

THE
 PRIMITIVE METHODIST
Magazine

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BIOGRAPHY

1. A Sketch of the Life of the Venerable

Hugh Bourne

“The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
 Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
 But he may boast, what few that win it can,
 That, if his country try stand not by his skill,
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall,”

Pious and holy men generally pass through life so quietly and unobserved, are so unostentatious and out of love with the vain applause and renown of the world and have their hearts and hopes so much set on things above, as to produce but few striking incidents in their lives to employ the pen of the biographer, and interest and instruct his readers. While the monarch, the senator, the hero, who perchance have passed through scenes of treachery and waded through fields of blood to the acme of temporal emolument and renown, are saluted with the shouts of the multitude through life, are honoured at death with the tribute of a nation's tears - have their mouldering ashes committed to some “place of proud sepulture,” and the history of their lives highly coloured, sought after with earnestness, and read with avidity and delight, and a brilliant record of their names and deeds written on polished marble, or engraved upon enduring brass, are intended to be handed down to far distant generations, - men of far higher, holier, and nobler deeds are destined to pass through life,

“Alike to fortune and to fame unknown,”

With the unvarnished tale of the artless simplicity – God-like sincerity – prevailing faith – holy agony – and wrestling prayer; their noble efforts, and nobler aims to bless and save the world; no historian embellishments his page – no bard embalms his song. They depart at last in peace; but their removal hence excites little sympathy – provokes little attention; the effect, the tiny ripple produced by throwing a small pebble into the ocean, soon passes away, and their memory fades from the minds of men. But what then? Are these men and their sainted deeds ever forgotten? No, verily. Their witness is in heaven, their record is on high, deep written in the annals of eternity in characters of light, which he who runs may read. They have only to wait a few fleeting hours, and then they have their reward. Their happy arrival on the shores of unmingled bliss will be saluted with loud hosannas, and cordial greetings of departed saints, and high orders of intelligent beings. Around their manly brows shall be entwined a garland of unfading beauty, “and never withering wreathes, compared with the laurels which Caesar reaps are weeds.”

There are, however, many exceptions to the above. All those who seek after human applause and worldly aggrandisement and fame only, do not always succeed.

“O’er them and o’er their names, the billows close.
One Caesar lives – a thousand are forgot.”

Or it may be some occurrence blasts their memory and lays their honour low – some small turn in the tide of human applause, that----

“Without scruple tears
The laurel, that the very lightning spares;
Bring down the warrior’s trophy to the dust,
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.”

On the other hand there are some good men raised up by providence to occupy important posts in society, who after enduring much opposition, contumely, and scorn, attain to signal honour and renown. Their deep devotedness to God – their burning zeal for his glory – their many acts of charity and self-denial – their incessant, anxious, and disinterested and earnest labours to bless their fellow-men – and the happy success which crowns their God-like purposes, make an impression on the minds of living masses not to be soon obliterated – and produce and effect upon society that shall endure and extend through coming generations. By the labour of the pens, also, they implant their thoughts in many minds, where, otherwise, such thoughts would never have a place; and by their writings they shall live long, very long, after their earthly pilgrimage expires. Their works shall be read by multitudes, when the heart that dictated and the hand that wrote them shall both alike be cold in the grave.

To this class, we humbly presume, Hugh Bourne, whose life and labours are now about to be sketched, may be fairly said to belong. His affection for, and adherence to “Open-air worship;” his maintenance and support of the English Camp-meetings; the place he occupied, and the part he took in the formation and establishment of the Primitive Methodist Community, - which has already been made a blessing to tens of thousands, and is calculated to hasten the coming of the latter-day glory, and affect the future destiny of multitudes; the numerous sacrifices of health and wealth which he cheerfully made for this purpose; the heavy cross which he bore; the hardships dangers, and toils, through which he urged his way; the constant, incessant, and unbroken labours in which he was engaged, and which he followed with unabating zeal and unflinching integrity to the close of a long life, without aiming at earthly honour or reward – will perpetuate his memory and immortalise his name.

Then, too, he has left behind him a journal in which he simply recorded his frames and feelings – his joys and sorrows – battles and victories – the sights that attracted his eyes, and the sounds that fell upon his ears, for nearly every day during the long space of fifty year; and also a mass of other matter. Here, then is no want of material for a memoir, but rather a super-abundance; and the mind labours, not in quest of something to fill up, but how to make a prudent selection for this brief sketch. And as his friends and family intend to publish his journals and life, in one or more volumes, the writer of this sketch would by no means forestall that publication by copying largely therefrom, but content himself with introducing some main features of his hero. It is, however, desirable that a true and faithful likeness should be given; and so far as the writer can present it to the mind of the reader, it shall be done. He shall see the man just as he was, not as some would think he ought to have been – not as others would say he might have been – no; nor even as the writer might wish he had been; but just as Providence formed, and kept, and left him. Hence it will be necessary that he should tell his own tale, and often speak for himself. It will be requisite likewise to introduce occasionally other men and other things, but any such notices shall be as brief as possible. In this sketch nothing shall be wilfully done derogatory to the man or his all-wise Maker; there shall be no unhallowed attempt to sport with his weakness: no light or jesting sentiment shall be uttered in regard to his foibles: nor yet any laboured attempt to give an improper colouring – a bright but untruthful gloss to his character. To attempt the

former would be consummately cruel; and we are aware that the latter can now avail nothing to departed:

“The Godlike man has nothing to conceal;
And Death, which others slays, makes him a god,”

But what a work is here imposed upon the writer! How utterly inadequate to its due performance does he feel! How wanting in approaching the subject, his hand trembles_ his spirit quails_ and most devoutly would he say,

“Some angel guide my pencil while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed;
A man on earth devoted to the skies.”

A few remarks on the progenitors and parents of Mr Bourne may not be unacceptable to the general reader. His ancestors on the paternal side were of Norman extraction; they came over with, or during the reign of William the Conqueror, and settled in North Staffordshire, in the possession of a considerable estate; which, however, has long since passed into other hands, or to men of other names.

Joseph Bourne, the father of Hugh, was in early life a small farmer, a wheelwright, and a timber-dealer. He was a man somewhat dissolute in his habits, and rash, turbulent and headstrong in temper. But he was withal a zealous member of the Church of England, much vigorously opposed to dissent, especially to Methodism; and although he was among the number of those “who have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof,” he manifested some zeal for the moral welfare of his children. Hence his son says, “We happily grew up without acquiring the habit of cursing and swearing. My father was a passionate man, and he would have been very severe if anyone had been guilty of using such language.” He was anxious also that they should be brought up in the formularies of the church. On this subject hear his son again : “When quite a boy, I learned by rote, or committed to memory, the morning and evening prayers of the Church, with the Te Deum Litany, &c. This was done at my father’s instance; and it evidences a family attachment to the Church. We were what are reckoned ‘good church goers.’”

Ellen Bourne, the mother of Hugh, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steele, of Hatchley, near Cheadle, Staffordshire, who were respectable farmers. She appears to have been a valuable woman, cultivating habits of industry and uprightness, really sincere and pious according to the light she had; and like the mother of the immortal Wesley, she taught nearly the whole of her numerous family to read, and laboured earnestly to train them up in the fear of the Lord. Nor were her labours in vain, as a faithful history of her family will show. Her trials were numerous and keen, principally occasioned through the boisterous conduct of her husband, who, however, when in company, and from home, would speak in the highest terms of the value and piety of his wife. And sometimes at home, too, when in his merry moods, he would dub her “Bishop,” and his sons Hugh and James, “Parsons.” In 1799, she joined with the Wesleyan Society at Ridgeway, about half a mile from Bemersley farm, to which place the family had some years before removed. She had now obtained increased light, and soon found life and liberty through the blood of the Lamb. From this time she continued, through evil and good report, to pursue the even tenor of her way, rejoicing in hope, and often strengthening the hands and encouraging the hearts of her sons, Hugh and James, and their coadjutors, in their arduous labours. In August 1817 aged eighty or eighty-one years, like a shock of corn ripe for the heavenly garner, she died triumphing over her last foe, exclaiming, “Come Lord Jesus, and come quickly.”

For his mother, Mr. Bourne retained through life a grateful and reverential remembrance. Many times to the writer did he speak of her in terms of the deepest affection and regard, declaring that he owed no small measure of his early pious impressions, his religious enjoyments, and his success as a minister of the gospel, to the earnest and faithful prayers of his mother. Ponder this, ye mothers! You are excluded from taking any share in the brilliant achievements of this world. Your duty is not to marshal conflicting armies on the field of battle and of blood; to raise your voice in the senate house, or to enact laws for the government of empires. But to you

is intrusted the work of giving form and impression to the mind of a generation - a world. Do you almost faint at the idea, and complain of wanting time and ability amidst the pressure of other duties? Remember Ellen Bourne, at the head of a numerous family - in straitened circumstances with a husband of rugged temper, and somewhat dissolute in his habits, and yet she made an effort to bring up her children for God, and succeeded in an eminent degree. "Go ye and do likewise."

Hugh Bourne, the third son and the fifth child of his parents, was born April 3rd 1772, at Fordhays, in the parish of Stoke-upon-Trent, in the county of Stafford. Respecting this locality he says:- "Our neighbourhood consisted of three rather small farm houses; and there was no other house, and no school nor place of worship within a considerable distance. Neither was there any public or horse-road, or foot-road near our house; so it was solitary, and I grew up so timid and bashful as is seldom equalled." Let the reader here mark well the birthplace of the boy, with all its forbidding aspects, and carry the idea with him as he journeys onward with the man; and while he thinks of seven cities contending as to the birthplace of Homer, let him draw the contrast. Mr. Bourne was born in a house never approached except on business or sufferance, and then only on foot, by crossing brook on a narrow plank. Standing, too, in the moorlands of Staffordshire far from a crowded city, the hum of business, or the fields of science; and in whose neighbourhood there was no national, ragged, or Sabbath-school; no lecture of reading-room; no mechanics' institution or hall of science, for the improvement of young men; no special machinery or material to call out---to wake its dormant energies or expand its powers; nor, on the contrary, anything to mar it "through philosophy or vain deceit." To the efforts of the mother, and the influence and operation of the Holy Spirit, the mind of young Bourne, therefore, presented "a virgin soil." But what a humble beginning--- what a little to excite expectation or foster hope! How apparently insignificant the boy! How small the bud of promise! Had the child been cut off in his cradle, the world would never mourned, because it never would have known the loss. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! When the infinite God has work to do, he chooses his own agents, and does it in his own way. When the tale of the cross is to be effectually told---the time-honoured institution of a nation, and the religious prejudices of its people removed, to bring in a better dispensation---are the schools of the prophets ransacked for suitable agency? No; the material is called up from "the sea of Galilee and the receipt of customs;" the weak things of this world employed to confound the mighty, that no flesh should have cause to glory in His presence. For this purpose,

"God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall,
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill."

