

THE  
LOVE OF CHRIST  
ALWAYS THE SAME.

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PART II.

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BY  
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MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL  
AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, LITTLE TITCHFIELD STREET,  
AND THE CITY CHAPEL.

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Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.  
JOHN XIII. 1.

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L O N D O N :

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1809.



TO  
THE REV. MR. HUNTINGTON.

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REV. AND DEAR SIR,

FROM a desire that the condescending goodness of God, to one of his most unworthy creatures, may not pass unacknowledged, I take the liberty of addressing you on this subject; and, knowing, as I do, in sincerity and truth, that my aim is not to seek human approbation, nor merely a name in his church, but to speak to the praise of Him who hath called me out of darkness into his marvellous light, I follow the example of David, in declaring to those that fear God what he hath done for my soul.

The Lord has promised to send his people pastors after his own heart, to feed them with knowledge and understanding; by whose means the Holy Spirit of all grace and truth makes manifest to the heirs of promise, and to them only, the love of our heavenly Father, which in his dear Son was set upon them from everlasting:

and that blessed Spirit having condescended to make use of you, Sir, in furthering this gracious manifestation in my soul, I hope that my addressing these particulars to you will tend still further to encourage you in the ministry which you have received of the Lord Jesus; the efficacy of whose promised blessing (Matt. xxviii. 20) is to this day verified in every soul that is quickened by his word, and to whom his gospel is made the wisdom of God, and the power of God, to salvation. Thus those who are sent of God to preach, and those to whom their preaching is made profitable, may rejoice in the behalf of each other, as well as of themselves; and, together with all his church, the spiritual Zion, will have abundant cause to bless him for his faithfulness and truth to his covenant promises and engagements, and for his loving-kindness and tender mercies, displayed in the salvation of sinners freely by grace in Christ Jesus our Lord and only Saviour.

Were I to attempt to describe all that has passed within me, both before and since it pleased the blessed Spirit to give me an experience of his quickening power, it would only be taking up your time in endeavouring to do that which you have often done for me with ten times greater exactness than I could do it with myself; and which, while it proves you to be a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of heaven, has also been blessed

to my encouragement, seeing I was thus led in the footsteps of the flock. Suffice it therefore to say, that I had been in a profession of religion for upwards of ten years before I knew any thing of what true religion was, but it was altogether a fleshly profession; for on leaving my friends in the country, by whom I had been brought up in a very regular manner, and coming to London, where already I had a brother, my desires so yearned after my relatives (than whom I believe none were ever more affectionate), that I gladly took every opportunity of being with him; and as he, with a companion of his, were earnestly seeking the way of salvation (and have not sought in vain), I readily associated with, and accompanied them to places of public worship, and I soon began to entertain a superstitious reverence for those places, often walking bare-headed by them, especially the place where I received the sacrament of bread and wine. The doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ, as a mediator, when first unfolded to my natural understanding, charmed me as a novelty; as such I adopted it into my opinions, and this passed with me for conversion. I attended the preaching of those who mingled the law with the letter of the gospel, and this often stirred up my legal conscience against me; then my aim was to appease it; and when conscience was quieted, either by the sense of guilt wearing off, or by performing dead

works, or by any other means (no matter how , I was satisfied. I attended prayer and experience meetings, but never knew what it was to have access to God in prayer, nor ever expected any answer to my petitions, further than hoping all would be well at last. I could talk fluently on the doctrines of the gospel, and this served to nurse my pride. Nay, I remember I once went so far at one of these meetings as to say that I could as soon be brought to believe that there was no Holy Ghost, as that I had not found him present with me, when, alas! I knew nothing of that blessed Spirit's quickening influence; nothing of the power of the kingdom of heaven; nothing of the covenant of grace, nor of the love of God in Christ Jesus. I was bolstered in self-confidence, daubed with untempered mortar, and vainly puffed up in my fleshly mind. After some years I heard Mr. Romaine preach, and then you, and sat under both for some time; but, though I had light enough to see that this preaching was different from what I had before attended, and believed it to be the truth, yet, as the excellency of the power is all of God, and not of man, I still remained a whole-hearted sinner. Thus I went on for years, conscience at times still reproving me; but, as I had only jumped into a profession at first in the bonds of natural affection, and as the charms of novelty had worn off, at length these bonds became

weaker and weaker, I began to grow more remiss, religion became wearisome to me, and then, for want of root, my profession withered; as I had received no benefit from it, it could not hold me. I returned into the world and its pleasures again, and became as a tree twice dead, plucked up by the roots. Yet, as conscience would never be entirely quiet, I sometimes used to come to the chapel when the sermon was more than half over, and then crept in behind, ashamed to shew my face; nor could I altogether leave off prayer, or at least attempting to pray; and there is one thought that would sometimes strike my mind, even in this dead season, which I have since considered as an indication that God had not altogether given me up to a reprobate mind; it was, that if my brother, or any other person whom I really believed to be a child of God, should backslide, or leave his ways and worship, it would have grieved me to the very heart to see it, both for his own sake, and for the honour and cause of God. In this dreary state I continued for, I believe, more than five years, and never knew what real peace was all the time. Added to this, my backsliding would cause all religion to stink in the nostrils of those who knew not God, and had seen my former high profession, for a backslider I was, and still consider myself to have been, from the light and knowledge I had, although there was nothing of

a saving nature in it. I do not mean to say that my profession has been of no service at all, for I believe it has since pleased the blessed Spirit of God so far to make use of it, as to shew me, experimentally, the difference between a form of godliness and the power thereof, and, by the contrast, to make his own work more manifest. Also, having learnt that salvation was only in Christ, I did not, when afterwards seeking it earnestly, fly to the letter of commandments to earn life by my own endeavours to keep them, though I have found that this sort of knowledge never destroyed the dominion of sin, nor that legal spirit that was within me, and for which I have often had occasion to loathe myself, as well as for my sinful nature. But herein appears the long-suffering of God in preserving me through this state of ignorance and sin to a future calling; and I have often thought it was (if I may use the expression) a double stretch of his great power to rescue me from the strong bands of sin and Satan, since it is declared that such as were in my case were further from the kingdom of heaven than publicans and harlots.

About four or five years ago it pleased the Lord to lay the guilt of sin upon my conscience as a burden too heavy for me to bear, so that I earnestly desired to flee from the wrath to come; at other times I felt my spirit drawn out in secret desires and breathings after God: and this bur-



den and these desires continued, so that I was led to wait upon the Lord in the public means of grace, in the hope that I might get something that would satisfy my soul. About this time I heard you preach a sermon at Providence Chapel from these words, "The full soul loaths the honeycomb, but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." This, I believe, was the first sermon that I ever heard to real profit. The bitter things you described were such as my soul then felt; and, bitter as they were, I could truly say they were sweeter than all the pleasures of sin, inasmuch as I was led to hope this was the way of God's dealing with his children: and my desire was that the Lord would be pleased to search and try me; and, rather than suffer me to fall back again into the way of the world, that he would still further prove me, and know my thoughts; and, however sharp his chastisements might be, that he would still carry on this searching work, and bring me forth to the light, that I might praise his name. And I do bless the Lord that from that time he has never suffered me to say, "Prophecy smooth things, prophecy deceits;" nor to desire the cry of "Peace, peace," to my soul, when God has not spoken peace, but that every refuge of lies may be swept away; that my conscience may be exposed to the glass of his word, and that I may know by experience the truth of his own declaration,

