

THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM BAKER,

WITH HIS
FUNERAL SERMON,

BY THE REV. MR. GILPIN.



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THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM BAKER.

BY THE REV. MR. GILPIN.

WILLIAM BAKER was born in the year 1710, in the parish of Boldre, near Lymington, in Hampshire. His father dying when he was two years old, left him and a sister to the care of his widow; who by taking in washing, maintained her two children without any relief from the parish.—In these days such industry would exceed belief.

At seven years of age young Baker began that life of labour, which he continued through the space of seventy Years afterwards. He worked first for a penny a day in the vicarage-garden; but soon thought himself equal to more profitable labour. He used to say, he always considered himself as a poor friendless Lad; and from the beginning depended only on himself.

In the mean time his mother grew old and infirm. Her legs swelled, and she could no longer stand at her wash-tub. But nothing hurt her like the thoughts of going to the poor-house, or living on alms.

Her

Her son was now about eighteen. He was healthy, and strong; and assured his mother, that while he was able to work for her, she should be obliged to nobody. He took a little cottage therefore on the edge of the forest; carried her to it; and got into the service of a farmer in the neighbourhood, as a day-labourer. His mother lived nine years after this; during which time he maintained her with great cheerfulness, and kindness: nor had she ever assistance from any other person. He denied himself every little indulgence, which young fellows of that age often take, that he might maintain his mother.—We do not often see such an instance of goodness in a poor lad. It marked his character as something uncommon. He might, if he had pleased, have had her maintained by the parish.

About the time of his mother's death he thought of marrying. At a little distance from him, under the hill, lived a labourer of the name of Brooks. His daughter Joanna was the person, whom Baker fixed on for a wife; and no objection being made, he married her, and brought her to his cottage. Joanna had lived under a careful mother, just in the way in which he himself had always lived; and with the same notions of industry and frugality. She entered therefore into all her husband's intentions. What he gained, she put to the best use. *We both pulled the rope, he used to say, by the same end: and so we compassed many things, which they cannot do, who pull it at different ends.*

In the mean time, his family increased, and his industry increased with it. He now never worked *by the day*, if he could help it: but took the hardest *task-work* he could get, by which the most money was to be earned.—And that he

might *never* be idle, he took, at a small rent, of Mrs. John Burrard of Lymington, a piece of rough ground, about nine or ten acres, on which he might employ his leisure. Many a time he was seen working in it before sun-rise; and if his day's work had not been hard, in an evening by moon-light. In a few years he made it worth much more, than when he took it; and he found it of great use to his family in furnishing him sometimes with a crop of potatoes—or a little corn—or a few loads of hay; which enabled him to keep two or three cows, and as many forest colts.—Some years after, his good land-lady died; and this piece of land fell into the hands of Mr. Brailsfield of Kentish-town; who finding it was tenanted by a man, who had taken so much pains to improve it, promised neither to raise his rent, nor to take it from him; which I mention to his honour.—Thus a kind providence blessed all Baker's designs; and he was richer, than many a man who was born to thousands. There are few men, who may not live comfortably, if they live *according to their station*: and if they *do not*, the highest stations will not secure them from difficulties. I have often heard Baker say, that he never knew what want was: but then he never relaxed his usual frugality. When wheat was dear, to make all ends meet, he lived on barley; and when he could not with convenience compass a bushel of malt, he contented himself with milk or water.

He had now five children, who were a constant alaim upon his industry, and frugality. But he had other claims. He had been kind to his sister, though her behaviour did not entirely please him: and he was now called upon from a quarter, he did not expect. His wife's father, grown
old,

old, applied to him for assistance. Of this man he never had a high opinion; but for his mother-in-law he had always the greatest esteem. *She was as good a woman, he used to say, as his wife; and he could not say more for any woman on earth.* However, though he could not pretend, with the incumberance of so large a family, to maintain them entirely, he agreed with the overseers of the parish, that if they would pay them a shilling a week, he would do the rest. Accordingly he built them a little cottage; and was as kind to them as he could. Soon after, on the old man's death, he took his mother-in-law into the house, and kept her till she died; though she lived till she was upwards of ninety; and was blind many years.