Mr. Bourne was the subject of early religious impressions. He says: "My pious and industrious mother taught me to read, and sowed the seed of piety in my infant mind. The earliest thoughts I can recollect, were thoughts of piety and God; and I really felt happy in thinking of the Lord, and it was even then my determination to serve him." This must have been when he was of very tender years; perhaps before he was fully capable of discerning properly between good and evil, for he continues: "About my sixth or seventh year, I was deeply, fully, and clearly convinced of sin; and for a dread of being in hell before morning; and in the morning I mostly had a dread of being in hell before night. Still as I grew up I was regarded as being a moral man, and some thought me a righteous man. But 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness;' and I think during those twenty sorrowful years, no man could have induced me to believe that there was any sorrow like my sorrow,"

"Twenty long sorrowful years." How mournful! What an affecting drawback from a short life! What a waste of youth, and bloom, and prime! No wonder that we hear him afterwards passionately exclaiming, "Oh! That I had had someone to take me by the hand, to instruct me in the mystery of faith, and the nature of a free, full, and present salvation! How happy it would have been for me! But I looked, and there was no eye to pity; I mourned, but there was no hand to

help.” No marvel that in his after-life he so forcibly insisted himself, and so urgently pressed upon his coadjutors to insist on a *present salvation*.

A very brief record of his history during these twenty years shall now be given. From very early life he seems to have been much in love with reading and study; and he now followed it up, not only from a desire to acquire knowledge, but because it often diverted his mind from melancholy thoughts and gave some ease to his lacerated spirit. He says: “When thus engaged I was not so feeling sensible of the dreadful conviction for sin.” From his own account it seems his means for acquiring learning were very slender, and he was principally self-taught: “I learn to write at home, and got an acquaintance with the first rules of arithmetic; and as I was a quick learner, my father put me to school, first at Wherrington and then Bucknall; but as he was over fond of strong drink, I and my brothers and sisters were soon brought to close and hard work; and my lot was severe, for after a day’s hard labour I frequently sat up till midnight, reading. When I could snatch a few minutes in the day for reading, I also gladly embraced the opportunity .” Thus early he commenced the drudgery and toil of life. At this time it seems he had begun to work at his father’s trade, and when the family removed to Bermersley farm, in 1788, the father principally employed himself in farming pursuits, and Mr. Hugh Bourne’s labours were turned in another direction. “I was a good deal employed in engineering, millwrighting, and machinery, with my Uncle, Mr. William Sharratt, of Milton, about three miles from Bermersley, and this opened my way to an acquaintance with various branches of science, and the different applications of wind, water, and steam to the purpose of mills, engines, and machinery in general. It also gave me an extensive knowledge of the surrounding country, for in those employments we moved about a great deal.”

At this time he closely studied various branches of natural philosophy, especially mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, and optics; and from various drawings and remarks in his writings, it seems he principally followed the theory of *Desaguliers*. But although there are in his papers many marks of close study and deep thinking, yet it must be acknowledged that some of his deductions are now liable to grave objection, if not of successful controversy; and no doubt if he had had time in after life to pursue these studies, he would with increasing light have materially altered his early views. About this time also he obtained Hebrew grammars, and Greek and Latin lexicons, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the dead languages. In this study he made a creditable proficiency; nor did he wholly cease its pursuits after his conversion to God and his more extensive labours in the church. But amidst these early studies he still retained his religious impressions, read many good books, conversed with various professors of religion, especially the Quakers, and was deeply and anxiously inquiring after truth. From his writings at this time one thing is evident, that either through the representation of his father, the force of early habits, or through evil and untruthful reports, he was considerably prejudiced against the Methodists. “My being convinced of sin had nothing to do with Methodism, as I did not then know what Methodism was. That conviction was a matter between God and myself. I never had an opportunity of hearing Mr. Wesley, neither did I ever see him; and through hearing evil reports, I was in my mind prejudiced against him. Nor did I remember ever seeing any of his writings previous to the year 1799.” On one occasion I and another man went over to Macclesfield, and on our return a friend came with us through the town; and on noticing people go down a street, the person with me asked whither they were going. Our friend said, “They are going to the Methodist’s chapel. It is a pretty place. You have not time, or else we would have gone down and looked at it.’ While this was passing, my eye was upon the people, and it was impressed upon my mind, ‘these have real religion.’ This startled me, and I would have given a good deal for an acquaintance with these Macclesfield Methodists; but that could not be accomplished. The impression, however, never left me, and I believe it was the Holy Ghost.”

I took up my volume of the ‘Arminian Magazine’ for 1795, at the house of a friend, and was so interested with it that it caused me to wonder who the Arminians were, and where they lived. Shortly after this thought to go to Hanley, as soon as I had leisure, to see the book again, take notice where the Arminians lived, and go into the west of England and find them out. But one day I called at John Birchenough’s and seeing a book in his window I took it up, and behold! it was the Magazine for 1795. I asked the favour of reading it. ‘Oh’ said the good old man, ‘you are as welcome as the flowers in May, and I have several more volumes and you shall read them all.’

Truly, for some time I was a happy man. But how was I surprised to find that the Arminians were the Methodists! My views were changed. I thought the Methodists in North Staffordshire were fallen, but that perhaps the others were not.”

We are now arrived at the year 1799. The time of happy deliverance is nigh at hand. The thick and dark clouds are about to break and pass away, and give place to brighter and happier day. Mrs. Bourne being on a visit to Burslem, “asked Mr. J Mayer (a Methodist) to lend her a religious book for her own reading, and he put into her hand a book, thick as a Bible.” This she carried home with her, rejoicing in her treasure; but little thinking, perhaps, how vast would be its ultimate effect--that it would be instrumental in enlightening the mind and consoling the heart of her son Hugh; in giving a different complexion to the religious views, feelings, and professions of herself and the family, and extend an influence to the surrounding neighbourhood, the nation, and the world. The book itself was a sort of *multum in parvo*, containing biographies, treatises, sermons, and tracts, bound up together. Mr. B. says, “This book was entirely new to me; not one of the publications it contained had ever fallen in my way, so I read it with diligence and zeal. One main wish of my heart had been to find out which was the right religious society or community, and my ignorance on this point was one of my chief obstacles. But Mr. Wesley’s sermon on 1 John v. 7, cleared this up at a stroke, and this sermon gave me more light and information than a book I had ever before read; and previous to this, I do not know of having received any real spiritual light from any or all the sermons I had ever heard. But this sermon gave me to see that I might join any really religious society, without undervaluing others, and might profit by all. And this has been a blessing to me ever since.”

Being now employed for a few weeks at the house of a respectable Quaker, he read several of their books; and in the first race of Quakers he saw an example of faith, patience, and suffering, and a zeal also for open-air worship, with which he was pleased and profited. “The reading of these Quaker books,” he says, “enabled me to see a little clearer into the mystery and power of faith, and my friend Birchenough lent me the life of Mr. Wesley,’ by Coke and Moore, and this gave me assistance. I also was much enlightened by reading Mr. Fletcher’s “Letters on the Spiritual Manifestation of the Son of God.” He has now received a measure of light, and like the mariner in sight of the port, he applies his oar with redoubled zeal and energy. And one Sunday morning, in his father’s house, he says, “The reading of Mr. Fletcher’s Letters was the means of leading him into an exercise of faith. He believed in his heart: grace descended, and Jesus Christ manifested himself to him: his sins and sorrows were taken away in an instant, and he was filled with all joy and peace in believing. He never before knew of thought that anyone could, in this world, have a foretaste of heaven. In an instant he felt that he loved God with all his heart, mind, soul, and strength, and he felt a love to all mankind, and a desire that all, whether friends or enemies, might, if possible, be saved.”

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BIOGRAPHY

2. A Sketch of the Life of the Venerable

Hugh Bourne

(Continued)

After he obtained a knowledge of salvation, he was, however, subjected to many keen temptations. Having no guide or counsellor, he had to pursue his journey alone. His way was not yet clear to join with the Methodists, as all his scruples were not removed; he therefore waited further direction. Under one trial he went to a Quaker's meeting in leek, and found deliverance. He says, "he returned home thankful to the Almighty God. Having learned after this more fully to hold fast the beginning of his confidence steadfast unto the end." But however much he admired the first race of Quakers, he says, "he returned home thankful to Almighty God. Having learned after this more fully to hold fast the beginning of his confidence steadfast unto the end." But however much he admired the first race of Quakers, he says, "I met with none in the like faith and power," His way was not more open therefore to join with their Society than that of the Methodists. But what was to be done? Hear him. "Being quite in a dilemma, I made prayer and supplication to Almighty God to manifest his will and lead me rightly in this important matter. And I determined to consult no man, and to take no man's advice, but to wait until the Lord should make known his will in regard to this very weighty affair. And in the mean time I attended diligently the means of grace, and my leisure hours were chiefly spent in incessant reading and earnest prayer respecting what society the Lord would have me to join."

