although in such a work it will be impossible to do full justice to the untiring zeal and devoted life of Mr. Gainford, it will still be cherished by many who, like myself, desire to 'keep his memory green.' He was intensely sympathetic and generous; and though his generosity was frequently imposed upon, none who were really deserving ever appealed to him in vain. I think I never met with one who could so fearlessly and effectively denounce all forms of vice. His keen insight into human nature, coupled with a knowledge of phrenology, often enabled him to detect and unmask hypocrisy. He was a truly noble man, and nobly carried out the work allotted to him."

The following verses were composed and dedicated to the Rev. Thomas Gainford by Mr. Alfred Allen, of Waverley.

“TO THE REV. THOMAS GAINFORD.

“FEBRUARY 17TH, 1879.

“How many years of anxious toil and care
Have passed and glided down Time’s restless stream;
How many years thy life of work and prayer
Has been to darkened ways the Bethel beam!

“Thy lamp has shone across the waves by night,
And mariners upon life’s surging foam
Have seen the gleam, and gloried in the light
Which led them through the tempest safely home.

“If but one soul has reached yon far-off port—
Been saved from wreck upon the rugged coast;
If but one life is safe beside the fort,
And anchored now amongst the ransomed host;

“If drooping hearts, o’ercome by cankering grief,
And loveless lives, have by thy lips been moved;
If thou hast given to troubled souls relief,
And shown by whom the guilty stand approved,—

“Then princes well may envy thy reward,
Their crowns before thy gem-set crown shall wane;
The ‘Come, thou blessed,’ spoken by the Lord,
Shall be to thee beyond all earthly gain.

“For what are all the empty honours here?
They surely fade as all things fade below;
They sparkle for a time, then disappear,
But there each honour wears immortal glow.

“We would not raise the curtain of the past,
The many years of service now are sealed;
Among the varied forms their mould is cast,
To wait the hour when all shall be revealed.

“’Tis not for us to know, O Lord, how long
Our sojourn here together may be spent;
We simply know, from Thee to us no wrong
Can come, no dark or unforeseen event.

“O God of Bethel, guide our brother’s feet
To those green pastures where rich herbage grows;
Oh! lead him where Thy heavenly graces meet,
And by the banks where living water flows.

“Give him the power—the tongue of fire to teach
The tempest-tost of every clime and clan;
With holy longings fill his heart to preach,
A Saviour’s love for every sin-wrecked man.

“Thus bless him now, O Father, Lord of all,
And hearken to our feeble song and prayer,
While in one name we trustly on Thee call,
And now commit him to Thy watchful care.”

Mr. R. W. Johnstone, of the Bethel, Melbourne,
says:—

“Well do I remember dear Mr. Gainford’s parting words to me, when I was saying good-bye to him, on my last visit to Sydney. We had been talking of Christian work and usefulness, when he remarked, ‘There are two things which are essential before God can use any one in His service, in the conversion of souls, or the building up of His people. First, they must be clean, as the Apostle Paul writes to Timothy in the second Epistle, second chapter, and twenty-first verse. We do not like using dirty dishes and plates ourselves, and the Master will not use us, if we are not clean. Then the second thing necessary is, to be wholly consecrated, living sacrifices to Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us; as set forth in the twelfth chapter of Romans. If these two conditions are complied with, nothing can prevent good being done.’”

