

BROWNLOW NORTH:

*THE STORY*

OF

*HIS LIFE AND WORK.*

BY THE REV.

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MOFFAT.

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## XV.

### *LAST DAYS AND DEATH.*

“At last, not rotting like a weed,  
But having sown some generous seed,  
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

“In a good cause, not in thine own,  
Thou perish’ d: wept for, honour’ d, known,  
And like a warrior overthrown.” TENNYSON.

THE reader must by this time have been able to form a pretty correct estimate of Mr. North’s character, at least on its spiritual side. In order, however, to present him, before the memoir closes, with a full portrait of the man, it may be well to preserve in these pages some delineations of his traits and characteristics, as they have been sketched by those who from their intimacy with him, and also by reason of their wide knowledge of men and manners, are well qualified to form and express their judgment on this point.

“Among the most striking features of his character was an intensity of purpose and force of will. Earnest and strenuous in whatever cause, he was never more earnest than in that cause for which he eventually lived, and in devotion to which he died. That nature which is never eradicated, however subordinated to a higher impulse and a nobler will, still clung to him, and now asserted itself with all its native force and determination in the service of his new master. His powerful will and native force of character were shown in every action; he could do nothing by halves; and whatever he did he did well. It was the combination of the two natures, the thoroughly human with the true Christian, that presented him to my mind as so remarkable a person; and hence the difficulty of attempting to crystallize, or to gather into a focus so many-sided a character. For undoubtedly it comprised seeming contradictions, and yet such as are sure to be found wherever a powerful influence has been manifested. His was a character that drew to it the love of many. He never lost a friendship worth the possession, nor a confidence once inspired. His life was indeed a true life, for it was true to self and to nature.”<sup>1</sup>

“It was impossible to know Mr. North without being bound to him with a cordial attachment. He was thoroughly a man, and in many qualities both of head and heart he was a great man. He was genuine, transparent, outspoken, sincere in his affections, and thoroughly free from all that was artificial in his religion. His talents were of a high order and with his athletic

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<sup>1</sup> Admiral Baillie Hamilton.

frame and vast energy he was fitted to take a foremost position in any line of life he might have chosen. In everything he was extremely practical; and in religion he saw clearly what was great and solid, with even too little taste for the sentimental. He spoke to his hearers as in the transaction of a great business; and this practical dealing commended itself to the multitudes. From the time when eternal truths had broken in upon himself, as his own practical concern, he was borne forward with an inexpressible earnestness to communicate them to every living man whom his words could reach; and in his own special sphere no recent preacher has equalled him in vividness and power.

“But those who heard the masterly clearness of his theology, the decision of his statements, and the boldness of his address in the pulpit, could scarcely conceive how childlike he was in private, and how ready he was to listen to any teaching.

“In many respects the defects and the faults which others saw in him were not unknown to himself, and he had an extreme frankness in owning them. Even to the most devoted ministers and members of the Church of Christ, these words of our Lord, ‘Nevertheless thou hast left thy first love,’ seldom fail to be spoken at some period of their course, and Mr. North learned that he formed no exception; but as with many others so with him, there was a gracious recovery.

“It was what he believed for himself that he spoke to others, and he spoke it only because he believed it. He once said to me that he would like to go through the streets bearing a large board on his breast with such a text as this printed on it, ‘The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ If he had been sure that it would do good he was willing even to become such a fool for Christ’s sake. Eternity was to him as great a certainty as time, and if equally certain, infinitely more important.”<sup>2</sup>

“The impression which was more and more produced upon my mind by the full opportunity I had of observing and knowing him as a man was, that his was a truly great nature, large, loving, and lovable, in no ordinary degree. I came to understand how, on the one hand, when he was the servant of sin he was ‘free from righteousness,’ daring and reckless beyond many in the pursuit of his chosen pleasures; and how, on the other hand, when the grace of God had changed him, he entered on Christ’s service with a burning zeal and devoted energy, which sent a thrill of quickening life through the length and breadth of Scotland. The secret lay in this, that he could not love by halves. Where he loved, he loved, according to an expression of his own, with a ‘big love.’ There was no possible thing he would not do for

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<sup>2</sup> Dr. Moody-Stuart.