"In June 1799, my aged friend Birchenough, at whose house the preaching was held at Ridgway, told me of a love-feast to be held on Burslem Wake Monday evening which would be towards the end of June. This love-feast he said would be held in the Methodist chapel at Burslem, and he particularly wished me to attend it, proposing himself to attend with me. And as I had read of love-feasts in Mr Westley's life, the prospect of seeing one was pleasing. He further told me that the preaching at his house on the ensuing Sabbath would be at six o'clock in the evening, as the preacher wished to make an excursion. He was also to accompany him, and he asked me to be of the party. I agreed; and it happened to be the time of renewing the tickets. The preacher, for readiness, was writing them out; and on asking my name, I said, 'I said I am not one of you.' But friend B. said, you must take the ticket to go to the love-feast.' So I took it, little thinking that receiving it constituted me a member. Thus my friend and his helper made me a member without letting me know that they did so. At Burslem on the Wake Monday, I was surprised on being told that I was a member of the Methodist Society. But as the Lord had not manifested to me his will, it seemed easy to withdraw, if necessary. I was accompanied to the love-feast.' Led by Mr. J. Brettell. And this love-feast I shall remember. In it the Lord manifested it to me that it was his will for me to be a Methodist. And notwithstanding my timidity, I was near rising up to speak; I was heart and hand a Methodist. The next Sabbath morning I was at Ridgway class, as a regular member; and my beloved mother joined also. From this time my readings and studies were turned much (though not wholly) from arts, sciences, and general learning, and fixed more fully than before on the doctrines of Divine truth, and on the reading and study of Christian experience and doctrine."

He complains of scantiness of the means of Ridgway; but to make up for this he went to the preaching at Tunstall and Burslem, and to the prayer meetings at the latter place especially. Although he was so earnest and zealous, he did not for a long time take any active part in the services. "Hardy timber slowly grows." "I never prayed in public for a year and a half, or more, after I joined the society. I was pressed on, at the Burslem Sunday-night, to do it. But at the instant I thought to try the power of utterance seemed entirely to leave me."

He was now also become a man of business, and so numerous were his calls, that he could but seldom get to week-night meetings. Early in the year 1800 he purchased a quantity of oak timber, growing on a farm at Dales Green, between Harresehead and Mow Cop; and as these places are so conspicuous in the history of English camp-meetings and the Primitive Methodist Connexion, the readers shall have his geographical description of them. "Mow Cop, anciently written Mole Cope, is a great, rough, craggy waters. It runs nearly north and south, ranging between Staffordshire and Cheshire, and is in both counties. The southern end is near two miles from the Kidsgrove colliery, in Staffordshire, and the northern end is about three miles from the town of Congleton, in Cheshire; and it is about three miles north-west from Bermersley; and Harresehead is about half a mile east of Mow Cop. It is a lower range of country running parallel with it; and the stonetrough is on the east side of Harresehead. The land is mostly poor, barren and unproductive, causing the face of the country to have an unpleasant appearance." About this time the manager at stonetrough prevailed with him to undertake the wood-work at that colliery. He was thus providentially brought to this neighbourhood, had plenty of work, and his temporal prospects were very flattering. But alas! For his mental comfort, the moral state of this neighbourhood wore a gloomy aspect. He had complained that the means at Ridgway were very scanty. But here were no means at all. He look around him with a heavy heart, and sighed over the godless state of the inhabitants; and as he saw no means of improvement, it became a serious question with him whether he could long remain here to maintain his own ground. It is true; this Sodom had one lot in it. There was one Methodist living in Harresehead, - "old Jane Hall, who was very zealous, but much persecuted by her husband and others, on account of her religion."

Mr. Bourne, however, had a work to do here; and it was not long ere he commenced operations. There was one Mr. Thomas Maxfield, a farrier and blacksmith, whose shop was at Harresehead, and Mr. Bourne began to talk to him with all the zeal of a new convert; and having written a short account of his own conversion, and the dealings of God with his soul, he handed this to Mr. M., who read it with satisfaction, and made many useful remarks upon it. Then there was Daniel Shubotham, a relation of Mr. Bourne's: his father had left him ample property, but through indulging in intemperance and crime he had wasted it; and at this time he was reduced to the position of a working collier, though he still lived upon his own freehold. "He was a bold and talented man, a boxer, a poacher, and a leading character in crime." Mr. Bourne conversed with him also about religion, and Daniel was soon troubled in his mind, and his convictions so agonized him as at times to render him incapable of following his employment; and in his paroxysms no man could pacify him but Mr. Maxfield. At such times Daniel would sit on the smithy hearth the day over. On one of these occasions he made somewhat free with the character of his relation Bourne, saying what a timid man he was, - no company for any one, - had no comfort of his life; and went on thus until Maxfield took fire, and with some warmth said, in his own peculiar way, "Aye lad, but he's a safe(or saved) man." This sentiment darted into Daniel's mind with the velocity of lightning and the force of a descending thunderbolt: it was indeed a word in season. "He sprang up, leaped off the hearth, and said, 'Then I will be a safe man, for I will join him'" Mr. Maxfield now feared he should lose his fellow poacher. Gladly would he have recalled the sentence, but it was too late; the shot was fired, - the arrow had flown, - and the nail was fastened in a sure place. Daniel made good his word, sought an early interview with Mr. Bourne, and on Wednesday evening December 24th, 1800, he and another collier came to converse with him, and an arrangement was made for him to visit Daniel at his own house next morning. Mr. Bourne passed the night in deep sorrow, and in the morning, through timidity, he felt it a great cross to go. "but he had opened his mouth to the Lord, and could not depart from it." He therefore set out on this very important visit; and perhaps, from want of confidence in his own conversational powers, he took with him a book written by a Quaker, and also the simple narrative of his own conversion." Thus equipped, he trod the threshold of Daniels house and

conversed with him. He also read from the Quaker's book and his own "narrative;" and after further conversation, left the house without a word of prayer. But why so? Because he had never ventured to pray, except when alone. Daniel accompanied him, and on the way Mr. Bourne opened to him the scriptures, and earnestly besought him to flee from the wrath to come. This led the way to Daniel's conversion,—to the establishment of the Herresehead prayer-meetings—to the introductions of the English camp-meetings, and to—what? Eternity must tell: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" About this time another collier, named Matthias Bayley, heard a sermon in the open air, at a village called Newchapel. This led to his conversion; and between him, Daniel, and Mr. Bourne, an intimacy was formed. They often met for the purpose of conversing with each other, and each often lamented the want of pray-meetings, or other means of grace in the neighbourhood. About this time there was a preaching service establishment once a fortnight on the Sabbath, "at pious old Joseph Pointon's whose house stood on the Cheshire side of Mow." Bourne and Shubothan also visited from house to house, and talked to many whom they met on the way. Four colliers were soon awakened by these means; but neither Mr. Bourne nor Daniel knew how to lead them to Christ. Hence Mr. Bourne was troubled. He applied to one of the circuit preachers to establish a prayer-meeting, but failed: he then wished some Burslem Methodist to come and carry on the prayer-meetings in a proper orderly way, and offered to pay them out of his own pocket for loss of time. In this he could not succeed. Providence then opened the way. Matthias and Daniel being one day together, and oppressed in spirit, wished much to pray *with* and *for* each other; but they never had prayed, except in private, and felt as though they could not pray together. The church prayer-book was therefore produced, the leaves were turned over, and page after page was ransacked to find some prayer suitable to their case, but no suitable one could be found. They were just giving up the point when it was suggested, "We have prayed in private, and the Lord has answered; cannot we pray just the same together?" They tried and succeeded. Now another thought arose,— Could we not thus pray if others were present also? We can try. Accordingly a prayer-meeting was given out to be held the Sunday-evening following at the house of Jane Hall, who with her husband's consent, offered it for that purpose. It was determined that Mr. Bourne should pray at this meeting. The next Sunday morning he was at his class at Ridgway; and knowing what was awaiting him at night, he broke through and prayed in public for the first time, but was not satisfied with the effort. Night came, and the *trio* were seen amid the congregation preparing for operations. Matthias opened the meeting with singing and prayer; Bourne followed, and then Daniel and another. Thus commenced the prayer-meetings. Another was published for the next Sunday night. Uncommon effects were soon produced. "Harresehead, Kidsgrove, and Mow were moved, and the work was very great. There was soon an amazing change. Hymns were sung in almost every house, and the country far and near was surprisingly moralized." Several rules were laid down in regard to these prayer-meetings, allowing none to pray but those who were moral in conduct, guarding against improper expressions in prayer, and enforcing short exercises both in singing and prayer. These regulations answered well; and as the work spread rapidly, many praying labourers were soon raised up. The meetings were very lively, and all had not time to exercise who wished. Hence complaints often arose; and on one occasion, when some were saying, "Oh that the meeting had continued longer!" and others, "Why did you break it up so soon?" Daniel stood up and said, praying, and then you'll be satisfied." A whole day's praying upon Mow! What an idea! How strange the thought! Who suggested it? A few nights after he again used the same words. The people listened — were struck with surprise — the thing was new: but it fell upon their ears "with all the loveliness of song." A days praying upon Mow! Why, the thing, upon consideration, appears feasible enough. The mountain is always there. Praying can do it no harm, nor will it detract anything from its value; and "Sunday, the sweet day of rest," comes every week, when men abstain from toil and labour; and, alas! How many spend the day much worse, both for the nation, the world, the church, society, and themselves, than spending it in prayer!

