

**EPISTLES OF FAITH,**

ADDRESSED

TO

**MISS ELIZABETH MORTON,**

A RIGID PAPIST.

BY

**WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S.**

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“mortify the flesh, resist the devil, fight the good fight of faith, and overcome the world? {**Rom. 8: 13, James 4: 7, 1 John 5: 4**}.

What think you now of a monastic life? Can people that are cooped up in a cell be compared “to a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid ?” or can perpetual imprisonment, with any degree of propriety, be called a “taking up the cross ?” a letting one’s “light shine before men ?” and “following the Lord through evil report and good?”

What think you now of the venerable appearance, and of the whimsical mandates of a mother abbess? Do you think that “bowing the knee,” and “confessing your faults” to her, is any better than “pouring out a drink offering to the queen of heaven ?” Or is obeying her orders any better than “consulting with the witch of Endor,” or crying out, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians?”

Are auricular confession, pardons, indulgences, bulls, dispensations, the weeds of St. Domonic, the sanctified candle, and the palm branch, any of the things that “Christ received for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them?” {**Psa. 68: 18**}.

Has God commanded women that fear him to despise his wisdom, by shaving of the “hair which he has given them for ornament and covering?” {**1 Cor. 11: 15**}. Is not a bald head on the shoulders of a female, rather a scriptural badge of her adultery than her chastity? seeing God has said, that “instead of well-set hair they shall have baldness; instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty,” {**Isa. 3: 24**}. Whereas souls entering into covenant with God, are compared to “women whose breasts are fashioned, and whose hair is grown,” {**Ezek. 16: 6, 7, 8**}.

Is a naked head, a white bandeau across the forehead, a linen gamp under the chin, and a black veil on the head, any part of Zion’s lustre, who is said to be “all glorious within ?” {**Psa. 45: 13**}. Or can they be called “the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price?” {**1 Pet. 3: 4**}.

And whether you think cowls, hoods, and habits, horrid oaths, rash vows, rigorous fasts, cruel penance, a starved carcass, and perpetual bondage, be any part of “the faith that was once delivered to the saints,” {**Jude. 1: 3**}, or any of “the things that accompany salvation,” {**Heb. 6: 9**}. For my part I find nothing of this in my Bible; and I take it for granted there is nothing of it in yours; if there had, they would not have wished to deprive you of it; but by their attempting to burn it, it is plain that it exposes and opposes their cause.

As God makes souls that are brought your way, feel both the “pains of hell,” {**Psa. 116: 3**}, and “the powers of the world to come,” {**Heb. 6: 5**}. I ask, if any middle state, or any such place as purgatory, ever occurred to your thoughts, or was impressed on your mind as a truth of God? I know by experience, that souls which are exercised as you have been, anticipate both the horrors of the damned and, the joy of heaven. And I know that the Spirit leads us into all truth; but he never led me to feel, to fear, or even to think of any purgatory, short of the eternal residence of devils.

Or did you ever find one precept or precedent in all God’s book, of praying for people that are dead? “As the tree falls, so it lies,” says Wisdom, {**Eccl. 11: 3**}. If this be true, saying mass for a little money will never move it. When man gives up the ghost, “the dust shall return to the earth, and the spirit returns to God that gave it,” {**Eccl. 12: 7**}, and if it be a sanctified

soul, it goes to "Abraham's bosom," {**Luke 16: 23**}, but if it be a wicked soul, it goes "quick into hell," {**Psa. 55: 15**}. The thief on the cross went that day to "paradise," {**Luke 23: 43**}. Stephen called upon Christ to "receive his spirit;" and "the heavens were open for the admission of it," {**Acts. 7: 59**}. The patriarchs "yielded up the Ghost;" if so, it did not sink into purgatory. Christ commended his soul to his Father; and says we shall follow him. If his soul was offered up to God, it never went to purgatory; and if his did not, the believer's will not. We read of the "mouth of hell," and of the "bosom of Abraham;" but we read of no middle state, but the " gulph that God has fixed," to keep angels and saints, devils and sinners apart, that they may trouble one another no more. "The end of our faith is to be the salvation of our souls," {**1 Pet. 1: 9**}, not a damnation in purgatory. David would not" fear when he walked through the shadow of death; for he knew that" God would guide him with his counsel, and receive him to glory."

Those words of Peter, "By which also he went and preached to the spirits in prison," {**1 Pet. 3: 18, 19**}, are blasphemously perverted, by the Papists, He means, that the Spirit of Jesus Christ was in all God's Prophets; and that it was the Spirit of Christ in Noah that preached to the antediluvians, " while the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah," whose souls are now in the prison of hell for their rebellion in resisting the Holy Ghost, of whom God said, " My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Compare {**Gen. 6: 3, with 1 Pet. 3: 18, 19, 20**}.

The word of God by Paul, {**1 Cor. 3: 13, 14, 15**}, is perverted by the Papists also. The Apostle is writing to preachers, that if any man built, on the foundation that he had laid, either false doctrines or false professors, fiery trials, when they come, would try both the building and the cement, and if either were destroyed, the preacher, or the builder, would suffer loss in his ministerial works, as the popish priest that converted you has done, and so has the bishop that confirmed you: all their untempered mortar, and all their " hay, straw, and stubble, is burnt up," {**1 Cor. 3: 12**}, in the fiery trials that you have passed through; and you will see whether the work that God has wrought on you, and the truths that you now hold, will not abide every future fire of affliction. When the Apostle says, himself, "shall be saved so as by fire," {**1 Cor. 3: 15**}, he means, if the preacher belong to God—God will try him in the " furnace of affliction," where all his errors and legality will be purged from him by the " spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of burning," {**Isa. 4: 4**}, " and he shall be saved, yet so as by fire," which God calls " bringing them through the fire," {**Zech. 13: 9**}. Those words in {**Psalm 16: 10**}, and in {**Acts. 2: 27**}, about the soul of Christ being left in hell, are wretchedly perverted; it was a hell of sufferings that is meant, not the regions of the damned; it was our sins on him, the curse that he endured, the wrath that he felt, the powers of darkness that derided him, and the Father's departure from him; that was the hell in which he was not left. He was to make "his soul an offering for sin," and into God's " hands he commended his spirit," That day he told the thief he should be with him in paradise—not in hell. When he yielded up the ghost, he said, "it is finished," which if he had gone to hell, the worst had been to come.

Are a cross at the breast, an image? in a box, the reliques of the dead, and a trust in human absolution, any of the articles that are essential to that faith, that is said to " purify the heart, to work by love," to make a man "prevalent with God in prayer," and to "take the kingdom of heaven by violence ?

Tell me also, what your present thoughts are of a monastic purity; and whether you do not think that the " chastening hand of God," that has been upon you, and is now attended with

humbling grace, is not more effectual to mortify the deeds of the body, and produce mental purity, than the straw-bed, the flannel sheets, flannel shifts, extreme unction, holy water, the consecrated wafer, and the abominated ashes? And whether answers to prayers, and the operations of God's Spirit, do not influence your soul with real holiness, and subdue every wanton passion, more than telling a carnal priest every amorous thought, amorous glance, carnal desire, or lascivious motion, that stirs in the body, or hovers over the mind; and whether that wretched puddle did not appear in greater motion after it had been stirred up by confession, than it did before the priest asked such filthy questions?

Tell me also, whether you believe that God ever commanded young women, that desired to fear his name and obtain heaven, to be debarred human society, to abstain from animal food all their days ; and whether filling the belly with fish, eggs, or roots, can be called a fast in the sight of God any more than satisfying nature with what God allows in his law, namely, the "flesh of the ox, the sheep, the goat, the hart, the roebuck, and the fallow deer," {**Deut. 14: 4, 5**}, and whether you cannot find your present faith, experience, peace, comfort, doctrines, and devotion in the patriarchs and prophets, who " obtained a good report through faith," and afterwards died in the faith, even before Peter, your former foundation, was born, or thought of? and whether you think that Luther and Calvin were the authors of that religion that exercised your mind with such terrors, changed your heart, and has now terminated in such peace, love, and-divine consolation as you now enjoy ? and whether poor sinners thus broken by terror, humbled by repentance, purified by faith, and renewed by the Holy Ghost, be, in reality, as the Papists pretend, the people that the apostle Paul calls " heretics," {**Tit. 3: 10**}, under which name they are condemned and destroyed? and whether those glorious truths of the Bible, that are now the food of your soul, and the joy of your heart, be, in the scriptural sense of the word, what Papists assert to be "heresy," {**1 Cor. 11:19**}, and, likewise, whether a poor sinner, who has labored through such soul travail as you have, in order to make his "calling and election sure," be the object that Christ has empowered a vicar—and Peter a successor—to curse with book, and candle? or whether a divine sentence he to be administered, and souls sent to endless darkness, with musical sound and artificial light, or in the names of such trumpery things as bells and candles ? and whether you now think damnation be such a trifling thing as to be executed with artificial illumination and rough music ?

Tell me also, whether your legal travail and evangelical deliverance be not exactly agreeable to our present translation of the Bible? and whether you think that the Popish unwritten traditions " did spring," as you formerly asserted, from the "same source as the Bible did?" and whether you do not think your present deliverance from guilt, and conversion to God, which has been performed by Jesus Christ alone, who is the only mediator, advocate, and intercessor, be not as effectual, as saving, as establishing, and as valuable in the sight of God, as if the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and Paul, and all the angels in heaven, or Thomas a Beckett, St. Benoit, Larbe, Joseph, St. Bernard, St. Francois de Sales, and all the inhabitants of purgatory had been called in to assist ? for as the Saviour's own arm brought salvation to him, so his own arm sends salvation from him, without calling in either saints or sinners to assist his power, or share his glory.

Tell me also, what you think of monastic craft, in entrapping women for nuns? whether the most subtle of them be not used as decoy ducks ? whether they do not appear in their feigned sanctity to be mistresses of arts, in entangling others, by trying to provoke them to jealousy, and to bring them to envy them their feigned holiness and shew of happiness ? and whether they are not satanically skilled in courting by proxy for the devil ? and whether you did not

strongly feel the twofold operations of what the scriptures call "intoxication" and "fornication," even to such a pitch as to wish yourself one of the masculine gender for the sake of some nun ? I mean so as to be carried away with an unnatural and inordinate love, that is not common to your sexes, not like a spiritual union, but a love carnal and brutal. This is what the scriptures call one of the depths of Satan," {**Rev. 2: 24**}. A false church is a mystical mistress of Witchcrafts, and the devil's bawd, because she is in union of spirit with him. To adhere to her, to embrace her false doctrines, and unite in spirit with her, is becoming a spiritual whore; and embracing lies instead of truth, is called in scripture "a conception by the devil; Ananias, why hast thou conceived this in thine heart ?" {**Acts 5: 4**}. Such are said to be pregnant by Satan; "why hath Satan filled thine heart?" {**Acts. 5: 8**}. When souls embrace error, and unite with erroneous people, their minds are stupified, puzzled, and confounded, and the devil ceases to tempt them, until they think real divinity is springing up in their hearts; hence it is compared to "getting drunk" in scripture; and as drunkenness often leads to adultery, so it is called the " wine of fornication," because it produces an alienation from the profession of God and his truth, and is therefore called a " committing fornication," {**Rev. 17: 2**}. The devil is called the "dragon" that gave antichrist" his seat," {**Rev. 13**}. And the anti- christian body is called the "great whore," {**Rev. 17: 1**}.