“ I wound, and I heal.” And God knows that I have since seen so much of the evils and the deceitfulness of my own heart, and my utter inability to think or do the least thing of myself that can be acceptable to him, as for ever to stain the pride of human glory, and cut off all hope from an arm of flesh. I think I have been so exercised and disciplined in this way, and so foiled in matters apparently the most easy in themselves, that scarcely any creature can have a lower idea, or be more fully convinced than I am, of the wretched weakness of free-will or human power. But the Lord saw the necessity of thus dealing with my deceitful heart and corrupt nature; and I bless his name that he has not left me ignorant of it, though I often, to my sorrow, find it still clinging to me. About the same time a sermon by Mr. Brook, from these words in Isaiah, “ O Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou hast wrought all our works in us,” afforded me encouragement, from the hope that there was a set time of peace ordained for me. And here I will also note another sermon that he preached some considerable time afterwards, from Psalm lxviii. 20, “ He that is our God is the God of salvation: to God the Lord belong the issues from death;” which was blessed to my refreshment. But to return: From the period above-mentioned it has pleased the Lord to carry on his work by degrees in my soul; and, though I have

been very dark, ignorant, and confused, yet at times the blessed Spirit has shone upon this his work, and has given me a little understanding in his word, where that work has been described, to make it more manifest, so that I could say, "In thy light we see light." At other times, what has been passing within has been so sweetly described and brought forth from the pulpit, that although I had not sufficient judgment nor understanding in the word to make it out myself, yet it has been all so clearly set before me, and the power of it so exactly experienced in my soul, that it has greatly comforted and established me, and I have gone on my way rejoicing in hope. And, though my memory could scarcely carry away ten words of what had been said, yet this did not, after a time, so much trouble me as before, knowing that I felt the substance of these things, and that the kingdom of God standeth not in word, but in power. And here I cannot help noticing, that formerly, when in a dead profession, I could talk readily upon any subject in religion, and at any season; but now that seems to be taken from me, so that sometimes I am so childish that I can hardly express my own meaning, or describe my own feelings. Yet, to the praise of free grace, I can say I have been enlightened to see that in Christ Jesus is perfect and complete salvation, and that the blessed Redeemer, with all his saving benefits, is the free

gift of God. I have been quickened to feel my own need, and find that in him there is every thing that my necessities, or the glory of God, can require. To this rock the Holy Spirit has led me; on this only my hopes of salvation are fixed, and here by faith I have been enabled to run for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before me. And though my faith is weak, and my unbelief great, yet for my encouragement it is declared, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and he that cometh to him shall in no wise be cast out; that this is the foundation God has laid in Zion, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail, and that those who build thereon shall never be ashamed or confounded world without end. Therefore, though faint, I am still kept pursuing, and am persuaded God will never suffer me to stop short until I receive the end of my faith, even the salvation of my soul. And, as the daily warfare continues, and strength is administered accordingly, I do at times find that by these means my soul has grown in stability, even when the sensible enjoyment of comfort is withheld; so that, as the apostle declares, though "these things, for the present, are not joyous, but grievous, yet they work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

Before I conclude, I wish to mention a few more particulars, which are as follow. I have

sometimes been very dead and barren in soul, both in private and in public ordinances. The influences of the blessed Spirit seemed to have been withdrawn; the light of God's countenance hid; no faith in exercise, nor evidence of my interest in the better covenant; I went mourning and heavily, crying, "My leanness, my leanness, wo unto me." Then unbelief, carnal reasonings, and hard thoughts of God, have succeeded, until it appeared as if all hope must give up the ghost, and confidence be rooted out; my footsteps had well nigh slipped, and the enemy would carry all before him. And so I know he would if it was left to my management; but, when the north wind has awoke, and the south wind blown upon the garden, the spices thereof have again flown forth. Then hope has revived, faith has received new strength, and my heart has been drawn forth in thankfulness and praise. Then I have found sweet access to God in the faith of the great Mediator, and have even been enabled to claim him as my covenant God and Father, being manifested to be his child by faith in Christ Jesus; and if a son, then an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ. And, however short or seldom these seasons, yet, when I have enjoyed them, I could truly say I would not have exchanged them for all the world, if it could have been offered to me. Often has my waiting soul been supplied, my hungry soul fed, my dead soul quickened, my

weary soul refreshed, my tried soul established, my weak soul strengthened, by the preaching of the word of grace; and one particular occasion, a few months back, I must more especially record. I had been for several weeks in great bondage of spirit and darkness of mind, so that I was much cast down and tossed with doubts, and troubled with fears, lest I should never again be brought up from the horrible pit and miry clay. It was on a Tuesday evening, when, setting off to the city chapel, I could not help saying, though almost in a desponding way, "I hope I shall get something this evening, for the Lord knows I stand in need of it." After being seated a few minutes in the chapel, before the public worship began, suddenly the scales, as it were, fell from my eyes; I saw that I had been looking for fruits in myself instead of him in whom alone our fruit is found; that a legal spirit had entwined itself around me, and that I had been nursing this cursed frame until the dear Redeemer was thrust into the back ground, and scarcely noticed; as sensibly as a porter can feel his burden thrown from his shoulders, so sensibly did I feel my soul lightened, and spring upwards in faith and affection to Jesus sitting at the right hand of God. Then the service of the evening commenced, and I was enabled to worship in spirit and in truth. Your text was, Psalm, xlv. 13, "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of

wrought gold." And O! what did my soul experience that evening! I never can describe it fully. It seemed as if every word was intended for me, and for me only. It came in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. The inward glory was described from the word; I felt it within. The best robe, the clothing of wrought gold, the righteousness of the Redeemer, was brought forth, and by faith I laid hold of it, and put him on as my surety. The king's daughter, the bride, the Lamb's wife, was the object of this grace; and, as a member of that mystical body, I had joy and peace in believing. Not that I could actually say I found my sins then purged away, and pardon sealed home upon my conscience; but, my soul having been long barred from access to God, a door of hope was now opened, into which I joyfully entered. I believed in hope, I rejoiced in hope; and truly did you then observe, that those who had experienced these things would not be left in the dark as to what you had been saying, but would be able to follow and keep pace with you in the same; and so I found it indeed. Nay, so wonderfully did the blessed Spirit then strengthen me, that I was enabled in many things to run before, and you followed with a powerful unction, and sweetly confirmed them. I wished the service to continue, lest in leaving the place I should lose what I had received; but the Lord the Spirit

gave me a sweet savour and fresh revivals of the same kind, though not to the same degree, for many days after; yea, even to this day I often find both pleasure and profit in looking back, with David, to the hill Mizar; though these occasions, it is true, chiefly occur when it is a kind of fasting time and mourning with my soul, and when, for want of the green pastures being opened to me, or of faith and hope being exercised in looking out for a fresh supply, I am obliged to gather all the comfort I can from past tokens: but though, as before observed, this sometimes affords both pleasure and profit, yet I find the hungry soul cannot be satisfied without an experience of the truth of that declaration, "He filleth the hungry with good things." And I have often had to acknowledge the faithfulness of my God to his promise, that "they that wait upon him shall renew their strength." It is a barren season indeed when I have not found the word in some degree profitable, either for doctrine, or reproof, or correction, or instruction, or consolation; though sometimes even this has been the case, and I have come away as dead and unsatisfied as I went.

I have several times known, when staggered with some adverse circumstance in providence, or some knotty and apparently contradictory point in my experience, which I could not for a time reconcile to the good-will of God towards me,



nor clear up from the word, nor my former feelings, nor indeed see what was the end and aim of God therein; that it hath pleased the Lord the Spirit, after exercising me for some time, to unravel the mystery, to shew me what was his will, and to make me know that his thus dealing with me was suitable to something then relating to my case; and by this means he has enabled me to sit down at his feet in humble acquiescence, and my soul has received fresh comfort and establishment from the dispensation. And here is what I have particularly to admire, namely, that you have been afterwards led to treat upon the very same subjects, have given the very same description, and have come to the very same conclusions, to the no small confirmation of my faith and hope, seeing God hath declared that he gives his people one heart and one way, and that they are led by one Spirit.

