

**THE STANDARD BEARER
FALLEN: BEING A SKETCH OF
THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF
THE REV. HUGH CAMPBELL**

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The Standard Bearer Fallen: Being a Sketch of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Hugh Campbell
by Thomas Greenbury

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THOMAS GREENBURY

**THE STANDARD BEARER
FALLEN: BEING A SKETCH OF
THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF
THE REV. HUGH CAMPBELL**

THE
Standard Bearer Fallen:

BEING A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE

LIFE AND LABOURS

OF THE

REV. HUGH CAMPBELL.

BY HIS COLLEAGUE IN THE MINISTRY, THE

REV. THOMAS GREENBURY,

AUTHOR OF "MAN," &c.

"DEATH embalms the poorest Christian, and lays him in the sepulchre of the kings; he who was but a common Christian becomes a brilliant light, when God hangs him, like a lamp with a silver chain, to glitter from the skies."—Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

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AND PRIMITIVE METHODIST MINISTERS.

1862.

~~200. M. 122.~~

210. G. 523.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



PREFACE.

It will be evident, to the thoughtful reader, that the following pages have been written under the impulse of warm affection, rather than at the dictation of a critical judgment; nevertheless, the writer is convinced, that the sketch is not overdrawn, or too highly coloured. Those who only saw and heard Mr. Campbell in the pulpit, or on the platform, knew but little of his real character; to be able to measure the man, to ascertain his mental calibre and to become acquainted with his moral excellencies, it was necessary to see him grappling with difficulties, to hear him amid the perplexities of a quarterly meeting, to unite with him in the pleasures of the social circle, to view him in the bosom of his family, to hold private intercourse with him, to share his intimate friendship, and to know something of his inner life. All these faculties of knowledge the writer enjoyed for several years.

It would be an easy matter to expand this memorial to four times its present size, but the duties of the deceased now devolve upon the writer, and they are of so arduous and important a nature, as to fully claim nearly the whole of his attention and time. Perhaps, at some future period, he may be able to accomplish what duty now forbids him to attempt. It may be well to intimate, that the sorrowing widow and her family are interested in the sale of this memoir.

That the blessing of the Most High may attend this brief, but sincere, tribute to departed worth, is the fervent prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

32, Princess Street,
Scarborough.

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THE STANDARD BEARER FALLEN.

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"THE veil that covers the face of futurity
Is woven by the hand of mercy."

It has seldom fallen to our lot to perform a duty more serious or painful than that of penning the Biography of our dear departed friend and brother, the Rev. HUGH CAMPBELL; who, in the midst of labours the most abundant, burdened with the cares of an important station, and engaged in the erection of a large and costly chapel, was suddenly removed from the active duties of life, under circumstances the most distressing. How mysterious and inscrutable are the movements of Divine Providence! how perplexing and bewildering to poor frail humanity!

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-falling skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will."

But although "clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Yet how difficult it is, while the heart is bleeding and the soul shaken by

the terrible blow, fully to realise the fact, that—

“Behind a frowning Providence
God hides a smiling face.”

While confounded and bewildered by the stroke, we are almost ready to exclaim—Why this painful dispensation? What benefit can accrue from it? Why arrest the labourer in the midst of his useful toil? Why remove the minister from the midst of his flock, when his presence appears to be the most needed? And if he *must* be removed, why remove him amid such distressing and painful circumstances? Why should a life fraught with richest blessing to the church and the world, be so suddenly and so awfully eclipsed, when the slightest interposition of Jehovah's hand could have prevented the stroke? The Divine response to these questions is, “What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.” We are indeed *surrounded* by mysteries we cannot penetrate—beset with problems we cannot solve—involved in labyrinths from which we cannot extricate ourselves. “What,” says one, “are *many* of God's dispensations? A baffling enigma—all strangeness—all mystery to the eye of sense. *Useless* lives prolonged, *useful* ones taken! The honoured minister of God struck

down; the unfaithful watchman spared! The philanthropic and benevolent have an arrest put on their manifold deeds of kindness and generosity; the grasping, the avaricious, the mean-souled—those who neither fear God nor do good to man, are suffered to live on from day to day!" No wonder if, at such times, there should be a struggle between nature and grace. Nature says—"Lord, thou hast taken away the desire of our eyes at a stroke." Grace says—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Nature says—"It is mysterious." Grace says—"It is well." Nature says—"It is our loss." Grace says—"It is his gain." Nature says—"It is hard." Grace says—"Thy will be done." Nature says—"Why are we bereft while others are spared?" Grace says—"Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Cherishing, as we do, sentiments like these, we proceed to furnish a biographical sketch of a faithful and useful minister, who was removed from earth to heaven, on Friday morning the 12th of October, 1860.

Hugh Campbell, son of John and Elizabeth Campbell, was born at Camerton, a small village two miles and a half from Workington, in Cumberland, on the 18th of November, 1801. His