Young converts, such as you were, are called the "children of Jezabel." and the end of that mother and her family is pointed out in the following text, " I will east her into a bed, and all that commit adultery with her into great tribulation, except they repent; and I will kill her children [or converts] with death," {**Rev. 2: 23**}. It is by the rain of souls that they get their wealth, as may be seen in the word of God, which particularly mentions her wealth and luxuries, and then brings in the souls of men at last as paying the whole reckoning; as it is written, " the merchandize of gold and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyme wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and of iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men," {**Rev. 18: 12, 13**}.

It was from the city of Rome that John was banished to the isle of Patmos; and in the isle of Patmos John saw the eternal banishment of that city. The Roman empire first began in Nimrod, that "mighty hunter before the Lord," and his kingdom took its rise at Babylon, {**Gen. 10: 10**}. From this its infant state in Nimrod, it soon got to be a mighty motley monster of iniquity, called an image with a golden head; the golden head was the king, Dan. ii. 28. Next, the empire is compared to a "ram with two horns," {**Dan. 8: 3**}. which beast appeared when God divided the Babylonish empire, and gave it to the Medes and Persians, {**Dan. 5: 28**}. After that the empire fell into the jaws of an "he-goat," {**Dan. 8: 5**}. which was the Grecian empire; Alexander was the great horn; " the rough goat was the king of Grecian the great horn was the first king," {**Dan. 8: 21**}, At the death of Alexander the empire was divided among his four servants. The rough goat having lost its notable horn, or Alexander, now appeared with four horns, which are "four kings," {**Dan. 8: 22**}, After this the empire rolled about till it became Roman; under which Christ was crucified, and many of his servants destroyed; he stood up against the " Prince of princes, and destroyed the mighty and holy people," {**Dan. 8: 24, 25**}. That empire is now the "fourth beast, dreadful and terrible; it is diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it has ten horns," {**Dan. 7: 7**}. "The ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings," {**Dan. 7: 24**}. These ten horns are the ten toes belonging to the feet of Daniel's image, where Christ, the Stone of Israel, will smite it, {**Dan. 2: 34, 41**}. which John says will be done by turning the hearts of these ten kings to hate the

whore, and " burn her flesh with file." Daniel compares the ten kings to the ten toes of the image, to shew it is on its last legs, when upheld by ten kings; and what Daniel calls smiting the feet, John calls turning the heart of the ten kings to hate the whore—" then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy by the brightness of his coming," {2 Thess. 2: 8}.

Thus that mighty empire, which began in Nimrod, shall end in antichrist. The former was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," and the latter has been a dreadful hunter after him; I mean, that Nimrod began to hunt souls under his dominion, before the Lord set up his kingdom; and the other has been hunting the Lord's subjects since his kingdom has been set up. Blessed be God for ever, for that grace that has delivered thee from their power, and from their end. You will say, I am an odd father confessor, to lead thee such a round-about way: therefore I shall come again to books.

What money do the nuns pay down at their entrance into & monastic life? What pocket-money are they allowed? What interest does money fetch in the funds of Park? What is the nuns' chief diet? and whether their chief penances do not consist in fasting?

How have our English gentry appeared in your eyes since you have waded through these many months distress of soul? I mean such of them as send their children to a convent for education, as you went, and so expose them to those snares of the devil that have entangled so many of them, to their utter ruin and destruction ? What figure do you think such parents will make at the bar of God, when they are summoned to give an account of their proceedings both with respect to themselves and their offspring, which account can be little better than that of those who "sacrificed their children to Moloch?" {Jer. 32: 35}. And whether you think that any one branch of Popery has got any foothold or foundation in the book of God? or if there be any one text in the Bible that favors or countenances any part of it? I know that a convinced soul meditates terror; if so, you have weighed over in your mind all these things that I now call for a confession of.

And likewise, whether you do not now prize those English testimonies for God that you burnt at your recantation? and whether that can be the true militant church that burns the records of the church triumphant? or whether a church that is the "ground and pillar of the truth," {1 Tim. 3: 15}. can ever destroy the truth of her own pillars?

And lastly, whether any one charge that I have brought against you as a Papist, or against Popery, be false—according to your present experience and judgment of scripture?

I beg your pardon for detaining you so long in confession; but I have a right to receive as well as to give; and be assured that your ready compliance with these my requests will confer a lasting obligation on one who desires to subscribe himself, Dear Daughter,

Year reverend, venerable,  
And affectionate father confessor,  
WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

## LETTER

### TO MR. HUNTINGTON.

Rev. and Dear Father in, Christ Jesus,

Your last letter came safe to hand, I have read it with much attention, and perceive it requires a minute answer; but permit me first to vent the present feelings of my heart.

In taking a retrospect of my past experience, and the wonderful manner in which it has pleased #God to set my soul at liberty, under the same powerful ministry by which God first struck deep arrows of conviction into my mind; and finding my soul more and more established in the truth as it is in Jesus—for I believe that God has absolutely cast all my sins into the depths of the sea, and I know that he will remember them no more for ever; (The Holy Ghost, I trust, has "sealed me to the day of redemption") —in consequence of this, permit me to impart unto you these blessed tidings, namely, that I have not at present a single doubt of my eternal salvation in Christ Jesus. O what a change! and what a debtor am I to God's free sovereign grace! He really has given me the "oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I now experience the truth of that scripture which says, "the tongue of the dumb shall sing, the blind shall see out of obscurity, and the lame man shall leap as an hart." Can a sinner doubt of the salvation of his soul, under a feeling sense of God's unchangeable love, and a clear view of the stability of his everlasting covenant? It is impossible.

You have justly observed, and so I find it that, as the darkness wears off, the true light begins to shine; and as the winter disappears, "so the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." True, I have peeped a long time, and saw nothing; and muttered a great deal, but said little to the purpose, as my first letter to you evidently shews. My speech cannot now be so low out of the dust: for, blessed be God, I can say, my "conversation is in heaven," where my heart and my treasure are.

You wish to know the purity of my language. I will speak then of the "Mighty God, the Wonderful Counselor, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace." In all these characters he is near and dear to me. Truly, where "much is forgiven, the same loveth much." O that I could love him more, and cleave closer to him: this is my wish, and most ardent desire.

As you have called me to auricular confession, I am willing to comply with your every request, and will confess, a vous mon pere, without disguise, all I know of the mystery of iniquity; and I bless God for the opportunity of exposing their abominations.

As to free will and power, I felt myself under the power of his wrath; and though I was willing to be saved, yet found I had no power to remove the guilt from my conscience, until God removed it by applying the blood of atonement. I was shut up, but could not come forth, until the prison doors were opened. Blessed be God, I was among the number of those who were "reserved unto the faith that should afterwards be revealed." It was the Saviour, and not I, "that opened the two-leaved gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron asunder," and said to the prisoner of hope, come forth. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Election I find now no stumbling-block, but a blessed foundation for rejoicing; for if his electing love and distinguishing grace had not loosed my bonds, and set my soul at liberty, I must have remained miserable in this world, and in that which is to come, to all eternity.

When I had no strength, he did that for me that neither myself nor any other creature could do; which is an evidence that nothing but the discriminating grace, the everlasting love, and

almighty power of God, could have plucked me from the very gates of hell. Let them who will rail against election; they that doubt it have never experienced it. When I had no ground of hope in myself, the riches of his grace were manifested. , When I had no strength his power appeared. When I had no knowledge, his wisdom was revealed. So that I can truly say, "he was," at first, " found of them that sought him not," and afterwards heard of them that called on him; and to them that heard not of him he said, " Behold me, behold me. I looked and was enlightened." Thus was "the prey taken from the mighty;" and thus was "the lawful captive delivered."

Human penance stood in no stead while Satan found access to my heart; for while the "strong man armed keeps possession of the house," such armour as that keeps him in greater security. He must first quit his hold, which must be done only by a power mightier than he. It is in vain to fortify a city while there is a traitor in it; or to sprinkle the body with holy water, while the heart is unclean, and the conscience polluted with guilt. Knocking the breast will never disturb Satan's quiet, nor break a "stony heart." A horsehair girdle will never gall him, nor & cat-o'-nine-tails make him flinch; for he "laughs at the shaking of a spear, he counts iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood," {**Job. 41: 27**}. So far from thinking he is afraid of these things, I firmly believe, they are altogether his own devices —invented to intoxicate the minds of people, and laugh at their folly, and lead them blindfold into perdition. It cannot be the "armour of God," because the apostle Paul says, "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God, to the pulling down the strong holds of Satan." These are not spiritual, but carnal; of human invention, and stand in human wisdom; and the scriptures declare, "that this wisdom is not from above, but is earthly, sensual, and devilish." The victory that overcometh the world is even our faith. There can be no victory where there is no combat. There can be no combat with the world when excluded from it, and locked up within the walls of a monastery or the confines of a cell. I bless God for ever, for delivering me from that hellish infatuation that had taken so fast hold of my foolish heart. They know nothing of following the Saviour through evil and good report. They labor hard only to exalt themselves, and keep their good name. I was a slave to this myself, until I found a " woe unto you when all men speak well of you," {**Luke. 6: 26**}.

As to the mother abess; this head or superior assumes an authority as one in the place of Christ over the flock: it is true they confess their faults privately to her once a week and the younger Nuns address her always on one knee. Abominable practice! Infernal idolatry! Doing that which the angels in heaven forbade when John attempted it, {**Rev. 22: 8,9**}, and which Peter an Apostle forbade in Cornelius, {**Acts. 10: 25, 26**}. "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow not to a mother abess, nor to a graven image, much less to a dead man's bone, or a trumpety wafer.

My soul abhors the remembrance of auricular confession. I am a living witness of this abomination. David " confessed his transgressions to the Lord, and he forgave him the iniquity of his sin." I really never felt (when a Catholic) any satisfaction in confessing my sins to the priest, but I have found it in pouring out my broken petitions before God by myself in private. Surely this is a most vile and sinful practice.

