



**JOHN
ARMSTRONG**

***THE LIFE
AND LETTERS
OF THE REV.
GEORGE
MORTIMER,
M.A***

John Armstrong

The Life and Letters of the Rev. George Mortimer, M.A

**Rector of Thornhill, in the Diocese of Toronto, Canada
West**

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PREFACE.

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THOUGH I feel it to be really a privilege to be the instrument of introducing to the public the life and correspondence of the most intimate friend, especially of my early life, that I have ever possessed, and of one of the truly excellent in the earth; yet, from an unfeigned consciousness of my incompetency for the task, I would most willingly have left it to other hands, and to other hands I offered it, and urged upon them my earnest desire that they would undertake it; but from all I received excuses as to themselves, and pressing invitations to myself to engage in the work. They conceived that I might possess more materials for the purpose than any other person; but they knew not the slenderness of my capacity to prepare the memoir of one whose general character, talents and excellences, merit a much abler pen than mine, to set them forth with perspicuity and advantage.

His old friend and associate at Wellington, the Rev. John King, now Incumbent of Christ Church, Hull, to whom I wrote on the subject, thus addressed me:—"But independently of all considerations of this kind, I believe you would be much better qualified than myself, or than any other person I know, to do justice to the excellent yet peculiar character of the departed. Let me beseech you, therefore, to arrange your correspondence and materials with a view to publication."

His excellent and much-loved sister, Mrs. Holland, wrote to me as follows:—"The early, close, continued, and

personal acquaintance you had with my dear brother, constitute you, in my opinion, his most suitable biographer.”

And his brother, the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, wrote to me in a similar strain:—“On the very day that I received your letter, I was fully intending to write to you, *entreating* you *not* to abandon your design of writing a memoir of your dear departed friend, my beloved brother George. *You*, above all persons I know, are the man to undertake that work of love with any prospect of a successful issue. Your own correspondence with him, through such a long series of years, would alone furnish rich matter, I doubt not, for a biographer.”

Thus urged and encouraged, I was unwilling not to do my best: and if I have proved myself but an unfit steed to draw such a chariot, the friends, at least, of my dear departed friend must not forget that it was they who put me into it; and this same consideration also will, I hope, lead others to view the faults and imperfections of the work with indulgence. Happily for me, the work is one rather of selection and compilation than of original composition, and the life of my friend will suffer less from the hand that draws it up, by reason of his speaking chiefly for himself; his correspondence is, perhaps, his best memoir, and this is the kind of life that it falls to my lot to prepare of him.

The attentive perusal of his letters for publication has most vividly brought to my mind and remembrance the man whom, I can truly say, I loved almost as my own soul; very delightful was our intercourse with one another when associated together, very close was our intimacy, and warm and steadfast our friendship: and the great point of union

between us, the connecting link in the chain of our connexion, was our common, and, I trust, unfeigned faith in Christ crucified for the salvation of mankind. We were neither of us originally destined for the service of the sanctuary; but it pleased God, early in life, to call us to the knowledge of himself, and to inspire us with an ardent desire to preach that gospel to others, who had ourselves been made personally sensible of the deliverance brought to the soul by it. Through God's good providence also it was that we were both led to the same retired and secluded village of Chobham, in Surrey, where, under the instruction of the Rev. Charles Jerram, then curate of the parish, but since successively vicar of it, and Rector of Witney, Oxon, we received the finishing part of our education preparatory to our college course; and up to the time of our leaving the university, we were personally, as well as cordially, united, in no ordinary bonds of friendship, few days passing without our meeting together. From that time our personal intercourse may almost be said to have ceased; he spent a week with me in my first curacy in Bedfordshire, and I spent a week with him in Canada about two years before his death. In the intervening long period, we did not meet, I think, more than once; and that after promising one another a yearly exchange of visits, so little dependence can be placed upon the events of time. The time is coming, however, I trust, when our union will be again renewed, and become as personal and as cordial as before, but infinitely more pure and spiritual, and therefore more perfect and satisfactory—subject to no painful fluctuation or interruptions, and coeval with eternity.

