

**ANDREW  
FULLER**

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Andrew Fuller by Andrew Gunton Fuller

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**ANDREW GUNTON FULLER**

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# ANDREW FULLER.

BY HIS SON,

ANDREW GUNTON FULLER.

London:

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27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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## PREFACE.

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I HAVE long felt that if any further presentation of my father's life were made, a more special reference than has yet appeared to his *home life*, and its influences upon the various aspects of his public engagements, was desirable, and this could scarcely be supplied with so much advantage as by one who has been an actual sharer in its conditions.

There is no division of a man's life so marked and characteristic as that which is made by the door of his own house, on the two sides of which are witnessed sometimes two distinct men, and always two distinct phases of character which act and react on each other.

We all feel that home has sanctities which must not be invaded ; but home has other sanctities which it is no invasion to lay bare ; witness the tender and touching scenes of home life in the patriarchal biographies, and the magic beauty and healthful influence of those mere

sketches given us of the domestic life of the friend of Lazarus.

But "what reliance," it may be asked, "can be placed on personal reminiscences of a period so far back?" Those who like myself have lived long enough *to live in the past*, and who have a deep and yearning interest in its occult treasures, will bear witness to the strange power that they possess to recall scenes which through many years have been entirely hidden in the deep cells of memory, and that the explorers are as men going from room to room of an old mansion, one opening out into another, and finding streams of light bursting through nooks and corners of windows long blocked up, and revealing objects which are at once recognized and clutched with a miserly grip, and which awaken echoes sacred to one's ear: "I hear a voice you cannot hear, I see a hand you cannot see."

I *knew* Mr. Fuller, knew him as a father, lived in the same house with him, and witnessed scenes of his life which were witnessed by no other person now living. More than that, I remember him, and can recall his words and acts, and even looks and tones of voice, with a vividness which at times renders it almost incredible that so great a part of a century has passed away since I stood by his dying bed. Whilst, in addition to this, I am in possession of a record of incidents of no common interest. During a sojourn of a few months

in London in 1820, learning that the Rev. W. Ward, one of the Serampore missionaries, was about to preach at Wesley chapel, City Road, I went to hear him. After the service, on introducing myself, he invited me to call and see him. He seemed to regard me with much emotion as the son of his beloved friend, and producing a folio MS. volume, said, "This is a copy of all the letters your father wrote to us at Serampore transcribed by a Hindoo. I purposed giving it myself to your mother, but shall not be able to spare the time, and will intrust it with you." I have the precious volume still in my possession, and shall avail myself (as my son has done in his memoirs written for the Bunyan Library) of some of its contents to enrich the present volume.

In estimating the power of home influence it is difficult altogether to separate from it my father's pastoral work, which was of that free, homely, and tender nature that greatly resembled the family relation, and which, though I could not share in its dispensation, attracted my frequent notice. However careful he was to keep what were called "Church matters" sacred to those whose church relation gave them special claim, he could not in occasional references in conversation with my mother conceal his deep anxieties, his lively satisfaction, or his opinion of characters. This I can truly say, no harm ever came of these unwitting confidences,