those who had fully secured his affection; neither effort nor sacrifice would be grudged on their behalf. He could be stern when he thought occasion required, and very decided too, for he had a strong will; but intimate acquaintance soon revealed that his nature, so far from being of hard material, was a very fountain of affection.”<sup>3</sup>

Regarding the secular side of his character, Mr. Balfour writes,—

“Among those whom he knew intimately, and who were congenial with him, he was capital company, full of liveliness and spirit, quick at repartee, entered into a passing joke, even if the fun should be against himself, and told a story admirably. In his earlier years he had been fond of private theatricals, and was, I believe, no mean performer. Children he used often to amuse by his imitations of foreigners or well-known characters, and he always made himself a favourite of young people by his warm sympathy with them.”

Another writes,—

“None was more forward than he in promoting the cheerfulness and amusements of others, as well as in endeavours for their spiritual good. Those who have shared in his hospitality have felt the full meaning of ‘genial and generous.’ Was there a scheme for a day’s pleasure—some excursion, whether of interest, or research, or of simple enjoyment, he was the life and promoter of it, and his were the arrangements that left nothing to be desired to make the day’s happiness perfect”

Mr. North himself once laughingly quoted a friend’s description of him as being not so far from the truth, that he was a big man, a big woman, and a big child rolled into one. We do not lay claim on Brownlow North’s behalf to the rare title of a great man. But if the illustrious moralist’s definition of a great man be correct, that he is not a man who has fewer weak points than the ordinary run of men, but a man who is stronger in his strong points, we might advance some claim to the epithet. At all events, Brownlow North assuredly was a man who did a great work, a work whose greatness and extent only the great day will fully unfold. He was a man who preached the great truths of revelation with great power and great results. Many complained that he evinced little sympathy for those who differed from him in his doctrinal views. There is some truth in this. It is a common defect in men of strong convictions, and is by no means a monopoly of orthodox divines. Had his character been more faultless in this respect it would probably have been less forcible. As a rule he kept secondary questions in their secondary place.

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<sup>3</sup> Rev. W. Ross Taylor.

In the twenty years of labour allotted to him in the great harvest field he did as much as most active men do in fifty years, and perhaps there is no one of his contemporaries to whom spiritual and vital religion in Scotland owes more than to Brownlow North, if so much. He gave it an aggressive force and character which it was not exercising when he came forth as its herald, and under his leadership evangelical religion, instead of standing on the defensive, assaulted the strongholds of worldliness in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, with the most undaunted prowess and success. The hour now came when his Master summoned him home from his labour to his reward.

His friend Mr. James Balfour writes:—

“For the last year or two of his life he was beginning to feel the fatigue of preaching more wearing out, and he suffered also from frequent attacks of rheumatism. During his last summer I spent some time with him at Keith Hall, where he paid an annual visit of about a month to the Earl and Countess of Kintore. In that house he had often been made the means of blessing, and there he was always cordially welcomed by the host and hostess, both of whom had been great and fast friends to him. During that visit we had much pleasant intercourse, sometimes walking through the fine grounds, and sometimes sitting in his own room, when all had retired to rest for the night. There we would ponder together over favourite or difficult texts, or devise schemes for promoting the Lord’s cause, or not unfrequently talk of dying and the future state. Mr. North somewhat nervously shrank from the act of dying, but he would say, ‘We are in the world, and must go out of it.’”

In the autumn he went to pay a long-promised visit to his friend Lord Polwarth in Berwickshire. They had first met at Haddo House at the close of 1862, just previous to Lord Polwarth’s marriage to the Earl of Aberdeen’s daughter; a memorable visit, the particulars of which are given in another part of this Memoir. They had occasionally met since, and Lord Polwarth writes, “When I saw him previous to Mr. Moody’s visit to Glasgow, I thought him a good deal shaken in constitution, and no wonder, as I afterwards learned how he had often laboured on in positive bodily suffering. His quiet exposition of the Scriptures, especially the Psalms, used to be deeply interesting to me, the chief feature being striking thoughts expressed in strong terse language which stuck to one. I remember well at the house of a mutual friend in Edinburgh he was asked to conduct worship. He had not expected it and had not thought of it. He seemed for a moment perplexed, and expressing himself thus to me on the subject, I remarked, ‘Yes, the Lord is with us;’ whereon he promptly replied, ‘Ah, but we are not al-