Monte Video, January, 1847.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

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GEORGE MORTIMER, the interesting subject of the present Memoir, was the third son of Harvey Walklate Mortimer, the well known gun-maker in Fleet-street, London. He was born May 20th, 1784; and it pleased God to deprive him of his excellent mother the latter end of the following year. Thus bereaved of watchful maternal care, he was placed with a relative at Birmingham, who loved him tenderly. His health was delicate, and the deformity which ever after made "his bodily presence weak," was caused by suffering him to sit and lie in one posture during a long illness, in which his restoration seemed impossible; God, however, was graciously pleased to spare him for future usefulness.

In the year 1787, his father again entered the married state, and George and his elder brothers were treated with the fondest attention. Little deserving of remark is known of the days of his childhood and youth; as he grew in years he attained to an average measure of bodily vigour, enjoyed a good share of health, and was generally beloved and esteemed. His first instruction was received under Doctor Hall, of East Acton; and he finished his scholastic pursuits with the Rev. Mr. Audinet, a French Protestant Clergyman, near the British Museum, who used to perform divine service in French, near the Seven Dials; here, in addition to other attainments, he acquired a knowledge of Latin and French. In November, 1798, he was bound apprentice to Mr.

Otridge, a respectable bookseller in the Strand, with whom he continued for the usual period of seven years.

It is not exactly known at what period he became truly earnest and decided in the Christian life, though it appears to have been in the earlier years of his apprenticeship; and, as will hereafter be seen, he considered the late Joseph Butterworth, Esquire, for some time Member of Parliament for Dover, as his spiritual father. The first notice which we have of the state of his mind is found in a letter written to his elder sister, to whom he was fondly attached, dated August, 1801. Alluding to that happy period, he says:—

“When I first set out in the Christian race, I was mocked and laughed at, but this only drove me to my Saviour. I remember with what joy I could appeal to the Lord, and say, ‘Thou seest, O my God, what I endure for thy sake;’ and I assure you no moments were spent so pleasantly as those which I could get by myself in some retired place, to lift up my heart to God; sweet, indeed, were the comforts I thus enjoyed. I gave all into the hands of my Saviour, and everything I undertook prospered. When in want of anything, I prayed, and all my wants were supplied; indeed, I never remember anything being held from me, but, sooner or later, I saw it would have been hurtful. What encouragement to give all into his hands!”

Strand, 17th March, 1802.

It is with thankfulness to my kind and indulgent God that I can tell you my soul is in a prosperous state, and my desires after a higher degree of divine life greatly increased.

The Lord is indeed blessing me; for though I still find wrong tempers unsubdued, these are my burden, and I cannot rest till I find daily pardon in the Redeemer of mankind.

Many extracts might be given from his letters written about this time to his sister, which indicate his uncommon devotedness to God, and his earnest desire for her advancement in the Christian life.

It has already been stated that he looked upon the late Mr. Jos. Butterworth as the instrument, in the Divine hand, which brought him into an acquaintance with his God and Saviour. Through the advice also of this same excellent man, it seems, he was led to turn his attention towards the service of the sanctuary; and, prior to his going up to the University, he went to the Rev. C. Jerram's, to prepare himself for his collegiate course; and from that gentleman's house the two following letters to his sister were written:—

Chobham House, 5th Nov. 1806.

Dear Mary,

THAT kind and gracious God who watches over his children for good has brought me safely to this place. The country, though at present deprived of many of its ornaments, has not lost its charms to me. I have now visited my accustomed haunts, and have experienced that pleasure in recalling past ideas, which is better conceived than expressed. On this spot I am reminded of a glorious view of the unchangeable love of God, and on that of his amazing condescension and my astonishing vileness; here I recollect the excellent Fenelon furnished me with pious considerations, and there the industrious and indefatigable bee stimulated my sloth; and the result of these recollections produced in my heart a

glow of sincere affection to that God who had so variously visited me, and a determination to devote all my powers to the advancement of his glory.

