

**THE BUD EARLY PLUCKED;
OR, A
MEMOIR OF EDWARD
COULSON BRUMWELL**

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The bud early plucked; or, A memoir of Edward Coulson Brumwell by Thomas Brumwell

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THOMAS BRUMWELL

**THE BUD EARLY PLUCKED;
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COULSON BRUMWELL**

The Bud Early Plucked;
OR,
A MEMOIR
OF
EDWARD COULSON BRUMWELL,
A WOODHOUSE GROVE SCHOLAR.

BY HIS FATHER,
THE REV. THOMAS BRUMWELL,
Congregational Minister.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

LONDON:
SOLD BY JOHN MASON, PATERNOSTER BOW.
LEADS: H. W. WALKER, BRIGGATE.
1863.

MEMOIR.

It affords a mournful gratification to bereaved friends to record, in such writings as the following memorial, some particulars of the earliest years of their departed ones, and to give an account of their devoted life and peaceful death; but in this their chief design should be to present such features of character, and such circumstances tending to its development, as are important and instructive, and, in themselves most likely to induce those young persons who may read to imitate the examples presented, and to take encouragement from their early religious experience. It is undoubtedly right that the name of a youth of deserving merit and extraordinary promise should be preserved, that others may bless God for the saving grace which was manifested in his short history and character, and be induced to imitate his noble example.

No subject excites a more pensive or hallowed feeling than the remembrance of the

pious dead. The recollection of deceased friends connects with it a multitude of interesting and affecting reflections. Persons, places, conversations, events, are constantly revived in the mind, and for the moment we seem to live life over again; but soon the painful conviction follows that all have vanished,—that all is unreal,—for the individuals called up in this way upon the stage of memory, have terminated their probation, and entered into the rest and joys of heaven. We shall meet them no more on earth, to be instructed by their intelligence, stimulated by the fervour of their piety, or encouraged by the unreserved devotion of their lives to God. Their works of faith and labours of love are over. They appear no more in the family circle, the sanctuary of their choice, or at the Lord's table, where Christians meet to commemorate their Master's dying love. We shall not see them again until mortality is swallowed up of life, and the dead, small and great, shall stand before God.

“ They die in Jesus, and are blest :
How calm their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare.

Among the pious dead who have been sum-

moned to the peaceful and happy abodes of paradise must now be numbered the name of Edward Coulson Brumwell, who exchanged this mortal scene for everlasting life, in the fifteenth year of his age, at Penrith, on Thursday, December 5th, 1861. The bloom was beautiful and lovely, and the bud promising, but the fruit was not permitted to mature on earth. It pleased God to gather it early, for the better garden and the richer climate of the heavenly world. The life of very few youths, with whom the writer of this memoir has been brought into connection, have supplied more interesting materials for the instruction of others, had but suitable care been employed to preserve them. This deficiency cannot now be wholly supplied. But a parent's intimate knowledge of him will secure veracity, and such selections have been made as will at least indicate an honest purpose to present a perfect resemblance, and to magnify the grace of God so signally exhibited in his short life and history.

Edward was the son of the Rev. Thomas Brumwell, Wesleyan Methodist minister, and was born August 12th, 1847, at Burton-upon-Trent. From the situation in which his parents were placed, it may be supposed that in his

earliest years he enjoyed peculiar advantages for becoming early acquainted with the principles of saving religion, and the need of giving his heart to God. Such circumstances, and their influences, are not always successful in leading young persons to Christ and the enjoyment of religion; but in this case the ground of the heart was graciously prepared of the Lord for the good seed of the kingdom, and there soon appeared encouraging indications of rich fruitfulness to his honour and glory. His parents were fully assured that in every instance human nature is depraved, and needs the correcting, renewing, and sanctifying influences of divine grace; it was, therefore, their early and constant care to instil into his mind the hallowing principles of religion, and deeply to imbue it with those salutary truths of Christianity, the cordial belief of which is the only permanent source of every real excellence. These untiring labours were amply rewarded by the unfolding blossoms and mellow fruits of early religion, which soon appeared; and it was pleasing to his friends to find how soon these germs of truth and righteousness, thus carefully lodged in his mind, began to spring up within him, and to appear in the formation of his early habits and conversation. From his

infancy he was remarkable for an amiable and affectionate disposition, and for such sincere piety and entire devotion to God as seldom meets the eye, or is recorded in the biographical memorials of such tender years; and which, as far as his mental powers had yet expanded, promised the richest fruits of advantage to himself and of comfort to his relatives and friends. He soon won, by his obedience and diligence, the high esteem of all with whom he was associated. When quite a child, he frequently requested his parents, and especially his mother, who was more with him, to take him into her room for prayer and meditation on divine things. These were memorable seasons of hallowed profit to both, but to him especially they were times full of self-consecration to God and his Saviour.

"The gentle mother bowed her head, in heart-felt,
holy joy;
And full of grateful love, implored all blessings for
her boy.
And dear to him that mother was, who taught him
first to pray;
And leading his young heart to God, through Jesus
showed the way."

When not more than three years of age, and before he knew a letter in a book, he would often bring the Bible to his mamma, and

ask her to read; and he has frequently sat patiently for an hour together, waiting until she was able to read it to him. It is a blessed omen, when a child can so conquer a natural feeling of diffidence on the subject of experimental and personal religion, as in the strength of filial confidence and affection to disclose his spiritual and mental exercises to those from whose hearts he ought to expect the deepest and most sacred sympathy. He was now beginning to feel that religion belonged to the individual, and fully believed that in the momentous question of his salvation it was right to obtain all the help within his reach; and to whom could his young heart apply with so much confidence and propriety, as to those who were his natural guardians, and who watched over him with the most anxious solicitude day by day? At other times, as his years increased, he was frequently found—while in a room with other children at play—on his knees in a corner, praying or reading the sacred volume. He often retired alone for the same sacred purpose; when, for an hour together, he wept and prayed before God, uncovering the very secret recesses of his nature before the Invisible, and holding secret and close fellowship with his Heavenly Father;