

WELSH
CALVINISTIC METHODISM

A Historical Sketch.

BY
THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
1872.

CHAPTER XV.

Sketches of ministers—Robert Roberts—John Elias—Ebenezer Morris—Ebenezer Richard—Conclusion.

BEFORE laying aside our pen, we should like to enable our readers to form an idea of some of those men whom God raised at the most critical period of the history of Welsh Methodism, and whose ministry was blessed by His Spirit to make such a wide and lasting impression upon the Principality. And here there is a serious difficulty meeting us at the very outset. They are so many, that it would require a large volume to give even a brief sketch of their history. A list of the names of those who have occupied an important place in the Connexion, and have done a great work in its behalf, would itself fill several pages. We will select a few of the most prominent, and our readers will please understand that they represent a great many more whose names we are compelled to leave unmentioned. Our purpose will be answered better by giving a comparatively lengthened account of three or four, than by devoting half-a-dozen lines each to forty or fifty.

There was one in North Wales who had died nine years before the Connexion ordained its own ministers, and who, if he had lived, would have been among the first to be selected for that purpose. This was ROBERT ROBERTS of Clynog, in Carnarvonshire. He was originally a slate-quarryman, and afterwards a farm-servant, before he became a preacher of the Gospel. When sixteen years of age he was brought to know the truth under the ministry of Mr. Jones of Llangan, and began to preach when he was five-and-twenty. In his youth he contracted a severe cold, and this brought on a disease which so affected his spine as to make him quite deformed; but his face continued a thing of beauty and power. His course was very brief, for he died in his fortieth year; but it was one of great brilliancy and tremendous might. Nature had made him an orator of the first order, and grace made him an able minister of the Gospel of Christ. His commanding voice, intense earnestness, and many tears, gave him an irresistible influence over his audiences. His sermons moved him to the very depths of his nature, and therefore it was that he so mightily moved others. "Tell me," said one young man to another, who was standing by and listening to Robert Roberts, "tell me, is he a man, or is he an angel?" "An angel," was the other's reply. "Oh, well!" said the first, "how much better than a man an angel *can* preach!" When preaching on another occasion, and carrying the congregation along with him, he suddenly paused, and beckoning with his hand as if to command silence, he said, in a lowered tone, "Hush! hush! hush! What *is* this sound that I hear?" Another moment's pause, and then came the great shout like a clap of thunder, "Upon the wicked will he rain snares, fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest; this is the portion of their cup." The effect was overpowering. He had the power to describe things in such a vivid and graphic manner as to make his hearers feel as if they were then passing before their eyes. There is a great storm. A small ship is tossed upon the waves. The mariners pull this way

and that way to no purpose. A man is thrown overboard. He is swallowed by a whale, and then the sea-monster rushes through the deep, marking its course with a great line of foam, and in its manner shouting, "Clear the way for the King's messenger!" while Jonah is inside, crying, "Temple! temple! temple!" When he failed to enjoy liberty in preaching, and the people seemed heavy and inattentive, he would stop in the middle of his sermon, and lift up a prayer to God for help and light. On one occasion, when the service was dragging heavily along, he paused, and stood like a man astonished; then lifting up his hands towards heaven, while tears ran down his cheeks, he cried, "O God, draw aside the veil! Draw aside the veil!" And it was drawn aside. An overwhelming influence descended upon himself and the congregation, until at length, almost overcome by his emotions, he cried, "O God, restrain! restrain! Close the curtain a little! It is too much for us to bear!"

We have before us a characteristic letter written by him to a friend just after his return from London, where he had been supplying the Welsh congregation in 1791. The following is an extract:—

"At Shrewsbury we mounted the wild coach, which seemed to be made to fly by the galloping of the swift-footed horses. I thought that those animals were shouting in their way, 'London! London! Let's hasten to be there!' I was poorly on my journey, in consequence of the rapid motion of the coach; but I was enabled to reach the end.

"I was in the great city for eight Sabbaths, and I think I can humbly say that the Lord helped me in the work. I feel it to be a great, great thing to be sometimes a few moments in God while speaking to the people, and can easily understand that I am of no use whatever anywhere else.