Notwithstanding my haste to leave Islington, I found, on my arrival, I was the only one of Mr. Jerram's pupils who had returned. At first I regretted not taking your advice, but the spiritual treat reserved for me soon made me change my mind. This treat was no less than the unexpected company of Mr. Venn, of Clapham. Mr. V. had come the day before to see Mr. Cecil, and spent that evening with Mr. Jerram. As it is natural when we taste fruit of a superior flavour to wish others to share our enjoyment, I could not help wishing my sister had been with me to partake of the pleasures I then received. I sat in all the luxury of silence, and listened to the gracious words which fell from his lips. Among the many things which warmed and charmed my heart, I think those made the greatest impression which related to his father. Oh, what a spiritual heavenly man! Mr. Jerram mentioned that he considered a few hours he was permitted to spend with him as the happiest and most profitable he ever experienced; "and so powerfully," said he, "was his conversation impressed upon my mind, that it was uppermost in my thoughts for the succeeding half-year. It was such an epocha in my Christian life as I never enjoyed, either before or since."

This day eight years I went to Mr. Otridge's. What a variety of changes has taken place since that period! Of all I esteem that the most blessed which has brought me into my present circumstances. May God so bless me in this path

that good may be imparted to my own soul, and glory ascribed to his name.

Chobham, 27th June, 1807.

THANK you for your kind, affectionate, and Christian remembrance on my birth-day; I had quite forgotten it; but this I remember, I was more than commonly blessed in prayer, and had peculiar delight in reading the Scriptures; indeed, I intended to note it down as a day of choicest blessings. May God favour me with many such days during the year on which I have entered! May many pentecostal seasons be given; may much humiliation and self-abasement before God be daily felt; may the foot of the cross be hourly visited, and may my views be incessantly directed to Him who lives in heaven to plead for me!

I received much good lately in reading Wilberforce on Christianity. I took it up as a book which I thought I ought to read, but did not expect that rich vein of excellence which I found in almost every part of the work; his Christianity is truly vital, and his diction admirable. I have also finished the life of Judge Hale, by Burnet, and am now reading Mr. Fletcher's Letters. I scarcely ever read a few pages without profit; the wonderful spirit of this excellent man frequently brings tears from my eyes; I stop and reflect, and would give all the world, did I possess it, could I enjoy the same spirit. I am well persuaded that no blessings, excepting these, considered merely in themselves, are worth our pursuit. Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, are but a poor portion, if we have nothing more; it is my constant endeavour, therefore, that these things should sit lightly on

my mind, that, while conscientiously improving every particle of my time, I may still reserve my heart for God.

The following extract is taken from the first letter of a correspondence with the writer's endeared friend, which lasted almost without interruption during a period of twenty years, and, at distant intervals afterwards, until about two years before his death.

TO MR. J. ARMSTRONG.

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Chobham House, Jan. 13th, 1807.

My dear Friend,

MR. J. favoured me with a sight of the letter you wrote to him. It gave me great pleasure to find you in the first class, and to hear, also, that you are fagging for your next term; though, blessed be God, human science is no indispensable requisite, either for salvation or for a minister of the Gospel, yet it possesses innumerable advantages, and I doubt not but you will hereafter reap the fruits of your present exertions. Our greatest fear, my dear Armstrong, is that we should substitute learning for religion, and lest we should endeavour to regulate our conduct more by our present supposed circumstances than by the will of God; but I am persuaded your fears on this subject are similar to my own, and, therefore, I need not enlarge. As for myself, when I sometimes stand still, and consider how ardently I am engaged about trifles, and, as Young observes,

“Wasting my strength in strenuous idleness,”

I am quite ashamed, and I go making fresh resolutions of more devotedness to God and more zeal in his service: but, alas! how little ground do I gain after all! Assist me with your prayers, your constant daily prayers; and though we are distant in place, let us meet one another in spirit. My time of evening devotion is from six to seven; let us endeavour in simplicity of heart to meet one another at this time at the throne of grace; and may God pour on each of us that which will not only impart a *present* blessing, but diffuse a sacred tune of heavenly affection through the *residue of our lives*. Our employments necessarily require the exercise of thought, and very much tend to produce what the Methodists term “distraction;” but still the constant influence of the Divine Spirit, and a continued simplicity of intention, will enable us to be recollected, even in the midst of our studies. I was very much pleased lately in reading in the “Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers” a passage in one of St. Ignatius’ Epistles, somewhat to this effect; he is giving us some directions for our conduct in life, and adds, “But even the *worldly* things which *ye do* are *spiritual*, for ye do *all things* in Jesus Christ.” Oh that this may be the temper and spirit of our lives; may all *our worldly things* be offered upon this altar, which sanctifies the gift; and after this transitory scene of being is ended, may we with pleasure retrace a life entirely filled with God. I remain, my dear Armstrong,