About the time that his children were pretty well grown up, a fortunate circumstance happened. He received a legacy of seventy pounds, and a clock. This money came very happily to settle some of his children. *They had it all, he said, among them: he never had a bell, full of meat out of it himself.* The clock alone he kept. A clock was the only piece of furniture he ever coveted; and he always intended, if it should be in his power, to have purchased one: though it is probable, if a clock had not been thus thrown in his way, he would always have found something more useful for the employment of his money.

Nor was he kind only to his relations, as he got forward in the world, he was very friendly among his neighbours; and lent many a little sum to assist them in their distresses. But as he was a very shrewd, intelligent man, he lent only where he saw his money could be of use; to the spendthrift he would lend nothing: nor to any
 A 3 man,

man, who frequented an ale-house. So judicious was he in these loans, that although he helped many a man out of a difficulty, I have heard him say, he never lost a farthing by lending money in his life. Often indeed he received the worth of what he lent, in a little corn, a pig, or a calf, or something that was more convenient for the borrower to pay him with, than money.

He was now advancing into years, and his good Joanna began to feel the effects of age more than he did. Her ailment was a meer decay of nature; but she was so entirely weakened, that she could do nothing for herself. Her husband hired a woman into the house to attend her near seven years, in which she continued in this helpless state. Every thing he could do, he did for a woman, *who, he said, had been kinder to every body than herself.* In the year 1776 she died; and left him greatly afflicted for the loss of a faithful friend, who had followed close by his side, through all his laborious life, for the space of forty years. I have seen him speak of her with tears in his eyes, and agitation in all he said, at the age of eighty.

He had now the world, in a manner, to begin again. His children were all married or dispersed: and he had nobody with him, on whose arm he could lean in descending the hill. He thought the wisest thing he could do, was to draw his little matters into as small a compass as he could; and rid himself, as much as possible, of the cares of the world. Accordingly he sold his cows, and horses, and a little tenement or two, which he had purchased, and brought one hundred and ten pounds to a friend to put to some use; *For as I cannot now, said he, work myself, I must make my money,* as he phrased it

it, *work for me*. His friend made him understand, as well as he could, what was meant by the funds; and advised him to put his money into consolidated annuities for twenty-eight years from January 1780. As this transaction was in the year 1782, when the funds were low, he was made to understand, that the interest would be considerable (about eight pounds a year) but that the whole would be lost, if he should live twenty-six years. However, as he did not look forward to that time, he took his friend's advice. Besides this property, he had two or three other little sums put out to interest in private hands; and a little tenement which he reserved for himself to live in; with two or three patches of ground, which lay near him, and served to employ him.

He had a good opinion of the charitable societies, or *clubs*, as they are called, in several parishes around him; but he thought them useful chiefly to those who could not depend upon themselves. If young fellows could depend on themselves, and lay the same money by, without breaking into it, he thought it might generally be more useful to them. Four-pence a week would amount to near a pound in the year. At harvest some little matter might be added to it. And if this practice were begun early in life, in a few years, it might amount to a comfortable support in sickness or old-age. *But few young fellows, he said, looked forward to those times. They never thought of more, than of living from hand to mouth.*

His manner *now* of spending his time, was somewhat different from what it used to be. He worked only a little every morning, in his grounds; or in his garden; or in procuring fuel.

The rest of his time he spent in reading and in devotion. He had now gotten above the world—had his time much to himself—and spent a great part of it in reading the bible, which was the only book he did read. He had the use of his eyes to the last; and generally, though by himself, read out; which he thought made the more impression on his memory. Oftener than once, as I have approached his lonely cottage, I have thought I heard voices: but when I entered, the old man was sitting alone, with his bible before him. He had as strong natural parts, as I almost ever met with; and easily understood, not only the general meaning, and intention of the gospel; but many of the more difficult passages in it. What our Saviour said, he thought, was very easy; and much of what St. Paul said. And he told me, he had a very good book of prayers, in his phrase, *for all intents and purposes*.