"As to the hearers, they were very numerous. If you had seen them, I know you would have wondered to behold such multitudes of Welsh people assembled in London.

"While there I heard many of the English preachers. In listening to them it is such thoughts as these that passed through my bosom: 'Behold wood and fire, but where is the Lamb of the burnt-offering?' 'Behold an altar, behold a sacrifice, but where is the fire?' Behold Whitfield's pulpit, but where is his God?' Sometimes such lamentations as these would resound between the lobes of my heart: 'Oh unhappy assemblages! Is it the vibrations of organ-pipes that you have found instead of the voice of Almighty God?' Who is that whom I see rising above the crowd with his head as white as Snowdon after a snow-storm, and clothed in shining black? He begins to address the people as if speaking in his sleep, and tells them that if they have any fears with reference to their state, it is because they are too unbelieving; and if they feel within them the motions of sin they must take comfort, for it has always been so with godly people. Is not this too much like lightly healing the bruise of the daughter of my people, and crying Peace, peace, when there is no peace? From such cold, carnal way of speaking and hearing, *good Lord deliver us!* And yet I take comfort, for God has some oxen in London that pull a red furrow through the consciences of their

hearers. May the Lord add to their number! Amen.”

JOHN ELIAS was one of the first batch who were ordained in North Wales, and perhaps it is not too much to say that his sermons made a greater impression on the Principality than those of any other man who ever lived in it. He was a native of Carnarvonshire, but on his marriage settled in Anglesea, where he spent the remainder of his life. His parents were in humble circumstances, but greatly respected by their neighbours; and his paternal grandfather, who lived with them, was a member of the Church of England, and a very good and devout man. He took great pains to train the child in the right way, impressing upon his mind the evil of speaking bad words, swearing, taking the Lord's name in vain, and telling falsehoods, and teaching him to keep the Sabbath and to revere the ordinances of worship. By the faithful and persevering efforts of his good grandfather, John was able to read fluently while yet a little child. On one occasion they went together to hear a Methodist preacher, who did not arrive until the time when the service had been announced to commence had long passed. The old gentleman became impatient, and, addressing his little grandson, said, “It is a pity that the people should be idling thus. Go up, John, and read a chapter to them;” and suiting his action to the words, he pushed the lad up into the pulpit and closed the door after him. The boy, with much diffidence, read a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, but, after reading on for a while, he ventured to withdraw his eye and to look aside, and lo! to his great dismay, there was the preacher waiting outside the pulpit-door. He suddenly closed the book and quietly slipped down-stairs. This was John Elias's first appearance in the pulpit, and no one dreamed at the time that he would ever be such a power in it as he afterwards became. He began to preach in 1794, when he was about twenty years of age, and it was very soon made evident that he was in truth a man of God. A very shrewd and popular preacher of those days, David Cadwalladr, remarked, after he had heard him the first time,—“God help that lad to speak the truth, for he'll *make* people believe him.” He became immensely popular at the outset of his ministry, and that popularity never waned. It was not to seek popularity, however, that he set out, but to serve his Master, and to serve him especially by trampling down ungodliness. When he settled in Anglesea, that island had been already to a great extent blessed by the Gospel, but it still retained not a few of the relics of its former barbarism. He proclaimed war to the death against every one of these, and won over them a complete victory. Wherever there was held a periodical assembly of sinful men for ungodly purposes, Elias would go there with all the zeal and the power of his namesake of olden times, and invariably his God would thrust the enemy from before him, and give him the power to accomplish its destruction.

On Whitsunday in each year a great concourse of people were in the habit of assembling to burn ravens' nests. These birds bred in a high and precipitous rock called “Ygadair” (the chair), and since they were supposed to prey on young poultry, etc., the people thought it necessary to destroy them. But they

always did it on the Sabbath, and in the most savage and revolting fashion. The nests were beyond their reach, but they suspended a fiery fagot by a chain. This was let down to set the nests on fire, and the young birds were roasted alive! At every blaze which was seen below, the triumphant shouts of the worse than brutal crowd would rend the air. God hears the young ravens when they cry, and they did not cry without cause on the rocky coast of Anglesea. When the savages had put the poor birds beyond the reach of their cruelty, they usually turned on each other, and wounds and bruises, broken heads and broken bones, were frequently some of the results of the day's "amusement." Elias resolved to make an attack on this revolting scene. He accordingly went to the place and proclaimed the wrath of God Most High against those who thus polluted His day and trampled upon every precept of His law, and with such effect as to fill the guilty crowd with terror; and the hideous custom was put an end to for ever.