The Rev. Andrew Gardiner, M.A., of the Glebe,
Sydney, writes:—

“Nearly eleven years ago, on my way out to the colony

in the good ship *Nineveh*, my attention was directed to the work of Mr. Gainford, in Sydney, by one or two of the sailors on board. They spoke of him in terms of warm regard, and looked forward with pleasure to the opportunity of renewing their intercourse with him, which their stay in Sydney would afford. During the first week of my residence in Sydney, visiting the *Nineveh* one afternoon and talking with the captain, my attention was directed to an elderly gentleman with an honest open face, and cheery, hearty manner, who was addressing one and another of the sailors on board. It was Mr. Gainford. The captain brought us together, and from that we were friends. I had many opportunities of meeting him during the years that followed, and of judging of the work of the 'Sailors' Friend' in the port of Sydney; and I can hardly find words to express my appreciation of both. Mr. Gainford was peculiarly suited to discharge the duties of the position in which, in the good providence of God, he was placed. The character and manner of the man at once influenced all who came near him. Frank and outspoken, kindly and sympathetic, upright and high-principled, he won the hearts of the sailors, and exerted over them a real power for good. He was always at work, and wherever he went he carried the Gospel with him. One could hardly meet him for a few moments without feeling that he was in the presence of a minister of Christ, and without being the better for the interview. I have the utmost confidence in bearing this high testimony to the character and worth of my departed friend and brother, Thomas Gainford."

Mrs. M. A. Moore, late of the Ocean Street Church, refers to Mr. Gainford as follows:—

"Even now we can scarcely realise that he has gone.

Our loss, and that of the whole community, appears irrecoverable. Oh! how many hundreds of the poor in spirit, in Sydney and its suburbs, will miss the comforter and counsellor they found in him! The poor sailors, too, how they will miss his kindly smile and cheery words; and feel, as we do, that his place cannot be filled. Few men are there who have devoted themselves to the interests of seamen as he has done; his heart was so thoroughly with them. They must have appreciated him. There are thousands of sailors who can testify how large-hearted and zealous a Christian he was, but they do not know as I do how truly self-sacrificing he was on their account. I can well remember the time, though it is some fourteen years ago, when he accepted the pastorate of the Bethel, and gave up a good income from the Ocean Street Church, at Woollahra, for one not half so large. I can remember also how selfish we all were, and tried every means to dissuade him from leaving us, saying the income from the Mariners' Church would not keep his family in bread and butter. Nor can I ever forget his trustful, earnest words and glowing countenance when he answered, 'God will provide.' We were all in tears that day at the thought of losing our beloved pastor, and quite inconsolable when, in the midst of our trouble, Mr. Gainford called—just as he always seemed to do when he was most wanted. He smiled, and said in his usual gentle manner, 'Why grudge the poor sailors a friend who will teach them to follow Christ? You already know the way, but they have few to help them on that road. I would not leave my charge here, but God directs me to more important work amongst the seamen. You know it is from no mercenary motive I go; and who is more fitted for the work than one who has been so much among sailors? Can I not draft a ship, build her, and then sail her round the world? I know the

requirements and peculiarities of seamen, can talk to them in their own phraseology, and know their honest, simple natures, and weaknesses also ; and when I remember that so many of these poor fellows have never heard the story of Christ, I feel the hand of God points me in that direction, and you know, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick ;" and as Christ came into the world, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, so I, as His ambassador, must do His work, and while He gives me strength will walk amongst the sailors ; at least, will try ; and if, after a few months, you will point out, and prove to me, there has been no good result from my labours, and that I am not in my right place, I shall give it up, and return to my church here.' Against this there was no appeal ; and we well knew what his great abilities and earnestness of purpose were capable of accomplishing ; and how he has fulfilled those predictions the thousands of sailors who visit Port Jackson can testify. Nor did he confine his labours alone to sailors. His extensive knowledge of medicine made him a most acceptable visitor to the sick. I have often heard of him going, even at midnight, on errands of mercy to the sick poor, not only to pray with and for them, but to do what he could to relieve their bodily suffering. I have known him even to make with his own hands poultices, and apply them to soothe the pain ! He never seemed to spare himself ; and if any one remarked his look of fatigue at such times, he would reply in his usual cheery tone, 'Well, you know, it is far better to wear out than rust out.' Never have I heard of any of our highly paid medical practitioners doing such acts of kindness for the sick as Mr. Gainford was accustomed to perform, without fee or reward, except from his Heavenly Father. Yes, he was indeed a truly large-hearted Christian, and thoroughly catholic in all his acts of goodness. I