As he grew more, and more infirm, his friends thought it comfortless for him to live entirely by himself; and endeavoured to persuade him to get some good old woman to live with him; who might take care of his house, and likewise of him, if any thing should ail him. *Aye, said he, if I could get some good old-woman: but where is she to be found?* He had tried the experiment, he said; but had no encouragement to try it again. People would not, he added, live now as he lived. Perhaps he had bad luck in his choice; but he found, that a woman now would spend as much in junketing in one day, as would serve him for two. Then, he said, there was such constant gossiping, and noise in the house, that he could never have his time at his own disposal. In short, he was obliged

liged to live as they chose, not as he chose himself. Then fetching a deep sigh, he would say, *His good Joanna had spoiled him for living with any other woman.*

It was then proposed to him to live with one of his daughters, who was married in the neighbourhood.—He had thought of that, he said: but an old man was always giving offence to one, or another; and one or another was always giving offence to him. Besides, he said, his daughter had several children; and so much noise did not suit his quiet way of living. He could now, at his own ease, follow his own inclination. In short, it appeared, that while he lived, he wished to live entirely to himself; and that it was very indifferent to him, when, and where, and how he died.

The destitute condition however in which he lived, laid him open to the depredations of a dishonest neighbourhood. Many little thefts, when he was watched out of his house, were committed. Among other things his pewter-flagon was stolen. It hung over his dresser, and contained his little securities, and promissory notes. He had however, with his usual sagacity placed his money in such safe hands, that he had on this occasion no loss.

But among the petty thefts which were committed in his house, was a robbery of a very serious nature. On the day before Lymington-fair the old man had received some interest money (about five guineas) to purchase a few necessaries. This being probably known, two men, at midnight, broke into his house. His fastening indeed was only such as a good shake might easily dislodge. They soon entered; and one of them pressing a bolster over his face, pinned him down

with his knee; while the other sought for the money, which was presently found. I heard him speak of the transaction the next day; and his behaviour raised him in my opinion. He spoke with the caution of an honest man. The thieves had a dark lantern, he said, with them; and he thought he could swear to one of them; but he durst not venture it, where a man's life, and character were concerned.

From several circumstances however it became more probable, that the man, whom Baker suspected, was guilty. And indeed he himself soon after confirmed the suspicion: for as the neighbours began more to talk of the thing, and to lay facts together, he thought it prudent to leave the country.—Indeed if wicked men would only consider beforehand the many circumstances that lead to a discovery; and the almost impossibility of providing against them all, they would be more cautious, on the meer principles of prudence, in committing any desperate wickedness. One circumstance which tended to fix the suspicion of the fact on this man, was, that a child accidentally mentioned having seen a cut-cheese in his house the day after the robbery. Baker had lost a cut-cheese; and it was well known the man had no cheese in his house before. The other person too was suspected: but if either of them had been taken up, it would most probably, have discovered both: for a knave cannot be depended on. And indeed it is probable, that both would have been discovered, had it not been for the old man's scruples.—I mention all these circumstances to shew, that, in fact, it requires more care, and caution, to commit a wicked action, than most men possess. It is indeed

deed less difficult to be industrious, and by that means make a wicked action unnecessary.

Notwithstanding however the old man was thus so frequently preyed on by wicked people, he still continued to live alone. As to any further losses, he had one way, he said, of preventing them; and that was, to keep nothing about him, that was worth stealing. He fastened therefore the old bolt upon his door; and went to sleep in his lonely cottage as quietly, as if he had been in a castle.