At Khuddlan, in Denbighshire, there was an annual fair held *on the Lord's day*, in the season of harvest. It was chiefly for the sale of scythes, reaping-hooks, rakes, etc., and for the hiring of labourers for harvest-work. Elias went to the place to make a determined attack on this wicked assemblage. He stood on the horse-block, by the "New Inn," in the very thick of the fair, surrounded by all the implements of husbandry, and began the service amid the sound of harps and fiddles. He prayed with great earnestness and many tears, and took for his text the Fourth Commandment. The fear of God fell upon the crowd, harps and fiddles were silenced, and scythes, sickles, and rakes disappeared from the scene. The people stood to listen, and while they listened they trembled as if Sinai itself with all its thunder had suddenly burst upon them. One man who had purchased a sickle let it fall to the ground, thinking in his heart that the arm which held it had withered, and was afraid to pick it up again lest the same thing should happen to the other. He lost his sickle, but on that day he found salvation. The Sabbath fair was never afterwards held, and many were brought, through that marvellous sermon, to seek the Lord. This happened in the year 1802, when the preacher was only twenty-eight years of age, and there were many such customs and such assemblages which received their death-blow from John Elias.

He preached much in the open air, for it was not often that a building could be found large enough to contain the multitudes that would assemble to hear him. It was not a reed shaken with the wind nor yet a man clothed in soft raiment that they went out to see, but a prophet, and a very great prophet indeed. Referring to his oratorical powers, the late Rev. J. Jones, rector of Nevern, and one of the most eminent of the Welsh bards of his day, says in a letter to the author of *Eliasia*: "For one to throw his arms about is not action; to make this and that gesture is not action: action is seen in the eye, in the curling of the lip, in the frowning of the nose, in every muscle of the speaker. Mentioning these remarks to Dr. Pughe, when speaking of Elias, he said that he never saw an orator that could be compared to him; every muscle was in action, and every movement that he made was graceful, and highly oratorical. . . . I never heard Elias without

regarding him as a messenger sent from God. I thought of the apostle Paul when I listened to him, and as an orator I considered him fully equal to Demosthenes.”¹

For many years he held the foremost place at the Associations. Those great Assemblies meet in the open air, and are attended by congregations varying from 5000 to 30,000, according to the locality in which they are held. We should like to picture to our readers one of those meetings in the days of John Elias. A large raised and covered platform is erected on one side of a field; on this stands the preacher, while on either side, and behind him, sit some fifty or sixty of his brethren. Five or six services are held, on two succeeding days, and there are two sermons at each service. In front of the platform stand the great crowd, extending so far back that the first feeling of the preacher is that of despair of being able to make them all hear his voice. Elias generally preached last at ten o'clock on the second day, “the great day of the feast.” While the minister who precedes him is preaching there are thousands who listen with rapt attention; but there is a restless semicircle in the outskirts of the crowd; some are walking to and fro, while others are standing in groups, and conversing. Beyond them are many lying on the grass, and beyond those there are some reclining against the hedge on the farthest side of the field. The first sermon finishes, and Elias stands up: he gives out a few lines of a hymn to sing, and his voice at once reaches the most distant of the loungers. The assembly very soon begins to contract itself; as he proceeds with his sermon the people come closer and yet closer together; there is no more walking to and fro, and no more conversing—not even a whisper—but all are listening as if for life. As the preacher waves his hand, the crowd is swayed backwards and forwards, as a field of corn is swayed by a gentle breeze; copious tears are falling, there are not a few sobs and cries, and when he finishes his sermon the multitude find themselves wedged together as near the platform as they can possibly stand, having been for the time unconscious of everything in heaven and on earth but the everlasting truths to which they have just listened. Nor was this a transient feeling. Many and many were on those occasions turned to righteousness. The Rev. D. Charles of Carmarthen says:—“In all my journeys through Wales I have never heard of any other preacher whose ministry has been so widely blessed to the conversion of sinners as that of John Elias. Almost in every neighbourhood, village, and town, some persons may be met with who ascribe their conversion to impressions received under one of his sermons.” He died at his residence, Y Fron, Anglesea, on the 8th of June 1841, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