Mr. Bourne had been often requested to lead the class at Ridgway, but through timidity refused. But as there was nobody to look after these new converts, he went over to Kingrove every Sunday morning to speak to them. This was his first attempt at class-leading. It was now decided also that he should begin to preach. But why it does not appear. He had never yet attempted to speak in public — not even to exhort in a prayer-meeting. But, perhaps, as there was a

lack of preaching services, and as he was often conversing with people about religion – was known to be a deep thinker and a great reader – his friends might suppose him likely to be useful. And through their earnest entreaty, he consented to preach, or rather to try to preach, a sermon at Joseph Pointon’s on Sunday, July 12, 180. He at first stipulated that the service should be in the open air; thus early showing his predilection for his mode of worship. But no; these terms could not be complied with. Even “Old Joseph” himself could not consent to such innovation on rule, decency, and order. Mr. Bourne, therefore, reluctantly submitted. As the time approached, he became much agitated – was very timid, and full of fear. The day arrives; he is so sorrowful and troubled in mind that he persuades Matthias to take his class at Kidsgrove in the morning. The subject has already afforded matter for much prayer, and as time draws near, the interest felt seems to increase. There is a mighty time in prayer at Dale’s-green just before preaching time from this place under a deep baptism of the spirit, he is seen climbing the side of Mow, his beating bosom still full of trouble. One thing however, consoles him – that in the event of a failure there will be very few present to witness his disgrace, and few will be just from the neighbourhood, and not spread the news afar, to the injury of religion. But on his arrival at the place how was he surprised to find a great multitude? “Old Joseph’s house was soon filled, and there was still a host outside.” Now what must be done? If the house will not contain the people, Joseph has a field close at hand that will, and now, by a stern “necessity that knows no law,” the way opened, and Joseph and others say, “then it’s like to be out of doors,” the service was accordingly held in the field, and Mr. Bourne says, “The prospect was heavenly. It was a fine day, and the ground was dry and warm. The sun shone brightly, and the rays of the Sun of righteousness reach many hearts. The people were soon seated on the mountain side, as in a gallery. After prayer and singing the second time, I read out a text, on which I had meditated; but most of what I had thought was quickly gone from my mind, and I was at a pause. I then spoke as if addressing a single person; I had been accustomed to this way, and a field opened before me. I also gave an account of my own conversion, and this took well. I felt the Lord precious, and got into a good exercise of faith; but my feelings may be judged of when it is known that I held my left hand on my brow, so that I did not see the congregation during the whole time of delivering the sermon. Yet the Lord in his mercy gave me at least one seal to my ministry.” Such is his own simple description of his first preaching effort. And who that knew the man and his manner in after life, who has frequently listened to his oral addresses, when he was more mature as a preacher, but can form some pretty accurate notion of this effort? But the thing itself is gone. It was not written – there was reporter to take notes. It has long since faded from human memory. Had it been preserved, although we could not suppose it would exhibit either elegance or eloquence, it would, no doubt, have been a rarity in its way – an original. The scene, too, would be worthy an effort from the pen of the poet or the pencil of the painter, - the man, his appearance, his position, his calling, his talent; the place, congregation, effect, &c. After the sermon, either through bodily weakness or through dissatisfaction with himself or his effort, he retired into the house, and left the conclusion of the meeting in the hands of others. The service opened out in “true camp-meeting style,” and was carried on for some time by praying, singing, exhorting, &c., until with the voice of the multitude “the welkin rung.” It is a singular circumstance that this took place in the same field where the camp-meeting was afterwards held. Mr. Bourne was now a preacher, and New Chapel, Bradley Green, Brown Edge, and Norton, soon shared his pulpit labours.

The work was now become so extensive, that on Friday, July 31st, 1801, the colliers waited on him to say that they had agreed to have a chapel, and that Daniel Shubotham would give a part of his garden as a site on which to build it, and that they wished to have Mr. Bourne’s advice and assistance. He thought a chapel would soon be needed, and at once promised to give all the timber necessary for it, although it would cost about 30*l*. This was a liberal offer. But, he says, “I had worked very hard, had been very sober and frugal, and thereby saved some money. Hence it was in my power, and the Lord gave me heart to do it.” Thus encouraged, the friends commenced, but could not proceed far. They then prevailed with him to take up the whole affair. He reluctantly consented, but soon found himself in a dilemma. The materials had to be bought from a distance, the roads were very bad, and there was no one to lay to a hand, or advance a pound. But he was fairly in with it, and there was but one way to get fairly out; that was, to go through with it. It was

built of brick and slated, and sufficiently large to accommodate two hundred hearers. But before it was covered in there came a storm; one of the gables was blown down, and the roof fell in. This was a trial indeed, and we hear him saying, "I hope the Lord will have mercy on any one who has to pass through such scenes of trouble." The chapel, however, was duly completed, principally at his expense; and the amount of good done in it is one of the facts which eternity will disclose. This was his first sacrifice for chapel building, but not the last. In order the better to acquire a knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek languages, he commenced a school in the chapel, and carried it on for about twelve months; but finding it unsuitable to his health, he gave it up. After which he says, "What time I could spare from work and study, was spent in prayer-meetings and exhortations; and in preaching I chiefly managed to get into the open air, with a few pious praying labourers."

Up to this time he does not appear to have had but an imperfect knowledge of a full salvation, to be obtained by faith and held by faith. But about Michaelmas 1804, one James Clarke, residing at or near Congleton, had solicited some Methodists from the neighbourhood of Stockport, who were famed revivalists, to attend the love-feast in Congleton chapel. Mr. Bourne and others were invited to meet them. He says, "I was greatly blest at the love-feast. I sat in the gallery. Two men, revivalists, sat in the pew before me. One leaned back, and asked whether the Lord had cleansed my heart? I said, 'I do not know, but he is blessing me,' He said, 'You may have a clean heart to-night. Pray to God to show you your heart.' But I did not understand him. In the love-feast they spoke very pointedly of full sanctification. After the love-feast we went into a house, to have a meeting with the Stockport men. I was surprised at their earnestness, zeal, and faith. They urged a full and present salvation, and then prayed for some of our people, who obtained the blessing. I stood up. Some were praying, some talking, some praising and shouting. It was nearly as rough as a Harresehead meeting. One came and prayed for me – another talked to me. I felt power come. They asked me if the Lord had washed my heart? I said he was blessing me. Then they asked if I wanted anything else? I said, 'I do not know.'" He seems to have obtained much light and information as to the deep things of God at this love-feast. The next night he was at the class-meeting at Harresehead. It was a mighty time. He says, "I was humbled down, and shown the manner in which the Stockport men worshipped. I came by simple faith, and obtained the blessing. Thomas Malkin obtained it also; and after the meeting was concluded, the power of God came in such a degree that we began again and again, and for some time could scarce stand or speak, so great was the power of God upon us." These occurrences produced a great quickening among the society at Harresehead, and led to a great revival in other parts of Burslem circuit. It extended to Tunstall and Burslem. "A number were converted, and proved very firm in the cause of religion; among whom were William Clowes, James Nixon, and William Morris. And between these people and H. and J. Bourne an intimacy grew up, and in particular between H. Bourne and William Clowes." These two became very close and faithful companions, were very frequently together, cultivated a union of spirit, and entered cordially into deep things of God. And let it be clearly understood, that in all his early journals which the writer has yet seen, Mr. Bourne speaks of his companion, Mr. Clowes, in terms of the highest praise. And if in after life, either through the overweening fondness or mistaken zeal of some friends, or false and improper misrepresentation of other persons, or through the weakness and imbecility of old age, he spoke or wrote otherwise, it is deeply to be deplored. And as both of these excellent men have now departed to companionship with higher and holier orders of intelligences, where all earthly honour appears "light as the small dust upon the balance," it is hoped that the friends of each will exercise mutual forbearance and Christian charity, seeking to be followers of those who, "through faith and patience, are inheriting the promises."

The day's praying on Mow has now for some time been lying in abeyance; but the thing is neither dead nor forgotten. Like a spark covered among ashes, it only wants uncovering, and a gentle breeze to blow upon it, and it will again flame out. The Methodist' magazines have for some time been published and read in the neighbourhood of Harresehead, and they contain striking accounts of open-air services being held in America, called camp-meetings, and that those meetings are often crowned with great success. And about the years 1806 and 1807 Lorenzo Dow, from America, visits England, and by preaching, conversation, and tracts, spreads much information about the American camp-meetings. There is much difference of opinion respecting

it. Some desire it, others are much opposed to it; but at last matter is brought to an issue. Mr. Bourne determines that there shall be a camp-meeting held at Norton on the 23rd August to counteract the bad effect of the wake. The next Monday night he went to the class to make known his intention and procure help; and so soon as the leader had spoken to the members, Mr. Bourne stood up and announced his intention. Several at once promised to assist; but then came a question, why at Norton? "Why should not Mow have the precedence?" "We will have one at Mow," several said. The preachers' plan was then examined for a suitable day, and Sunday, May 31, 1807, was declared to be the day when the first camp-meeting should be held on Mow. But should it be published or not, was another question. Some said, "it is for ourselves; let us keep it to ourselves, and not publish it at all." But T. Cotton said, "his friends at Congleton had encouraged him in the affair, and it would be hard not to let them know." Mr. Bourne accordingly wrote him out some notices of it. But there was no keeping this affair secret, for the report flew through the country as if it had gone on the wings of angels." Many now anxiously looked forward to this day, and prayer was made to almighty God without ceasing for his blessing on the meeting. The day came, the meeting was held, and Mr. Bourne wrote a small pamphlet containing an account of it, which was published and spread through the country by thousands. A few extracts shall now be given, for the information of the reader: - "The morning proved rainy and unfavourable, which rather put the meeting back; but about six o'clock the Lord sent the clouds off, and gave us a very pleasant day. The meeting was opened by two holy men from Knutsford, Captain Anderson having previously erected a flag on the mountain to direct strangers; and these three men, with some pious people from Macclesfield, carried on the meeting a considerable time by preaching, prayer, exhortation, &c., in a most vigorous and lively manner. So many hundreds soon covered the ground, that a second preaching stand was erected; and about noon the congregation was so much increased, that we were obliged to erect a third preaching stand. I got upon this stand, and was extremely surprised at the amazing sight that appeared before me. I had not before conceived that such a vast multitude was present. But to see the thousands, hearing with attention solemn as death, presented a scene of the most sublime and awfully-pleasing grandeur my eyes ever beheld. After this number so increased that a fourth preaching stand was called for. Many preachers were now upon the ground from Knutsford, Congleton, Wheelock, Burslem, Macclesfield, and other places. They seemed to be fired with an uncommon zeal, and a most extraordinary variety appeared. One of them had been turned from Deism - was a great scholar and philosopher - had been in the field of battle, and left a leg in Africa, when the grandees of the earth drew the sword, and bade the battle bleed. He had walked in blood, over fields covered with the dying and the dead. He showed the happiness of our land, and the gratitude we owed to God in being exempted from the seat of war. Another, who had seen the horrors of rebellion in Ireland, persuaded us in turn to righteousness because we were exempted from these calamities. E. Anderson related the devotion he had beheld in many parts of the world which we supposed to be in darkness, and exhorted us to turn to God, lest they rise in judgment against us. And about half-past eight at night, the meeting finally closed,-- a meeting such as our eyes had never beheld,--a meeting for which many will have to praise God, both in time and in eternity."