Yours, affectionately and sincerely,

G. MORTIMER.

He was accustomed to spend his long vacations, during his residence at Cambridge, with a private tutor, who spent

the time in some salubrious and pleasant part of the country. The following letter was written on one of those occasions, and is a proof of his taste for fine scenery, as well as of his great application to study.

TO HIS SISTER.

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Dawlish, near Exeter, Aug. 12th, 1809.

My dear Sister,

You are, no doubt, returned from Broadstairs, and enjoying the pleasures arising from quiet and regular movements, and now and then, perhaps, in the midst of your retirement a thought wanders towards Devon, and you begin to wonder “what has taken the little fellow that he does not write.” I confess, time has glided on so insensibly, that I was not aware how long I had been here; I shall really feel sorry to leave my present situation, for I never spent five weeks so agreeably before. I lodge with good people, who do all they can to accommodate me. I make progress in my studies, which is another source of gratification, and I am situated in the midst of a country the most diversified and beautiful. As it is quite new to me, and I may probably never visit it again, I avail myself of the present opportunity of seeing everything worthy of notice, and since my purse will not allow me to enjoy any “leathern convenience,” I have commenced pedestrian, and frequently walk from fourteen to eighteen miles a day. I take a syllabus with me, and go over my subject in my mind, so that a peep now and then is all I require: by this method I lose no time, and combine profit with amusement. My stated walks, however,

are much shorter, and devoted to relaxation only. But there is another source of gratification which I must mention, and which far exceeds all the rest; it is this, I feel I am advancing in the best of things; religion has an increasing and diffusive influence over my mind; it seems more and more my element, and I am enabled to live in that spirit which a friend of ours on a late occasion attempted to ridicule—I mean a spirit of recollection and prayer; not, indeed, so much so as I could wish, or as I ought to do, but still much more so than formerly. When my time for devotional exercises comes round, it is welcomed as the happiest of the whole day, and my Sabbaths are days of real pleasure and permanent good. May such in kind, though greater in degree, be the happy experience of my dear sister, and may no studies, no employments whatever, be prosecuted, but in subordination to those of a spiritual nature. Religion, I am persuaded, should be everything or nothing; here only a middle course is dangerous. If we profess to admire and to be influenced by heavenly objects, we should prize them above everything; and yet, alas! (O shame to our Christian profession!) to what poor and paltry considerations are they not daily sacrificed! Adieu, my dearest sister; may God preserve you pure and unspotted from the world until the day of his appearing!

Yours, most affectionately and sincerely,
Both in Christian and fraternal bonds,
G. M.

TO HIS SISTER.

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Cambridge, December, 1809.

STUDY is, I am persuaded, at present my duty; but I shall be heartily glad when another year is over, and I shall be left to pursue the duties of the sacred office in peace and quietness, if it please God. . . . How often do I picture to myself these happy scenes, and “catch a momentary joy;” but, perhaps, this hand which now glides swiftly, along the page may soon forget to move. I may be summoned to another world in the midst of my academical pursuits, and may never have the honour granted me of building the house of God. Should this be the case, should your brother be called to the peaceful tomb before another revolving year, bear in mind, when he is gone, that his supreme wish has been unfulfilled, and that his studies and trifling successes have not so filled his mind as to call it off from the care of souls, and the earnest wish for their salvation. In this work I would gladly live and die; but the Supreme Disposer of events knows what is best, and in that I hope, not only to acquiesce, but to rejoice. You wish for my thoughts on letter-writing. I do not think you should make two copies of any letters, except it be necessary to keep one by you for reference; few such circumstances occur, and therefore I would advise you to write at once what you intend to send. I do not mean that you should put down whatever comes into your mind, but write deliberately and with caution. I would illustrate my meaning by referring to what takes place in polite conversation; supposing yourself to be in company, and obliged to converse, you would not weigh and ponder your sentences over and over, but merely endeavour to avoid anything indecorous, and to express