I shall open to you the whole mystery without reserve, as you have questioned me so closely on the subject. "Reward her, says God even as she rewarded you; and double unto her double, according to her works," {**Rev. 18: 6**}. It is a shame for a woman to approach these confessionals: if they were never wise in the scenes of iniquity before, the priest will be sure to instruct them by asking such filthy and indecent questions, that a modest woman would

blush to think of. I declare to you that I was confined three days to my bed, from my first confession; and thought then I never could have gone to confession a second time, being so abashed and confounded by the abominations that he had put in my head. I was truly terrified at a sinful thought, more from the idea of telling it to the priest, than a fear of offending the Almighty God. O what a penance was this! At the same time, when it was over, my cursed pride was nursed, and I was congratulated as being an angel, without a sin on my conscience.

Alas, Sir I this is being “drunk indeed with the wine of her fornication.” They cannot boast of “the knowledge of salvation, by the forgiveness of their sins,” {[1 Luke 1: 77](#)}. This they are strangers to; for “God hath given them up to strong delusions, that they should believe a lie and woe be to those who die in that monster's lap.

I bless God for ever, that he has taken from me the veil of ignorance, and enabled me totally to renounce the horrid and vile delusions of that infernal synagogue of Satan, the Roman Catholics. This is not the religion of Jesus. We are to confess our sins unto God alone, who “is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” I am convinced, from my own experience, it is not a few words muttered in Latin by a Popish priest that can absolve a soul from his guilt in the sight of God. All the absolutions I ever obtained, never purged my conscience, or subdued the power of sin within me.

A shaved head, a white linen bandeau, a gamp, a black veil, and starved carcass; I find no such things as these in the whole book of God. “If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her,” {[1 Cor. 11: 15](#)}. A bandeau round the head will never strengthen a weak judgment, establish an unsettled mind, or rectify a whimsical brain, any more than shaving a head can cool a hot one. Beshrouding the face with a gamp, may make a woman look like a moving ghost; but it can never familiarize death, or sooth that triumphant king of terrors. He will be found, I believe, as unfriendly to a be-shrouded Nun, as to an Egyptian mummy. Death and hell are subservient to none but the Saviour. By faith in him alone we can overcome both, and not by faith in such childish trumpery as this. Starving the carcass may gripe the bowels, but it is a most whimsical remedy for a wounded conscience.

Now it hath pleased God to bring me a little to my senses, I would just as soon recommend a copper of scalding water to cure the St. Anthony's fire, or a wet bed in an ice-house to cure an ague, as I would recommend a poor fainting sin-sick soul to such cursed remedies as these. Surely, Sir, natural reason must have been exhausted in her researches, and the strength of uncommon folly rule all, together with the assistance of the art and malice of devils, to have furnished men with devices like these, so contrary to scripture, nature, and reason.

The middle state you mention, viz. purgatory, often presented itself to my view when I was a professor of that church: I often staggered at it as I never read of a threefold state in the word of God. When I contemplated the term, it always brought horror to my mind; nor could I ever form the least idea of any opposite states, except those of heaven and hell. If there be a middle state, it is that of natural life; for in that the miseries of hell are not complete, nor the joys of heaven fully known. The thief on the cross is a sufficient proof that there is no intermediate state of purgatory after death; for if any mortal needed purgation after death, surely he must, whose wicked life was so long, and his repentance so short; and to him the Saviour says, " This day shalt thou be with me in paradise and that was in the after part of the day.

As to monastic purity: query, whether you mean the purity of their minds or their persons, who pass their whole lives under the same roof, inhabiting a cell not more than four yards square, with a very small casement window, a straw bed, sleeping in woolen habits, which are not cleaned for years together; flannel sheets and shifts, changed only once a month: take these things, together with a mortified body, the want of pure air, and that in hot summer weather, and they will enable you to draw a suitable conclusion with regard to this part of their purity. This savours no more of their cleanliness, than their imprisonment does of the liberty of the gospel. But if it be mental purity you mean, judge ye of their minds, who, contrary to all the laws of God, of modesty, and decency, are constantly exposed to the filthy and lewd interrogations of such carnal priests; notwithstanding God has fixed a bar of modesty on every female mind, this is perpetually broken through, by putting questions to them on such subjects as the scriptures declare ought not so much as " to be named amongst the Gentiles," { [1 Cor. 5: 1](#) }.

Further, Sir, the uncommon and unnatural affection that" prevails between women in these convents, which I have been an observing witness of, is rather an indication of unnatural unchastity than mental purity. I have known some of the boarders, who have been sent from England for education, notwithstanding all. their former resolutions, by the insinuations of these Nuns, who have, in the course of a few weeks, been wrought into so unnatural an infatuation, as to strip themselves and friends of all they could to supply them.

Among other instances, I knew a lady, who has a husband and three fine children, who, after being in the convent a little time, became so violently attached to one of these Nuns, that she was ready to give up her husband and children, and almost lost her senses, from the predominacy of that violent passion, which, though now it may appear unaccountable, will one day or other be fully explained, when the " mystery of iniquity is revealed," and he " whose eyes are as a flame of fire shall appear as a swift witness against the adulterer and the sorcerer." Well may the church of Rome be called a sorceress," and her wine "the wine of fornication;" for nothing but the powers of darkness could ever be capable of working human minds into so dreadful a frenzy. For a confirmation of all this, I refer you to any lady who is familiarly acquainted with the practice of convents.

O the goodness of God! to open eyes so blind as mine; to " break the infernal fowler's snare, and set the poor silly bird at liberty. Had I leaned upon him who is infinite in power and wisdom, instead of leaning to my own understanding; and built upon him who is the rock of ages, instead of building on my own strength, as Peter did, my house would have stood as firm as I trust it now stands.

I cannot help smiling at some parts of your letter. By your close questioning me, one would imagine, Sir, that you had been accustomed to sit in a confessional box, if your doctrine and life had not convinced me to the contrary; but, as you desire it, I will endeavour to be as explicit in my answers, as you are particular in your requests.

Imprimis. I find now, by my Bible, and my past experience, that Satan is so far from being affrighted at a phial of holy water, that he is said to be an inhabitant of the sea; therefore an ocean of it cannot drown him. He is called "Leviathan, that crooked serpent that is in the midst of the sea." Nothing but the "great and strong sword of the Lord" can ever wound him. The intent of holy water is to chase the devil from one, and purify the mind. I cannot say it ever had this effect on me: nothing short of "the washing of regeneration" can accomplish

this:" the pure water of life," or God' Spirit operating on the heart, cleanses it from "all filthiness both of flesh and spirit," which no external water and washing can ever do.

Consecrated ashes. Surely none but minds given up to strong delusions could ever be guilty of such a contradiction as that of consecrating the devil's daily bread; for it is said in scripture, " He feeds upon ashes, and dust shall be the serpent's meat:" and for my part, I have fed so long upon this, that I never more desire to be a partaker of his dainty meats. How they can think of consecrating ashes, which God rejects, the devil feeds on, and death triumphs in, I know not. These things might with more propriety be prescribed for the purification of rusty firelocks, and kitchen furniture, than to make tender consciences and troubled minds meet for heaven. The apostle Paul says, "The ashes of an heifer," under the old dispensation," could not purify the conscience:" how much less the ashes of a burnt faggot, or a kitchen cinder, dispensed by the hand of a lying prophet or a Popish priest.

Rigorous fasts, cruel penances, and human absolutions, I firmly believe to be nothing but the carnal traditions of men: and not the commandments of God, nor at all like them. I fasted till I brought myself to the verge of the grave; but my near approaches to these chambers of darkness, by a rigid abstinence, never brought either life or light into my deluded soul. I see now, it is the prerogative of God alone to mortify and revive, to kill and to make alive, to bring down to the grave, and to lift up. It is not for us to wrest the sceptre out of his hand, by destroying our bodies more than our souls; and the willful destruction of the body, either by neglect, fasting, mortification, or abuse, is as evidently self-murder in the sight of God as suicide. Though he afflicts the body with pain or disease, he does it in judgment: and the judge of all the earth cannot do wrong.

The most cruel penance I ever had given me was, to say so many prayers in the course of such a time. Here it appears that prayer, in this way, becomes a task; whereas God has enjoined it as the privilege of his people, by which they get communion, intercourse, and fellowship with him; but being used as a rigid talk, and the repetition of them as so many mortifications,! found that ordinance which God had appointed to convey peace, joy, and happiness to the mind, used as a penance, became an intolerable burden, an intolerable load, an insufferable weight; and produced in me fretfulness, murmurings, rebellion, and grief; and instead of humility, it wrought pride and self-deification; for I was not satisfied with the thought of being saved, unless I had an exalted seat in heaven, which I thought I was entitled to, in proportion as I underwent these mortifications; so that which was ordained of God for life, viz. prayer, proved death unto me.

Human absolutions never left on my mind any persuasion of the remission of sins; nor do I believe God ever vested such power in men; much less in men like those, who make a gain of pretended godliness; for these persons sell absolutions and remissions of sins willfully to be committed. If the Saviour had given such power as this, he must have been the "minister of sin," and not of righteousness, which will ever be far from him. How I could submit to this imposition I know not; since the Jews, in their dark state, could say in malicious opposition to the Saviour, "Who is this that forgiveth sins? None is able to forgive sins but God alone." He wrought a miracle to convince them of his proper Deity.

As you desire me to tell you honestly, whether your charge against me as a Papist, and against Popery, be true or false, I will not only tell you honestly, but critically, if I can, if you will promise not to be offended at that honesty and criticism I have learned of you.

I have reason to bless God for ever for his grace conveyed through your instrumentality. Your charge against me as a Papist is now false: for whereas I once gloried in it, which was my shame, I now hate the name of it: therefore I now deny your charge.

As to Popery, and my having been a Papist: by woeful experience I can cordially assent to the truth of all your' assertions.

But once more, as a critic, I believe Popery has an existence in the word of God, but not in the kingdom of God. It has an existence in the predictions, threatenings, and the denunciation of God's wrath, and the fulfillment of his decrees; for the scriptures cannot be fulfilled "till that man of sin, that son of perdition in the mystery of iniquity" be revealed. But it has no existence in the promises of God, the commandments of God, the blessings of God, the glory of God, nor in the kingdom of Christ; for " he will destroy it by the breath of his lips, by the glory of his appearance, and the brightness of his coming.

As to her government, titles, customs, ceremonies, doctrines, traditions, and the rest of her trumpery, such as beads, bones, bells, books, and consecrated candles, these have no foundation in the word of God, but are all of her own manufacturing, and part of that merchandise so clearly described in the book of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Revelations.

