

**SERMONS PREACHED
AT S. JOHN'S CHAPEL,
S. JOHN'S WOOD**

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PERCY LOUSADA

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PREACHED AT

S. John's Chapel, S. John's Wood,

BY THE

LATE REV. PERCY LOUSADA.

LONDON

J. T. HAYES, LYALL PLACE, EATON SQUARE.

1860.

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PREFACE.

THE following Sermons were written without any view to publication. They were part of the ordinary teaching of a Minister of God, engaged in his Master's work. Nothing will be found in them, but simple expressions of truths he felt, and in which he lived from day to day : earnest, because these truths were living and earnest realities to him ; yet not more earnest, or more devout, than many others that might have been selected out of the Sermons that he has left. And they are now published, not as specimens of his powers, (which they very inadequately represent,) but of his life, and belief ; in the hope that words so real, so solemn in themselves, speaking, as they now speak, from the lips of one who, has been suddenly called from those among whom he ministered, to give account of his stewardship, may not be without fruit.

In the like hope are added, by way of preface to the Sermons, the few details that follow, of

their writer's last hours. Such notices can hardly fail to carry a deep and solemn interest to the hearts of those for whom, and for whom only, the Sermons are published. These persons will recall, as they read, with affectionate remembrance, how he, who was at once their pastor and their friend, encouraged and warned them; and to them it cannot but be a great confirmation of those his "godly admonitions," to see that he himself, when summoned, was "found watching."

But let the words speak for themselves:—

"From the first moment that the attack was pronounced dangerous, he seemed enabled *at once*, unreservedly, and wholly, to yield himself up to God; to surrender his will, to offer his life, and to trust and leave all to Him, with the simple confiding love and trust of a little child. From the *very* first, indeed, suddenly, and instantaneously, his heart seemed weaned, and turned away from every care, or thought, or pleasure, of this world. And never for one moment did it again swerve, or draw back. Not one regret for all he was so suddenly called to

leave, not one murmur at the violence and suddenness of the stroke, ever passed his lips. To *him* it seemed natural and *easy* at once to resign the life which was full of enjoyment and attractions to him; while to those around him, who knew how keenly he had enjoyed the choicest earthly blessings, and how he had been gifted with all those higher gifts of intellect and taste which make life attractive—to those, this prompt and entire self-renunciation seemed indeed ‘the Lord’s doing, and marvellous in their eyes.’

“His days and nights, when sufficient strength was granted, were passed in unceasing prayer. His thoughts seemed filled with a fervent desire, that this, his sudden illness, and approaching death, might be useful, especially to those friends who had only known him in health and in joy. His earnest wish was, that they should *know* from himself, how little from the first he esteemed or thought of *any*, even the highest earthly gifts. ‘Tell them,’ he often said, ‘how shadows and realities separated themselves clearly now; how there was but *one* thing precious to me; how, if

life be granted, there would be but *one* thing I should think worthy to live for; and let my death teach them what my life has failed to do.' So intense was his desire to impress this on those he left behind, that he wished, and even attempted to write, and leave a letter for such of his friends as might value his 'final words.' When God's will seemed for a short time changed, and recovery was hoped for, his heart and purpose remained steadfast. His constant prayer was, that he might not be elated, or wish to live; but be content, and ready to follow each turn of God's will, to live or die as He willed. His characteristic humility and self-distrust never left him. Again and again in solemn voice and word he repeated — 'Let us never forget this; let it be for ever written on our hearts and influence our lives. If I live, I must NEVER forget this: my whole life, talents, strength, and all, must be given to God.' And so when hope again was dashed, and the final summons came, and he was told there was '*no hope,*' after a momentary sadness at the thought of leaving those so loved by him, the

perfect holy calm that had been granted him throughout, returned, and *never* again forsook him. Quietly (with an abstracted, spiritualized gaze that spoke more eloquently than words,) he spoke of his 'going home,' as if it had been but a brief journey for which he was preparing. Solemnly and calmly he gave every direction needful for carrying out his wishes, and then the hours passed in short fervent ejaculations, in speaking with stedfast, simple faith, of the world into which he was so soon to enter; of his future communion with those he left here; of his certain hope of a joyful re-union; till at last resignation and patience were changed into a *longing* to go, a yearning to 'be free;' a prayer, 'Oh! my God, prolong not the time. LORD JESU, come quickly.' Yet there was not one shade of impatience. Every pain, and weariness, and trial of his illness, was accepted in the childlike spirit of love and trust; his only remark being—'Can this be enough; oh! can it indeed be enough? so little pain—so much of alleviation!' Contrasting his outward circumstances with those