I have sometimes been tempted to doubt of the work in my soul, and to fear it was not of God, because it was not effected in that sudden, that outward manner, or with those violent operations that some persons have described and felt. But, after some time, this temptation was effectually answered to my comfort by the parables of the grain of mustard seed and the little leaven hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. And, blessed be God, I have been

enabled to see that this living principle of his grace implanted within me has sprung up and increased; and I have not a doubt but it will grow up to life everlasting. I have also, ere now, entertained great jealousy of my state on account of not having then shared much of the furnace of affliction, knowing that it was the common lot of the elect, and that they were bastards only that escaped it. But I remember an observation of yours, that has since been verified in me, viz. that it would not be much to the credit of a soldier to shew his back scarred with stripes, since it would be a strong indication that his faults had called for them; and I know, and have seen in some instances, at the very same time, that my perverseness, carelessness, and rebellion, have been the procuring cause of those crosses, spiritual and temporal, that have since been laid upon me, and which have been neither few nor small; for, besides sore conflicts in soul, in which I have sometimes walked in darkness and had no light, and found it hard work to stay myself upon my God, I have also met with some very severe trials in temporal affairs, at which times carnal reason has set before my eyes my family to be provided for, and unbelief has represented the improbability of my being able to do so; yet under this I have found that my chief concern has been lest the cause of God and his honour should suffer reproach through me, or that I should be a

stumblingblock to others. But hitherto my God has supplied all my need, and my faith has been led to believe that, having given me his dear Son, he will with him also freely give me all things. And on one occasion especially, the heaviest I ever met with of this kind, through a loss in trade, I was so greatly supported by access to God, communion with him in public and private means, and a sense of his love to me in the covenant head, that I was constrained to acknowledge, that if such dispensations were always to be attended with such manifestations, I could joyfully submit to them, and think myself richly repaid; for, as afflictions abounded, consolations did much more abound also. When this is the case, the things of earth sit lightly. I could trust him, in covenant faithfulness, to supply me with every thing needful, both for the life that now is, and for that which is to come. But afterwards, on another occasion of the same nature, though not to a fifth part of the same extent, I found the trial sit much heavier on my soul, for now I was under great spiritual darkness, my evidences were obscured, I saw not my signs; doubt and despondency gathered upon my mind; added to this, the hand of God seemed to be gone out against me in providence; and though I knew him to be just in his dealings with me, yet I did not see his fatherly chastisement, but

feared his wrathful indignation; and therefore I could not, as before, receive his correction with humility till, after long contention, during which the calamity was still further increased, he was pleased to humble my proud spirit, and endue me with submission. Then by degrees my hope was strengthened, my confidence restored, and I was enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord, and he sustained me. In this conflict I remarked that a light shone into my understanding upon several passages of scripture in an extraordinary manner; but as I did not find them applicable to my case, and as it reached my understanding only, without producing comfort, humility, submission, or re-establishment of soul, I could derive no satisfaction from it, and was, if possible, more than ever convinced that it is only by drinking of the streams of the river of life that the city of God can be made glad.

In my avocations in life I have sometimes found it necessary to take long journies into the country, which has deprived me for weeks together of the green pastures in public ordinances; for wherever I have attended I never found any thing, either in preachers or professors, that was accompanied with a divine unction, or upon which my soul could feed. Not but there may be some of the Lord's sheep scattered in the darkest corners of the earth; and it has often struck me, when I have been in some of these

dark corners, that many of our missionaries, if they were good workmen, might find ample room for employment among those who, I should think, have quite as strong a claim upon them as others who live thousands of miles off. To be sure, when a man leaves his home and native land, and voluntarily makes his field of action lie at such a distance, he may perhaps, at the great day, think he can plead, with a better grace, his having done such wonderful works. But that is a subject for their own consideration; and it must be allowed they have left the work in hands that will not be idle (and perhaps with this they are satisfied), for in every place Arminianism is spreading its damnably-erroneous influence, and making its converts twofold more the children of hell than before. I only notice what has passed under my own observation; and as to the dryness of those pastures, I do but speak for myself. Sometimes I have had reason to cry, "Wo is me that I sojourn in Meshech, and have my habitation among the tents of Kedar!" At other times I have found that the Lord is not confined to outward means, but that, under the sweet influences of the blessed Spirit, my soul has been refreshed with the "feast of fat things, and of wine on the lees well refined." Again: when temptations and difficulties have assailed me, strength has been given according to my day; my soul has been sustained in life; the power of

Christ has been manifested; and his grace was sufficient for me. And, on the other hand, when corruptions have appeared for a little time to be subdued, when the enemy has not much molested me, and all things went smoothly on, I have found my soul drop into a kind of dry, unfruitful, lethargic frame; and though no particular, no more than ordinary sin, to accuse myself of, yet I have become barren, and almost lifeless; so that hereby I have sometimes found that these tares, growing among the wheat, have been the cause of greater prosperity of soul, by exciting the strugglings of spiritual life to oppose, and, by fresh strength being communicated, to obtain the victory over them.

In the month of May last I was on one of these journies in Wales, and was much blessed with the presence of God. A sweet calm, a heavenly serenity of mind, distilled upon me. Fear, guilt, and condemnation, were removed, and my conscience bathed, as it were, in peace. Happy as I was, yet, lest I should be resting in a delusion, I questioned, I examined from whence this proceeded, and was enabled distinctly to trace it up to the reconciliation between God and man, made by the blessed Jesus on the cross. My soul was humbled to the dust, while I adored the riches of free, undeserved mercy and dying love, communicated by the quickening grace of the Holy Spirit. A few weeks after my return this

heavenly visitation was repeated with much increase; and upon again scrutinizing, that I might not be deceived, I could again trace it most distinctly to the same blessed source, and it was accompanied with a sweet assurance that I was made accepted in the Beloved. Christ was formed in my heart the hope of glory, and I had joy and peace in believing. Now I found what it was to have my conscience purged from sin, and to feel the blood of sprinkling speaking better things than that of Abel. Now I found that the Lord had not only brought to the birth, but had given strength to bring forth. Now I found that my prayer was answered, and that "men ought always to pray, and not to faint," for that God would indeed avenge his own elect that cry day and night unto him; that he would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, until he bring forth judgment unto victory. Now a new song was put into my mouth, and I could triumph over my enemy, and give thanks to him whose "own right hand and holy arm had gotten himself the victory." Now I could say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his"—"I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Here I had access with boldness into the Holy of Holies, sin being put away by the sacrifice of the Lamb of God; and the nearer I was brought, the more was my soul melted down into humility, gratitude,

and love. Here I found that a soft answer breaketh the bones, though grievous words had often stirred up strife. And, having found the blood of Christ efficacious to cleanse from all sin, my faith also laid hold of his glorious righteousness for justification in the sight of God the Father, which was sweetly confirmed to me by a powerful application of these words, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Nor did my Lord and Saviour stop here with me; for the blessed Spirit, having thus testified of Christ to my soul, he went on to shew that he had loved me with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness he had drawn me; and thus it was made clear. The Saviour says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out:" I found I had come, and had not been cast out. Again: "All that the Father hath given me shall come unto me:" then those that do come are such as the Father hath given to the Son from eternity. And again: none but such shall come; nor even would they, if not made willing in the day of God's power; for "no man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." Having then been made willing, under a sense of need, and drawn to Christ, and having experienced pardon and peace by the blood of atonement, applied and witnessed by the ever-blessed Spirit of truth, I



was enabled to say, " My Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation ;" and could not but wonder at the sovereign, discriminating grace of God, that he could ever have fixed his love upon one so unfruitful, and so utterly unworthy in every respect, that (in sincerity and truth I can speak it) looks upon himself, and ought to be looked upon by others, as less than the least of all saints. But, blessed be his name, it is well for his people that he does not make worth or worthiness of theirs any condition of his love: no, it is free, unmerited, and everlasting; otherwise I am sure I should have failed and come short of it.