Though he had now enough before him, he continued still to live with his usual frugality. Many of his neighbours thought he might have indulged his age a little more, as he had the means to do it; and as they themselves probably would have done in the same circumstances; by which they might have spent all they had laid up for their old age, not knowing how long God might have lengthened out their lives. He lived however as he had been accustomed to live, in the best of his days; for in many parts of his life he had been put to shifts. He had always good cheese in his house, and good bread, which was his common food. He used to brew also now and then a bushel of malt; so that he was seldom without a little cask of beer. His garden produced him plenty of cabbages, which was the only plant he reared: and every year he bought at Lymington fair, a side of bacon; a bit of which he would, now and then, put into his pot with a cabbage. Fresh meat he never tasted; nor were butter, and tea, among his necessaries. On this provision he never had a day's sickness; and even at those times, when his food was less nourishing, he was able to do every

every thing, to which the strength of man is equal.—What can the art of cookery do more?

He was now near eighty; his limbs began to fail; and he was subject to rheumatic pains, which seized his right leg; and made exercise very troublesome to him. Notwithstanding however this infirmity, and his living a mile from the church, he rarely missed taking a painful walk to it every sunday. The weather must have been very bad to prevent him. And tho' he was now become very deaf, he did not think even that a reason for keeping from church.—What an example did he set to those, who, tho' in perfect health, instead of making the sabbath a day for obtaining instruction, and begging God's blessing on the week; profane it by making it a day of pastime, and often a day of drinking, and other wickedness.—He was constant also at the sacrament; which he always esteemed a part of his duty.

He was confined to his house about six weeks before he died. His illness was a mere decay of nature. His legs swelled; and his constitution was broken up. He now submitted to have somebody live in his cottage with him. He was pressed to send for a physician, as he had the means to pay him: but he was resolute against it. *If you could find me a doctor, said he, who would tell me at once, I can do you good—or I cannot do you good, I will send for him? but else, why should I send for a man to be paid for giving me physic, when I cannot take victuals?* In short, he knew he was dying, and wished to die with as little molestation as he could.

He kept his bed about three days; and was sensible to the last. He was in considerable pain; but he bore it with that firmness, and manliness,

manliness, with which he had supported all the hard duties of a constant life of industry. He died on the 15th day of May, 1791; and desired that the 51st psalm might be sung before his corps, as he was carried through the church-yard to his grave. The thought was new; and the decency, and propriety of it had a good effect.

On his death his effects amounted to about four hundred pounds. That a man, in the lowest station with a constant attention to money, should in the course of a long life, raise that sum, or greater, is not wonderful: but that a man in the lowest station, should leave such a sum behind him, after discharging all the offices of life with uprightnes, and propriety, is such an example of an independent spirit, and of the force of industry, and frugality, as deserves to be recorded for the benefit of others.—The following inscription stands over his grave in Boldrechurch yard.

Here
Rests from his labour
William Baker;
Whose industry, and frugality,
Whose honesty, and piety,
Were long an example
To this parish.
He was born in 1710;
And died in 1791.

FUNERAL.

FUNERAL SERMON.

Well done, good, and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Mat. xxv. 33.

IT is the happiness of our religion, that all mankind, poor and rich, are equally able to please God. The lowest may be as acceptable in his maker's sight as the highest: nor are any man's services so mean, as to be overlooked by his great master. Before christianity indeed, men were apt to think, that such only as had the powerful means of doing good; could obtain the favour of God—and that low people could do little to please him. But the gospel informs us, that God does not regard *the action* without *the heart*, from which the action proceeds: and that the *willing mind*, tho' unaccompanied by the action, is as pleasing in God's sight, as the *action itself*. So that, you see, the rich and the poor are all equally in God's favour. Let each of us only do his duty in his proper station, *as to the Lord, and not unto man*—that is, with a desire to please God, who has placed us in our several stations, and the lowest of us shall be amongst those, to whom the text is applied; *Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*

But now my brethren, among the duties of our several stations, there are some, which equally belong both to rich, and poor; and there are some, which belong to one station rather than

than the other.—Let me explain my meaning to you.