yourself in tolerably good language; or, if you will, in the best manner you are able. When you write, then, you should endeavour to let your thoughts flow freely and easily, and express them in the most suitable words which occur at the moment, but by no means to be solicitous in seeking fine words or eloquent phrases. Horace has a famous line in his Art of Poetry, which has great strength in the original, but I must content myself with Francis' translation,

“For if the mind with *clear conceptions* glow,
The *willing words* in just expressions flow.”

The substance of what I would say is this, having settled your subject in your mind, write at once, in the best manner you are able at the time; practice will give considerable ease, and you will shortly write, not only well, but with despatch.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

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Queen's, June 24th, 1810.

My very dear Friend,

You are now, Armstrong, engaged in an employment to which you have been for years looking forward as the most pleasing in your life; your ardent spirit could not bear inactivity in your Master's service, and now your wishes are granted, and you at last experience the blessedness of sounding in the ears of a thoughtless and giddy multitude the glad tidings of reconciliation through the death of our blessed Redeemer. I need scarcely tell you that you have of

late engrossed many of my thoughts, and been the subject of many of my prayers. I hope that I feel no *common* degree of interest when I hear of any true labourer being called into the vineyard of our Lord; and shall I be less concerned when one of the dearest friends I have upon earth is called to a similar employment? You are *entitled* to my best of wishes; you have them freely; and I have no doubt but the blessings of God will rest upon your labours, and that many in that great and dreadful day of account—many will arise from Melchbourn and Bletsoe, and declare in the ears of an assembled world,

“I owe it to his care that I am here,
Next to Almighty grace; his faithful hand,
Regardless of the frowns he might incur,
Snatched me, reluctant, from approaching flames,
Ready to catch and burn unquenchable.”

O my friend, when I think of these inestimable blessings as connected with the sacred office, I long to lay aside the drudgery of mathematics; but I check myself; the future should employ but little of my thoughts; how to improve the present should be my principal concern. Much is to be done here as respects my studies, and much more as to the formation of my mind, the subjugation of my tempers, and the sanctification of my heart. I would, therefore, content myself with my present situation, and endeavour to make it my chief care to prepare for death and judgment. These awful concerns have, for many weeks past, engaged my mind more steadily and frequently than for some years before. I seem to myself as a dying man amidst dying men,

and it is my aim to live accordingly. I have heard you say, when you were at college, that retirement and your Bible have afforded you some of the most exalted joys you ever witnessed; these joys have been lately mine. I go up to my little room (which I have fitted up and consecrated to sacred purposes *alone*), and there I meet my God, find my Saviour precious, and experience the gracious influence of the blessed Spirit. When my hours of retirement come round, I joyfully lay aside everything in which I may be engaged; for I feel, I know, assuredly and experimentally, that I am going up to commune with the best, the most gracious and compassionate of friends. There I leave all my cares and all my sorrows, and come down again to the concerns of life with an unburdened, soberized, and tranquil mind. Blessed be God for all his benefits! I had frequently looked forward to this last year as the most trying of the three, and had imagined that if I found it so difficult to keep my ground before, I should necessarily give way at present; but JEHOVAH has been better to me than my fears, and I have found the truth of that promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Believe me to be,
Yours, truly and affectionately,
GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

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Q. C., Camb., Nov. 19th, 1810.