ways with Him.’ Those who knew him well, who were with him in prayer, can testify to the fervent simple faith which he exercised in the living God, on whose Spirit he relied for all true result in his work. His prayers were very unadorned, very plain, very direct, and very humble. He never forgot what he was in himself, and his characteristic expression when speaking in prayer of himself was ‘this poor sinner.’ He evidently was to the last deeply conscious of the marvellous grace which had called him out of darkness into light, and made him a chosen vessel for God’s service. His prayerfulness was truly one secret of his power, no less than the constant study of the Word of God, which he thoroughly knew. His own call by the grace of God was a frequent subject of conversation, and was ever a vivid reality to him. The tears would start to his eyes as he spoke of God’s goodness to himself, and he was ever under a sense of gratitude to the One who had loved him and washed him from his sins.

“When he visited us in the autumn of 1875, we were at Humbie, where he spent a week with us, greatly enjoying himself in the woods, and taking a lively interest in the agricultural improvements going on. He was in particularly good spirits, and seemed to feel stronger. How little did we then think the end was so near! At a little Bible-reading in our house he met a gentleman who told him that he had been the means of spiritual blessing to a dear one many years before, who had lived and died a consistent Christian. Mr. North felt this very much as encouragement concerning work of years gone by. Possibly they are dwelling on all that now. He was very sympathetic in nature, and there was nothing which did not awaken his sympathetic interest. He was able to accompany us to Mertoun, where he stayed for another week, as bright and happy as before. Indeed, we look back to those days as a time of peculiar joy and gladness in friendly intercourse with one who rejoiced in the Lord, and as His child in all that was lovely and of good report. There was nothing of gloom about him. He loved to see others happy. He went on Sunday to preach in the parish church of Kelso, which was largely filled. I fancied he had not his usual vigour, but he preached earnestly on a favourite passage. After the service an old man requested to see him, and , informed me that Mr. North had been the means of his conversion eighteen years previously at Newcastle. This was another token of God’s blessing on past work which gladdened his heart. I shall not forget the times of quiet spiritual intercourse which we were privileged to have together at that season. He left my house on October 20th, and that day fortnight he left the earthly house of the bodily tabernacle, to depart and be with the Lord.

“He was to begin his winter’s campaign [Mr. Balfour continues] that year by holding meetings at Alexandria in Dumbartonshire; and during the time he was to be there, James Campbell, Esq., of Tullichewan Castle, in-

vited him to be his guest at his lovely residence on the banks of Loch Lomond, well known for two generations for the hospitality of its owners. When passing through Edinburgh, on his way there, he spent a night with us. We sat up pretty late in his bedroom, talking together of a great many things. I remember among others that we spoke of the uncertainty of the time of our dying, and he said, ‘We don’t know how soon we may die, but no tongue can tell how important to us through eternity is the manner in which we spend the time, whatever it may be, till we die. Our eternity will all be proportioned to our lives on earth, so that everything we do till we die will be multiplied by eternity.’

“He left us next morning for the West. As he was driving in a cab to the station, with a friend of many years’ standing, he referred in his usual emphatic way to the Word of God. Miss —— said, ‘Mr. North, you always send one back to the Bible,’ when he replied, ‘That’s just it; there’s nothing for any of us but the Bible.’”

The Vale of Leven Young Men’s Christian Association had asked him to conduct services which they arranged for in the town of Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, and on the 21st October he became the guest of Mr. Campbell, of Tullichewan. On his arrival he was a complete stranger to the family, but his agreeable society and Christian conversation soon made him a general favourite. On the Lord’s-day evening, the 24th, he preached in the Public Hall of Alexandria to a crowded and attentive congregation. About 1,200 persons were present, some of whom were able to remember the deep impression made by his earnest preaching in Alexandria sixteen-years before, which had left behind it abiding and saving effects. His text on this his last Sabbath in the pulpit was Rev. xxi. 5-8, “Behold, I make all things new,” etc. He preached for nearly an hour in his usual pointed and searching style, but seemed to feel the effort, and asked the Free Church minister, the Rev. W. Sutherland, to announce and read the Psalms to be sung, which were the 100th Psalm, and the 67th paraphrase in two portions, which begins—

“Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our admiring eyes!  
The former seas have passed away,  
The former earth and skies;”

and closing with the verses—

“Ho, ye that thirst, to you my grace  
Shall hidden streams disclose,  
And open full the sacred spring  
Whence life for ever flows.

