

**MEMOIR OF THE
REV.
JOHN GRAHAM**

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Memoir of the Rev. John Graham by Charles Graham

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CHARLES GRAHAM

**MEMOIR OF THE
REV.
JOHN GRAHAM**

MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

By his Brother,

CHARLES GRAHAM,

MINISTER OF AVENUE ROAD CHURCH, SHEPHERD'S BUSH;
AUTHOR OF "CHRIST OUR LIGHT," "THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS,"
"THE COUSING GREAT REVIVAL," ETC.

Ἐμοὶ γὰρ τὸ ζῆν, Χριστός· καὶ τὸ ἀποθαλεῖν, κέρδος.
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Memoir of the Rev. John Graham.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.



HIS Memoir is not a record of adventurous life, fitted to strike the imagination and captivate a reader, however superficial. But it has, we think, a higher value. It is the outer and inner life of a man of God, who for two-and-forty years steadily pursued his Christian course.

In holy zeal few in his day excelled him; and few in the ministry of the gospel were more successful in winning souls to Christ. Every believer may see in him how with success to "war the good warfare;" how the obedient soul is led by the Spirit; how victory is obtained over temptation; how the flame of divine love is kept burning; and how the cross is borne until the Master's call is heard, and the soul enters into the bliss of His presence.

John Graham was born near Omagh, the assize-town of the county Tyrone, Ireland, May 19th, 1822. He was called after his father, who was a man of great bodily strength and equal activity, and who scarcely ever had an hour's sickness; for, apart from a sound constitution, he observed the chief conditions of health. He retired and rose early, took vigorous exercise in the open air, and used the plainest food. His intellect was quick rather than solid; his fancy was vivid, and his memory tenacious. He was fond of repeating psalms, hymns, proverbs, and anecdotes. Some of his anecdotes were of a very exciting and thrilling character. He had been in the most sanguinary battles of the rebellion of 1798. When the rebellion broke out he was enlisted as a non-commissioned officer in the Dublin Militia, and promised a commission when a vacancy should occur. This step he was induced to take by Lord Mountjoy, his grandfather's and father's landlord. The night before the battle of New Ross he reconnoitred the rebel camp, and on his report General Johnson put his troops in order of battle. A battle was fought, General Johnson was defeated, Lord Mountjoy and nearly half the Dublin Militia, who went into the engagement a thousand strong, were slain. All the horse were killed, and the town taken by the rebels.

General Johnson did not wish to survive the defeat, and renewed the battle. The struggle was then truly for life and death. In that second engagement John Graham was considered to have slain upwards of forty rebels. He took the colours of "the Bantry corps," and killed the man that bore them. He was offered his commission, but preferred returning to his father.

His temperament was sanguine and impulsive, and his temper not always under due restraint. He would sometimes confess his faults, and purpose amendment; but, alas! his goodness, like Ephraim's, resembled "a morning cloud and the early dew."

He was brought up among the Presbyterians; but when his minister turned Unitarian he left him and attended the services of the Church of England. But only in his creed was his new minister better than the old; for he neither knew the gospel nor manifested any interest in the people.

Happily for himself and others John Graham, sen., following the traditions of his family and the hospitality of his country, entertained the Methodist preachers, who held services in his house; and through the gospel which he heard from them there was hope that he finally received the truth in the love of it.

Of his mother we are able to give an account from my brother's own pen. "In her youth she had moved in the gayest circle of her native town. Her two sisters were married to military officers. To the wonder of many, and displeasure of her mother, she married the young farmer who had returned from the war. Sometimes, when she considered the gayer attire and society of her sisters, a momentary sigh escaped her. But even comparatively, on fair review, her lot was not calculated to make her repine; for she lived longer, and reared a more numerous and more useful family than either of her sisters. Her portrait can never be effaced from those on whose hearts it was once impressed by the sunlight of her benignant maternal look. She was a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, stately woman, and with

advancing years became somewhat corpulent. Of later years pain and sorrow gave a slightly pensive cast to her pale, refined, intelligent countenance. But her ample brow was habitually smooth; and though her bluish-grey eye was sometimes dreamy, it was habitually steady, penetrating, and clear. She was silent and meditative, and thought more than she either read or spoke.

"God used the ploughshare of affliction to break up the fallow ground of her soul for precious seed. Sorrow had opened her eyes on a higher heaven and a deeper life. One post brought word of one sister dead of plague in Jamaica; another, that her other sister died from bursting a vessel in the lungs. One year saw her second daughter wither in disease; another witnessed her cries as she found the golden locks of her youngest daughter floating in the garden well, where life was irrevocably extinct. Her broken heart turned to the Saviour for healing, which was not denied, and a mighty faith with love and meekness grew up within her, and shone around her. Her deep religious nature received the word of truth and life, and yielded fruit sixty, if not an hundred fold. There was an ease and beauty and naturalness about her piety that made you feel it was a stream from a fountain which flowed because it must.

"Few, perhaps, ever helped the poor so liberally on equal means; and very few ever walked closer with God, or had more of the respect and love of the circle in which they respectively moved. She was ambitious of mental improvement for herself, but still more so for her children. She was a patient wife, and a devoted mother. She loved poetry, and had a full, flexible voice; and while the honeyed leaves of the great sycamore before