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BIOGRAPHY

3. A Sketch of the Life of the Venerable

Hugh Bourne

(Continued)

Such was Mow first Camp-meeting. But Mr. Bourne was now prepared for severe trials. Although it was acknowledged that the meeting had been attended with much good, yet vast opposition arose. Handbills were put out against camp-meetings, by the preachers both in Burslem and Macclesfield circuits. Many that had been warm advocates turned round; and no small part of the burden of maintaining the conflict, fell upon him. Indeed at one time it seems as though he must have stood alone. "For so extraordinary was the nature and force of opposition, that for a few days even James Bourne himself was undecided in his mind." No opposition, however, could shake Mr. Hugh Bourne. He believed from the first that these meetings were of the Lord; and that it was his duty to stand by them. And in doing so he felt a deep conviction that providence would stand by him and open his way, and make his righteous purposes clear as the noon-day light:

"What grand surveys of destiny Divine
Should roll in bosoms where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity,"

It was published by the opposing party, that the second Mow meeting would not be held; but Mr. Bourne drew up a bill, which was signed by himself, J. Bourne, D. Shubotham, M. Bayley, and T. Cotton, got it printed and circulated to show that the meeting would be held. Amidst all this, Mr. Stephenson, a master potter of Cobridge, a Deist, and a vile persecutor of religion, "untaught by trial, unconvinced by proof," gave it out that he would crush the Camp-meetings (this he thought to do by the Conventicle Act); and his hand were strengthened, not only "by lewd fellows of the baser sort,"--not only "by men of like passion with himself," nor yet only by members of churches noted as intolerant, and persecuting; but also (Oh! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon,) by some who owed their religious existence to the efforts of Westley and Whitfield. The day came; and Mr. Stephenson, true to his threat, rode up to the congregation in company with another master plotter. He was full of bluster and rage, and attempted to force his horse among a company where prayer was making for mourners; but could not succeed. This seemed only to irritate and enrage him the more. Poor fellow! He has engaged in an unequal contest. He is fighting against God, and cannot conquer so easily as he expected. He inquires for the heads of the meeting -- is directed to Mr. Bourne: they converse together, and another spirit comes over him; --and instead of clearing the field of these *fanatics*, who he perhaps thought would flee from his presence as a bird of night from the opening morning, he leaves them saying "God bless you;" and those who heard re-joined, "God bless him." *What effect* this ultimately had upon him, prayer of the people was answered, is a fact not to be known in time. But his interference, although "he meant it not so, neither did his heart think so," proved of much service to the Camp-meetings. This was a good as well as a great meeting. About forty were converted on Sunday, and about twenty on Monday; on the Tuesday, towards night, we broke up."

Mr. Bourne was at much trouble and expense in preparing for this meeting. He obtained liberty from a freeholder to occupy a piece of his land. He then purchased poles, and deals, and whatever else was necessary, and put up an extensive temporary building, large enough for the purpose. He also put three tents, to make it a little like an American Camp-meeting. He then went to Lichfield and licensed the place. And on the 16th day of July 1807, appeared before the court of Quarter Sessions at Stafford, took the oaths, and duly qualified himself as a Dissenting minister; thus wisely providing against the coming storm. He says, "the cost was about thirty pounds of hard-earned money. J. Bourne would pay half. I got no other help except one shilling, which a stranger put it into my hand at Norton Camp-meeting."

At the Wesleyan Conference this year a resolution was passed condemnatory of Camp-meetings, although not one in the Conference had ever attended such a meeting. Whether this grave assembly were in this instance favoured with light from heaven, and, whether under the influence of the Spirit, wisely and justly decided, "the day will declare it." In the face of this Conferential decision, however, Brown Edge and Norton Camp-meetings were held, and both crowned with success. But through Conferential and other opposition the camp-meeting system was endangered; and it does seem that it would have been altogether crushed had it not been for Mr. Bourne. In the year 1808 he was still more extensively engaged in religious efforts. He visits Lask Edge, Tean, Kingsley, Ramsor, Wotton, Farley, and other places in Staffordshire, and extends his labours into Cheshire, Shropshire, and Lancashire; and from this time we find him working, walking, visiting and preaching, to an extent that very few men could endure.

On Monday, June 27th, a very important event in his life happened. At the quarterly meeting held at Burslem, he was on this day put out of the old Methodist Society, without receiving any notice of what was going on, of having any kind of hearing as to the charges that were preferred against him. He however, meditated no resentment – harboured no revenge towards his Wesleyan friends, who had thus inflicted upon him the heaviest penalty which their law would allow, - excommunication from their church. He bore the insult patiently and without complaint, stirring up no strife, making no division, and attempting none. He pursued his onward course, toiling, preaching, and living for himself and others as though nothing had happened; or as if all that happened had made no deeper impression upon his mind than would the dash of a thistle down against a mountain of flint.

He had already on different occasions, at considerable expense to himself, distributed tracts of different kinds by hundreds. He also got printed the life of B. Abbot, and disposed of it in a way which could bring no temporal gain; and, in the year 1809, he prepared a collection of hymns, and published them at his own expense; the profits arising therefrom, if any, to be applied to the spread of the gospel. He thus aimed at no personal profit or gain. Following the Apostolic precept, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content," he was well satisfied "to wear the world as a loose garment." From a deep consciousness that all his journey through this eventful life lay only "inch high, the grave above," he seemed to have "one eye on death, and one full fixed on heaven, as well becomes a mortal and immortal man." He felt the dread responsibility of living here, - he pondered the dread effect which living here will have on existence hereafter for ever. Hence he often sought means to promote deep and solemn meditation. In one of his journeys to Tean, about this time, he visited Bucknall; turned into the grave-yard where lay the mouldering remains of his old school-fellows, and other companions of his active days. Here was indeed materials for reflection, as he thought

"Time was, like me they life possest;
And time will be, when I shall rest."

To pursue and improve the train of thought he also went to Fordhays, the homestead of his early life, and took a serious walk in the field where he was first convinced of sin. So deep was the impression made upon his mind by this visit, of the shortness and uncertainty of life, that he remarked to a friend, he felt as though his departure was at hand. "But the end is not yet." God has much work for him to do; and this time is fully employed with business, visiting, preaching, attending the means of grace, and mental exercise. In order that the reader may form a proper view on this subject, a few extracts shall be now given from his journal;

Sunday, July 9th 1809. – We began the camp-meeting [at Biddulph] about six o'clock. It was rather cold and windy. After I and James had preached, and many had prayed, we removed to another place. Here we sheltered from the wind, and were fully in the sunshine. People crowded in, and there was much power; one or two were set at liberty. We could not stop for dinner, the people so flocked in; and they had a grand and awful appearance. Monday, 10th. –I was at work at Shieldscroft. At night heard Mr. Button, Wesleyan, preach at Norton. The service was suitable to me. He asked me to give him Mr. B. Abbot's life. Tuesday, 11th.-I was weak in body, but worked at Shieldscroft, and at night had a glorious time at Birchenough's. Billy Allcock was there, and we had much talk after the meeting. Wednesday, 12th.-I was weak in body, and was at Badley Green and Shieldscroft. I had much talk with R. Bailey about faith. O Lord strengthen him! Thursday, 13th.-I worked at Badley Green, and had a good time at Norton at night. Friday, 14th- Haymaking and studying the Greek. O Lord! Make me to do all to thy glory, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

“Sunday, 16th.-Camp-meeting, at Mow. There were plenty of preachers, and a vast company in the afternoon. At night I was at Lane-ends, and got higher in faith than ever before. Monday, 17th.- Being unwell, through much exercise yesterday, I stayed at home and worked in the hay. Tuesday, 18th.-I was haymaking. At night, J. Nixon came for me to lead Clowes class. I went, and had a good time.-Thursday, September 21th.-I worked in the corn, and was strong in faith. It has been a very wet harvest, and of course a tedious time. The Lord's will be done. Friday, 22nd.-I worked very hard in the corn. I was setting up corn after three scythes, and by working quickly I often got a little time to kneel behind a *kivver*, which was well for me. I felt nothing in me that desired anything but God. My desire to live is only to grow up into him. Monday, 25th.-I worked hard in the corn, yet got time to pray frequently. I am become almost as dead to sensual feeling as a stone. This hath the Lord wrought. The weather still continues wet. The Lord will be done. I am happy.”

What an example of redeeming the time is here! Let those who talk about having no time to devote to God, think about H. Bourne setting up after three scythes, and yet kneeling often during the day behind a *kivver*, for the purpose of prayer and supplication. Look reader! “You see the man; you see his hold on heaven.”

Such was the man in 1809. He had already relinquished much of his temporal business; and he so ordered what he had retained, as to be able to make frequent excursions for a fortnight together. This was a great sacrifice, having had a fair prospect of temporal success. But he saw the busy and gay world in its true light, and felt the important and weighty affairs of eternity press upon him. His religious calls began now vastly to multiply. He says, “I had my Brother and others to assist in the superintendency, when needful, yet the weight upon me was great. The making and writing out plans was a great deal of work; and as I had opened my mouth before the Lord not to allow my worldly business to obstruct me in my ministry, I was, by degrees, obliged mainly to relinquish it.” In August 1809, there were eight preachers, who stood in the following order: 1 H. Bourne, 2 J. Bourne, 3 T. Cotton, 4 W. Maxfield, 5 T. White, 6 T. Knight, 7 W. Allcock, 8 W. Turner; and nine places namely, Gratton, Lask Edge, Gillow Heath, Congleton Edge, Brown Edge, Tean, Wootton, Ramsor, and Calden Lowe. Friday, November 17th, he engaged “the Old Man of the Forest,” J. Crowfoot, as a travelling preacher, to assist in keeping up the places already opened, and visiting others. For these purposes he agreed to give him ten shillings per week till lady-day next. “The directions to this man were to follow the openings of providence, and get as many as he could converted, and advise them to join other connexions.”