“Bless’d is the man that overcomes,  
I’ll own him for a son;

A rich inheritance rewards  
The conquests he hath won.”

He preached in the Free Church on the Wednesday and Friday following.

The last address which he delivered was on this Friday evening before he was struck down with illness, and between 600 and 700 persons were present. He took for his subject the 86th Psalm, on which he commented throughout, making frequent and touching references to his own spiritual experiences.<sup>4</sup> He regarded preaching the everlasting message of God to man as the highest honour, as well as the greatest responsibility, that can be conferred on any child of God; in it he took the greatest delight, and the Lord permitted him to exercise his gift and grace to the very close of his life with unimpaired vigour, and to die in harness. Indeed, at the time of his death, his list of engagements was completed up to the summer of 1877. But as he showed his list to his friends at Ramornie, he said, “I have booked myself for meetings with you in October 1876, that is to say, if I am alive, for we must always feel that our days are in God’s hand.”

We extract the following account of this his first and last visit to Tullichewan from a letter from his kind hostess, Mrs. Campbell, dated 24th November, 1877.

“Mr. North came a stranger to us personally, in the month of October 1875, some of us prejudiced against him; but he won all our hearts, and also impressed us all as being a thoroughly earnest Christian. He never lost an opportunity of speaking for Christ, and indeed sought opportunities of speaking to people about their souls and eternity and Jesus Christ. He had a great impression of the horrors of sin, and of God’s wrath, rather than of His everlasting Fatherhood and mercy, and spoke much of the awful punishment of sin.

“We had a dinner party one night, to meet Mr. North. After the ladies left, he introduced the subject of religion, and spoke very impressively. We had some young people with us another night, when he did the same thing. He spoke of marriage, I remember, and of the evil and sin of believers marrying unbelievers, and impressed some of the young people very much.” Although Mrs. Campbell has not been able to furnish us with recollections of his exact remarks on this the last of those occasions when he spoke in a drawing-room on behalf of that Lord whom he had so zealously adored, loved, and served, we are able to give correct notes of his remarks on this very subject on another similar occasion, and introduce them here, as this may be regarded as in a sense his parting testimony. His advice was, “Nev-

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<sup>4</sup> His penetrating and instructive annotations on this Psalm, which formed the substance of his last discourse in the House of God on earth, will be found on pp. 392-3-4 of the larger Volume “Records and Recollections.”

er marry a man who you are not fully persuaded is a thorough, true Christian, and not only so, but one who has as high a standard of Christianity as yourself, and one whom you can respect, look up to, and lean upon. The wife is the weaker vessel, and the husband should be one to lead her and draw her on. She should not have to do this to him. Remember these words, ‘Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?’ Observe how Christ identifies Himself with His people, and also the children of this world with the wicked one. It was the sin that destroyed the old world when the sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men (Gen. vi. 4). Then ‘the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, and it repented the Lord that He had made man upon the earth.’ And keep away from worldly acquaintances; that is the way these attachments are made, and then it is such a trial to break them off. The trial will come to you some day. No progress in religion can be made without a cross of some kind; sickness will come, death will come; but, *then*—to stand before your Saviour, face to face, and look up to Him, and say (here he stopped from emotion at the thought of *seeing Him*)—You are *married* to Him, you are the bride of Christ. ‘I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ.’ ‘Be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead, that ye should bring forth fruit unto God.’ Is it not wonderful? beautiful?”