once heard a woman, who was a Roman Catholic, say with evident gratitude that, had it not been for Mr. Gainford's kindness, she could never have recovered from her severe illness. Hundreds of similar cases could be cited, and numbers have reason to thank him for his many noble and generous acts of kindness in their sick-rooms. His entire forgetfulness of self, gentle manners, and Christian words endeared him to all who had the happiness and privilege of his visits. And no one has more reason to say this than I, whose memory of all the kindness received at his hands can never be effaced. Often late at night he was met hastening from one sick call to another ; and when, perchance, he was accosted by a friend and asked, 'Why out so late ?' he would reply in his earnest tones, 'I am about my Master's business.' Truly he did that well, for he never left a house without praying with the inmates, and always strongly urged them to establish and maintain their 'family altar.' He was intensely sympathetic ; few men more so. How many went to him with their troubles, both domestic and business ; and none ever left him without being soothed and comforted. He was my ideal of a 'Father Confessor ;' and to exemplify what I mean will relate one of the many cases which came under my notice of giving counsel to those sorrowing wives who sought his advice. There came to live in our neighbourhood a lady with a large family, who occupied a poor little cottage. They were in very reduced circumstances in consequence of the husband's gambling and dissipated habits. He had gone through his wife's fortune, and become burdened with debt, so that the children had very little food at times. The husband occasionally earned a trifle by teaching, but it was soon squandered. Many a day did the poor wife hurry past our house with her grief-stricken face bedewed with tears, and we knew she had gone to seek Mr. Gain-

ford in his 'study,' and there pour out her sorrows to his sympathetic ear. He would pray with her, and endeavour to console and comfort her, advising her silently and patiently to bear her heavy burden. Then she would return home soothed, and able to work for her children all day. She often said, 'But for Mr. Gainford I could not live on in this wretchedness.' A few months afterwards she was found in a dying state, her infant by her side, with no help near. Her husband did not return home till three or four o'clock in the morning as a rule, but this time he was still later, and when he came she was dead. Weeks afterwards Mr. Gainford met the widower, who was full of sorrow and tears at the loss of his *dear* wife, and did not spare the hypocrite, there being now no longer need to keep the wife's secret as confidence. Mr. Gainford attacked him, fiercely upbraiding him with his neglect and cruelty to the departed one, in such indignant language as only such a manly man and Christian gentleman could have used. The hypocritical widower quailed, shivered, and slunk away. How few ministers would have had the courage or have been so honest as to have done the same! Mr. Gainford, as a Christian minister, never allowed any selfish or personal consideration to interfere with his zeal. How well I remember that dreadful time, and often picture to myself the harrowing scenes he passed through while visiting in their condemned cells the two murderers, Nichols and Lester. How his heart was wrung with grief for their dreadful crimes; and how earnestly he prayed for their conversion; and what joy he evinced at the full assurance that his prayers were answered at the last! Yes, he did his Master's business well; and who that knew him can doubt that he is now enjoying the reward of his labours, and is one of the *chosen* in his Father's kingdom?"

The following verses were composed by the writer of the above, and dedicated to Mr. Gainford whilst he was minister at Ocean Street Church:—

“A TRIBUTE OF LOVE

“TO THE REV. THOMAS GAINFORD, BY A MEMBER
OF HIS CHURCH.

- “ We have a shepherd in our cote,
So loved by every sheep,
That when he roams to fields remote,
We turn aside and weep.
- “ We have a pastor in our church,
Who shows the path where Jesus died;
Who tells us how to seek and search,
Why He for us was crucified!
- “ He's such a friend to all our flock:
A guide, a father—kind and true;
Who loves to point the Christian's rock,
And gently leads us thither too.
- “ He is physician, friend, and pastor,
Domestic counsel, shepherd, all!
He leads us to the greenest pasture,
Where living waters gently fall.
- “ We have a shepherd in our cote,
His name is dear to every one;
No sheep that had the darkest spot,
But he has cleansed, and turned, and won.
- “ We to the bleeding Lamb so slain,
Have often prayers and praises poured,
That He so kindly sent us GAIN,
To help us o'er the slippery FORD.”