For these few weeks past these heavenly influences have been in some measure withdrawn, though my soul still rests on the foundation laid in Zion. For several days, however, in this interval, it appeared that the enemy was determined to take his revenge for the happiness I had enjoyed. He endeavoured to lull me into security, then to drive me into despondency; then he tempted me to lie against my right, and to dispute against God in the dispensations of his providence; he stirred up natural corruptions and evil tempers, so that I was amazed to find these things, especially upon the back of what I had but so lately been blessed with, and even now acknowledge them with shame and confusion of face. This text exactly expressed my state, " For

peace I had great bitterness." But it hath pleased the Lord, in a good degree, to restore to me the joys of his salvation, and uphold me with his free Spirit. I bless him that the one oblation, once made, has for ever perfected all that believe; but a fresh application of it I find I stand in need of day by day, agreeably to our Saviour's words, "He that is washed needeth not, save to wash his feet." I desire to be kept waiting upon him to direct my way both in grace and in providence; for in both respects I find him fulfilling his word. I want to experience more of his love shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, and to live more under its filial and fruitful constraints to his glory. I want to have my unbelief quite subdued, which is so dishonouring to my merciful and faithful God and Saviour, and so disquieting to my own soul. I never knew what this sin was till it pleased the Lord the Spirit to work true faith in me, and since then it has pestered me in all that concerns spiritual life and everlasting salvation, even from the highest to the lowest matters. But I see this to have been a part of the Spirit's work: "He shall convince of sin, because they believe not on me." And, thanks be to God, it has received some severe rubs, for I have seen, in some measure, the things that faith hath credited already come to pass; darkness has been made light before me, and crooked things straight; and I trust to find my

path shining more and more unto perfect day. Sometimes in private prayer, when darkness, bondage, and unbelief, have been so strong that I have scarcely had a word to say, I have found that faith has at length begun to struggle, till, like a fountain bubbling up through the earth, it has in the end gloriously prevailed, and I have left my burden, and gone away rejoicing in the full expectation of being heard and answered.

I was in the happy state a little before described when you lately preached from these words, "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another." There you set forth the proofs of a real work of grace in the heart, and every proof you mentioned, even to the highest; I could then come up to; the whole was gloriously confirmed with power from on high, and I could set to my seal that God was true; and, having before found my conscience reproach me with ingratitude to the Father of mercies for not declaring the former instances wherein his visitations had refreshed my spirit (especially that at Grub-street, mentioned in this letter), I was determined to make this known to you; but, finding the vestry crowded, I judged you was much engaged, and therefore concluded to defer it to a more convenient opportunity. The subject, however, still lay on my mind; and, after making it a matter of prayer, I found encouragement to lay

it before you in this manner. When I began to write it was far from my intention to continue it to this length. As occurrences were brought to my recollection I have endeavoured to compress them as much as possible; but, as these are only such as are the most material in the genuine experience of my soul, I do not feel inclined to omit any part of what I have written. It was begun some weeks back; but while I was in bitterness of spirit I laid it by. When the light of God's countenance was again lifted up upon me I resumed it, intending you should have had it before now, and had written to within a few lines of this on Tuesday, when I left it off to go to the City Chapel. In your sermon from Isaiah lx. 20, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself," you will readily perceive how much of this you went over again; and the savoury unction that attended your discourse to my soul I better know than I can express. My Beloved came into his garden, and ate is pleasant fruits; and I again fed upon him by faith, with thanksgiving. I could sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also,

"Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till sun shall rise and set no more."

My soul delights in having to acknowledge whatever appears as an answer to prayer, or as the ful-

filment of a promise; and the words of the sweet finger of Israel, Psalms cxvi, cxviii, I find exactly suitable and applicable to me.

Adieu, dear Sir! The Lord be with you, and prosper you in your own soul, and in the work he has given you to do. And may it please the great Shepherd long to continue you here for his church's sake! Such is the sincere desire and hearty prayer of, Reverend Sir,

Your affectionate Son, in the Gospel

of our Lord Jesus Christ,

22, Lower Belgrave Place,  
Pimlico, Sept. 2, 1809.

JOHN EEDS.

TO MR. JOHN EEDES,  
PIMLICO.

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Dearly beloved in the one Mediator, grace and truth  
be with thee through our Lord Jesus Christ, the son  
of the Father in truth and love.

YOUR epistle is very acceptable to me, as  
the contents serve to weaken a temptation which  
has often beset me; namely, that old age would be  
attended with a barrenness in the ministry; that,  
as youthful vigour decayed, and the faculties of  
the soul got impaired, so the life and power of  
godliness would abate also. And this temptation  
came upon me by observing so many great and  
learned men, who had come forth with brilliant  
gifts and abilities, light and knowledge, and who  
seemed to soar very high, and to flourish like a  
cedar, afterwards sink and wither like the green  
herb. This I concluded must be my case at  
some future period. But it is in Christ Jesus  
that God our father accepts us, in his atonement  
he receives us as clean, and in his righteousness  
we are received as just; and, being sanctified by

the Holy Ghost, we are complete in him. And it is in Christ Jesus that we enjoy and share, as joint heirs with him, in God the Father's love; and this love is the fruit and effect of pardon; it is the bond of the covenant, the root of the righteous, the marriage ring, and the indissoluble bond of union between the bridegroom and the bride. Could this divine love, which is fixed upon us in Christ Jesus, be taken from him, the bond of the covenant would be broken, the thing that is gone out of God's lips would be altered, the promise would pass away unfulfilled, the covenant of peace would be removed, and the faithfulness of God would be suffered to fail; for, if the root be removed, both leaf and fruit must fall from the heirs of promise.

But we are safe and well secured upon this ground; and every revival, renewing, and refreshing, is a confirmation of it; for these are the fresh declarations of God's covenant name and characters; I mean, that of his being gracious and merciful, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin (read *Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7*), which is what our Lord alludes to when he says, "And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them," *John xvii. 26*. Compare these two passages together, and you will see what is meant by Christ being in us; and it

is by God's faithfulness to his covenant name; which name, in all its fulness, and in all its meaning, is now (as it always was) in Christ Jesus; and it is declared again and again by a discovery of fresh truth, by receiving fresh grace, and by new enjoyments of pardoning love. This name is declared, and shall be declared, that the love wherewith the Father hath loved Christ may be in us, and he in us. Where a sin-pardoning God is not proclaimed to the sinner, that sinner has no love to God. God's circumcising our heart to love him is putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ; and where much is forgiven, the same loveth much.

These things, my dear friend, standing fast, and our fruitfulness depending upon the righteousness, truth, and faithfulness of God in Christ Jesus, the root must abide, its waterings cannot fail, the leaf must be green; and we shall bring forth fruit in old age, to shew that the Lord is upright, Psalm xcii. 14, 15.