As to the religion and experience of my own heart: among the patriarchs and prophets, it is with comfort I find they were possessed of the same corrupt, fallen, and depraved nature; and restored by the same efficacious grace and Almighty power that I am. God in Christ revealed to their souls was the ground of all their hope, the foundation of all their happiness, and the plea of their acceptance, as well as mine. I find Noah, Abraham, Moses, Daniel, David, and the rest of the Prophets, that whole cloud of witnesses, bear a testimony to that way of salvation held forth by the Apostles, and now joyfully experienced by your unworthy daughter, yourself, and hundreds in this day, and will be to the end of the world; for when the Son of Man cometh, " he shall find faith on the earth for the same Spirit which spake by the Prophets hath in these latter days revealed Christ unto us.

As to Luther and Calvin, I know but little about them, further than reading their histories. I never studied their controversial writings; nor did I learn any of their principles by reading their works. That horror I felt, was a feeling sense of my lost estate, as a vile sinner, under the wrath and curse of God, which Luther or Calvin, or any other creature, could never have communicated to me; but it arose from clear and sensible conviction of having broken the law of God, without any possibility of restoring myself to God's favor, or making up the breach between him and me. That burden of guilt was removed, and tranquility of soul restored, not by Luther or Calvin, nor by the kissing of a silver cross, or swallowing a wafer, but by the powerful influence of God's Spirit working faith in my heart, in answer to prayer at a throne of grace. This gave the death-wound to sin and the love of it, the guilt and the terror of it, and produced in my soul the peaceable fruits of righteousness, which like Mary's good part, I trust will never be taken from me. The Apostle never anathematized, or called one a heretic that "loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth," for he was a lover of all such; but these pretended vicars of Christ and Peter take upon them, and assume an authority that Peter never had, nor the Saviour ever gave to any of his Apostles. They anathematize all those that are out of their church, whether they love the Saviour or love him not; and bless all those within the pale of their church, whether they hate God or love him: whereas Paul says, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathematized and blesses them only that love him and his appearance, let them be of what denomination they may.

True it was, Sir, that the soul distress I experienced for many months together, without a hope of relief in the "legal travail" you mention, which I underwent, I found it exactly described and denounced in the word of God against sinners in a state of unbelief: and the "evangelical deliverance" you speak of, and I experience to my great joy and comfort; I find it described and promised in that same blessed book of God, the Bible; and according to the present translation, I experience it, believe, and rejoice in it. I need say but little concerning their traditions, or the source they spring from, knowing they have led me, and are now leading thousands, to act and think in direct contradiction to the word of God, which they have made of none effect by their traditions, as the Pharisees of old did.

As to the Virgin Mary, Peter, Paul, or the inhabitants of the upper world, or St. Thomas a Beckett, St. Benoit, Larbe, Joseph, St. Francois, or St. Bernard, the inhabitants of purgatory, I would not give a single straw for the testimony of the whole of them, since I trust I have within the testimony of a good conscience; the witness of God's Spirit bearing witness with my spirit that I am his, and all these agreeing with the testimony of a "more sure word of prophecy," even the word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever.

You have really brought me to a very close confession, and as I have hitherto kept nothing back from a father confessor, you shall certainly find me faithful to the truth: it is with heartfelt grief I reflect, that I have felt, as well as others, the infatuation towards one of these nuns, and have really been ready to regret my being one of the same \* \* \*. I never was happy but in her company, and only desired we might have the same place in heaven; but blessed be God, I have been long since weaned from such an affection, and God has totally delivered me from those "depths of Satan" by the manifestation of his light, which manifests that darkness I was enveloped in, though insensible of it. I truly feel at this hour that Jesus Christ reigns and rules unrivalled in my heart. Alas! Sir, when I consider the darkness of the human mind, the subtlety of Satan, and the vile insinuations of such women, I shudder at the idea of English ladies going there for a knowledge of the language; also at those parents who send their children there for education. What will some have to answer for at the great day, when they find their daughters have been entrapped as nuns, or taken the veil, and bound their souls for ever by vows that must condemn them to all eternity—there are living witnesses of this in the convent I was in.

The "money the nuns pay down at their entering into a monastic life" depends on their fortune and circumstances. A useful and valuable subject (as they style it) may find interest in some convents to be admitted gratis. I mean such as have no fortunes; on the contrary, those who may be possessed of many thousands are generally wheedled to give up the whole; but the sum necessary to be paid down is, in some convents, five hundred pounds; in others, three hundred; in others, two hundred; and I believe there are that take less. Any money sunk in the funds at Paris, I am partly sure fetches 10 per cent.

There is no particular rule for the pocket-money of the nuns. In some convents they have three guineas a year; two; and one; as their friends are able to supply them. In others, they have a general purse, where each puts her money as she receives it; but they receive none from the convent, and all of them share equally in the purchasing of the things for which this money is appropriated; such as tea, sugar, wine, &c.

The nuns' chief diet is fish, eggs, and vegetables, but no meat, after taking the veil. They are allowed, by way of treat now and then, different kinds of fruits in their season. But pray tell me, Sir, what is your reason for asking these curious questions?

Their chief penances are fasting, flogging, and keeping hours of silence, which are very frequent. I find no command or injunction for any of this in all the scriptures, nor did I ever see a nun that knew the plague of her own heart, or that ever felt the horrors of a guilty conscience. They are total strangers to a "broken and a contrite spirit;" but how should it be otherwise with those that are wrapt up in self-righteousness, and given up to strong delusions?

Having weighed well all you have called "for a confession of" I sincerely assure you that I am thoroughly persuaded Popery is condemned altogether from the beginning to the end of the Bible; and if they were not conscious of this, they would never dare to keep it as a sealed book, and prevent the reading of it. "Search the scriptures," says Christ to his worst enemies, the Pharisees, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me," No scripture is of a private interpretation. And in the Revelations, that blessed book, which they reject above all the rest, and no wonder, seeing it so clearly rejects them; and, notwithstanding the Spirit says, "these sayings are faithful and true, and blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book, and if any man take away from the words of this book of prophecy, God shall take his part out of the book of life." They have taken away not a part but a whole.

With shame I confess my weakness and folly, in delivering up those English testimonies of divine truths into the hands of their enemies, particularly as I have lately found those very books afford me much consolation.

O wretched pretenders to the succession of Peter, who hate Peter's doctrines. Wretched vicars of Christ upon earth, who burn those truths he has proclaimed both in earth and heaven. Wretched foundation of truth, who burn the truth itself, and the adherence of it, the foundation of every believer's hope, of every angel's joy, and of God's throne. Here might I take up the lamentation of a blessed saint, and say? if this "foundation be removed, what shall the righteous do?"

You need not apologize for detaining me so long in confession, since I have found as much pleasure in "witnessing a good confession" as you can possibly have in being a witness to it. My sensations on this occasion are so widely different from what I have experienced at the tribunal of a Catholic priest, that I could wish for enlargement of heart, and liberty of speech, even to "proclaim on the house tops" what God has done for my soul in the secret chambers. To you, or to any other of his dear people that should think proper at any time to ask a "reason of the hope that is in me," I shall willingly give it. But for the present I must conclude, requesting an interest in your prayers, and subscribe myself, in unfeigned affection, Reverend, venerable, and dear father in Christ, and truly welcome father confessor, your most dutiful and affectionate daughter in the faith of the gospel,  
ELIZABETH MORTON.

P.S. Blessed be God, after all the various turnings and vicissitudes of Providence, instead of baldness, I shall wear my hair as an ornament; a stomacher, instead of a girdle of sackcloth; and hope for divine beauty, instead of burning in purgatory. Glory be to that God, whose voice I have heard and obeyed, saying, "Go ye forth out of Babylon, flee ye from the

Chaldeans, with the voice of singing declare ye, tell this, utter it even to the ends of the earth : say ye, the Lord hath redeemed his servant Jacob," {**Isa. 48: 20**}. As a shaver you have cut me so close, that I have sent you some bandeaus that I had made for my convent dress, and entreat you to use them as shaving cloths. I also beg your opinion of the presents I sent you lately ; of the ,holy water ; of the consecrated host, which may serve to seal a few letters; of the incense; of the relic that has touched St. Pie;\* also of the nun you have in your possession. Adieu! dear father, for ever thine.

\* St. Pie is a saint that died lately, swarming with lice; who, as they report, had fasted till his heart was turned to a stone; he has been lately canonized, is now in great repute, and wondrous miracles are performed by the skeleton of him.

## LETTER X.

### TO ELIZABETH MORTON.

My Dear Daughter,—Your long confession is safely arrived, and the curiosities also, consisting of a Doll in a nun's habit, an host of three wafers, a paper of incense, a phial of holy water, and the sacred bit of ribbon which, as you say, has touched the bones of St. Pie.

The doll with its gamp, veil, and flannel underpinning, cuts such a wretched figure, that my children would have nothing to do with it, unless it was to rob it of the cross, beads, and other trinkets, that are hooked to its waist.

I burnt some of the incense, but we thought it was rather a stench than an odour. Surely this is not such incense as was offered under the law; that " pure incense was made of sweet spices," {**Exod. 37: 29**}. and was to be " offered upon the golden altar," {**Exod. 40: 5**}. and was typical of the sweet smelling savour of the Redeemer's sacrifice, when he offered himself through the eternal Spirit to God; and it was typical also of his ever-prevalent intercession in our behalf. But there is no command given to men to offer such incense as this under the gospel dispensation. Every minister, or angel, of the gospel is to " offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God—by Jesus Christ," {**1 Pet. 2: 5**}. The savour of the knowledge of Christ, made known by ministers, {**2 Cor. 2: 14**}. And, "the spirit of grace and supplication," under whose influence " supplications are made for all saints," {**Eph. 6: 18**}. is, in one sense of the words, what is meant of the "much incense" which is given to the angel that he should offer it with the " prayers of saints upon the golden altar," {**Rev. 8: 3**}. Humble confessions, supplications, intercessions, giving of thanks, and lively praises, offered up in spirit and in truth, from the fire of divine love in the heart, and attended with fervent breathings and desires after God, are compared to incense, " Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as an evening sacrifice," {**Psa. 141: 2**}. But to offer up such trumpery stuff as this under the gospel, which is the ministration of the Spirit under which the sacrifices of a broken heart, a contrite spirit, and worship performed in spirit and in truth, is commanded, is a contempt of the sacrifice of Christ, and of the intercession of the Spirit of God, as well as rebellion against the commands of God, which strictly forbid it— " Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination to me," {**Isa. 1: 13**}.—" to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word. He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood; and he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol," {**Isa. 46: 2, 3**}.

The religion of Jesus Christ consists in being a partaker of that faith, which is of the operation of the Spirit of God,—of evangelical repentance towards God,—and of being born of God; this makes us new creatures in Christ—In Christ Jesus "circumcision and un-circumcision availeth nothing, but a new creature—and faith which worketh by love," {Gal. 6: 15, and 5: 6}.