The Rev. Samuel Ella says :—

“I marked attentively some traits in his character, and bless God for what I saw. He was with us at Petersham during some revival services, about three years ago, and was the means of bringing many souls to Christ.”

“THE MEMBERS OF THE PETERSHAM CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH TO THE REV. THOMAS GAINFORD,
GREETING.

“DEAR BROTHER,—We desire with deep gratitude to Almighty God to recognise the usefulness of your labours in connection with the mission services held in the church in the month of September. It will be as gratifying to you as to us to know that your labours were not in vain in the Lord, but that a rich blessing was enjoyed by many souls; numbers of the disciples of Christ were edified and revived; many of the halting were brought to decision; and sinners were converted unto God. To Him we ascribe all the praise through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“Given at a Church Meeting held on the 3rd November, 1880, and signed by order and on behalf of the church.

“SAMUEL SAVAGE.

“*Pastor.*”

Referring to the above, the Rev. Samuel Savage writes :—

“At the special request of the members of my church the Rev. Thomas Gainford undertook to assist in conducting an eight days' mission. He commenced on Sunday morning, 12th September, 1880, by preaching to the members of the church, and in the evening addressed himself especially to the unconverted, producing an evident shaking among the

‘dry bones.’ On the following evenings, from Monday to Friday, he was with us, and not only conducted the meetings, but visited at their houses those who were impressed at the previous services, going in and out amongst the people with indefatigable zeal. He appeared to throw his whole soul into the work, and rejoiced over those who were brought in, as one who had found great spoil. The Lord blessed him in his work abundantly. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather—it was very wet during the whole week—large numbers attended the services, and many souls were added to the Lord. Strangers came from all parts of the city and suburbs, and carried blessings back with them to their homes; adherents of all denominations were there, and many found the Saviour, and went and joined themselves to their own churches. A large number of letters I have in my possession bear testimony to the widespread benefit conferred. The immediate result made apparent to us was that many were added to the fellowship, and ever since, up to the last few months, we have found in the applicants for church-membership the fruits of the mission. Again and again during the last four years I have received, in answer to the question, ‘When did you first receive your religious impressions?’ the reply, ‘At Mr. Gainford’s mission.’ It would be impossible to tell the amount of good accomplished by those special services. The last time I visited Mr. Gainford—a day or two before his departure for the better land—I had the pleasure of telling him that an applicant for church-membership on the previous evening ascribed her first awakening to his services at the mission. As a church we have had every reason to bless God for the help he rendered us at that time. Many of our most diligent and faithful workers date their awakening or their conversion to the time when he was exercising amongst us that spiritual power which

he possessed in so remarkable a degree. How we should have rejoiced if he could have been with us again! But the great Head of the Church ordained it otherwise, and raised him to a throne and a crown. He now rests from his labours, and truly his works do follow him."

The Rev. Thomas Pepper bears the following testimony:—

"He has lived and worked so as to be missed. His untiring energy, and unfailing earnestness and singleness of purpose, ever made a deep impression on all who witnessed his ministry. I shall never forget the many acts of kindness he showed to me as his successor at Newcastle. In the first year of my ministry there his knowledge of the people often enabled him to give much valuable information and advice; and it was always willingly rendered. He has gone to a blessed and eternal reward. His last days were painful ones, but he was upheld by the Saviour he loved so well. I have rarely met a man with more unclouded faith, and I believe it was due to the fact that he lived much in the Master's presence. He believed in the preciousness of private prayer."

The Rev. A. Burdett says:—

"As to the many friends who, under God, owe their salvation to the labours of Mr. Gainford, they are living letters of commendation. . . . His great power over the hearts of his hearers was derived from the fulness of the Holy Spirit which dwelt in him, and constrained men to feel he was a real ambassador *from* Jesus Christ to *them*."