My fears, therefore, from the above temptation, have for some years abated, about barrenness in my old age; for I verily believe that I have had more success these ten years past than I ever had in any ten years that have gone before since I have been in the ministry. Nor do I find God's workmanship by me inferior to others, but contrariwise; for, go where I will, or get



into company with what professors I may, I find them in penetration superficial, in experience shallow, in judgment confused, in conversation muddy, fleshly, and unfavoury; they have a little momentary glee under the word, and this is left behind when the sermon is over, and all the rest of the week is spent in bondage, doubting and fearing, murmuring and complaining; and these are dead works, the fruits of a legal and self-righteous spirit kept under the power of unbelief. The wayside, the thorny, and the stony-ground hearers, are too common and too apparent every where: it is as our Lord says, "They have no root," no deepness of earth nor moisture, and therefore are soon scorched, and then wither away. A broken and contrite heart is the deep earth; with such God dwells; and this is the good ground also. Pardoning love shed abroad in the heart is the root, and the holy Spirit of life and his grace is the moisture: and what is the most splendid profession without these things?

The highest stage, my dear son, and the surest standing in a militant state, is that of holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience. The mystery, which is the most sublime, and which is the object of spiritual faith, is the mystery of the three persons in the one God of Israel, or a trinity of persons in the godhead. And, as these

three are distinct in personality, so is their voice and testimony distinct in the consciences of all true believers.

Paul tells us that by faith we come to the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel, Heb. xii. 24. This voice speaks pardon, and perfect cleansing, from all sin; it speaks peace with God and conscience; it speaks reconciliation and friendship with the Almighty; and it speaks nearness and access to God with boldness, freedom, and familiarity. The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did, by the which we draw nigh unto God, being made nigh by the blood of Christ, who were far from God by wicked works. Now faith is a coming to this Mediator, and to this blood of sprinkling, which sprinkles the heart from an evil conscience, and purges the conscience from dead works; for God purifies the heart by faith.

The voice of the Spirit, and his testimony in the conscience, are distinct also. To every one that receives Christ in faith and affection, to them gives he power to become the sons of God. And this power is the Holy Spirit, which produceth a birth that is not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God; and, when this regenerating and renewing work is performed, the Spirit proclaims our son-

ship, and claims the parentage of heaven upon it; for, being predestinated to the adoption of children by Christ Jesus, we are called Christ's seed (Isa. xliv. 3); yea, we are called sons and daughters (Isa. xliii. 6); previous to our conversion by virtue of God's choice of us, and of his decree of predestinating us to the adoption of sons: "And, because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, father," Gal. iv. 6. This is the voice of the Holy Spirit, who is our inward helper, and an intercessor in our hearts, and whose cry is not from a foul stomach, nor does it favour of a stinking breath; not from an evil conscience, nor from a mind blinded by Satan and hardened in pride, like that of Balaam (Numb. xxii. 18); or like that of the pharisees, who said, "We have one father, even God," John viii. 41. All such claims spring from ignorance and arrogance, from insensibility and rash presumption, and therefore our Lord palms them upon another parent, being the seed of the serpent, and a generation of vipers; for they were haters of Christ and of all his followers, which is the characteristic of the serpent's seed, the image of Satan, and the evident token of perdition.

A graceless profession generally stirs up the carnal enmity of the sinner's mind; and where this works guilt sticks fast, and where sin re-

mains the sentence of God falls; such are condemned already (John iii. 6); and where the sentence falls there the wrath of God abides (John iii. 36); and the shew of the countenances of such doth witness against them (Isa. iii. 9).

A fallen countenance is a sure sign of guilt and condemnation (Gen. iv. 6); and a desperate countenance an infallible index of an hard heart, a ruined state, and an inward war with the Almighty (Isa. xlii. 8); and it is easy to discern, even in the law, what is meant by the tokens of perdition and of salvation; and what is meant by the image of God, and the image that God despises; for the ten commandments know of no other classes of men than haters and lovers of God: "I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shew mercy unto thousands of them that love me," Exod. xx. 5, 6.

But our cry and claim upon God is not our own; the Holy Spirit is the spirit of promise to us, and the spirit of adoption in us, and is the fruit and effect of Christ's mediation, and of his being accepted of the Father in his office of mediator, and in every other office he sustains, and is secured to us by an everlasting covenant; and as a comforter, and as the spirit of grace and of glory, he is to abide with us for evermore.

The cry of "Abba, father," by the Spirit is always owned and honoured, and is attended to both in heaven and earth. God owns it, and honours it, as in the case of the prodigal: "I will arise, and go to my father," says he: "This is my son," says God: "Thou art the Lord my God," says Ephraim: "Is Ephraim my dear Son?" says God; "is he a pleasant child?" &c. God honours the faith that makes our sonship manifest, and he attends to the prayers that are put up to him in the name of a father, and under the Spirit's influence; and this by answering them. The Spirit not only cries "Abba, father," but he witnesseth to our adoption, and makes our own conscience do the same; "He bears witness with our spirit (says Paul) that we are the children of God;" and, by the sentence of justification passed in the conscience by the Spirit, he bears witness to the righteousness of Christ being imputed to us; and this righteousness without the law is witnessed both by the law and the prophets, Rom. iii. 21. This is justification in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, 1 Cor. vi. 11.

The cry and testimony of the Spirit is acknowledged upon earth also; the accusations and reproaches of Satan are silenced by the Spirit of God; and all his charges, whether true or false, are fapped at the foundation; and our adoption of sons is manifest in the consciences both of

saints and finners, as the scriptures witness: "And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed," Isa. lxi. 9. My dear friend sees here how our adoption, and the witness of it, are spread and made known abroad in the world; all that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

The voice of God the Father is the voice of love; he promises to circumcise our heart to love him with all the heart and with all the soul, that we may live. This love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us; and its voice is, "Yea, I have loved thee," (Jer. xxxi. 3); and this is a cleansing us from all idols; for, when the whole heart and whole soul loves God, there is no room left for them. The Father's voice of love in the heart gives the finishing stroke to spiritual death; God circumcises the heart to love him, that we may live; the blood of Christ removes the sting of death, and his righteousness imputed takes away the sentence of death; but nothing but love will cast out the fear of death. This is our enlargement and our freedom, being now drawn, and not driven; running with delight, and not dragging in chains; constrained by divine goodness, and not pursued by wrath. The mean, low, servile

spirit peculiar to slaves, servants, and the base-born, gives way to this noble and princely spirit when this love comes into the hearts of the heirs of promise; and what our Lord says of his works is true of this work of God our Father in us: "But I have greater witness than that of John; for the works which my Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do bear witness of me that the Father hath sent me," (John v. 36.) And so does this work of love in us; it cleanses us from all idols, and gives us possession of the one God; for "he that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him." It gives us enlargement, and glorious liberty from bondage. It is the bond of the everlasting covenant, the church's wedding ring, the image of God, and Zion's inward glory. These things make us God's husbandry, and God's building; for we are circumcised by God the Father, baptized by God the Son, with God the Holy Ghost: "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

Upon these things, my son, I have long kept a watchful eye, believing these to be the summit and the blessings of Zion's hill; and the promise is, "Upon the mount it shall be seen;" namely, the provision that God has made for us. And he that dwells on high shall see all this when he sees the King in his beauty, whose glory covers the heavens, and fills the earth with his praise.

These deep things were ordained of God before the world for our glory, and God has revealed them unto us by his Spirit; "for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." And these deep things, when experienced in the power of them, and enjoyed in their sweetness, establish the heart, and baffle the attacks and attempts of heretics; they undermine the ministry of the letter, and repel the cold chills of the sons of death, and discovers the withered impostor upon the housetop, defying all to gain admittance to the affections, or to obtain the approbation of the judgment, or the testimony of conscience, unless Christ speaketh by them. If these things were more observed and attended to, there would be more establishment in the minds of many than now there is; and to settle a soul short of these things is no less than confirming it in the sleep of death.