We pass to the South, and bring before our readers one of the first group who were ordained at Llandilo in 1811, namely EBENEZER MORRIS. He was the son of the David Morris of whom we have already spoken, and was born in the year 1769. The father was, in one particular, like Eglon, king of Moab,—a very

¹ *Eliasia*, by Bleddyn, p. 50.

fat man; and the son, though he never approached him in this respect, was himself large, and decidedly corpulent. He began to preach in 1788 at Trecastle, in Breconshire, where he had gone to teach a school; but a little more than a year after he had begun, he returned to his home in Cardiganshire. About a twelve-month after his return his father died, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and great and general were the lamentations that were made for him; but it soon became evident that the son was qualified by the great Head of the Church to more than supply the loss that had been occasioned by his departure. A plain old exhorter in Glamorganshire, Jenkin Thomas, said to him while he was yet young, "When you first came this way, you rode your father's great horse; but I see you have quite as big a horse of your own. Take care that you don't fall, my dear boy."

Ebenezer Morris's private life was a reflection of the Gospel which he preached. His character was without spot or blemish, and sparkled with every Christian virtue and grace. He was neither gloomy nor morose, but free, open, and cheerful, and enjoyed a pleasant chat with a friend as much as any one; but he had the sternest sense of right, and we believe we can safely say that there never lived a man who was more completely than he under the dominion of his conscience.

The Calvinistic Methodists of those days had not learnt to believe that those who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel, and it is rather slow progress that that great truth is making even now in some localities; but at the time of which we speak, good people were so deeply impressed with the privilege conferred on those who were permitted to preach the Gospel, that they were exceedingly careful not to deprive them of the full enjoyment of it by remunerating their labours, and consequently their best and greatest preachers were obliged to have recourse for the necessaries of life to some worldly business. Some of them kept shops, or rather their wives did, while they themselves devoted their whole time to the work of their Master. The memory of those holy women is worthy of being held in the highest veneration; for while the churches and the country enjoyed the ministry of their husbands, it was their self-denying labours behind the counter and elsewhere that furnished their families with the means of support, and stood between them and any worldly cares which might interfere with their great work.

Ebenezer Morris held a farm, and in his case the farmer was in every respect worthy of the preacher. His worldly transactions strove together with his ministry for the faith of the Gospel. He wanted to buy a cow, and finding one for sale which he thought would suit him, he at once bought it at the price named by the owner. A few days afterwards, Mr. Morris found that the price of cattle had gone up considerably, and meeting the previous owner of the animal, he said to him, "Look here, I find that you gave me too great a bargain the other day. The cow is worth more than I purchased her for. Here is another guinea; take that. There, I think we are now about right." One of his admirers offered him a valuable freehold farm as a present, but he respectfully declined the gift; and when

a friend asked him his reason for refusing such an advantageous offer, his reply was, "I did not like to take it away from the rightful heir." Some people may be disposed to call this "softness" but it was rectitude of principle. He was by no means a "soft" man in the sense in which that word is frequently employed; but while he was too shrewd to allow any one to take an unfair advantage of him, he was too honourable and magnanimous, too much above everything mean, little, and selfish, to profit at the expense of other people. Guineas and farms weighed with him as nothing in the balance against the strictest righteousness and truth.