Mrs. Campbell continues: “On Sunday night he had preached a very arousing discourse upon the awfulness of sin, and of God’s wrath, addressed to the unconverted. His two discourses on Wednesday and Friday were addressed more to the Lord’s people. He was quiet, and spoke much of the blessedness of the Christian life. He said that week-night services were generally gatherings of Christians, and he changed his style of preaching accordingly. He spent much of his time in his own room, and when he preached in the evening he did not appear till five o’clock, and when he returned from preaching went direct to his room. Preaching was a very great exertion to him. The doctor said from the state of his health he might have died at any time in the pulpit.

“On the Saturday he was taken ill, our son-in-law, Major Gildea, was in the next room to him, and heard him fall,—went in and found him on the floor, and got him to bed. The doctor hoped he would get better, and he was kept as quiet as possible. Mrs. North was sent for, and was with him immediately, and never left, night or day, till the solemn close.” His illness came on on Saturday, the 30th October, and lasted ten days, terminating in his release from his labours and his suffering on Tuesday, the 9th November. As both heart and liver were seriously affected, the physician took from the

first a gloomy view of the case; but for a week he rallied occasionally, and in the bosoms of his anxious friends hopes alternated with fears. One of those who attended him afterwards told a stranger, who spoke to him on the concerns of his soul, that it was while watching by Brownlow North's dying bed that he was first impressed with the fact that there was reality in religion. During his illness he had interviews with his attached friends, the Rev. Walter Ross Taylor and Mr. James Balfour. The latter, to whom he had addressed a letter the very evening he was taken ill, has furnished us with the following relation of his last intercourse with his old friend:—

“He was ill for only about ten days, and occasionally during that time he rallied so much that hopes were entertained that he might recover. But these hopes were extinguished on the eighth day, and I was telegraphed for on Sunday, to go and see him. I went by the first train on Monday morning, and arrived immediately after breakfast. On getting to the house I saw the doctor, who told me how hopelessly ill he was. I was then taken to his room, but he seemed, when I then saw him, to be very near death; and although I took his hand, I can hardly say that I thought he was conscious of my doing so. I remained at Tullichewan all day, and was well rewarded for staying. About four o'clock I returned to his room with Mr. Campbell, when I found him much revived and perfectly conscious. He first said a few tender words to Mr. Campbell, and I then drew near him, and took his hand, saying, ‘Do you know me, North?’ He looked up, and with a smile pronounced my Christian name. It was touching as he continued to hold my hand, to look on him lying there, like a weaned child, able to speak only in whispers, and slowly, and with an effort. He again looked at me, and said very softly, ‘Jesus came to me and said, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,” and up to this time He never has. But,’ he added, ‘I have been a beast.’ I said, ‘I have often thought that the verse on which I should like to die is, “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”’ ‘That,’ he replied, ‘is the verse on which I am now dying. One vents no more.’ I said, ‘This dying is what you and I have often spoken of.’ ‘Often,’ he answered. ‘Have you peace?’ ‘*Perfect peace*,’ he said, with such meaning. I proposed to pray, to which he gladly assented. After a short prayer he wiped his moistened eyes, and I had to leave him. That was the last expression of his faith and hope. But a day before that he had said, ‘I used to have a great terror of death, but that is quite gone from me; I have no fear of it now; I am resting on Christ.’ He also at that time said to one standing by, ‘You are young, in good health, and with the prospect of rising in the army; I am dying; but if the Bible is true, and I know it is, I would not change places with you for the whole world.’ As I looked at him, he seemed like a great ship of war slowly entering the harbour, the sails all furled, the guns unshotted, the excitement and the perils of the voyage over, and the desired

haven reached. The next day the gates were swung open, and he spent that first five minutes in heaven, of which he often used to speak, when he was wont to imagine that. Christ would come to him, when He saw his amazement, and say, ‘Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see?’”

During his illness, while consciousness remained to him, his thoughts often turned to his friends. In his last will and testament, dated 2nd November, he says, “There are a few other dear friends to whom I should have liked to leave something if I had had anything. I leave them, however, my love, which heartily is, and has long been, theirs and their children’s. May the blessing of the Lord be on them all! Let a copy of this sentence be sent to those named.”