The Rev. G. G. Howden, as Hon. Secretary of the

Sydney Congregational Ministers' Fraternal Association, writes to Mrs. Gainford as follows:—

"Yesterday we held our first meeting since the death of your dear husband, and I was at once and unanimously requested to convey to you the heartfelt sympathy of the brethren in your recent bereavement, and to express their full appreciation of the value of Mr. Gainford's earnest labours in his past work.

"Mr. Gainford joined the Association in September 1867, and was for many years a valuable member. He withdrew, I believe, on joining the Seamen's Mission, preferring, as the work was undenominational, not to be associated with a society of a purely denominational character.

"How zealously, faithfully, and ably he worked for many years in connection with this mission we all heartily recognise, and praise God that he was spared for so long, and to do so much. Would that all who put on the harness to work for the Divine Master were as sure as Mr. Gainford of the promised 'Well done!'"

The Rev. A. W. Murray says:—

"He was a man of great singleness of purpose, thoroughly devoted to the work in which he was engaged, full of zeal for the good of man and the glory of God. . . . Few men have laboured more zealously, faithfully, and successfully than he. I suppose the truth is, he laboured beyond his strength, and that his life and work might have been prolonged, had he been somewhat more sparing of himself. It is not for us to say, however, that he did wrong. He did his work nobly and well; and God honoured and blessed him in it; and now, no doubt, he has met the Master's approval, and been welcomed to the reward of the faithful servant."

The Rev. Dr. Roseby, of Dunedin, says :—

“My earliest recollections of Mr. Gainford go back to my own boyhood. I remember well, as a lad of eight or nine years of age, being deeply and strongly impressed by his fervid eloquence. It is curious, sometimes, how a single phrase will ‘strike and stick,’ so that it is still a living thing after the lapse of half a lifetime. Such an expression I often now recall. It was on the occasion of a temperance address given by Mr. Gainford in the old mission chapel, on the corner of Liverpool and Sussex Streets, Sydney, in which he spoke of the possibility of the humblest aspiring and attaining to knowledge, citing as an instance the case of one whom he knew, one who could discourse of learning and philosophy (but here my memory falters, the specific topics I have lost); and all this acquired by one ‘in a smock frock and an old pair of shoes.’ Of the verbal accuracy of that final phrase I am confident, yet I could hardly have been more than eight when I heard it for the first and only time! I think the lasting memory of that address in the mind of a mere child a striking tribute to Mr. Gainford’s power as a speaker.

“It was, of course, the native eloquence of one who was ‘not made but born’ an orator.

“I well remember, in those early days, how, in company with others whose ‘spirits were stirred within them’ at the condition of the low and abandoned quarters of ‘old Sydney,’ he used to take part in outdoor services. The meetings of that character of which I have the best recollections were temperance meetings. At some of these I know he came in for some rather rough handling; but there was a pleasant good humour about him that gained upon his adversaries, and disarmed their enmity.

“Seamen trading between Dunedin and Sydney with whom I have occasionally met, and who constantly attended

Mr. Gainford’s ministry during their stay in Sydney, have spoken to me in the warmest terms of his kindness, and—as all who ever heard him do—of his stirring and impressive eloquence.”