According to my son's account, he has been long spending money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfieth not, Isa. lv. 2. And of this God complains, "My people hath been lost sheep; their shepherds have caused them to go astray; they have turned them away on the mountains; they have gone from mountain to hill; they have forgotten their resting place." Jer. 1. 6. These shepherds have caused Christ's flock to go astray; for all that are against Christ are sure to scatter from him. This work was done



on the mountains by the blind watchmen of Zion, who are shepherds that cannot understand; and by following their directions they went from mountain to hill. Some sent them to the worship of idols on the high places; these burnt incense upon the mountains, and blasphemed God upon the hills, Isa. lxxv. 7. Others were sent to Sinai and Horeb for life and salvation; the scribes called the law life itself. And others led them to trust in local Zion, because of the holiness of the place, and so brought them to trust in lying words, and then they cried, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these," (Jer. vii. 4); and this puffed them up, and made them haughty, because of the holy mountain, Zech. iii. 11. "Truly in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains; truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel," Jer. iii. 23. This is the mountain of the Lord's house, and the stone cut out without hands, which will one day become such a mountain, in the setting up and establishing of his kingdom, as shall fill the whole earth. My son, farewell. Grace and peace be with thee through Jesus Christ our Lord. So prays

TO THE REV. J. JENKINS,  
LEWES, SUSSEX.

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Dearly beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ, grace,  
mercy, and peace, be with thee through him!

I HAVE for many years been persuaded of the unfeigned faith that dwells in thee, and of thine undissembled love to me, and to all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. In this confidence I write, having received some few accounts of Zion's bearing pains and bringing forth; knowing that you will rejoice at the accounts of looking up and bringing home those scattered sheep that are gone astray. The first letter in these scraps speaks for itself. The next is from Mr. Chamberlain, a young man of Leicester. When I was in the north this gentleman followed me in his yoke and bonds to Newark upon Trent, and at that place, by the blood of the covenant, God sent him forth out of the pit in which is no water, and he turned to his strong hold as a prisoner of hope. A woman of Newark, named Carman, heard me every discourse that I preached at Newark, &c. and followed me in her chains to Leicester, and under the last discourse I delivered

there the Lord sent her forth; he stripped off her veil, and bid her shew herself. The young woman that is so very ill, in the third letter, is the sister and housekeeper of the young gentleman above. She cleaved to the household of faith when she was quite a little one; and, as Job says of the eagle and the slain, so I may say of her; where Christ crucified was preached there was she. She is a most amiable young person; but, upon the inward workings of her mind, rather reserved. The changes that passed upon her heart might, at times, be read in her face; but any confession from her mouth I never heard.

But the bread cast upon the waters is to be found after many days, and the ointment of the right hand (saith the proverb) will betray itself in all them that receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead (says Paul), thou shalt be saved." This seems to be needful to the honour of God, and to the satisfaction and encouragement of his family.

Some through fear of presumption, and others through the suggestions of Satan, or dread of persecution, keep all to themselves, as the poor woman in the gospel healed of her issue intended to have done; but the Lord called her forth to an open confession; and this poor afflicted young woman, lingering on the brink of the grave, has

now opened and brought forth all the secret treasure of her heart, and made confession with her mouth to salvation. She received that experience that worketh hope under me at Newark upon Trent, when discoursing upon Paul's faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. After the sermon was over she rode from Newark to Grantham upon my coach box; and my dame has observed to me since, that her countenance was no more sad. Hence we see that no incorruptible seed can be lost, nor borne down, so as to be finally overtopped by inbred corruption: faith, hope, and love, life, light, and peace, must rise, flourish, and triumph. The oil of gladness must feed the lamp of salvation, and every grace must reign, through Christ's obedience, unto eternal life. The letter from my son Goulding mentions one of the perfect band having escaped the snare of the fowler, and casting off her prison garments, and loosing the bands of her neck. The elect of God are chosen out of the world, and these must come forth of them all. In that instance you may read the cunning of Satan, and his dexterity at quoting the words of truth, as in the seduction of Eve. But these are no bar to omnipotence. God works, and who can let it. In all these things you may see that the pleasure of the Lord prospers in the hand of the Mediator; and that the power of Christ, the ministry of the Spirit, the

offence of the cross, the conversion of sinners, and the establishment of Zion, are, as they always have been, inseparably connected. Adieu, my son, while I remain thine affectionate father, in Christ Jesus,

THE COALHEAVER.

TO MRS. MASON,  
No. 152, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

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MY DEAR FRIEND,

Leicester, Sept. 25, 1809.

MY sister wishes me to write to you, as she herself at this time is not able. About three weeks ago she returned from Matlock bath, but was not in the least benefited by her journey. Since her return home she has got much worse, and within this last week has gone off very fast; she is so extremely weak that she cannot do the least thing towards dressing herself, nor walk in her room without leaning upon some one. Many things have been tried, but nothing seems to do her good, so as to give any hope of her recovery. What she takes sometimes seems to give her ease, and for a little time she appears better. Last week she suffered much from a violent pain in her bowels, and also in her head, that at times she was not herself; but, thank the good Lord, she is rather better, and the pain is a good deal removed since she has had two blisters. This morning she is very weak, having had an indifferent night. She does not keep her bed at present. The physician told me

on Saturday he had no hope he could do her any good. She herself does not expect to recover, nor do I think myself she ever will, though she may perhaps continue some time. At times I feel much, and have a great desire (if it was the will of God) that she might be continued with me: but I have no just ground for grief or sorrow, only I feel loath to part with her. But O what a comfort it is to see one in her situation, approaching apparently so near their end, in so happy and blessed a frame as she is at times, rejoicing in the prospect of another and better world. Her outward man perishes, but the inward man is renewed; and though her strength fails her, yet she feels that God is her portion. I had some conversation with her last Saturday afternoon, and many sweet things did she mention. I felt myself exceeding happy with her; her mind was composed, quiet, and peaceable, though at times her exercises are exceeding sharp; yet again she is calm and serene. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for his goodness to her, and to myself also! It was under a discourse Mr. Huntington preached at Newark, from these words, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," that the Lord was pleased first to reveal himself to her, and bring her into a state of pardon, peace, and friendship with himself. She bid me this morning

(when talking about him) tell you to give her kind love to him. She desires her love to yourself and Mr. Mason, also to Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, with each of your families. Miss Cort is with her, and begs her love. I have not time to say more, as I am just called away. My kind regards to all.

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



TO MR. MORGAN,  
At the Timber Yard, Bunhill Row, London.

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Lazonby, Sept. 8, 1809.