As yet the fruit of Mr. Bourne's labours had principally fallen into the hands of the Wesleyans; and the formation of a separate society had not been attempted nor designed. But we are now approaching a very important in his history. It was published that a female would preach at Standley, on Wednesday evening March 14th, 1810, at the house of Joseph Slater. Mr. Bourne attended this meeting, and it resulted in, the formation of a class of ten members, not one of whom belonged to any other religious community. It was intended to join these to the Burslem circuit of the Wesleyan Connexion; but, through the improper interference of some, this could not be done. Mr. Bourne was struck with astonishment on being informed that they [he and his brother] should be obliged to take wholly upon themselves the care of Standley society. There was, however, no remedy. Necessity was laid upon them, and they could not draw back without

sacrificing conscience. His Journal says, "Wednesday, May 23 rd.- I cannot but look back and admire the wonderful hand of God. It was not my intention to have anything to do with raising separate societies; but to raise up as many people into the service of the Lord as I was able to do, and then to encourage them to join other societies. But Mr. Edmonson's conduct about Standley has quite put a different turn upon things. John Brindley, of Norton, a forward man had gone to Mr. Edmonson about Standley, and he upon this, put it on the plan. At quarter-day it was brought forward, and John Brindley proposed that we should labour jointly the first quarter.

Mr. Edmonson replied that they would have to all in their own hands, or else have nothing to do with it. Then John Brindley said '*Yo mun* lay your hands of it.' This settled it."

Mr. Bourne now commenced a new course, there was a class of ten members, and those formed the embryo or germ of the future Connexion. It has been said that the first Methodist class consisted of ten members, if so, it is a striking coincidence. This separation between him and his Wesleyan friends is thus narrated by Mr. Bourne: "So they drew a clear line of distinction between the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion and the Primitive Methodist Connexion. But there was cleanness on both sides. They did not take one member from us; and we did not take one member from them. There was a number of places where we had laboured once a fortnight, and they had done the same; but these we left without taking a single member, and thus made our leaving as easy as it could well be, and in this instance we gave no cause of complaint." In the month of July this year the number of members in society had increased from ten to a hundred; and in September the plan contained ten preachers, who stood in the following order: 1 H. Bourne, 2 J. Bourne, 3 T. Cotton, 4 W. Maxfield, 5 T. White, 6 T. Knight, 7 W. Allcock, 8 W. Turner, 9 J. Crowfoot, 10 Mary Dannel. It also contained thirteen places: Tean Wootton, Ramsor, Lex Head, New Houses, Hollington, Boylston, Rodsley, Standley, Bemersley, Childerplay, Risley, and Runcorn. The number of members in society was 136. He says, "At this time we had not one member at either Burslem or Tunstall, nor ever had had one at either of those places. Those preachers numbered 1, 7, and 9, were chiefly itinerant, the others local; only 2, 3, and 10 made occasional excursions." By comparing this plan with that of August, 1809, it will be seen that the preachers remained the same, only that two were added; but the places had undergone a great change – many of the former places, it seems, being left in the hands of the Wesleyans. About this time (September, 1810), Mr. W. Clowes was separated from the Wesleyan Society, which made a great stir, and gave a different complexion to the face of things about Tunstall. This proved a great acquisition, and gave an impetus to the infant cause.

The connexion now being fairly established, Mr. Bourne sacrificed much of his temporal interest, and laboured to promote its prosperity with all his heart, manifesting much deadness to the world, and much zeal for souls. He says, "Saturday, April 3, 1813. – To-day, I believe, I am forty-one years of age. I believe this is my birth-day, though I was told that I was born April 2. Well, so far, I have passed through this troublesome world; and excepting religion, there is not much pleasure in it which I wish to taste. The forenoon I chiefly spent in reading the first volume of Wesley's life, by Benson. I trust I shall have cause to thank God to all eternity for reading in this book to-day." In the years 1811, 12 several important things occurred in the connexion, such as the introduction of tickets, appointing a superintendent preacher and a circuit steward, taking the name of Primitive Methodists, the formation of rules, &c., in most of which Mr. Bourne had a main hand. But we must pass over these things, as we are not writing a history of the Connexion, but a brief life of Mr. Bourne. For many years he seems to have taken a prominent part in overlooking the Connexion, even after it had become more than one circuit; and so zealous was he in the discharge of his duty, that the amount of his toil and travelling almost exceeds belief. When renewing tickets he did not content himself by giving them to such as met him for that purpose, but he took them to be absent members. And it is not uncommon to see his journal, "I have now seen every member in this class except S.A., who was from home. I was ready to faint with fatigue." The reader shall now be introduced to the personal appearance of the man with whom he is passing through life. But why has not this been sooner done? Because we aim at taking everything; up consecutively; and the writer having not yet seen him, has been unable hitherto to describe him. The connexion did not spread very wide, nor extend very rapidly, until the year 1819, when, like a fire pent up, it burst forth into flame, and spread with amazing rapidity. This part of Cheshire, as well as other places, was visited by a Primitive Methodist

missionary, and the result was grand. A mighty revival of religion ensued but seldom equalled, all things considered; old and young, rich and poor, were awakened. Had a volcano burst forth in one of the neighbouring hills, and poured forth a stream of fiery lava, blasting all that was fair, and consuming all that was flourishing around it, or had an earthquake opened yawning chasm, and swallowed up the cottage of the poor or the mansion of the rich, with their helpless tenantry, it could not have produced a wider or deeper sensation. And as the mind naturally associates the idea of some great one in connection with a great deed, when it was announced that "*the first starter*" of this great work was coming over to preach, expectation was running high. We now try to picture the man and his effort at our first interview, which was Sunday, December 12 1819. The service is at two o'clock, many are looking out, and the stranger's near arrival is announced. In the distance is seen approaching, not "lolling in a chaise," or mounted on "a mettled steed," but a man on foot, awkward in his gait, some five feet nine inches high, rounded shoulders, having small eyes, looking from somewhat lowering eyebrows, and a wrinkled forehead, a prominent part of his face intimating habits not very temperate (this witness, however, was soon found not to be true), and although unprepossessing in his appearance. Then, too, he presented no great set of apparel. His hat, although it might have seen better days, had never been "rounded in dandy style." He had a blue coat, on which the winds of a former winter had possibly blown; velveteen small clothes, reaching but just below the knees, blue stockings, and a pair of low, rough, strong shoes. Now, however this dress might comport with the moorlands of Staffordshire, it was not exactly suited to the taste of this part of Cheshire, especially in the parsonocracy; but then it was clear enough he was not set on finery of apparel,

"Where in the drapery the man is lost,
Externals fluttering and the soul forgot."

Not he. But was he not singular in this? Did he not go to extremes here? And are not extremes to be always avoided? Well, perhaps he did. But what then? Was it not an extreme where unsanctified nature is loth to follow? And do not to many, and even some professors, with much less plausibility, go to the other extreme? For,

"A heavenly mind,
May be in different to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
Can lodge a heavenly mind – demands a doubt."

In the man, expectation was not realised, as, perhaps, may have been the case elsewhere. Well, then his effort. Although it was a winter's day, and the ground covered several inches deep with snow, either in consequence of the room being crowded, or of his love for open-air worship, "he preached abroad." "The sun his light, his sounding-board a cloud," from Rev. i. 7. There are some men like St. Paul, "weak in appearance, but mighty in address." But here again was some disappointment. There was no display of oratory, no great reach of thought, no brilliancy of wit or imagination, no marks of masculine mind; yet there was something peculiar in the man and his manner; an earnestness which showed at least he was sincere; and there were certain quaint expressions which, taken in connection with the man himself, told that they had been coined in no other mint than his own. The fearful description given as to the punishment of the wicked, of "old sattin, black and ugly," and the "blue, blue flames of the bottomless pit," could not fail to make an impression not to be soon forgotten. "After the sermon there was a lively prayer-meeting in the house," and the congregation left without complaining, "What a cold day! What a damp chapel! What a long dull, tedious service!" As he preached several times in the neighbourhood during this visit, it was soon obvious that the expressions before alluded to were special favourites, common to him "as household words;" and that whatever the text, their repetition might as certainly be expected as showers in April. Whether this arose from an idea that they were too good to be mended, or from want of a more fertile imagination, or fluency of speech, the reader may judge for himself.

At this time he was preparing the “History of the Primitive Methodists” for publication. A Connexional Magazine had also before been set on foot, edited by himself. From some cause or other it had made a pause. He was now earnest for its revival, and seeking after materials for the purpose. And the writer of this sketch, although young, and comparatively a stranger to him, was seriously consulted on both these points; and from that time a confidential correspondence commenced – a friendship was formed, which terminated only with his life. The important post of “editor of the Magazine” Mr. Bourne retained for many years. And whatever may be thought by some, or said by others, of his classic attainments, the nature of his style, his peculiar views of some points in grammar and literature, the notions he imbibed and published on disputed philosophic or theologic subjects, taken in connection with his feeble beginning, small means for scholastic improvement the uphill way he had to go, the trial of mind, and toil, and drudgery through which he passed, Nor was this all, for during this period he always attended the district meetings and conferences, and was closely connected with the different committees by which the affairs of the rising Connexion were governed. He prepared the minutes of conference for publication, wrote much for the Magazines, wrote and published several other things, and compiled and edited the small and large hymn-books. He also travelled through the length and breadth of the Connexion to carry out its discipline or promote its interest, and was often called upon to preach occasional sermons for chapels and schools. His situation was therefore no sinecure, but a post of arduous labour and deep responsibility. For some of the last years of his editorship, when many were disposed to find fault with the Magazines, he not only communicated with the writer of the letter, but especially during the last two years of his office, frequently came over with the whole mass of matter from his numerous correspondents, to consult as to selecting and arranging of the same. And with such heterogeneous material as were afforded him, the wonder is not that he was enabled to carry on his editorial work with so little dissatisfaction so long, but that he was able to do it at all.