From the *Evening News*, March 8th, 1884 :—

“Last Wednesday morning, at his residence, Bethel House, the Rev. Thomas Gainford died, after a long and painful illness. . . . It was at Newcastle he found scope for his rare gifts as platform-speaker and temperance advocate. He became the leading spirit in every social reform, and drew to his side a band of brave workers, inspired by his self-denying and disinterested labours. Eventually he was compelled to relinquish his calling at Stockton, and became the pastor of the Congregational Church at Newcastle. His whole time was then at his disposal, and he was enabled to follow the bent of his ardent wishes—to go about doing good. For seven years with remarkable success he served in his new capacity as a pastor; he then accepted the ‘call’ of the Ocean Street Congregational Church, Woollahra, which position he filled for three years. His last charge was the care of the Mariners’ (undenominational) Church—the Bethel Union,—where for thirteen years he has been the sailor’s friend, a spiritual help and beacon to the weary mariner. He was a man remarkably fitted for this position, and had received a training for this peculiar work in the varied schools of human experience through which it had been his lot to pass. He knew the sailors’ infirmities; he was a man of like passions, so he knew how to minister to their wants; in him captains and seamen found a man after their own heart. There was nothing pedantic, nothing assumed, nothing unreal; he spoke as a man to men. Mr. Gainford belonged to what is termed the ‘Evangelical

School' of preachers; he believed in the old paths—no doubt he believed them to be the best,—he was fixed in his opinions, and had not much sympathy for 'advanced views;' but he was tolerant, his sermons were practical and full of illustration, his chief characteristic being earnestness; he compelled his hearers to feel. He testified to those things he himself had seen and felt. . . . In the days of his strength Mr. Gainford was a powerful platform speaker; the platform was his forte. He had a good voice, clear and musical, with a fine manly appearance, good matter, and with his other excellent qualities he was a host in himself. Twenty years ago his name was quite sufficient to fill our best halls. There are many men amongst us who have received much of their inspiration as speakers from the Rev. Thomas Gainford."

From the *Weekly Advocate*, March 15th, 1884.

"By the death of the Rev. Thomas Gainford, of the Sydney Bethel Union and Mariners' Church, the city has lost a devoted and successful minister, and the seamen visiting our port a true and earnest friend. He was a self-made man, possessing a vigorous constitution, strong common-sense, and a large amount of tact in dealing with men. He was also a genuine Christian, and a practical philanthropist; many a fallen one has been lifted up, and many lost ones have been saved by his tireless, living, and faithful work amongst the seamen and others. His death, humanly speaking, was premature, and was caused by blood-poisoning. From our low standpoint we are disposed to say we cannot spare such men. But the Lord, his Master and ours, knows what is best, and has removed him to the higher ministry and perfect life in heaven. . . . Under Mr. Gainford's care the Bethel has been the centre of a number of benevolent activities, especially devised with

a view to meeting the views of the seafaring classes, and comprehending in their scope the population in the immediate neighbourhood of the quay. Methodical in his habits, devoted to his work, and ever kindly in his manner, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Gainford got through a lot of work, and enlisted the cordial affection of those for whose good he laboured. He bore a long and painful illness with exemplary patience, died in great peace, and was borne to his grave amid the tears of a multitude of sorrowing friends. He was a man greatly beloved, and his works follow him."

A lady-member of the Newcastle Church writes:—

"He has not lived in vain. He led me into the peace I had long sought. His interview with me that led to my decision I cannot forget, and must ever thank God that Mr. Gainford came to my help. I had sought long; but not until he made me read and understand the ninth and tenth verses of the tenth chapter of Romans, could I realise forgiveness of my sins. The simplicity of the plan of salvation then dawned upon my mind, and with a grateful heart I have tried ever since to be His obedient child, often erring and suffering, but truly happy in the knowledge that He is mine and I am His—rooted and grounded. His ministry was successful; being fully convinced himself he was able to convince others. He neglected no opportunity of being about his Master's business. The last time I saw him he was passing away—'going to his Father's house,' he said. He sent his Christian love to all the old members with a message that they were to meet him in heaven."

The Rev. S. C. Kent says:—

"I cannot recall the occasion of our first meeting, but I

think it was very soon after he took charge of the Congregational Church at Newcastle, where he laboured so zealously and successfully, speedily filling and repeatedly enlarging the place of worship, which before his time had been almost empty. In the parsonage there I was several times his guest, and often had the privilege of welcoming him to my own home in Newtown. No one could know him, even a little, without being impressed with the sincerity, reality, and fervour of his piety. In early life, I imagine, he had been connected with the Wesleyans, and was as enthusiastic as the most zealous Methodist I ever knew. He was an admirer of Caughey, whose letters he frequently quoted, and whose methods of working he greatly approved.

