

**BRIEF MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE WILLIAM
DUNN, BY HIS WIDOW**

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Brief Memoirs of the Late William Dunn, by His Widow by Elizabeth Hammond Dunn

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ELIZABETH HAMMOND DUNN

**BRIEF MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE WILLIAM
DUNN, BY HIS WIDOW**

BRIEF MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM DUNN,

BY HIS WIDOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD MINES OF OLD ENGLAND," AND "SONNETS TO
CHURCH LIA."

(INCLUDING A WORD OF EXPOSTULATION WITH THE
ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.)

LONDON:
HATCHARD AND CO., 187, PICCADILLY.
1861.

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"As the sunny light, which Evening throws
When Autumn o'er the wide world stealing,
In melancholy radiance glows,
And wakes the very soul of feeling.
Chaste,—solemn,—beautifully bright :
As if the glory and the bliss
Of yonder sphere were given to sight ;
Hallowing all of sin in this !
So then hast past away ; and nought
Doth now remain, Beloved, of thee,
But deep Remembrance, and the thought—
Ere long we meet in Love's Eternity."

Affection's Gift.

A MEMOIR, &c.

THE subject of these brief, but faithful memoirs was a Minister of the Established Church, a man of truly Christian spirit, who possessed a heart large enough to own and to love, as a brother, all who held biblical truth, and walked in accordance with its holy precepts. He graduated at Queen's College, Cambridge, and was distinguished as a mathematician, and received College Testimonials accordingly; but what to him was far more delightful and appreciable than literary or worldly honours, was, the consciousness that he possessed; deep in the recesses of his "Heart of Hearts," the Gospel Jewel,—the "Pearl" of price untold! His letters to me, during his University career, were ever brilliantly studded with texts of Scripture, and that, for the space of five years previously to our marriage. He appeared to luxuriate in the radiant fields of biblical literature; and I deeply regret, that owing to the lapse of time (now Thirty-six Years) since our sorrows and our joys became inmates of

the same bosom ; many of his beautiful manuscripts have passed into oblivion, or into other hands, beyond reach of recovery. He calmly progressed in deep religious feeling and practical piety ; but his health had suffered very sensibly from intense study and application, and he was seriously threatened with consumption : the means used for his restoration were recreative, and the super-added blessing from on High, placed him in a position to think yet once again of preparing for Ordination, and the active duties of the Christian Ministry.

Soon after his convalescence we were united in the holy, and golden links of wedded harmony, and in three weeks afterwards he was supplied by the Bishop of Worcester with Letters Dimissory to the Diocesan of Winchester, (whose Ordination was then close at hand,) and in a short time afterwards he returned to me in a deeply solemnized and heavenly frame of mind ; eager to begin the important work of evangelical ministrations. That great and glorious Being, "Unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known," by the bright and powerful operations of His own Spirit, prepared myblessed Husband's Soul for the great work he had to do, and then, by His special providence, directed him to his sphere of action, which, though trying and painful in its experience at first, proved blessed in its results, and paved the way to greater usefulness : and here I must be permitted to digress, and

swerve from my recital, to offer a word of comfort and encouragement to my fellow pilgrims.

There is a *special Providence* :—Christ himself has plainly taught us that sweet truth, and in his love and tenderness beautifully displayed it, in familiar illustrations, to set our anxious hearts and minds at rest ! The very order of nature has frequently been reversed to subserve the exigency of the people of God :—the unconscious raven shall be strong enough in the pinion, to convey food for the messengers of the Lord morning and evening ; and the numerous well-authenticated narratives we are constantly being furnished with in relation to this subject, and the special answers to prayer, and almost miraculous supplies in the time of perplexity and exigence, are splendid tokens to us all, that we are under *special* “surveillance” and guidance too !—

“ Oh ! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide ! ”

We resume. No sooner was my dear husband ordained, than several proposals were made for his ministerial services : but, (to be brief,) he accepted the offer of a Curacy in the Diocese of Hereford, and accordingly, although in the bleak month of January, and during a deep fall of Snow, we kept our appointment, and with a prayerful spirit placed

ourselves inside the coach that was to convey us to the Vicarage. But we had painted our landscape in colours far too vivid ; we seemed to have forgotten the " Neutral-tint "—the sober brown—the shadows and the far distant ground,—all was bright with glowing Solar rays, and warm with Burnt Sienna, Lake, or Red !

" When Hope turns painter for the heart
How fair is life in every part ;
She upwards points to sunny Skies,
And decks the Earth with rainbow dyes ;
But soon Experience takes her stand,
Snatches the pencil from her hand,
Softens the gaudy colours down,
And gives the picture sober brown !"

Alas ! alas ! on the night of our arrival we were informed by our host (the unhappy Vicar,) that we must prepare for hostilities of every kind, for that the parish was literally in a state of civil war : we soon found it so: nothing could exceed the tempestuous state of the moral and religious atmosphere :—party spirit ran to a tremendous height, and that bird of night, with the sable ruffled plumage, " Discord," had driven away the peaceful " Dove" (with her white and glistening wings) ;—
" Far, far away !"

Tumultuous meetings everywhere proclaimed *the case* quite hopeless ; my dear husband's tran-