Among the duties, which belong to both, may be reckoned those duties, which we owe to God—love, truth, reverence, prayer. Such also are the duties of reading, and meditating on scripture—of observing the sabbath—of faith in our Redeemer—of attending the Lord's supper. Such also are humility—honesty—a desire to serve our neighbour, as far as we can—the care of our families—and other duties, that might be mentioned. All these are equally required from the poor and rich; because the poor may perform them as well as the rich.

But there are other duties which are *not thus equally* required. As the rich man abounds in the things of this world, it is required of him to be *generous, and charitable*; because God hath enabled him to be so. But as the poor man cannot be generous and charitable, like the rich man; it is rather required of him to be *industrious, and frugal*.

On the present occasion therefore I shall make the duties of *industry, and frugality* the subject of my discourse. I mention them together, because they must always keep company, to be of any use. *Frugality* can do little without *industry*: and *industry* as little without *frugality*.—I shall give you the chief reasons, which should incline you to the practice of these duties.

In the first place, I would have you consider what the scripture says on this subject. It is often touched upon: but one of the most remarkable passages, is that of St. Paul to the Thessalonians. *When we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat: for we hear there are some among*

you, which walk disorderly; working not at all. Now such we command, and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.—Now this command that we should all *eat our own bread*, is plainly founded on this reason, that nobody has a right to eat the bread of others, if he is able to procure his own.—In some cases, no doubt the parish allowance is a necessary relief—as when the father of a family is taken off, while his children are yet young—or when a family perhaps is greatly visited by sickness—or when a family is uncommonly large. But how many are there who shamefully run to the parish for relief, without any necessity of this kind? These are people who either want *industry* in providing for their families—or *frugality*, in not making the best use of what they provide. They frequent the ale-house; or they spend what they have, in good eating; or in other things, which are not necessary. Let them consider, how directly they break a scripture command, by *eating other men's bread for naught*; and by *becoming chargeable* without necessity.

It may be hoped, that with christians a scripture command may have sufficient weight. However I shall endeavour to shew you more at large, on what *reasons* this *scripture command* is founded.

In the first place, how desirable is it to see your little habitations as clean, neat, and well furnished as any of your neighbours—to see your children decently clothed—to give them what little education you can—to have them taught to read, which may be a comfort to them during their lives—to have them taught to spin, and work, which may give them early habits of diligence. But all this cannot be done without
great

great industry, and frugality in the parent.—You have a choice therefore before you, whether it is better to do all this—at least to do it in the best manner you can—or to idle away your time; or spend your money in drinking at ale-houses? How often are the children of idle parents sent to poor-houses, where their father's sins are visited upon them in all the wretchedness, misery and neglect, which the poor little sufferers are too often obliged to undergo.—Much have those parents to answer for!—I have myself heard some of these idle parents alledge, that, as they made their money themselves, they had a right to spend it as they pleased.—To tell such people, that no man has a farther right to any thing, which God has given him, than to make a proper use of it, would be to little purpose, yet surely they must see the force of this, that if they marry, and have families, their families should be considered as a part of themselves; and have surely a right not only to their maintenance; but to the best instruction, and care, their parents can bestow. Who is the proper person to take care of the children, but the parent?

I would have you to consider farther, that *industry*, and *frugality* are virtues, which have a particular tendency to keep you out of the way of temptation, and mischief. Where, think you, is lewdness, and drunkenness, and prophaneness, and sabbath breaking, and cursing, and swearing, and all other wickedness best taught? Its best school, I believe, is the ale-house. The devil tempts you to be idle first, and to love drink: then all wickedness follows naturally. He cannot so easily get hold of a frugal, industrious man. The industrious man is otherwise employed

ployed. When the day's labour is over, he wishes for the night's rest. Between both, he has hardly time to be wicked. I believe, if you would look round your acquaintances, you will find the most industrious, and the most frugal people to be also the best.