Beloved for Christ and truth's sake,

YOU have, no doubt, expected a letter from me before this, which must have tried what patience you have in possession; and, if you are like me, you have not any to boast of. We had a prosperous journey down, by the will of God. When we arrived at Stamford, where we meant to stop all night, and go to — the next day, it was singular that the justice and Mr. — should both be on the top of the coach, and we within, and not know it till the coach drove into the inn-yard. They were on their return from meeting the Doctor in the isle of Ely, who I understand they left very well. We stopped at — Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; and, as the justice had parted with his house, nothing would do but we must stop at Mr. —'s, whose civility and attention were such as we shall ever bear an affectionate remem-

brance of. Mrs. — was very ill, confined to her room; but I have had a letter from Mr. — since, and he informs me she is something better. Nothing would be heard but our stopping there a day or two on our return; and indeed it is greatly in favour of my little weak wife, as I should be afraid of undertaking the journey without stopping somewhere. During my stay with these choice friends a young lady was telling a circumstance of a poor woman in that neighbourhood whose husband works for the justice that was among the Arminians; and when the Doctor was down (it is now about two years ago) she found in her heart a strong desire to go and hear him; but, when she got to the chapel door, these words of Paul came to her mind, “Heaping to themselves teachers, having itching ears.” This caused her to lose this opportunity. Still she was determined to go, and she got in, and heard the next discourse, which was so blessed to her soul that she declared she could have fallen down on her knees in the chapel and blessed the Doctor in the name of the Lord; for he was so made manifest in her conscience by God’s truth entering her heart with power, that, when she got out, she declared that the Arminians were altogether in a delusion, and she left them from that day forward; and, though they compass her about like bees, it is to no purpose, nor of course ever can be; for all the elect, when

turned from darkness to light by a divine power, are kept by the same power through faith unto salvation. God grant she may be found to stand as a pillar in the temple of God, and go no more out for ever. O how this people are longing for a visit from the Doctor! They are waiting as the thirsty land does for the rain. But the Father of all our mercies has the total direction of his people's hearts; and when there is work for him to do there, then the Lord will send him thither. There called at Mr. ——'s, on the Sunday that we were there, two or three very nice people, who seemed to be sweetly bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God. From —— we went to York, and thence to Leeds, where we stopped five days. The night before we left this bustling place a tradesman, who often visits my friend, got to talking upon different things, and my mentioning something about the Bible, I forget what, I suppose he thought I had got a little bit of religion of some sort or other like himself, and, knowing I was from London, he looked me in the face, and said, "Did you ever hear old Huntington preach in London?" "Hear old Huntington," says I; "Yes, that I have; I have sat under his ministry upwards of seventeen years."—"Aye; have you?" and replied, "I have seen two or three pieces, that a man has in this place, wrote by him, and I like

them so much that I would go with a deal of pleasure thirty or forty miles to hear him." I put my hand in my pocket, and gave him the two last pieces of the Doctor's, and I was to go with him the next day to hear the man they attend. We called on a friend by the way, and a precious foul he appears; looks and talks like an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. It is this man that has half a dozen of the Doctor's pieces, a list of which I made him give me. We went to hear the man. But, alas! there was nothing but great swelling words of vanity, not Jesus Christ, in all the sermon. They asked me how I liked him. I told them I believed that he was in a dismal state of blindness and ignorance; at least he had not let his light shine before men at that time. And he does not appear to furnish the head much; and as for the heart, I am sure he is not wise enough yet to understand that, either as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, or as the palace of the king of grace, much less as having Christ in it the hope of glory. When we parted the next day I thought they would have shook my arm off; and th old gentleman with much sincerity said, "Though I never saw you before I love you, and I love Mr. Huntington dearly too." Blessed be God for every door that he has set before me for the spread of his servant's works; for I have lived to see them blessed; and they shall be blessed,

because God will ever give testimony to the word of his own grace. When I mentioned my purpose of sending them some, they seemed to be afraid of divisions, as Mr. Huntington is hated by most of the preachers, if not all, in ——. I told them they wanted divisions, and should have them too, before ever there would be any real conversion to God. The poor creatures cannot hear any one that can touch their case, or describe their state; they have been long seeking water, but find none. Oh that the good Lord would condescend to send some waters into the wilderness, and cause streams to run in the desert, to give drink to his people, his chosen; for Zion is low, and in a low place. Ah, Mr. M——, how highly is the city of London favoured! From ——— we went direct to Cumberland, where we arrived safe, and found our friends as well as we could expect. My father is very well for an old man in his seventy-eighth year. A few sheep scattered up and down here that appear to love the Lord, and were very glad to see me; and all ask how the Doctor does. Last Sunday I spent mostly with my friend, who is very well, and I have no doubt, in my own mind, will be of that number who shall never draw back unto perdition, but of those that believe to the salvation of the soul. He made me laugh about Dr. ———, dean of ———. As we were walking past his door the circumstance came fresh to his

mind, which he related to me. He wrote a letter to the —, and sent him “Barry on Election” to peruse, and told him he would call in a week. When he called, a servant in livery came to the door, and led him through a long passage into a drawing-room, into which he entered with his great ploughman’s shoes on, and there was the — seated, and seemed much disappointed to see such a poor fellow as S—— call upon him. He asked him if he was the author of the letter, and the person that sent the book. S—— answered, “Yes, Sir.”—“Well,” said the —, “I have read the book you sent me; but where people get this election into their heads there is then an end of all good living; it leads them to licentiousness; they may then live as they list.” To which S—— replied, “What! are ye a master in Israel, and knows nea better than that? For if a child of God could live as he list, he would live to the glory and praise of God always, and never sin in thought, word, or deed, more. This vain fancy is contrary to all the word of God, as well as to the experience of every saint; for God’s electing grace in them all teaches them to deny ungodliness, not to commit all uncleanness with greediness.” Remarks of this kind brought the — to wave all further discourse, saying, he was going to dinner, and S—— might call again. But he never went more, having seen enough of the blindness of human wisdom in the things of

God. We went to hear a person lately come to —, in the evening, who attempted to prove, from the eighth chapter of Romans, what was meant by being “predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ, that he might be the first-born among many brethren.” But I could not understand him further than I was sure that he could not explain his text; for I think I should have understood something of it, if he had given a real sound account of the image of God in man, as he appears in it when created anew in Christ Jesus. I have received four books of the Doctor’s by the coach from London, the last published; but I do not know who sent me them. I once thought you; then I thought again that you would never do that without a few lines. The glorious accounts rejoice my heart; and the desire and prayer of my soul is, that Zion’s cords may be lengthened more and more, and that there may be an abundant influx of poor sensible sinners to the feast of fat things, where they may find everlasting entertainment, peace and rest for their souls.

Remember me to the Doctor, who I hope is well. I go to Penrith to-morrow, God willing, for a letter I expect from Cheapside, and to meet an old lady who I have sometimes written and sent the Doctor’s books to, but never saw her till last Tuesday. How are the people of God sifted up and down; yea, as corn is sifted in a sieve.

But God's promise is, that not one grain shall ever fall to the earth, so as to perish with the earthly-minded ones in the great day. But to be excluded the public means of God's appointment is a great trial to a thirsty soul. That the God of all grace may be with and bless you and yours, water you every moment, keep you night and day, be the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever, is the desire of,

Dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in the best bonds,

C. GOULDING.



## TO THE REV. MR. HUNTINGTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Leicester, Oct. 1, 1809.

WE have been fully expecting you to visit us at Leicester this autumn, and that we should have heard from you ere now ; but probably it may be that the continuance of the bad weather has prevented your undertaking so long a journey. However, the weather now appears favourable, and we are desirous to see you as soon as the way is open, and before the days get too short. We are aware of your unwillingness to leave your own congregation, and that they are as unwilling you should be absent; yet, as the blessing of God has attended your labours here in the north, as well as in the south, I cannot see how you can refuse us any longer, according to the measure of the rule which God hath distributed, 2 Cor. x. 13. And it may be that your absence may prove useful in the end, as your people will thereby get an appetite; and it is well known that a keen appetite is pleasant when there is good food to eat.