Having a naturally strong constitution uninjured by irregular or intemperate habits, and his mind and body long accustomed to healthy exercise, the accumulating infirmities of threescore and ten years seemed as yet to fall but lightly upon him. But then the fearful amount of toil through which he had forced his way, the anxious, intense, and oft-repeated stretch of all his powers of body and soul to accomplish his purpose, “His master energy, which had crushed so many difficulties, had been doing its work in his own frame, which now became a witness that over activity is not to be indulged without shivering a man at last.” And as his natural strength and mental powers began to sensibly to decline, in the year 1842, by a vote of Conference, he was relieved from the important and responsible situation he had so long held. He having sacrificed all his temporal interests for the advancement of the cause, and offered the strength and the energy of his life upon its alters, was now placed upon the Connexional funds for his future support, with an understanding that he should exercise his own judgment, and employ his time in the Connexion as he thought best.

And from industrious habits cultivated from early life, linked with a desire still to serve his generation, and forward the interests of the good cause as best he could, he attempted not “to crown a youth of toil with an age of ease.” Hence, in the seventy-third year of his age, with Conferential sanction, he courageously braved the dangers of the mighty deep, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean, in order to visit and advise with the outposts of the Connexional army in Canada and the United States. And although partly, perhaps, in consequence of his advanced age, he suffered much during the voyage, he was enabled to carry out his purposes, and was then brought safely back to the land of his fathers.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
Magazine

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BIOGRAPHY

4. A Sketch of the Life of the Venerable

Hugh Bourne
(Continued)

After his return from America he continued his labours as long as health and opportunity allowed. But for some of the last years of his life, it became painfully evident to his friends, that his mental powers were considerably affected. His bodily powers also began to fail. About the month of September, 1849, returning from a tour in the Isle of Man and Lancashire, he called at the house of Mr. Salmom, at Englesea Brook, very unwell. One toe was greatly inflamed; he had violent pain,—mortification set in, and for a fortnight he expected it to prove fatal. This however did not alarm him. He made no stir; but calmly set about writing something which he thought would benefit posterity. After this the disorder took an unexpected and favourable turn, and in about a month he returned to Bemersley. When recovered, he again betook himself to active labours, in which he continued for some time. But he felt the accumulated weight of fourscore years press heavily upon him. In a letter to a friend he says, “If I live till April 3, 1852 I shall be eighty years of age. And truly fourscore years is a long time to be in this world. But of course I may expect you to tell me that the Lord’s will is the best. During the last three years I have gone down much in body; and I walk more slowly than I used to do. But in the pulpit I do not feel much difference.” In the spring of the year 1852, he was again seized with a disease in one of his feet. This proved the harbinger of his dissolution. Inflammation followed; and then mortification, often subjecting him to keen pain and suffering, which he endured for several months without murmuring or complaining. And this state of mind was not produced by stoical apathy, or morbid insensibility, but by a firm and unshaken trust “in the sure mercies of David.” He was taken at considerable expense to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, where he had the advice and assistance of the whole staff of physicians and surgeons, connected with the institution. But all was of no avail. His days were numbered. He soon returned to Bemersley, where increasing pain and languishment awaited him. Here he underwent the painful operation of the amputation of three of his toes. Still the disorder remained unchecked, and all hope of returning health fled. Accustomed for many years to the solemn contemplation of death, he now witnessed its gradual approach with serenity and peace. In the midst of his sufferings he found consolations “that were neither few nor small.” During the affliction he grew more and more humble, meek, and resigned; more and more disposed to give up every trust but in his Saviour. His affections became exquisitely tender. Their native character seemed vastly changed. His views, his hopes, his purposes, and his joys, were heavenly; and nothing terrestrial seemed to remain except his earthly tabernacle, now about to fall into ruin and decay. His deep affection and sympathy for the Connexion’s weal remained unimpaired to the last; and during his affliction many were the anxious inquiries he made on the subject. Brother Bagley says, “After Mr. Bourne was confined at Bemersley I visited him a few times, and always found him in a peaceful and believing state of mind. In my conversations with him he gave me to understand that the Gospel he had preached to others, was now his comfort and support. His views of his acceptance with God were clear and satisfactory; his faith strong and unshaken; and his affliction, which was a very painful one, was borne with Christian fortitude and resignation.” Brother Sanders says, “During his illness he was very submissive — patiently waiting

his end; not doubting for a moment his acceptance with him, whom for more than half a century he had served. Whenever I visited him I found him particularly anxious about the peace and prosperity of the church; and he made requests that I would not forget the children in the schools." When questioned if he was prepared and willing to die, he said, "As to me being prepared to die, I may say I have been preparing for that many years; and as to my being willing to die, I cannot say that I have a will of my own; it seems swallowed up in God's will. If Hugh Bourne were asked, 'Will you die or will you live?' He would say, 'Let me die'; but as it is, I am led to say with Job, 'All the days of my appointed pilgrimage will I wait till my change come.'"

With the triumphant apostle he could now say, "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." The king of terrors had lost his sting. That formidable foe which makes the hearts of heroes quail, appeared to him a friendly messenger, come to liberate him from the sorrows and sufferings of this mortal life, to inhabit "a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." "Death is a crown of life; were death denied, poor man would live in vain. Were death denied, even fools would wish to die." Oh! How happy for veteran of the cross (and how consolatory to his surrounding friends to see), to stand on life's last verge, with no heavy load on his spirits; no dim cloud on his conscience; and look back on a life well spent! How happy to reflect that he has taken so prominent a part in planting and pruning a tree from which coming generations shall gather delicious and abundant fruit, when his dust shall be mingled with clods of the valley; to anticipate his speedy arrival at the happy world where multitudes of lovely blossoms are already gathered from "the wintry storm and tempest," that spring from seeds which his own hands had scattered! Such a happy position as this is far more to be desired than talents of silver and gold; than earthly crowns and kingdoms.

Although Mr. Bourne's death had been long looked for, it came at last some-what suddenly and unexpectedly. His bodily pains having abated, he conversed with friends even more cheerfully, and spoke of taking a journey to visit a section of his brother's family who were residing at Englesea Brook, a considerable distance from Bemersley. On the 11th of October, 1852, which was the last day of his earthly sojourn, he arose as usual, and appeared as well, of even better, than he had for some time before, and was cheerful and happy. No indications of his approaching dissolution appeared. About four o'clock in the afternoon he reclined back on the sofa, and fell asleep. In this state he continued for some time; when arousing a little he appeared to be conversing with someone, but was inaudible. Then beckoning with his hand, as though anxious for a nearer approach, with a sweet smile on his countenance, he said "Come! come!" several times, and looking intently upwards, he lifted his hand, as in token of victory, or to point his friends to some lovely and inviting object near, at the same time saying, with much earnestness and emphasis, "Old companions! Old companions! My mother!" Then without a groan, or sigh, or apparently the slightest sensation of pain, surprise, or dismay, he resigned his happy spirit into the hands of God who gave it. "The weary wheels of life stood still." Hugh Bourne was no more! Merciful heaven! How gentle the final stroke! How like the shaking of the first ripe fruits! How broad and bright the setting sun! How calm and lovely the closing scene!

"Night dews fall not more gentle to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft."

Gentle Jesus! Saviour of apostate man! Mighty conqueror of death and hell! grant that "my last end may be like his." It is possible; yes, it is.

"By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home."

Having now accompanied our venerable sire and friend through his earthly pilgrimage; having stood with him on the banks of Jordan, with solemn pause, and beheld his happy spirit,

unmanacled from mortal confinement, take “its upward flight” to the bosom of his Father and his God; we linger a moment for deep and useful reflection, to read

“A lecture silent, but of sovereign power,
To vice confusion, and to virtue peace.”

The all wise God has covered the grim messenger, death, and the dark vestibule of the grave, with dread and solemn drapery, to enable immortal man to form a proper estimate of himself, and his duty and interest; the deceitfulness of riches, the vanity of earthly pleasures, the importance of this world and another:

“To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way.”

But what is death? It is the boundary line – “the narrow stream” between time and eternity. How slender the veil of covering! How thin the partition between embodied and disembodied spirits even in health! And how much more so to a Christian pilgrim, like friend Bourne, had long been awaiting the arrival of a messenger to summon him to the celestial city? Who can tell the delightful visions in which he had been indulged during his last slumber on earth? How pleasing the idea that he was just allowed to awake up from his slumber, and with his last power of mortal utterance on his lip, to articulate, “Old companions! old companions! my mother!” And if there is “joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;” if the angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation; if holy and happy spirits mark the turning-point with fond emotion, and watch the feeble footsteps of him that believeth in Jesus during his state of trial,---is it too much suppose that they feel a deep interest in the final conquest of the dying saint, and anxiously wait to “hail the heir with glory crowned?” If not; may we not suppose that the glorified spirits of a Clowes, a Steele, a Cotton, a Woodnorth, a Bayley, and a hundred others, whom we cannot enumerate, but “whose names are written in heaven,” “the old companions” of his early anxious toil, who with him manfully “bore the burden and heat of the day,” but were sooner called to their rich reward?---and maternal affection remains unimpaired in heaven, may we not suppose that foremost in the happy rank would be the spirit of (“I know not yet her name in heaven”) Ellen Bourne? She had already witnessed the happy arrival of one and another of her children. But this was Hugh, the son of her fondest and brightest hopes, who, not having lived for himself but for others, had made a deep impress upon society, had left footmarks on the sands of time, and whose name and deeds she had often heard repeated with high emphasis and applause by other than mortal tongues, and amidst other than earthly assemblies. Is it, I say, too much to suppose that these were all waiting to hail his arrival with a thousand lively congratulations and hearty welcomes? and already within sight, he exclaims, “Old companions! old companions! my mother!” And then, like the morning star, he gently melted away into a cloudless sky and an endless day.

His funeral took place on the Sabbath following the day of his death, at Englesea Brook, in Tunstall circuit. At an early hour the singers and others, from Pitt’s Hill, met together at Bemersley, to sing over the corpse. The funeral procession then advanced towards Tunstall. Numbers of both old say, witness the whole course of his conduct “from early youth to latest age.”

