

**A MEMORIAL OF
JONATHAN HUTCHINSON:
LATE OF GEDNEY**

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A Memorial of Jonathan Hutchinson: Late of Gedney by Jonathan Hutchinson

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JONATHAN HUTCHINSON

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A MEMORIAL

OF

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON,

LATE OF GEDNEY,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TOGETHER WITH A

FEW FRAGMENTS OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE

FOUND AFTER HIS DECEASE.

LONDON:

E. FRY AND SON, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

1839.

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February 3, 1942

LONDON:
JOHNSON AND BARNETT,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

SHORTLY after the decease of his dear Friend and Brother, JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, the Editor of the following pages, observed with much satisfaction, a willingness to lay some of the Writings of that valuable individual before the Public.

Since that time, he has waited long for the appearance of others, which he believes would have been gladly received by many, who entertain a lively recollection of his pious and exemplary life. He has, however, been disappointed; and not feeling satisfied any longer to withhold what little is in his own possession, he ventures to commit it to the Press, with a sincere desire, that under the Divine Blessing, it may conduce to the spiritual improvement, and lasting benefit of his Readers.

Spalding, 16th of 4th mo. 1839.

WILLIAM MASSEY.

N.B.—By desire of the Editor, this Tract is printed of a suitable size for binding with the "Brief Notice, of Jonathan Hutchinson," already published by JOHN BARR.

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A MEMORIAL, &c.

MANY having left behind them sketches of their own biography for the information of survivors, I am thereby encouraged to attempt the following outline of mine.

I was born at Gedney, in the county of Lincoln, on the seventh of the second month 1760, where, as I have been informed, my ancestors had resided for many generations, in the outward occupation of farmers ;—the only business that I ever followed. It also appears that a part of the family from which I was descended, joined the religious society of Friends pretty soon after its rise.

But though thus inheriting the privileges of rural retirement, and the simplicity of pastoral life—educated too in the principles of an excellent Christian profession, yet that interesting and dangerous portion of my life, between leaving school and manhood was strongly characterized by the sins and the follies, to which youth and inexperience are so peculiarly liable ;—whilst its succeeding stages, even the most happy and favoured of them, have in my own view at least, been remarkable for their weakness,

unworthiness, and vicissitude—so much so, that throughout the whole of my probationary course, there have been certain critical and eventful periods wherein my sufferings of body and mind, have been such, as to leave me but just in possession of life and sense. Yet on this solemn retrospect, I find nothing to complain of but fallen *self*, acted upon by a delusive world, and an unwearied spiritual adversary.

I, therefore, would not “charge God foolishly,” seeing that, in all, and through all, His kindness and forbearance towards me have been extended in a manner equally *unmerited* and *incomprehensible* to my own understanding; and which, like many other parts of His government, both in nature and grace, appears to admit of no other possible solution than is to be found in this scriptural declaration, that “the ways of the Lord are higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.”

I do not remember having been favoured in my early years with the tendering visitations of Divine Love, either so often, or so powerfully, as we find is recorded of divers religious persons;—but I seem rather to have been left to explore in much solitude the depth and the misery of fallen nature in its greatest bitterness: so that before I had attained the twentieth year of my age, the enemy of all good possessed a fearful ascendancy over me:—but whilst, in many instances, he held me “captive at his will;”

yet as in the case of poor Job, his power was limited ; and he was not permitted, as was evidently his design, to complete the destruction both of my body and soul, which by the interposing arm of Israel's God, were mercifully preserved, and marvellously delivered from the last effort of his cruel and malignant grasp.

For after many sore and ineffectual conflicts, in which *Hope*, at length had taken its departure, I was favoured with so convincing an evidence, that God desireth not the death of a sinner, as strongly inclined my heart towards a state of subjection and obedience to Him :—but though thus made willing, the performances of my apprehended duty have ever been so poor and humiliating, as to give me occasion with deep feeling to respond to this language of David—“ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.” Amen and Amen ! saith a soul which thou hast indeed brought out of an horrible pit, and taught to sing thy praise therefore !

The first *vocal* prayer I remember having uttered, was extorted from me by distress, when in a kneeling attitude. I was preparing to cut some hay for cattle. The purport of it may serve to show the darkness and doubt of the heart from which it burst, like water from the rock, when smitten by the rod of Moses ;—it was brief, being comprehended in these few emphatic words—“ If there be a God in