In the pulpit, his fine majestic presence, powerful and commanding voice, complete mastery over the most appropriate words, and tremendous earnestness, made him one of the most effectual preachers that Wales ever knew. His delivery was inimitable. A single word from his mouth would often roll over the people like a mighty wave. It might be the word "eternal," and he would say it over again and again, and afterwards, "Eternal! *Eternal!* ETERNA-AL!" and on and on, six or seven, or perhaps more times, and it was as if some new light on the eternal flashed into the minds of the hearers each time the word was repeated. It rang in their ears, and sank into their hearts, and left an impression which it was easy to recall in after years, when all the sermon but that one word had been forgotten. "Look at that window," said an aged deacon in North Wales to a minister who had come to preach at the chapel to which the former belonged, "Look at that window. It was there that Ebenezer Morris stood when he preached that great sermon from the words, 'The way of life is above, to the wise, to escape from hell beneath,' and when all turned pale in listening to him." "Ah," said the minister, "do you remember any portions of that sermon?" "Remember?" said the old deacon, "remember! my good man, I should think I do, and shall remember for ever; but there was no flesh here that could stand before it." "What did he say?" asked the minister. "Say? my good man!" replied the deacon, "Say? why, he was saying, 'Beneath! *beneath!* BENEATH! Oh, my people, hell is beneath! *beneath!* BENEATH!' until it seemed as if the end of the world had come upon all in the chapel and outside." We have heard others attempting a similar style, but it would not do, for they were not Ebenezer Morris.

At an Association at Capelnewydd in Pembrokeshire, he preached from Prov. iv. 18, and so mighty was the power of God which was then present, that upwards of a hundred joined the churches of the neighbourhood, and many more joined others at a distance under impressions received from that sermon. The Rev. W. Hughes, vicar of Caerwys, Flintshire, who was present on that occasion, says, "I was only about twelve years of age when I first heard Ebenezer Morris, at an Association at Capelnewydd, and now, after many years have passed away, I can say that that sermon was a flood of overwhelming eloquence. The effect produced upon the large congregation was thoroughly electrical. Great numbers were bathed in tears, while others were joyfully shouting 'Hosanna!' To myself it was that which the mount of transfiguration was to Peter.

It was good for me to be there.”

“I heard him afterwards,” adds the same reverend gentleman, “when I was at school at Cardigan. His appearance in the pulpit was majestic, and all his actions were becoming the orator. The black velvet cap which he wore made him look like a bishop in his mitre. His manner made me think of the boldness of Luther, the perspicacity of Calvin, and the fervour of Knox. His sermons were not a mere voice; but there were found in them the depth of Chalmers, combined with the glowing eloquence of Stowell. His favourite subjects were the eternal purposes and love of God; the lost state of man through sin; redemption through grace, and regeneration and sanctification through the influences of the Holy Ghost. He knew how to pass mightily through the fire and smoke on Sinai, and would carry his hearers as if in his arms, and show them the New Jerusalem. His great standpoint was Calvary, and his darling theme the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

At an Association at Carnarvon he was appointed to preach at ten o'clock, after the Rev. John Evans of Llwynffortun. Mr. Evans was remarkable for his mild persuasive manner. He was a good man, and it was for goodness he searched everywhere, and it was upon that he delighted to gaze. We have heard him expatiate with surpassing pleasure on “the multitudes of good people that were in the world; many in the Church of England and other Protestant denominations; many in the Greek Church, and many, no doubt, in the Church of Rome.” We never heard him quote a divine without designating him “that great and good man.” His remarkable facility of expression, unlimited command of words, loveable appearance, and evangelical spirit, gave him generally a complete mastery over the crowds who listened to him; and often have we seen the great majority of his audience bathed in tears. But on the occasion of which we speak, though the great mass of the congregation heard him with delight, there were many on the outskirts of the crowd who continued restless and disorderly throughout his sermon. Among these were some who called themselves “gentlemen,” who had ridden into the field, and continued while Mr. Evans was preaching, to pace their steeds up and down among the people. Ebenezer Morris stood forward and took for his text Leviticus xvii. 11, “For it is the blood (Welsh, “*this blood*”) that maketh an atonement for the soul.” When he had read the text, he fixed his eyes on the “genteel” equestrians before him, and in a loud commanding voice said, “Gentlemen! be so good as to be quiet for a little while to listen to the Word of God. I am going to speak of the soul, and of the way to make atonement for the soul, and *you* have souls.” They *did* remain quiet, and listened attentively throughout the sermon. He spoke of the soul of man; of that soul as guilty before God; of all things on earth as insufficient to make atonement for the soul, and of the precious blood of Christ as all-sufficient for that purpose. He led his hearers to the valley of Achor, and they felt that they were there, but he showed them even there a door of hope, and shouts of joy at the prospect of deliverance arose from every part of the field. It is believed that