My very dear Friend,

WITHIN a week or two past I have had to thank my God also for many providential interferences; for success in our late examinations; for being kept most mercifully from engaging in something which would have been highly detrimental to me; for the acquisition of a most valuable Christian friend (who is a great helper of my faith, and a very pleasing and agreeable companion; he was, like myself, formerly engaged in business, and also a Methodist); as also for a providential opening of my path respecting my future situation in his church. Of all the places I have yet heard of, this seems most suited to my views and inclinations. It is, Mr. Eyton's, of Wellington, Shropshire, six miles from *Madeley*, and surrounded by pious ministers. The vicar is very pious and laborious, of similar sentiments with myself, humble and affectionate. I know three men in Cambridge who are very well acquainted with him and his situation, and they each say that they would go there in preference to any place whatever. My mother and sister (to whom I wrote a few days ago concerning him) met him when in Shropshire; and they advise me by all means to accept of it. I wrote to him lately, and received an answer, which has done my heart good. I have not yet finally settled in my mind, but I shall write either to-day or to-morrow, giving my final answer. I hope to be directed from above. I would not trust my own feelings or inclinations, but in the all-wise Disposer of events. Pray for me, my dear friend, that if I should not be useful there, or in any manner out of my proper place, that something or other

may intervene to put a stop to all further proceedings. I am daily obliged to make some little preparation for orders, for Mr. E. is in want of assistance. Should I go to the place, I shall endeavour to be ordained soon after I take my degree; perhaps in a month or six weeks, if I can procure a private ordination. My degree may suffer in some measure, but I cannot help that; we must expect sometimes to be called to make a little sacrifice, but it will all be eventually well.

Accept my best wishes

From your faithful and affectionate

MORTIMER.

TO HIS SISTER.

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Q. C. Camb. Jan. 19th, 1811.

My dearest Mary,

MY time of anxiety is now completely over. I have just been admitted B.A., and have no more college matters to divide my attention, or call off my thoughts from the grand concern which lays before me. You will wish to know how I succeeded in my late struggle. I have no flaming honours to plume myself with, but through the mercy of God have passed through in such a manner as to afford cause neither for self-complacency nor discontent. I am a wrangler, though eleven from the top. My tutors, I am happy to state, tell me they are quite satisfied with my degree; as it respects myself, I have not the least wish it were otherwise. You would find it difficult to enter into my present feelings. I seem of late to have been like a ship tossed and driven by the fiercest tempests, and in danger every moment of

sinking; but now I have gained the long-looked-for shore, and am enjoying for a time those sweets which my temporary leisure affords me.

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

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Q. C. Camb. Jan. 19th, 1811.

My dear Armstrong,

YOUR letter reached me, as you supposed it would, in the midst of a "mighty contest," and I may congratulate myself upon having fewer bones broken than I might reasonably have expected. In all our Lord's dealings with his people, there is the greatest display of wisdom mixed with loving kindness and mercy; to satisfy *our* wishes would frequently be only to administer poison instead of a balsam, and therefore *He* prescribes for us. With these introductory remarks you may perhaps expect to hear of some considerable disappointment in my place in the tripos, but this is not the case; I have had every *reasonable* expectation answered. I am eleventh wrangler, and the fifth from the bottom; had I been higher I might have been vain of my little successes; if lower, I might have felt depressed and discouraged. As it is, I am not only contented but happy; I wish I could say as much of another of the Jerramites, but I am sorry to say I cannot; poor C—, though fifth wrangler, feels quite disappointed, and receives the congratulations of his friends with a very poor grace. Our good friend Frazer is a man of a different spirit; he is third senior opt., but is nearly as much pleased with it as any in the tripos. Johnson is the highest Johnian, who is tenth

wrangler, just one above your humble servant. Dicey, of Trinity, is thirteenth. The order of the men you will soon see in the *Christian Observer*, and therefore I need not insert them at large.

I feel quite happy, my dear friend, in having done with every academical contention. I seem now to have nothing to do but to improve my mind by the acquisition of useful knowledge, and to prepare for that most important concern, the sacred ministry. I take it very kind in your calling my mind to these things in the midst of my late hurry; we are too apt to be absorbed with the things of the moment, but through the rich mercy of God, so great has been my composure for some months past, that the Senate House and all its appendages ceased to be objects of terror or solicitude. I may account for this in a great measure from my having fixed upon the curacy which I alluded to in my last. The saving of souls seemed more important than the acquiring of honours; so that my mathematical studies were entered upon more from a sense of duty than inclination; but I must not trouble you with these reflections upon a matter which is now gone by, though gone for ever!