It was arranged that he should be buried in the Dean Cemetery, in Edinburgh, and that the funeral should proceed from the house of his friend Mr. Brown-Douglas. It is touching to notice that this distinguished servant of the Lord, whose delight for twenty years it had been to go from place to place preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, was struck down in the very midst of his loved work, died in the house of strangers, who received him and bestowed on him every attention that friendship could suggest for the sake of their common Master, and was carried to his grave from the house of an attached friend, to which twenty years before he had also come as a stranger on his great mission of preaching the gospel. The funeral was a private one; but many of his sorrowing friends met with heavy hearts to pay the last offering of respect and love to the dust of one from whose eloquent lips they had often listened to the soul-stirring message which his Master gave him to deliver.

A portion of Scripture from the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians was read. The sorrowful company joined in singing the sixty-sixth paraphrase:—

“How bright these glorious spirits shine  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?

“Lo, these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes, which shine so bright.”

The effect was tender and solemnizing. It seemed to take us within the veil, and unite us with the worshippers there, of whom we felt assured he was now one, whose robes were washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Touching and suitable prayers were offered by Dr. Moody-Stuart and Mr. Ross Taylor, in brotherly fellowship with the former of whom

Brownlow North began in Edinburgh that public ministry which, after an interval of twenty years, he closed in Glasgow in intimate association with the latter. The congregations of both of these ministers will long bear evidence to the power and success of the faithful preaching of the everlasting gospel by those lips which were now sealed with the silence of death. The thoughts of all present rose to the great general assembly and church of the firstborn above, and to the ever-increasing company of the spirits of just men made perfect.

His body was silently laid in the tomb, beside the remains of his daughter-in-law, and doubtless many who were not present then have visited the spot since, and thanked God for the work of faith and labour of love of His departed servant.

A grey granite obelisk was erected by his friends in the Dean Cemetery, to mark the place of interment, and bears this inscription:—

“BROWNLOW NORTH,  
ONLY SON OF THE REV. CHARLES AUGUSTUS NORTH,  
*Prebendary of Winchester.*

BORN JANUARY 6TH, 1810; DIED NOVEMBER 9TH, 1875.

At the age of forty-four years he was turned from an ungodly life to serve the Lord; thereafter he preached the Gospel with singular power and was greatly honoured in winning souls to Jesus.

IN TESTIMONY OF THE LOVE AND RESPECT OF MANY FRIENDS.”

The words that will rise unbidden into many hearts as they close this record of his labours, or visit the resting-place of his dust, are, “Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast entered into the joy of thy Lord!”

On perusing a short sketch of his labours in the *British Messenger*, written by Mr. Ross Taylor, the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to a friend, on 15th Nov., 1875, words that well express the feelings of very many. “We have been reading the account of Brownlow North which someone sent to us. He will leave a great blank among those for whom he laboured. No one could know him without seeing that his heart and life were devoted to his Master’s service, and that he burned to preach to others what he had found so precious to his own soul.”

Taking a retrospect of the great work accomplished by Brownlow North, and reflecting that two-thirds of his life were worse than wasted, some may be disposed to find fault with the Divine procedure, and argue that it would have been more suitable had this work been performed by one who had feared the Lord from his youth. To such objectors we retort with the inspired Apostle, “Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?”

or with Beza, who, when a detractor threw in his teeth his early sins, replied, “Hic homo mihi invidet gratiam Christi” (“This man envies me Christ’s grace”); or with Augustine, who answered a like objector thus, “The more desperate was my disease, the greater honour redounded to the Physician who cured me.” Indeed, we cannot better close this imperfect record of the life-labours of Brownlow North, than by again quoting from lines written on St. Augustine, to whose experience of Satan’s sway, and of the power of Divine grace, that of Brownlow North bore a striking resemblance

“I lov’d Thee late, too late I lov’d Thee, Lord;  
Yet not so late, but Thou dost still afford  
Good proof that Thou hast borne, with winning art,  
One sinner more upon Thy loving heart:  
And may I prove when all this life is past,  
Though late I lov’d, I lov’d Thee to the last.”

The epitaph of one of the Lord’s most distinguished servants in a still more ancient church may not unfitly be uttered from many a sorrowing yet thankful heart over the tomb of Brownlow North:—

“AFTER HE HAD SERVED HIS OWN GENERATION BY THE WILL  
OF GOD HE FELL ASLEEP.”