Disinterested? Yes! some enter different professions as only, or at least the easiest way, to provide for themselves and their families. And there were not wanting some “in olden times” who even said, “put me into the priest’s office for a morsel of bread.” But this was not the case with Mr. Bourne; he had a trade. And to a man of his cast of mind, prudent, deep thinking, and formed for active labour, the way was open before him, not only to obtain a competency, but to amass a fortune. But all was given up; a certainty for an uncertainty – without any arrangement for the future; not even so much as “bread to eat, and raiment to put on.” God commanded, and, like the “father of the faithful,” “He went out, not knowing whither he went.” He was well content, “*nudi nudum Christum sequi.*” Although a master spirit and leader in the connexion, he devised no means of his own personal interest to provide against the hour of want. And those who knew him, and

none other are competent to judge, know that he was no spendthrift; yet, after all, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that he died as he had lived, poor. Hence, he left not behind him a sufficiency of cash to pay his funeral expenses!

He was a man of *integrity, firmness, and decision of character*. Calm, calculating, and cautious, he did not jump to conclusions. In all the great movements of his life he carefully pondered the path of his feet, and seriously counted the cost. And when at a loss, he, by prayer and supplication, sought enlightenment and direction where alone it could be obtained. And when once his course was clear, and he received direction, "This is the way, walk in it," his purpose was at once fixed, and without a sufficient reason, no influence nor entreaties, no flattery nor threats, could induce him to change it. His purpose was his duty; and in performing it he feared no man. For this he was ready at all times, if it became necessary, to sacrifice the objects which are usually most valued; the friendship of friends, the civilities and courtesy of the rich, and the applause of the many. The formation of his opinions on religious subjects, he ever considered as a transaction between God and himself. Witness his conduct when seeking salvation; and when he found it, in joining himself to a Christian church. See him maintaining and upholding "Open-air worship," and the Camp-meeting system. When foes invaded – when friends deserted – when "all forsook him and fled." "Among the faithless, faithful only he!" Full of conscious integrity, he stood like the beaten anvil to a stroke! Nothing could move him! His brow was as brass, and his face as flint. He infused much of his spirit of heroism and steadfastness into the Connexion, and that greatly to his advantage. Many of his first missionaries, like him, were men of indomitable spirit – fearing none! Breathing an air of independence and freedom, they halted not in sight of the lawless rabble – the police – the magistrate – or the dungeon.

Mr. Bourne, it is true, had his *failings!* We have no desire to hide them! No intention to screen them! "Truth and honesty are the best policy!" Fallacy and falsehood can avail him nothing! The man is dead – removed where neither mortal praise nor censure can affect him! All his deeds are legibly written on a page with which human fingers are not allowed to tamper! and all his motives weighed in a balance held by a hand that never trembles! And "shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" From his father, Mr. Bourne inherited a temper, impetuous, hasty, and overbearing; which, although mingled with the generous, affable, and kind spirit of his mother, and mollified by the ointment of grace, was still one of his greatest failings. By it he was sometimes hurried to improper acts or expressions towards those who differed from him, and whom, no doubt, he thought in wrong. And when occasionally he found out his error, we fear he did not always make sufficient hast to correct it. Peter once spoke and acted precipitantly – but "he went out and wept bitterly." Mr. Bourne sometimes spoke rashly and unadvisedly with his lips, and we fear forgot the apostolic precept, and allowed "the sun to go down upon his wrath." Yet we think he was sincere and honest; and no doubt in his hours of retirement and reflection, he would deeply feel in his conscience on account of his errors. And had we been present when his thoughts were aloud, we should have heard some such sentiment as this, "*Erravi cum Petro, sed non flevi cum Petro!*" Physicians have said that in consequence of some defect in his construction of the brain, or other vital part, some are not always accountable for their actions. We say nothing of the correctness of this opinion; but we do say that there is a degree of insanity hovering about many, if not most great minds, when greatly affected by something in which they feel a deep interest or otherwise, through which they lose the power of self-control. And if Mr. Bourne was occasionally subject to peculiar aberrations, it is not to be wondered at, when we remember the deep anxiety he felt for the Connexion, and the wear and tear of his mind through keeping it on a perpetual stretch. Then, too, he lacked a mellowing influence from without – tenderly, affectionately and regularly supplied. He chose "a life of single blessedness." Had he been more domesticated, his temper might have been otherwise. It has been said, "A pleasant cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storm and tempest." And who can tell the effect it might have had upon him had he been blessed with,

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."

But, then, had he been a family man, would he, or could he have spent his time and money, and made the sacrifices he did? It seems very unlikely, if not impossible.

“But he was *harsh and severe* to a fault.” Well perhaps he was to those who imprudently placed themselves within the reach of his *lash*, and smarted under its *strokes*. He had a disposition for unpleasant work of excision, when he saw, or thought he saw, exuberances growing on the tree for whose prosperity he was devoting the labours of his life, and which exuberances were either unsightly in appearance, or produced barrenness and death in some of the branches. He seemed to have a deep conviction on his mind, that a careless, indolent spirit in the church, and carnal security out of it, had already ruined more souls than Noah’s deluge, or all the wars of Caesar. And it must be acknowledged that he was not over merciful to *loiterers* whom he found in the vineyard, occupying the place and standing in the way of *labourers*. But whether for or worse, this *boisterous spirit* is now laid; and it is sincerely hoped that the connexion will enjoy many long and happy years of prosperity, without having any cause to say, “That sun is set! Arise some other such.”

But in his dress, and carriage, and the cultivation of his mind, he did not keep pace with the spirit of the times, and growing influence and intelligence of the connexion.” Mr. Bourne was a plain man, and by no means over fond of senseless parade, or vain and empty show. And let the objector be admonished, that to indulge too much in such things would be to conform to this fallen world. Let the scenes and circumstances of Mr. Bourne’s early life be also remembered. Had he born the heir to affluence, - politely, and tenderly brought up, “like those that dwell in king’s houses,” had his early life been devoted to academical studies, or a college life, and his mind been filled with *classic lore*, he would have been better prepared for show, but not for labour and trial! – better prepared to figure among polished circles in the drawing-room or saloon; - but not to pay visits of mercy, and find himself at home among the ragged and poverty-stricken occupants of cellars of garrets; to blend his sympathies, and live and labour among the masses, - the horny hand, the untutored mind, the artisan, mechanic, forgerman or collier; the check shirt, fustian jacket, and paper cap orders of society! *Better prepared!* Yes, indeed; but for what? Why, to anticipate that at the end of fifty years he should go down to his grave dubbed *Artium Magister*, rather than the plain old man, at the head of a Connexion numbering more than 100,000 souls! But why thus speculate? For who can tell what a man would have been, had something happened which never did – which never could. Our work is not with an ideal image which never existed, save in some inventive imagination; but with a living man, and with facts that really took place. After all, whatever may be said of his failings, he was prudent, cautious, deep-thinking, far-seeing man; and to his self-denying spirit, active labours, business habits, and stern maintenance of rule, the Connexion owes much of its prosperity.

He was a man of *strong faith and earnest prayer*. He was led especially into the grace of prayer from the commencement of his religious career, and into the nature and exercise of faith at a love-feast at Congleton, and at a class-meeting the next night at Harresehead. And this, like the rod of Moses, gave him majesty and might. To the happy exercise of this spirit he owed much of his success in the church. It was the wand with which he smote the rock; the hand with which he plucked up the sycamore and removed the mountain. It was the victory by which he overcame the world, its riches, pleasures, emoluments, and honours. It gave him moral power, enabling him to aim at and accomplish bold and daring deeds, - deeds that shall survive the wreck of rolling years; when the bloody deeds of Salamanca, Almares, yea and Waterloo itself are forgotten, “shall be had in everlasting remembrance.” As a preacher or public speaker, it must be acknowledged, he did not excel. He was no orator; he lacked nearly all the requisites for an eloquent speaker: still as a preacher, he was useful. He had seals to his ministry. In one department, however, of the ministerial office he *did* excel, - preaching to children. This course he adopted at an early period of his ministry, and continued to its close; and it was pleasing to observe how, on many occasions, he could attract and hold the attention of his juvenile auditory to his plain, homely, and simple address. In the language of the immortal bard, as a preacher,---

“I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
 In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture; much impress'd,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.”

Such was the post to which providence called him, and especially qualified him to fill; and while the Primitive Methodist Connexion shall pursue its onward march to bless the world, Mr. Bourne will be remembered as a man of faith and prayer, who through a long life lived not for himself, but for others. Should any think that the character given of the man is too highly coloured, or the language used too strong, ere they make hast to pass judgement, let them pause and ask, “have I made a similar sacrifice for God, the cause of God? If not, am I now prepared to set before the world and the Christian church a better and a brighter example?”

Courteous reader, my work is now done; and for the present I must bid both Mr. Bourne and you farewell, I sincerely hope you will be benefited by this feeble effort. The subject is deeply solemn and instructive. One generation passeth away, and another cometh. Man is born to die! No situation – no circumstances in this world can finally shield from the stroke of death! Men very widely honoured in the world, or highly valued in the church, are alike doomed! “Our fathers, where are they?” Some bright lights are already eclipsed by death. Many of the first and best friends of the Connexion, who rocked the cradle of its early infancy, and watched its tender years with more than maternal solicitude, are hence gone. May a mantle of the sires fall upon the sons! May the Connexion still be blessed with the same humble, self-denying, earnest spirit which marked its founders; so shall it prosper and spread until the feet of some of its missionaries stand on top of Calvary, and a camp-meeting be held in the valley of Jehosaphat, and the whole earth be filled with the glory of God. The lord hasten it in his time! Amen.

Chorley, near Nantwich, August, 1853

THOMAS BATEMAN

I have rewritten this account of my Great Cousin Hugh Bourne exactly as Thomas Bateman wrote them, in *The Primitive Magazines* in the year of 1853.

The purpose for this mission of mine was because of *Age of the Magazines*. They are very frail and I don't want to lose the Biography of such a great man.

Crawley near Gatwick January 2018

Hugh Alan Bourne