some hundreds were converted under this sermon. For several weeks great numbers sought admission into the surrounding churches, who all ascribed the change in their minds to the feelings produced by hearing of "this blood." One woman who had pushed into the crowd "was a sinner," but the blood of which she heard was sprinkled upon her conscience, and she spent the remainder of her life to adorn the Gospel of Christ.

On an Easter Monday there were open-air services held at Ystrad, in the valley of the Aeron, Cardiganshire, and Mr. Morris preached both morning and afternoon. The platform faced the inn of the place, and the people stood on the plain between. An English family happened to be staying at the inn and occupying an upper room which looked out on the congregation. In the afternoon, while Mr. Morris was preaching, they sat in their window, and seemed greatly amused with the proceedings that were going on underneath. The preacher saw them, and at once turned to English and spoke a few earnest and affectionate words in that language. At the close of the sermon a messenger came from the inn asking him to tea "with the gentleman and lady up-stairs," and the event gave good reason to believe that the latter at least became from that day a new creature.

The Rev. Rowland Hill had fixed upon a young Welsh Methodist preacher of great talent, Mr. Theophilus Jones, as his resident assistant at Wotton-under-Edge, and applied to the Association of South Wales for two ministers to take the leading part at his ordination. The Reverends David Charles of Carmarthen and Ebenezer Morris were appointed for that purpose, and, as the day of the ordination was drawing nigh, Mr. Hill promised his friends some amusement from the Welsh accent of one of the ministers who were about to visit them. He referred to Mr. Morris, for Mr. Charles spoke English "like a native." The day came, and the ministers. Mr. Morris prayed at the opening of the service, and no one was able to think of his "Welsh accent," for God was there. Mr. Charles delivered the charge to the minister from Acts xx. 26, 27, "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am free from the blood of all men: for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." The charge was worthy of the occasion, and of the man who delivered it. He was indeed a "master of assemblies." The Rev. William Howells of Longacre, who was himself for many years one of the most popular of the ministers of the metropolis, was wont to say, that for originality of conception and depth of thought, Mr. Charles was the greatest preacher he had ever heard. He was followed by Mr. Morris, who spoke to the Church from Ps. l. 5, "Gather my saints together unto me, who have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." He at once laid hold of the hearts and consciences of his hearers, and spoke of the day of judgment with such power, that many in the place felt as if that day had already come, and several gentlemen were so affected that they fainted away. Mr. Hill sat behind the preacher weeping, and saying now and then through his tears, "Amen!" "Go on, brother; give it them right well!" It is said that Mr. Hill, on subsequent visits to Wotton, when he found the people heavy and inattentive, was in the habit of saying,—“Well,

we must have the fat minister from Wales here to rouse you again.”

Mr. Morris’s influence for good in his own country was immense. A neighbouring magistrate addressing him, said, “We are under great obligations to you, Mr. Morris, for keeping the country in order, and preserving peace among the people. You are worth more than any dozen of us.” On one occasion he was summoned to a court of justice to give evidence in a disputed case, and as the Book was handed to him that he might take the oath, the presiding magistrate exclaimed,—“*No, no!* There is no necessity that Mr. Morris should swear at all; *his* word is quite enough.” But he was taken away in the midst of his days. On a visit to London in the spring of 1825, to supply at the Welsh Chapel, he caught a severe cold, and was only able to preach a few times after his return home. He was soon confined to his house, and then to his bed, where he lay in “perfect peace” until the 15th of August in the same year, when he fell asleep in the fifty-sixth year of his age. “I remember well,” says Mr. J. Thomas, Twrgwyn, “the day on which Ebenezer Morris died. It was the time of harvest; and the sad news spread to the fields, and most of the reapers dropped their sickles and fell on their faces to the earth, weeping aloud. Oh the mourning that spread through the whole country! Never did I see such a crowd at any other funeral, and on no other occasion did I hear such lamentations.”²