Adieu, my dear friend,
And believe me to remain,
Your ever faithful

GEORGE MORTIMER.

As soon as he had passed through the Senate House, and taken his degree, he was desirous of entering, without delay, upon the great work which had so long engaged his thoughts; early, therefore, in the following month he accepted the curacy of Wellington, in Salop, of which parish

the Rev. John Eyton was vicar; and in a letter to his sister, dated 11th Feb. 1811, after alluding to the prospect of ordination and of enjoyment with Mr. Eyton, he says:—

“My way is now clear, and all I want is gratitude to my gracious God for all his past mercies, and a richer, fuller baptism from above, to qualify me for the important, solemn duties which will soon engage my attention. I have been enabled lately to recall some of those lively feelings which I experienced when I thought of entering into the ministry; a love for immortal souls, and a desire to spend and be spent for them in every possible way, in a more constant feeling of earnest desire than when I was buried under an enormous load of academical lumber. I suffered myself to bear it as a mean to an end, but that end being obtained, I shall dismiss the larger portion for ever; what is useful I shall retain. However, I am now free from these incumbrances, and shall hope to improve my liberty by turning the habits thus acquired to beneficial purposes.”

Thus all seemed in a fair way for his immediate removal to Wellington, when an unexpected hinderance was put in the way of his ordination, by the bishop of the diocese. Such hinderances, in those days, to the dishonour of our Episcopal Bench, were frequently thrown in the way of men both of unimpeached character and of sound learning, to whose moral excellence and literary qualifications their respective colleges bore ample testimony; but they were men held in suspicion on account of their great attention to religious duties, and their warm attachment to the great

doctrines of the Reformation: they were men of scriptural piety, and of sound Church-of-England principles; but they bore a name of reproach; they were considered as agitators in the Church, as holding extravagant views, and as going out of the ordinary path of formality and heartlessness, which characterized the great body of the Church in those days. Happily, such prejudices have, in a great measure, passed away, and no such obstacles exist to the ordination or preferment of men of such views and principles; not that such men are altogether exempt from slight and neglect, from discouragement and opposition, on the part of many of the rulers in the Church at this day; but they are now constrained by the weight of their character, by their well-known laborious habits in their pastoral duties, as well as by their wealth, their influence, and their number, to pay them some respect and attention; and, blessed be God! there are many of our ecclesiastical governors who now know the worth of such men, and who afford them all suitable encouragement and support.

Mr. Mortimer deeply felt this disappointment; but that God was pleased to make it the means of calling forth the exercise of his Christian grace, may be seen by the three following letters:—

TO HIS SISTER.

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WITH a mind willing to acquiesce in whatever my God shall appoint, I am enabled to leave this and all my concerns to his gracious disposal, being fully persuaded that the Lord reigneth. If I have at all profited by past experience in

anything, it is in this, a strong and operative conviction that so long as we trust in God, our concerns, however unpleasant at the time, will materially conduce to our welfare; and oh! what an intolerable load of foolish anxiety and trouble does this persuasion remove from our labouring minds! You will perhaps remember that one of the last topics of conversation, when you and Eliza so kindly accompanied me to the Wash, was the necessity of sacrificing our own will to others, if we would enjoy comfort ourselves. I was naturally led to speculate on the future, but could not help being forcibly struck with the mighty efficacy of this principle, if suffered to operate freely on our conduct.

As I think it very probable my continuance in college may be prolonged, I intend availing myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of attending a course of lectures on anatomy, chemistry and mineralogy. When I thought it my duty to ask for orders in March, I willingly gave up all thought of enjoying this gratification. I was enabled to sacrifice it to more important considerations, but since these reasons no longer exist, I shall gladly avail myself of the privilege.

Upon the subject of *general* knowledge for a minister, I was much pleased with Herbert's "Priest to the Temple." "The country parson is full of all knowledge: they say, that it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone, and there is no knowledge but serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge: he condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people by what they understand are best led to what they understand not." As