Consider farther, that *industry*, and *frugality* raise your *characters* in the parish: and give you consequence. You are often inclined to think yourselves of more consequence than you really are. You are often ready to take offence, when you hear any little story told of you, which you think you do not deserve; tho' probably the story may be very true. All this however shews you wish to preserve your characters. But you take the wrong way. It is not believing yourselves of consequence; or desiring to stop people's mouths, that will give you credit with your neighbours. Leave your neighbours to talk as *they will*: and do you act as *you ought*: and you need take no farther care about your character. Honesty, industry, and frugality will give character, and consequence to the lowest among you. He who supports himself by his own labour, is equal to any body. The richest man in the country is not more independent. While his idle neighbour, abject and base-minded, is pitifully going about begging relief of a parish-officer; *he* feels his own consequence, and is beholden only to his heavenly Master: he wants no assistance, but God's blessing, and the use of his limbs.

Lastly, I should wish you to consider, that *industry*, and *frugality* are the best means of making you *happy*. I might say this with regard to the *next* world (for all virtues are generally more or less linked together) but I am speaking now only of the happiness of this life. With what
pleasure

pleasure may a poor man look round him, and see all his family out in the world, and by the blessing of God, doing well through his precepts, and example; and himself with some little matter still before him, if God should lengthen out his time a little longer? There are many cases, no doubt, where it is impossible, that any thing can be saved: but in many families, even in this parish, I know, something might. If people would only save what they spend at ale-houses, or in things unnecessary, something might be laid by against a fit of sickness! or (if God should bless them with health) against old age.—And is the pleasure, think you, of sitting at an ale-house equal to this comfortable independence? I know there are many who reason with themselves, that if they can maintain their families, while they are well, it is all they desire: when they are sick, or old, the parish is obliged to maintain them. It may be a person's misfortune to come to the parish: but when a man in the prime of his strength *reasons in this way*, I dare take upon me to say, he is, at the bottom, an idle, good-for-nothing fellow; and his reasoning is only an excuse for drinking, or some other extravagance. In general, such people go on in a regular progress to ruin. At first they get a love for liquor. They will sit whole days, and nights in ale-houses. They next get into debt. If they have farms to manage, their affairs go wrong. If they are labourers, their families want bread: their children are half-starved, and half-naked. I need not point out these people to you: they point out themselves. You see them loitering about the parish, languid wretches, with faces soddan, pale, and dropsical, the objects equally of pity and contempt.—Many,

no doubt, frequent sotting houses, who have not yet gone this length: but they are in the high way towards it: let them take care in time; *their* ruin is coming on.—There is no real happiness, my neighbours, you may depend upon it, in such a life as this. However you may be inticed by the pleasures of idleness, and drinking, (which last is commonly the beginning of all mischief) you may be assured, that all these things bring their bitter moments, not only *at last*, but *continually*; and that nothing can make a man so happy, as living in his station as he ought, with honesty, sobriety, industry, and frugality. No man can live happily, who lives at the will, and under the controul of others. These virtues allow a man to live, independent of others, and in the manner he wishes to live himself.

Such was the life of our very respectable neighbour, whose remains lie before us. His station in life, you know, was only that of a common day-labourer: but, as far as I could judge, he set just such an example in that station; and behaved exactly, as he ought to have done. He had that generous independent spirit, which I have been recommending to you, that scorned to live upon the labours of others; and seemed to lay it down as a principle from the beginning of his life, to be obliged, under God, only to his own labour. By this alone he bred up a large family, without receiving a single farthing from the parish. But this could not have been done without great industry, and frugality. He worked hard; he lived hard; denying himself every indulgence in eating and drinking, that he might not be a burthen to others ———
When his family was off his hands, he thought, for the same reason, it was proper for him, to
lay

lay up a little for his old age. While he *could*, therefore he continued still to work; and lived in the same hard manner; which was now become quite easy, and habitual to him.—It pleased God to bless his labour; he laid up so much as maintained him, during his old age; and he has left something behind him to be a comfort to his children, if they make a right use of it. He never could be said to be wholly past his labour. Till within a few weeks of his death, he every day worked a little; and it became an agreeable amusement to him. He had, all his life, been used to laborious working. Many a time I have heard him say, that, in general, labourers now did not know what it was to work: and I have heard others say, who knew him better than I did, that he would have done as much in one day, as many people do in two.