EBENEZER RICHARD was a native of Pembrokeshire, but had settled at Tregaron, in Cardiganshire, in 1809, and had therefore been a fellow-labourer with Mr. Morris for sixteen years. He attended the funeral of his beloved friend, and returned home cast down in spirit; but there was yet one man in the county of whom he could think as able in some measure to fill up the great chasm which the departure of Ebenezer Morris had left. This was David Evans of Aberayron. About eight o’clock on the Sabbath after the funeral, Mr. Richard was in his room preparing to go out to preach at a chapel at some distance, when a stranger came to the door requesting to see him. When he came down, the man said, “I am come, sir, to ask if you will please attend my master’s funeral on Wednesday next?” “Who *is* your master?” asked Mr. Richard, in great agitation. “Mr. David Evans,” was the reply. He almost fainted on the spot and retired to his room, where he spent the morning in weeping and prayer. In the afternoon, the Rev. J. Williams, of Lledrod, who was to preach at Tregaron in the evening, came to the house, and Mr. Richard was apprised of his presence. He went down, and as he entered the room the venerable clergyman rose to meet him, and the two men flung themselves into one another’s arms, and wept on one another’s necks, sobbing aloud, and unable to utter a word. Mr. Williams was the first to speak. “O Eben, dear!” said he; “Eben, dear! what *shall* we do now?”³

² We are indebted for most of the above facts to an able article on “Ebenezer Morris” from the pen of the Rev. Roger Edwards of Mold, and which appears in a recent number of *Y Owydoniadur Cymraeg* (Welsh Encyclopaedia), a most valuable work now in course of publication by Mr. Gee of Denbigh.

³ *Memoir of the Rev, Ebenezer Richard, by his Sons, E. W. Richard and H. Richard.* The latter

As Elisha was to Elijah, so was Mr. Richard to Mr. Morris. The work of the departed prophet devolved upon the surviving one, and he did it faithfully and well. He was a complete man, and useful everywhere and with everything. To preach in the great assembly with demonstration of the Spirit and with power—to feed the flock of Christ—to organize and conduct every good and benevolent movement—to catechise the children, and to do everything belonging to the work of a minister—all these gifts and offices were his, and Wales, though eminently blessed with great and good men, has seen but a few who were equal to Ebenezer Richard. But his sun likewise went down while it was yet early. He died at his home, which he had only reached the day before from the visitation of the churches of his district, on the 9th of March 1837, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

There are many more we would have been glad to bring before our readers. We would speak of Evan Richardson, the gentlemanly schoolmaster and eloquent preacher of Carnarvon, who taught pupils to live, and lived to preach the gospel of Christ;—of Thomas Richard, the brother of Ebenezer, who appeared like a prince among his brethren, and was all that he appeared to be;—of William Morris, of St. David's, whose every sermon was a string of sparkling gems;—of John Jones, of Talysarn, whose lofty poetic strains and charming eloquence would rivet the attention of large crowds, sometimes for two hours together;—of his brother David Jones, almost his equal in power, but his superior in pathos;—of John Hughes, the fine preacher, and the accomplished author of *Methodistiaeth Cymru*;—of the seraphic Henry Rees, who in nothing was a whit behind the very chiefest of these apostles, and was only taken to his rest three years ago, after blessing Wales for half a century;—of Thomas Phillips, who chose for his motto the words, “Bibl i bawb o bobl y byd,”⁴ and did more, perhaps, than any living man towards putting that motto in practice, and was removed in the autumn of 1870; of—. But we forbear. There are many, many more names rising before our mind. They are a great cloud from which countless blessings were rained on our dear country. But now they are all gone. It is comforting to feel that there are some of like spirit still left among us, and it gives stronger comfort to know that He who anointed them has an inexhaustible supply of that Spirit. May He abundantly descend on the existing and on the rising ministry! It is that only that can enable us to retain the ground which our fathers won with their sword and their bow, and to march on to greater and still greater victories over ungodliness and sin.

is now M. P. for Merthyr Tydvil.

⁴ *Anglicè*, “A Bible for each of the people of the world.”