This religion is of Christ, and Christ is the substance of this religion; it came from Christ, and will lead to, and end in Christ; he will own it, and honour it, when all other will appear like "a garment that is moth-eaten." A religion of human contrivance is all outside—it stands in "bodily exercise, which profiteth little," {1 Tim. 4: 8}. —in "will worship," {Col. 2: 23}. —in "voluntary humility," {Col. 2: 18}. —in "divers washings," {Heb. 9: 10}. —in "abstaining from meats," {1 Tim. 4: 3}. —in "sham fasts," {Isa. 58: 5}. —in "making a fair shew in the flesh," {Gal. 6: 12}. —in bowing to idols, wafers, and relics,—in "worshipping angels," {Col. 2: 18}. saints and sinners. Their confidence stands in u lying wonders," {2 Thess. 2: 9}. — in "devil's miracles," {Rev. 16: 14}. —in "dead men's bones," {Mat. 23: 27}. — in "old wives' fables," {1 Tim. 4: 7}. —in "observance of days," {Gal. 4: 10}. —in "priestcraft," {Eph. 4: 14}. —and "fleshly wisdom," {2 Cor. 1: 12}. And all this by "philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ," {Col. 2: 8}.

Such devotees perform their devotions as punishments for their sins—which makes it eye-service,—performed in the shackles of a slave—in servile fear, after the doctrines and commandments of men. Such devotion is perfect bondage; there can be no joy nor happiness till it be over, and the poor slave slips his feet out of the stocks. Groping in the tombs; bowing to skeletons; and cringing to bones, makes professors look more like moles and bats than the "wings of a dove, covered with silver and her feathers with gold," {Psa.68: 13}.

Your confession is very honest, plain, and faithful, and well becoming a monument of mercy, who aims at the glory of God, and desires that grace may appear in its own lustre. They that are in the flesh will always take care that fallen nature shall be exalted, but those that have tasted that the Lord is gracious, will ever acknowledge themselves the chief of sinners, and that by the grace of God they are what they are.

I bless God, on thy behalf, that my labors have not been in vain with respect to thee. God has put thee into the furnace that he might strip and purge thee effectually. The more the "wedge" is purged, {Isa. 13: 12}. the brighter it shines; the more the vessel is emptied from its "lees," {Zeph. 1: 12}. the more divine treasure it will contain; and God has promised, that those that "hunger and thirst shall be filled."

Thou wilt now experience uncommon indulgence, and joy unspeakable; and when this is the case, be sure to entreat the Lord to keep thee in future trials. Act as the Psalmist did—lay up a few petitions in heaven against a rainy day—"Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O forsake me not," {Psa. 71: 18}. For the want of a little of this wisdom, at times, of holy familiarity with God, many have desired again "to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and have not seen it," {Luke. 17: 22}. They have wished that they had been better observers of the work of God on them; that they had penned the promises they then obtained, and had opened their mouth a little wider when God was so indulgent to fill it, {Psa. 81: 10}. This is a wise step in young Christians: but, alas! in this we are like our father Abraham, in his intercession for Sodom, "Peradventure there be fifty found righteous," saith he, and then carried his suit, with six successive pleas, and every plea was heard with approbation, and

answered in the affirmative; but Abraham<sup>0</sup> fainted in suing, before God did in granting; for when he had brought his number down to ten, { **Gen. 18: 32** }. there he stuck, though the Lord stood to hear if he had anything further to urge,—but Abraham ceased to plead, and the Lord ceased to grant; and, as he had no more to ask, “the Lord went his way,” for Abraham had left off communing, and the Lord “ left communing with Abraham,” { **Gen. 18:33** }.

Come boldly to a throne of grace. A broken-hearted believer with Christ in the arms of his faith, and the promises of God in his mouth is as formidable, when he besieges heaven, as an army with banners; for living faith will never raise the siege, until the banner of love strike. All things are possible to him that believes.

Aim at an heartfelt union, under the influence of the spirit of love; a man that is a stranger to this, will surely cease yielding fruit, or shake it off before it be ripe. Unless we are united to the vine, we cannot receive life. Unless by faith we touch his garment<sup>^</sup> we cannot get virtue from him; and unless the “ Root of David” afford us life, where is the leaf and fruit of religion to come from.” The branch cannot bear fruit of itself;” but the Lord has “loosed thy bonds,” and removed the “stony heart,” and has given thee “a door of hope in the valley of Achor,” { **Hos. 2: 15** }. thou canst “ go in and out, and find pasture,” { **John 10: 9** }. which is the greatest blessing that ever was enjoyed in this world, and the only happiness that ever will be found in it.

I am very sorry to see thy poor tabernacle in such a shattered condition, but it is no worse than mine was; you are not the only one whose beauty has consumed like a moth fretting a garment; others have felt their “ knees weak through fasting, and on their eye-lids the shadow of death,” as well as you; but if God has disabled thee for getting thy bread, he will enable another to do it; in such cases, “ the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just,” { **Prov. 13: 22** }. You know the contents of the promises, and you know where to take them. There is a bank in heaven as well as in London: and paper goes as current there as it does here, unless it be forged or counterfeited by the skill of the craftsman. God knows his own promises, and will never deny his own acts and deeds, nor refuse to honor his own notes: that which puzzles us at this bank is, the hypocrisy of our own hearts, and our unbelief. We are commanded to come with a “true heart,” and to trade” in faith,” and it is owing to the want of these things that we gain so little by trading.

I must take my leave of you for the present. I have much on my hands, but little in my head, and less in my heart. Let your conversation and conduct be as becometh the gospel of Christ, and then thou wilt be my joy and crown in this life, as well as in the next.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee while I remain a fellow helper of thy joy, as well as thy father confessor.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

## LETTER

### TO THE REV. MR. HUNTINGTON

Dear Father,—I am going to make a proposal to you, and that is concerning the first long letter you sent me: I have weighed it well over in my mind, and made it a matter of prayer, that God would bless it to others, as he has done to me. Now as I thirst more and more for the

glory of God, and the good of souls, I give very heartily my assent and consent to its being published, if you choose, in your next Epistle of Faith. I have marked through with the pen what I wish you either to alter or entirely leave out. If you don't object to this proposal (for it entirely rests with you), I will give it to you to correct the very first opportunity. To be candid my dear Sir, if it is not made public, I shall be sorry and uneasy; for suppose it might be a means of bringing some poor deluded Catholic to a saving knowledge of the truth; and I am keeping it locked up; I should (if I knew this) reproach myself, as being the occasion: besides, I wish to send a few copies over to some English ladies in France; and my own sister informs me she has been in company with a Catholic priest, who has heard of me, and wishes much to see it. I am prepossessed it will be made useful; and you are welcome to put the initials of my name as they stand; otherwise those whom I shall send it to in France may not believe it is addressed to me. But these things I shall leave entirely to you. Now you know my sentiments; act in it as seemeth to you good.

ELIZABETH MORTON.

## LETTER XI.

### TO MISS ELIXABETH MORTON.

Dear Madam,—I received your proposal concerning my first long letter, which you have weighed over in your mind, and have given your assent and consent to its being made public in my next Epistle of Faith; and that I may put the initials of your name to it, &c. For my part I have no desire to publish it, though it is much desired by many, as I think I have many letters by me more valuable than that. However, as you have sent me your proposals, I now send you my conditions.

On these conditions will I comply with your request; that is, I will strike out of your letters, or you shall, which you please, every family affair that has nothing to do with the controversy; and I will correct, enlarge, strike out, or alter what I think proper in my own, as they were written in a hurry; only I shall take care to preserve the substance of them, and then publish both your letters and mine ; and instead of putting the initials of your name, I will put both your name and mine at full length, that people may know who we are, and where we live. On these conditions, and on no other, will I make the first letter public. I take it for granted that your name stands at full length in the genealogy of "mystery Babylon." If so, it can reflect no dishonor on your rank to be enrolled among the " worthies in Mount Zion especially as we have reason to believe that your name is " written in the Lamb's book of life," or "among the living in Jerusalem."

We have no cause to be ashamed of our name being prefixed to the cause of truth, and the work of God, when we consider that our blessed Saviour became the Son of Man, and was " made sin for us" when he undertook our cause, though himself had no sin. The Psalmist, though a crowned head,, was not ashamed to " tell all that feared God," yea, and even to make public to the world " what God had done for his soul;" and it is our duty to do the same. "All God's works are to praise him, and his saints are to bless him: they are to speak of the glory of his kingdom, and to talk of the power: to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom," {[Psa. 145: 10, 11, 12](#)}. You are no stranger to this: the power of the "Lord's hand," and the "compassion of his bowels," have not been restrained toward you. He has revealed that salvation to you that was not " wrought out in a corner therefore you have no cause to be ashamed to publish it, seeing he has commanded us

to " proclaim on the house top what he has said in secret." "Now you know my sentiments; act in the matter as seemeth to you good."

I can truly say that my soul rejoices in your salvation. I now take a pleasure in writing to you. You get now into my own pleasing element. You creep to the same compassionate bosom, trust in the same object, call on the same name, approach in the same new and living way, and watch the same bountiful hand. I know now where to find you, and hope daily to meet you at that throne where all prevalent petitions are sent, where divine audience is given, where every soul distress is considered, where all grievances are redressed, where the cause of the just is sure to be heard, and from whence all saving instruction, direction, correction, support, and comfort cometh. Christ is the only object in whom mercy and truth meet, and where a reconciled God and we meet. The Lord evermore " send thee help from his sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion; accept thy burnt- offerings; grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfill all thy counsels."

Let God's honor and his cause lay near your heart, and have a part in all your petitions: highly prize a tender conscience; stand aloof from all sin; break not the bounds of filial fear: make the whole word of God your rule of faith and practice: and lay your experience, your principles, yea every sentiment, every impulse, every trial, every change, every cross, and every spiritual sensation to that: and so " cleanse your way, by taking heed thereto according to God's word." "Stand fast in your liberty: and be not again entangled with the yoke of bondage." "Trust in the Saviour with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding."