I have heard some of his neighbours tax him with being a miser, and covetous; and say, that as he might have lived more comfortably in his old age, his hard living could be owing only to a covetous temper. He might, it is true, have lived more comfortably in his old age, as *they* may think, who accuse him—and who are fonder of indulgence than he was: but he could not have lived more comfortably to himself, than he did; and I am persuaded no man had ever less of the miser in his heart.—But let me defend the character of my good old neighbour in this particular: let me shew you the difference between his temper, and that of a miser.

A miser hoards money for *its own sake*. He does not consider the use it is to answer; nor indeed puts it to any use at all. Hoarding it up is all he has in view. He *loves money*. You remember an instance of a person, not many
years

years ago, in this parish, who expired grasping his purse, under his bed-clothes to his heart. Perhaps he meant to secure it, if he should recover: but it plainly appeared to be his first care; and if any should charge him with a love of money, I should not know how to defend him.

With covetousness, or a love of money, there is often mixed—indeed, I believe, generally—a little knavery. If he who *loves money* does not openly cheat, he has many ways of practising little underhand, dirty tricks, which an upright man would hardly call honest.—I give you the best side of him, for the miser is generally a very wicked character. The apostle indeed tells us, that the *love of money is the root of all evil*.

Had our worthy, deceased neighbour these signs of a miser about him? As to his integrity, I dare take upon me to say, a more upright, honest man never lived.—Many dishonest practices, I have heard of in the parish—many little knavish tricks, I have seen, to take advantages, and get money: but I never heard of one action in the whole, long life of our deceased neighbour, that was not fair, and honest, and upright in the highest degree: and I doubt not, but you can all join with me in bearing this testimony. So far then you will allow, that nothing of the temper of a miser yet appears.—How should there? There was no foundation for it. He had no love for money, merely for its own sake; but as it might be the means of carrying him independently to the end of his life—and if he did not spend it all, that the remainder might be of some little use to his family. I have known him do what, in his circumstances were even generous things. Where he thought it necessary to spend his

his money, he spent it freely. He lived hard indeed: but whom did that hurt? It enabled him to do many a kind thing: but nobody ever suffered from it but himself. It is not *living hard*—it is not *laying up money*, that makes a man a miser; but it is the intention, with which he lives hard—it is the intention with which he lays up money. Our late neighbour's intention was merely that of an independent spirit, which could not bear to be supported by other people's labour. He lived hard himself, lest, if he had indulged himself, he should afterwards have been obliged to live on the labours of others.—And is there any thing in this like a love of money? He had no love for money, that interfered, I dare take upon me to say, with any one duty that belonged to his station.—How little he valued it for its own sake, I had many opportunities of seeing, as most of his money passed through my hands. Some years ago, you remember his house was broken open; he mentioned his loss to me, not like a miser; but as far as his money was concerned, with christian indifference. His chief distress was for those, who had done the deed. To him, he said, they had done little injury. By the blessing of God, he doubted not but he had enough to support him, while he lived: and it was owing, I believe, more to his lenity, and scruples, than to the want of evidence, that the thieves were not convicted. So far from having any thing covetous about him, he appeared always to be entirely disengaged from all worldly thoughts; strongly impressed with a sense of religion; and ready to leave all behind him with the utmost indifference, and begin his great journey to eternity at a moment's warning, whenever it should please God to call him. He used

to

to talk of death, just as he would of one of the commonest events of life; and left with me a few directions about carrying his body to the grave, with as much indifference, as a farmer would give directions about carrying a load of corn to his barn.

Thus, through a very long life he passed innocently, religiously, inoffensively, and quietly to that grave, to which we now consign him.—
 Let me earnestly exhort all you, who this day follow his corpse thither, to follow also his example—that, when it becomes your turn to be brought dead into the church, your neighbours may point out your example, as they may his, for others to follow; and apply to you, as I hope we may with justice apply to him, *Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*

F I N I S.