"If I mistake not, he had been at some time past in his life a sailor, and certainly understood seamen and their ways, and knew how to influence them for good better than any man with whom I have come in contact. I remember being not a little astonished and pleased at seeing, on the first Sunday morning I spent at the parsonage, as I stood on the verandah and looked down towards the harbour, one ship's company after another, headed by the captain, climbing up the hill, in single file (never walking two abreast) towards his church. His childlike simplicity, beautiful transparency, and unquestionable integrity, gave him a power with both masters and men, so that they trusted him as children trust a parent, and even in their secular affairs sought and followed his advice and gladly submitted to his arbitration. It was what I saw of his power over seafaring men at Newcastle that induced me to urge, when the first vacancy occurred in connection with the Mariners' Church in Sydney, that he should accept the chaplaincy, and I was not a little disappointed and vexed when he resolved instead to remove to

Woollahra. However, in due course, he ultimately found himself in the position for which I believed him to be peculiarly adapted, and which he filled so long and so well.

"As I left Sydney in December 1872, and only met him once for an hour or two some six years after, it is impossible for me to speak, from personal knowledge or observation, of the later years of his life. This, however, I may say, that I have never had, and never expect to have, a truer or better friend. We often differed in opinion, but always agreed to love one another. My pipe was not a little offence to him. He would gladly have put it out had he been able, but nevertheless, with the greatest good humour, he endured it. In spite of his apparent severity, his rigid total abstinence, and his definite theology, about which he was as infallible as the Pope, he was a most genial man, full of appreciative humour, and enjoyed, and sometimes told, a good story with ineffable fun. If solitude could be secured, we never met or parted without praying together, and I well remember while I was his guest how, after every meal, the Bible used to be produced, and a few verses having been read, we all knelt around the table while he poured out his heart to God Who was more present to him than any of us seemed to be.

"He was a diligent student and a careful and thorough reader of such books as he conceived would be helpful to him in the work in which he was engaged. Moreover, notwithstanding his natural fluency, which sometimes, in his impassioned moments, rose to true eloquence, he ordinarily gave at least a day to the preparation of every sermon he delivered, and seldom spoke in public without much premeditation. He was never satisfied with dealing with men in masses, but sought them out and spoke to them individually in their homes or on their ships, and

nothing pleased him better than to get them one by one into his library, and go over with them, verse by verse and almost word by word, the tenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Not a few can recall the earnestness and emphasis with which he insisted on the declaration, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.'

"His tenderness, consideration, patience, and gentleness, as a husband and father, impressed me much. While he was resolute and firm with his children, and expected and insisted on prompt obedience, he ruled by love rather than by fear, so that I do not recollect to have heard him speak a loud or angry word. As a friend he was faithfulness itself, never hesitating to reprove when he thought reproof necessary, and yet always manifesting such genuine concern, interest, and affection, that it was impossible to take offence."

CONCLUSION.

AND now this life thus outlined we leave to speak. To speak *for* Christ, to speak *to* men. Possibly some features may appear to have been overdrawn. To eulogise, however, or in the least degree exaggerate, has been neither the desire nor the design. To present the man just as he was has been the steady aim. And that, not that he might be magnified, but "to the praise of the glory of His grace."

It has been the hope and prayer that through the man his Master might be seen,—that Master Who made him what he was.

The beauty of holiness, and the blessedness of service, and the grandeur of sacrifice, are the lessons of his life.

This is the call which it sounds in the ears of every servant of the Lord: sink self out of sight in Christ. Warn, persuade, entreat men to be reconciled to God. Pray, wrestle, believe; and, through the might of the indwelling Spirit, turn others from sin to righteousness.

FINIS.