As I have borne a part of your sorrows, so am I a partaker of your joys also: and from my heart I bless God for his super abounding grace toward you, and hope he will keep you steadfast in the faith, that you may be no longer a child " tossed about with every wind of doctrine, by the cunning craftiness of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." And as you are now indulged with " freedom of access to God," and with an holy familiarity, see that you se covet earnestly the best gifts;" mark your answers to prayer; obtain promises, and record them; and they shall afford you support in times of trouble, when you come to plead them like the Psalmist: " Remember thy word to thy servant, on which thou hast caused me to hope." Above all, aim at an heart-felt union with the Lord; learn to trade for yourself, and live not altogether at another's fire. The eternal bond of union is love, called " the bond of all perfection:" and where this union is close, the communion and fellowship will be sweet: while this is enjoyed, you will be able to un-bosom your complaints to your sympathizing Lord: and by pouring out your soul before him, like your sister Hannah, " you will go from your knees with a cheerful countenance." Cast every care and every burden there, as you are commanded, and "he shall sustain thee," as he has promised. Let your hourly requests be made known to him, and he will reveal his mind and will to you. Meditate on his word and works, and he will let you know " the thoughts of his heart, which stand fast to a thousand generations." God has promised to "rest in his love," {[Zeph. 3: 17](#)}. and I hope he will enable thee to rest in thine. "If two lay together, they have heat," {[Eccl. 4: 11](#)}. We have the promise of " fellowship both with the Father and the Son:" aim to keep this up: be like Enoch, " walk with the Saviour," and then you will walk safely: " for if one fall, the other will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to lift him up. If one prevail against thee, two shall withstand him: and a threefold cord is not quickly broken," {[Eccl. 4: 12](#)}.

Thrice blessed be thy soul, if it be thus twisted into a union and fellowship with the Father and the Son Christ Jesus: for thou wilt feel the dew of heaven on thy heart, and the light of God on thy head: then will thy mind be pure, spiritual, and heavenly: thy affections will be divinely influenced with the love of God: heaven will be full in view, and many foretastes of it daily enjoyed: thou wilt " add to thy faith virtue," and possess a soul blessed with divine chastity, and kept pure from the dregs of spiritual wickedness, and from all the sophistry, sorcery, intoxication, fornication, and all the secret infernal lewdness of every mystic bell, bawd, and bunter. " Who can find such a virtuous woman ? for her price is above rubies. Strength and honour are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come. Many daughters have done virtuously, but such an one excelleth them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates," Prov. xxxi. Amen and Amen, says thy affectionate friend and father in the bonds of the gospel.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

## LETTER

### TO MR. HUNTINGTON.

My Dear Father in Christy,

Since it has pleased God to convince me of the desperate evil of sin, the terrors of his law, and the horrors of a guilty conscience, which I laboured under for many months, it is with no small consolation I acquaint you of the essential and joyful change I still experience and enjoy in my soul; a more particular account of which I will give you the next opportunity.

From a deep sense of my lost state as an undone sinner, I have been brought to the foot of the Saviour's cross, to receive, through the merits of his atoning blood, both pardon and peace ; and have found him a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God. What sweet invitations do I read in his word for the vilest of sinners to approach him !—having felt myself such, and, on the other hand, my need of a Saviour, " to me then is the word of this salvation sent," He has granted me pardoning and quickening grace ; so that by continually pleading his promises, praying fervently for an increase of faith, and begging of him to remove unbelief, and dispel every doubt and fear, (which I really believe lie will grant in his own due time, through his beloved Son Christ Jesus,) though I have often groaned all this out, without words to utter it, yet he well knew the state I was in, and took pity on me, and shared with me in the distress: all this, and much more than I can express to you, Sir, I now feel.

That horror, dejection, and guilt, which I felt, is removed; while joy and peace is springing up in my heart. I feel a pardon and forgiveness of my sins, by the application of his atoning blood. I know he is exalted to give repentance to just such sinners as I am; and, having experienced a heartfelt sorrow for sin, and the foolish vows that I made, I humbly trust, that a godly sorrow, which worketh repentance to salvation " that needeth not to be repented of," is now given to me. Blessed be God, I know mercy to be his darling attribute, to those who feel their need of mercy. Have I not a right then to claim him as my Saviour? Surely I have: "For the Spirit itself beareth witness with my Spirit that I am his child." I find that I can approach a throne of grace with a humble boldness, a strong confidence, and a full persuasion that God is my Father in covenant. Methinks I find sweet access to him; for I have had conspicuous answers to prayer lately, and have found a fervency in requesting those things he has since

granted me. How delightful is prayer to the soul when God gives a Spirit of grace and supplication! Here all grievances are redressed, as you observe. When the heart is overwhelmed with affliction and distress, here is the bosom of a gracious Saviour to pour them into; who, being "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," tried and tempted like unto us, knowing our infirmities, and whereof we are made, can sympathize with us, when confidence in the creature will prove vain. When we are enabled, in times of trouble, to pour out our complaints before him, how it eases the troubled mind! and we are encouraged to this, for he hath said "he will be enquired of." He commands us to persevere in wrestling hard with him by fervent prayer; and he delights in answering prayer; for he "said not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me, in vain. Knowing him, therefore, to be faithful to his promise, may God incline our hearts to seek his face daily, and to come moment after moment for a fresh supply of his grace. May we feel more and more real spiritual poverty; for "the rich," he hath declared, "shall be sent empty away."

He is said "to dwell with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit," to "revive" them, not "deaden" them. This is sweet comfort to a brokenhearted sinner, and has often struck me with great power and comfort. O happy state! a "knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins;" a firm persuasion of an interest in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ; a good hope through grace; and to know that I am free from the bondage and sentence of the law, by his perfect obedience to it; nor can it, in any one point, condemn them that are in Christ Jesus. Blessed is that soul whom God hath made willing in the day of his power, to be saved by\*free grace alone.

For my part; I find inexpressible comfort at present in the doctrine of election. When a soul is born again of the Spirit from above; renewed day by day in the inward man, with the everlasting love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, and Christ formed in him the hope of glory, when one can say, from the testimony of a purged conscience, the Lord hath chosen me; and, at the same time, experience these precious words, "Son be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee; and also in {[Rom. 8: 1](#)}. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus: (this whole chapter, and the {[17th of John](#)}, in short, the whole Bible, is full of comfort to those that can make their "calling and election sure,") I say, when this is the case, electing love, and an imputed righteousness, are pillars indeed to the soul; for such are heavenly-minded, and their hearts "are fixed, trusting in God."

I have often thought that the salvation of Noah's family was a distinguishing display of God's sovereign and distinguishing grace. What must they have felt, when sheltered safely in the ark! while God's judgments swept away all the rest! O highly favored and happy Noah! thou didst find grace in the sight of the Lord! all thy house were safely secured! while all the rest were exposed to a double flood! And so it is now with a soul who is born of God. He feels himself perfectly secure in the cleft of the rock, from all the storm of God's wrath. Noah's family were not afraid of being drowned in the flood; for God was faithful to his promise: he shut them in, and kept them in: and so it is now. I will never believe that a soul can finally fall that Christ has purchased with his blood, and renewed by his grace: it is impossible. The word of God expressly declares to the contrary; for "he loves to the end." God "hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love;" and he will glorify such in the end, for all that are with him are "called, chosen and faithful."

People that oppose these things, as I once did, never knew the comfort of these doctrines; if they had, they could never exclaim against them. I bless God for ever for having delivered me from that work; and I humbly trust he has established me in the truth as it is in Jesus.

The scriptures declare that faith is the gift of God; and that without it 'tis impossible to please him, for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" if so, good works are the fruits of faith: and how sweet is it to work from the principles of faith and love, rather than slavish fear! Our delight is to do the will of God, and "to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." The desires of our hearts are after him, as the object supreme in the affections; the soul deadens to the things of time and sense; all created good withers as a green herb; and our only grief springs from a fear of offending him.

When a dear Redeemer is thus all in all, what a heartfelt union there is between Christ and the soul, and sweet communion with him at a throne of grace! I have lately found him the sweetest companion I ever conversed with in my life, so that I wean daily from every other object. Truly happy is that soul that can lay his hand upon his conscience, and say, Jesus is precious to me! I know, as God-Man, he is all sufficient to save me; and he has promised that he will cast out none that come unto him; and blessed be his name he has made me willing in the day of his power to close in with him. O that I could love him more! O that I could cleave closer to him! live more dependent on him, and glorify him more in my life and conversation!

I confess, Sir, that I had awfully fallen, to the great dishonor of the gospel, by turning Papist: but though I had heard the truth before, yet I never understood it clearly; nor did I ever feel the power of it, till God struck me under your ministry, and in a most singular manner stopped me in my mad career of returning to France, which very shortly would have taken place.

I think also I may assert, that most of your letters have been attended with a divine power to me: you are therefore at full liberty to make them public; and you may publish mine also, if you think it right in the sight of God. And the Lord grant that they may be instrumental of some good to sinners. I earnestly pray that some poor deluded Catholic, who is deprived the use of the Bible, may be cut down under them, as I have been.

It really was a thorny path that the Lord led me; but he has brought me forth by a right way; and I now know of a truth, that I shall shortly arrive "to a city of habitation." The "Lord increase my faith."

Alas! in what an awful light do I view the state of that Roman church at this hour! How many are there travelling blindfold to hell, in ignorance and Egyptian darkness! totally deprived of the word of God, when he has strictly commanded us "to search the scriptures;" and told us that "no scripture is of any private interpretation." Some of the Priests deny that they withhold the Bible from the people; but I am a living witness of the truth of it; for I struggled hard to keep mine; and sure I am that this book will be a swift witness against them at the great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. But how can it be otherwise, when God has "hardened their hearts," as he did Pharaoh's? for they refuse to be instructed by his word, and are destitute of the power of his Spirit. Awful state indeed!

When I reflect on all this, and on what God has done for me, may I not say with David, "Who am I, O Lord God, that thou hast brought me hitherto!" while thousands are left to perish under the curse denounced against that "mother of harlots." When I consider

hundreds, to my knowledge, who would be useful members to society, buried alive within the walls of a monastery, " drunk with the wine of that whore's fornication," and, on the other hand, how wonderfully God has delivered me from that pit of destruction—surely my very soul melteth within me while I write, under a feeling sense of my own un-deservedness, and the distinguishing mercy of God to so vile a sinner as me.

Alas, Sir, one step farther would have sunk me deeper than the grave! How can I sufficiently prize this mark of redeeming love! for he hath delivered my soul from the very jaws of hell, and purchased it for heaven and glory. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!" and never may I be unmindful of that God who has done such wonders for me.

Your labors have been blessed in a most conspicuous manner on my behalf, and I believe also on the behalf of hundreds. God has honored your ministry, and continues to own it in spite of every opposition. From what I can see, the more you are opposed, the more God blesses you; and I firmly believe that his ears are open to the prayers of hundreds, who adore him for sending so faithful a laborer into his vineyard. You always have a share in my feeble petitions; and I hope God will never permit you to forget me.

I did not think of sending you so long a letter; but I am in a sweet frame of mind at present, and happy in heart; I therefore let my pen glide on as you see—and now conclude; praying for a growth in grace, in knowledge, and in understanding, and a greater love to Christ Jesus; while I remain yours sincerely in gospel affection,

ELIZABETH MORTON.

## LETTER XII.

### TO MISS ELIZABETH MORTON.

My dearly beloved Daughter, I am just arrived at Winchester Row, and was glad to find an epistle of yours; by the contents of which you are still on the "Mount," and your present prospects seem clear and enlivening; may God keep you there. "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen," {[Gen. 22: 14](#)}. Your fervent desire to keep up a communion with the Lord, and to bring an honour on your profession, is well-pleasing to me; if the former be attended to, no fear of the latter.

Mrs. Bull, who wrote the little pamphlet called "Zion's Ornaments and Offerings," is no more. She has taken an affectionate and a final leave of all "beneath the sun." "Few and evil have her days been." I shall entertain you a little with an account of her, as I had it from her own mouth.

About ten years ago she was provoked to jealousy by her husband's indecent familiarity with a young woman, who was at her house at supper, with whom he went from home, and continued out all night, which she judged a sufficient confirmation of her jealous suspicion.

While she lay under the raging of that cruel fire, she went into Hyde Park, with an intent to dispatch herself in the Serpentine River; but was instantly rebuked, stopped, and sent back, by the application of this text, "Do thyself no harm," {[Acts. 16: 28](#)}. She went home, and for

some time continued low and melancholy. This being perceived, she was invited by a gentleman and his wife, to Hammersmith, for the benefit of the air.

During her stay there, I had some trouble with the rioters at Thames Ditton, and was obliged to come to London; but had an invitation to preach at Hammersmith in my way, where the gentleman at whose house Mrs. Bull was, asked me to sup and sleep at his house. The evening was spent in telling the gentleman and his wife what God had done for me; under which conversation Mrs. Bull was smitten, and effectually convinced that all beneath the sun was vanity; and, by the happiness she saw in me, she was persuaded that there was a God to be known and enjoyed. This operated on her spirits till she took to her bed, and had the advice of the faculty, who owned that her affliction lay in her mind.

In process of time her horrors abated, and she recovered, and was brought to hear me preach from this text, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want under which sermon God brought her forth to the light; and at her return home he brought this text with power to her mind, at the threshold of her door, " That thy trust may be in the Lord I have made known to thee this day, even to thee," Prov. xxii. 19. Here she found a better husband, who never slighted her affections, nor took pleasure in provoking her to "jealousy. Her husband and his parents had all been professors, and had taken her under the means; but when God made her a possessor of grace, matters were altered; her trials became great, and, as she was an orphan, she had none to take her part.

She being an heiress, at the death of her father her husband came in for all. The ready money he soon dispatched; and, after her conversion to God, he sold his life in the land estate, and sold all his furniture to a broker, who came to the lodgings, and took her bed, and all but her wearing apparel; and she was turned out into the street, until a neighbor took her in.

The husband acted like the good man in the Proverbs, "took the bag of money with him, and returned at the time appointed," that was, when the last mite was spent, {**Prov. 7: 20**}. Then he insisted on her selling her life in the estate, though they had a child living, which his unwearied persuasions brought her to do. He ordered her to put an hundred pounds in my hands, which I gave to my managers, for him to draw it out as he wanted it. In about eight or nine months he drew out and spent the whole of it. Thus, a freehold estate, sufficient to have kept them genteelly, went for a mere song. The husband having blasphemed God to his face, burnt two of his wife's bibles, got into debt, and pawned her clothes; left her big with child, and went home to his father and mother, who live on their means at Lisson Green. A gentleman of the faculty, being related to her, took her in, and gave her bed and board, but told her that she could not lie-in-there. She got a place at Mrs. Howe's, in Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, at which she was to lie-in.

Some few days before she died, her husband came to the house in liquor, and abused the woman for harboring his wife, and others for supporting her. The next day the poor woman took Mrs. Bull in a coach to her husband's father and mother, for them to take care of their daughter; but they pleaded poverty, and told her she could not be there, neither should she: she was therefore obliged to go back again to Mrs. Howe's.

After this, Mr. B— sent me two letters by his son, which I here inclose to you, that you may see the infernal depths of hypocrisy that an apostate under the influence of the devil is capable of.

On Monday night, the 17th instant, she was at Providence Chapel, and came into the study, and asked me how I did. She seemed remarkably happy, which I was surprised at, as she was such an enormous size, that she must have been a burden to herself.

On the 18th instant, at nine o'clock in the morning, she was taken in labor: and in the afternoon brought forth a daughter, and said, "if this is labor, it is nothing to what I suffered in bringing forth my first child." In about four hours and a half afterwards, she travailed again, and brought forth a son. Mrs. Howes perceiving her to be going, said so; she replied, "I am going," and wished to speak; but the Doctor, using every effort to save his kinswoman, rather interrupted her. She said to the Doctor,

"The best of blessings be with you, for your goodness to me." "God be with you all! Ere long I shall be in Paradise. Give my love to Mr. Huntington, and tell him I am gone to Paradise, and he will not be long after me;" then turning round said; "My God! My God!" and with a smile gave up the ghost. "Mark, the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The husband visited the corpse drunk, and wanted her clothes, the first day; but never ordered her burial, nor provided for the children. The woman at whose house she died buried her, and carried the little ones to Mary-le-Bone workhouse, for which hospitable act she has been since threatened with a prosecution. So truly verified were the scriptures—"through much tribulation she entered the kingdom of God." But God's "hand was known toward his servant," and so will his "indignation toward his enemies." Surely it is an unspeakable blessing to be enabled to triumph in the jaws of death. God grant that thy end may be like hers—that when: "thy heart and thy flesh fail, God may be the strength of thy heart and thy portion for ever." Surely this is the desire of,

Dear Daughter, Your affectionate father in Christ Jesus,  
WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

## LETTER

### TO MR. HUNTINGTON.

Rev. and Dearest Friend,—Your kind letter I received. Should have been better satisfied had it been on the long paper instead of the short—but little as it is, I find it very precious to me.

At this present moment, I am rather unfit for writing, as I have just been attending on those that are under my care. I am exposed much to that conversation that is not seasoned with grace. I am obliged to attend my charge into all company—which, God knows, is not a little wounding; but it becomes such monuments of mercy as me to be content with my lot, as my duties oblige me to submit.

I hope the Lord, in his due time, will settle me nearer his house of prayer, that I may enjoy the company of his chosen; this I long for, though I have every civility shewed me imaginable—yet judge ye of my living, surrounded thus; but in all this, I find wonderful support—my heart is so much in heaven, and my Saviour is so precious to me, that all goes well. I find no murmuring, blessed be God, but my will is submissive to his, who is, I am well persuaded, directing my every step.

The Lord, who is abundant in goodness and in truth, continues to grant me fresh supplies of heavenly manna; and I find the inward man refreshed, revived, entertained, and renewed day by day—for I still enjoy a sweet sense of my great and happy deliverance. O, Sir! what God impresses on the mind with a divine power is not easily obliterated—Salvation sinks deep. It is not like a few dry notions in the head. The soul melts under it. Neither sin nor Satan can stand before it, nor destroy it. What God does, he does it for ever—nothing can be added to it, or taken from it, and he doth it " that men may fear before him."

God has taken another of his children home, I find. Her path was more thorny than mine has been; but, blessed be God, he has taken her out of it —none considering "that the righteous are taken from the evil to come." Our end shall be peace, as well as hers—the promise is sure to all the seed. We must have tribulation from this world that we may learn to prize our peace in Christ Jesus.

At present I am very comfortable—I must acquaint you with all my sweet frames—and when I get into difficulties, I shall not move one step without consulting you; and hope ever to follow your advice, having hitherto experienced it to be for the glory of God, and the good of my soul.

I have pestered you long enough with my troubles, and my Popish nonsense, which I now stand astonished at, and cannot help wondering at my ignorance, and laughing at my own former letters. How strange they do appear now. I told you in my first and second letters, that I would treat of doctrines, but I cannot find a doctrine in them.

I sadly regret my forgetting the text you preached on when God delivered my soul. I would wish to remember every minute circumstance. O blessed change! I experienced a translation from darkness to light—from sorrow to joy—from horror of mind to quietude and peace of conscience—from a state of enmity to a state of reconciliation to God, through the sufferings of Christ Jesus my Lord. I wish, Sir, you would recollect and send me the text, it was preached one evening at Providence Chapel—I was then in great distress of mind. I remember you treated chiefly of prayer, and observed that six things were necessary to find access to a throne of grace: 1st, That we were to plead the promises. 2dly, That prayer must be put up under a feeling sense of our wants. 3dly, That prayer must be offered in faith. 4thly, That we must pray in the name of Jesus, " for no man can come to the Father but by him," 5thly, That we were not to limit God to time. And 6thly, to pray for patience, and to conclude with resignation to God's will, and then to watch his hand and wait for answers. These were the chief heads of the discourse. I well remember, for Mr. T—helped me out in what had slipped my mind.

The text of this sermon I cannot recollect; but I believed then, and still believe, that the whole sermon was a message sent from God to my soul— I found the whole of it so powerfully impressed on my mind, and is deeply rooted in my heart. I remember you were very explicit on your heads, which helped me much, for I left the chapel in a most humble melting frame of spirit, and both the sermon and my frame followed me all the way home; nor could I rest until I had wrestled hard with God in prayer, to remove the whole burden of guilt from my conscience, and grant me a feeling sense of the pardon and forgiveness of my sins, by the application of the blood of Jesus. I told God all I felt, and found great liberty in pouring out all my complaints before him, and in pleading the many precious promises, which at that time powerfully flowed in upon my mind; and, indeed, I have continued so to do ever since. I will send you a few of the promises that I then pleaded, as well as I can remember them, for I

think I shall never forget them. My memory is not very good: it has been much weakened by trouble; but it now gets better. You know Christ says, "when the Comforter comes he shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Surely I shall never forget the place nor the time. I have not time to put the scriptures down at full length, but you may read them at your leisure,—{**Matt. 21: 22, Matt. 11: 28, Matt. 5: 6, Luke. 11: 9, Isa. 45: 19, 1 John. 1: 7, Zech. 13: 1**}. All these, Sir, and many more, I felt the power of; and the blessed effects were, that my unbelief, at that time gave way, and faith sprung up in my heart. I was as certain that God heard my prayers, and would answer them, as that I existed; for he had granted me the spirit of grace and supplication, and had already loosed my bonds; and these texts melted my very soul—" Son be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee," {**Matt. 9: 2**}. and again, thou " wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea," {**Micah. 7: 19**}. O, Sir! this is the religion of Jesus—this is heaven indeed.

I found, at that time, an appropriating faith. I could lay hold of the promises, and claim them as my own. I could say, "I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me." This removed my doubts and fears. I was convinced of his all-sufficiency, and willingness to save. I knew he was able before; but, until I believed him to be willing, I could get no comfort —But, Oh! when I felt his love to my soul, my darkness and blindness were, in a measure, dispelled, by the glorious light of the " Sun of righteousness arising" on my soul " with healing in his wings." This, Sir, makes horror and dejection imperceptibly glide away, while joy and peace, tranquility of soul, and inward consolations, such as no words can ever express, sweetly succeed. The word of God then becomes precious to the soul. I said, with David, " how sweet are thy words unto my taste; yea sweeter than the honey, and the honey comb. it is the food of my soul—a light to my feet, and a lamp to my path.

I have been in this sweet frame of mind almost ever since—for I feel the everlasting love of God shed abroad in my heart. Surely, " as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he separated my transgression from me."

I hope I shall ever cleave close to him. He answers my prayers conspicuously. I bless him. He keeps my heart in heaven, " where my treasure is"—it is not fixed on the things of the earth. He has "brought me out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay;" and I trust he will keep my feet on the rock, and "establish my goings." Surely I "will sing unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praises to my God while I have my being."

Excuse my long letter: it is the heartfelt experience of  
Your affectionate and dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH MORTON.

### LETTER XIII.

#### TO MISS ELIZABETH MORTON.

Dear Daughter,—Yours came safely to hand. The more you write or converse, the purer the stream runs, I find. They that drink at the "well of salvation," as the scriptures have said, "out of their belly shall flow rivers of living water. Your language begins now to be pure and refreshing. The thick puddle of Arminian and Popish dregs has been well stirred up in your late tribulation; and now the "well spring of life" begins to rise the filth will be worked out," and we shall have it clearer and clearer. The spirit of love has burnt up the filthy dregs and

spiders' webs, and the "King's daughter is all glorious within." Her prison garments are put off, and her ornaments are put on. You have now done "lying among the pots," and are blessed with "the wings of a dove;" and your plumage "is of yellow gold." The "old man" is dead and buried—out of sight and out of mind—and you never expect, nor desire to find or feel, any future motion, struggling, or opposition from that quarter. No, say you, blessed be God, he is sunk into oblivion, and I have sung sweetly at his funeral pile. So far so good.

The devil, he is rebuked, and sent off pack and package. The angel has bound him with a chain, cast him into the pit, shut the mouth of the same, set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more; so that you see no ground to fear a fresh attack from that cave. Unbelief is dashed out of countenance; so that you never expect that she will shew her face again. And as for the perverseness of your will, the enmity and hypocrisy of your heart, you take it for granted that you shall never hear or feel any more of them. All these kings and infernal warriors, like the armies of Sodom, are fled and tumbled into the slime pits, while the banner over my daughter's head is love. There is to be no more enchantments against the child of Jacob, nor any divinations against this daughter of Israel. She is to rest with the Lord's flock, under the noon of the sun; she is to "lie down in the green pastures, and drink of the still waters of comfort," while the devil and unbelief are to sit in sackcloth, and never to annoy her peace or disturb her happiness again. These are blessed days, Betty! these are "days of the Son of man," blessed is the soul that is in such a case, yea blessed is that soul "whose God is the Lord."

The Saviour at first appeared angry and coy, but thou hast jealously wooed him. He is now loving, and thou praisest him. He appears suitable and amiable, and thou admirest him; but thou dost not suppose that he will ever appear terrible or majestic to keep thee at a distance, or to beget a fear with the least tincture of slavery. All the past frowns, rebukes, chastisements, and terrors that he brought thee under, are now forgotten. One smile has made up the whole breach, and amply rewarded all thy former sufferings and toil. He is now the "fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." These are precious seasons, my Daughter. This is the rest that I earnestly sought for thee, that "it might be well with thee;" and, as thou hast found grace in the eyes of the Lord of the harvest, and hast obtained leave to glean even among the sheaves, I hope thou wilt abide close by his maidens, for that is good; and let them not catch thee in any other field. Continue steadfast till his harvest with thee is ended, and then he will actually marry the gleaner, and bring her into the guest's chamber, where he that sowed, they that reaped, and she that gleaned, shall all rejoice together. We have an harvest home in the promise, as well as the worldling, where the joy of harvest shall never cease, and where we shall rejoice with a better joy than those whose glee was so great "when their corn, wine, and oil abounded."

You say nothing new about your old venerable mother; I mean the queen of Babylon. She seems to be out of date. "How is the most fine gold changed—how is the once faithful city (in thine eyes) become an harlot," {[Isa. 1: 21](#)}. Ay, say you, "whatsoever maketh manifest is light"—it is in "the light of the Lord that we see light." All sinks into nothing before the pleasing, reconciling countenance of the ever blessed Saviour. When he smiles, salvation is at the door. "Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us and we shall be saved." Keep these things my daughter. "In his favor is life, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Follow the pleasing beam that first dawned upon thee, and that will lead thee to him. "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light," we shall not miscarry, but end in the fullness of his presence. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined;" and "we are to come to Mount Zion, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels,

and to the spirits of just men made perfect—to God the Judge of all—and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant—and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

There is but one spirit that runs through the divine family, both of heaven and earth; only they are filled, and we hunger and thirst after their fullness. They are at the fountain head, but we must cleave to that "river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." They are in everlasting day, but we are on the "path of the just, that shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." They have won the prize, but we are running the race. They have taken "heaven by violence." But we are still wrestling for it. In short, Moses, Aaron, and Hor are on the mount, but we are at war with Amalek. But what of that, Joshua is in the valley with us. They are in eternity, and we are under the quickening influences of everlasting life, though in time. The glorious Sun of Righteousness that is risen upon us is under a perpetual eclipse, because of the veil of mortality. This earthly body still wavers to obscure his rays, so that but little light is discovered to the world from us; and we must pass through a total eclipse with respect to others. They must lose sight both of us and our light; but there is but one step between faith and vision; faith and vision, did I say—I beg pardon—the light of faith is vision—there is but one step between vision and full fruition.

There was a street between the city of Zion and Jerusalem—the wall of Millo, and the wall of Jerusalem, had a street between me; and a bridge over it, which, according to history, was called the "bridge of Zion;" on Zion's side of the bridge " stood the house of the mighty," {**Neh. 3: 16**}, but on Jerusalem's side of the bridge stood Solomon's "ivory throne of judgment, with its six steps, and twelve lions," {**1 Kings 10: 18, 19, 20**}. You know how to apply it. We are in Mount Zion, and hope shortly to arrive at Jerusalem above, " which is the mother of us all;" but we must cross the valley of death's shadow first; but Christ is the way to the Father, and more safe to venture on than the bride of Zion; and one step brings us from the house of the mighty to the throne of glory. Our faith, our hope, our hearts, our desires, and our conversation are there already, and we shall follow- by and by. While thou art on this side the bridge, endeavour to " follow them, who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises;" tread in the footsteps of their faith, converse with them in their journals, get acquainted with their pilgrimage, dive into their thoughts, feelings, and views, observe the promises they obtained, their confidence, and their conduct; mark their straits and difficulties their deliverance and divine indulgences; treasure up their doctrines, and drink into their spirit; get into the midst of that whole cloud of witnesses; converse with them in the scriptures, "whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation," {**Heb. 13: 7**}. These are an evangelical society indeed, and the best that ever I conferred or associated with. These conversed with God in his promises, brought distant things near by their faith, and embraced them in their affections; they fetched all their divine support and nourishment from futurity; they endured their trials "as seeing him (their Protector) who is invisible," and gave up the thoughts of their heart to another world; they had here " no continuing city," and yet had always .one in view; they " confessed themselves strangers and pilgrims upon earth," and never expected to find either this country or their home till they were dead.

We have many professors, in our day, who are more like vermin than merchant-men. They live altogether on the comfort of others, instead of trading to heaven for themselves: be not thou therefore like unto them; find the way to God for yourself, and trade therein; God is not far from every one of us, if haply we might feel after him. Feel him out therefore, and then shalt thou have rejoicing in thyself, and trust not altogether to the candle of another. Paul says, "I know whom I have believed;" and Job says, "I shall see him for myself and not for

another." If you would live up to the privileges of God's children, then be as much as possible in private in reading, meditating, praying, confessing, praising, and contemplating, which leads the minds daily to anticipate the real joys of heaven; this strikes out and erases from the mind that clog of earthly and carnal anxiety, with which the devil shackles the half-hearted professor, and the imprisoned worldling. Such, with all their property, are the worst of slaves, for they are both servants and subjects to that which God has sent to serve them, and to serve others. Never aim at an independency, or at any stock in hand, to take your eye from the mysterious hand of Providence. I have been as sharply tried in soul and circumstances as any mortal living, and yet there is not a man in the world whose prosperity I envy, or with whom I would wish to change my state. Such as we, are obliged to try the faithfulness of God every day, and he takes a pleasure in displaying his faithfulness and truth, and in "shewing himself strong in the behalf of them who put their trust in him." I have frequently been in company with professors who have entertained my ears with their prosperity in the world, and the abundance of their riches; but I could clearly see what they could not, that is, the damning sin of covetousness, and the curse of God with it, which sunk their souls as much beneath my joys, as my wants were beneath their abundance. It is common for the poor believer to "envy the prosperity of the wicked." {**Psa. 73: 3**}, and for the tempted and buffeted saint to "call the proud happy," {**Mai. 3: 15**}, but God curseth the former, {**Mai. 2: 2**}, and resisteth the latter, {**James. 4: 6**}.

According to your desire I have written to you a long letter, which you must not expect in future. God has owned my faithful dealings to awaken you, and has honored me in begetting thee in the bonds of the gospel. He has made me thy midwife also; he has conveyed the spirit of love to thee by my ministry, which is the new birth, "he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." I have endeavoured to "nourish" thee, {**1 Thess. 2: 7**}; "suckle" thee, {**Isa. 66: 11**}; "swaddle" thee, {**Lam. 2: 22**}; and "counsel" thee, {**Eccl. 8: 2**}. Thou art now "delivered from the snare of the fowler, and the hand of the hunter," {**Prov. 6: 5**}. Thou must now leave my skirt, seeing thou hast got hold of the "skirt of him that is a Jew." I have many more to nurse, thou must therefore get from under my feathers, and take shelter in God, to whom I commit thee, and "to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up." You are now in the cleft of the rock, and "he that dwelleth in that secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." It is now a time of love with thee, the Lord has spread his skirt over thee, and taken thee into covenant with himself, continue thou in the barn's floor till he winnow the grain, and burn the chaff. Plead thine affinity, and expect from him the kinsman's part: and depend upon it that he will do worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem. Dear Daughter, adieu! while I remain thine affectionate friend and father in Christ Jesus,

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

THE END.