Our friend Miss Chamberlain has for some time been very desirous to see you at Leicester once more, as she knows her end is fast approaching. She is very much altered in her appearance during these last five days; I mean in the decay of nature, which perhaps Mr. B—— or Mr. M—— may have mentioned to you. She is hastening to the grave very fast; but, though the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed daily. Myself and some other friends have scarcely ever left the house since Thursday last; and, though we cannot but grieve at the expectation of losing a near friend, yet there is abundant cause for thankfulness that she will soon go to everlasting rest, and be delivered from that body of sin which we are yet encompassed with. I never before witnessed such a scene of affliction; there is not a friend that has visited her, I believe, who has the shadow of a doubt of her eternal happiness. It is truly a pleasure to be with her; to see that, in the face of death, she should possess such a composure of mind. She speaks of her end with such satisfaction, and her countenance proclaims such tranquillity and peace of mind, that I cannot describe. She is very cheerful and lively in her conversation, more so than ever she was known to be when in perfect health, except at intervals, when pain comes on very acute. Her departure was expected every hour on Thursday; but she again revived,

and on Friday morning was rather better, when she spoke of what she wished to be done after her death, and also of the goodness and kindness of God during her pilgrimage, likewise of the prospect that lay before her in the world to come; the particulars of which I cannot relate now, it being past time; but you shall hear from me again soon. She bears a most faithful testimony to the truth she embraced, to the power of God in maintaining and supporting her thus far, and of the efficacy of the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ to cleanse and to justify; which I am persuaded will leave a lasting impression upon the beholders. I am

Yours affectionately,

B. CORT.

N. B. I wish you could see her. She is very weak indeed, but very comfortable and happy; desires her love to you, and would be glad to hear from you in return.

## TO MR. B. CORT, LEICESTER.

DEAR BEN,

Yours came safe to hand. You press me to the North, not considering that I have lately been in the East, and am this day bound for the South, namely, Cranbrook and Rutherford. I am glad at my heart that Miss Chamberlain is so happy in her last stages. Tell her from me that I have a charge against her for unbecoming secrecy. What was spoken and done in secret should have been made known and come abroad, yea, proclaimed upon the house-tops. Was she ashamed of her smutty father, that she concealed her kindred? Fair dealing, and not smuggling, best becomes those who buy the truth and sell it not. She closed in with the offer, and made a match with the heavenly bridegroom, while I was publishing the bans: but she lost sight of the bridegroom's friend, though she knew that I was proxy. Tell her that, if I had been the son of nobles, this had not been the case. My coal-sack robs me. But whatever

good any man doth, of the Lord he shall receive his reward. She must and shall be my joy, and the crown of my rejoicing, in that day when every branch of the coal-trade will be forgotten. And, as death will then be swallowed up in victory, so all slavery will be swallowed up in royalty. She came in last, and yet is paid first. She has wrought but one hour, and yet is made equal with us who have borne the burden and heat of the day. The Master is good, but my eye is evil. We agreed at first for a penny; for the language of every convicted soul is, I care not what I suffer if I had but faith to believe that Christ died for me. The Lord takes us at our word, and agrees for the penny a day. Here it appears that faith is that penny, for we have no true riches but in faith, nor food nor clothing without it; for we live by faith. And the best robe is only to them that believe. And, if faith be right and genuine, it works by love; and love is the image, if not the superscription, of that penny. I doubt not but there will be a deal of murmuring against the good man of the house. Tom Barston, I hear, has begun already. But is it not right that the Master should do as he pleases with his own? We cannot doubt of that. The reward is to all who love his appearing; nor shall she be perfect without us. Give my kind love to her; tell her I wish her a good

journey, and that she will shortly enjoy what we believe and hope for, namely, that “ precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”

Yours in the best of all bonds,

4th Oct. 1809.

W. HUNTINGTON.

## TO THE REV. W. HUNTINGTON.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Leicester, Oct. 5, 1809.

YESTERDAY, at one o'clock, my dear sister breathed her last, and went to rest in the bosom of her heavenly Father. I have lost an affectionate sister, and an invaluable housekeeper: but my loss is her eternal gain. At times I feel great distress at losing of her; but I sorrow not as those that have no hope; being fully persuaded that she fell asleep in Jesus; and "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Her end was glorious; and truly "the memory of the just is blessed." I seldom left the room during the last six days of her life, when she often spoke to me, and to other friends about her, of what she enjoyed. The good Lord was pleased to strengthen her upon the bed of languishing, to make all her bed in her sickness, and abundantly to bless her with his presence. Her outward man perished, but the inward man was daily renewed; for every day she seemed to gain greater strength in the Lord, though her bodily strength was all gone, for she could not help herself in the least thing; but

God was the strength of her heart, and she knew that he would be her portion for ever, and her soul greatly rejoiced in him. I never saw her when in health with such a countenance as she had during her illness; I may say, without exaggeration, her face shone like the face of an angel, for truly the Lord was the health of her countenance. How "happy are the people that are in such a case! yea, blessed are the people whose God is the Lord." She many times spake very affectionately of you, expressed a great desire to see you once more, and requested her kind love. She said many sweet things, at different times, to me and my valuable friend Mr. B. Cort, who was with me; and also to Miss Sheafbury, a particular friend of my sister's, who was with her the last ten days. I have made a memorandum of some of the things she spake, and I think that we three together can recall to mind most of what she said, which I intend to write down as soon as I have time, and to send you. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at Leicester before the days get short; many will be glad to see you. The Lord has blessed your labours amongst us many times, and I hope we shall soon see you again, that we may receive another benefit. How glad should I be if you was here to speak to us, and to declare to the public what great things the Lord hath done for my sister. On Friday last she was speaking to



her friends who stood about her for more than three hours. There were several in the room, and amongst the many things she mentioned, which are far beyond the limits of a letter, she told us again of her deliverance under a discourse you preached at Newark from these words, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." It was then that the Lord brought her out of her distress into a state of friendship and reconciliation with himself, and gave her the enjoyment of pardon and peace; and she testified to all around her that she had that peace which passeth all understanding. I shall be very glad to receive a line from you. That the Lord may be with my ever dear and invaluable friend, and crown the labour of his latter days with abundant success, is the earnest prayer of my heart.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



## TO THE REV. W. HUNTINGTON.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Leicester, Oct. 10, 1809.

I SAID in my last that I would give you some of the particulars of my sister's conversation previous to her departure, which I am sure you will be glad to hear; for, although I have been satisfied in my own mind, and some others also, respecting her eternal state, for some time past, yet it appears more confirming when she used such language, and found such support, in the approach of death, through that sweet enjoyment she had of the Lord's love and favour to her. A few days prior to her confinement she told me much of her experience, and how sharply she had been exercised at times; what dreadful things went through her mind, such as she durst not even speak of. She said, ' When I do not  
' enjoy the Lord's presence, I feel many fears  
' and misgivings of heart. But why should I  
' expect to escape this, when Christ himself cried  
' out, " My God, my God, why hast thou for-  
' saken me?" That consideration is often a great  
' comfort and support to my mind.' The peace

of soul which she enjoyed for the last six days was very great, and her conversation was encouraging and comforting to all that came to see her: she said, "Thou wilt keep that man in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." And so I find it, for so far as God hath given me faith to stay my mind on him I have peace. I cannot say that I have any fear of death; perfect love hath cast out all fear; nor have I any tossings in my mind, nor do I feel those sharp exercises which I have had; I have that peace in my conscience which passeth all understanding, which this world knows nothing of. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Mr. B. Cort said to her, 'You remember Mr. Huntington's saying from the pulpit, 'If perfect love had cast out all fear, you would be no more afraid of death than I am of you.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I do, and I think that some who are not so strong in faith as Mr. H. can say the same: I feel no fear, death will be swallowed up in victory. Formerly I used to have great terror; and was so exercised with the fear of death, that oftentimes the sweat has dropt from me. One night in particular, amongst many others, I was in great fear and distress; I got up, and earnestly prayed to the Lord to remove my fears, and to

' reveal himself to me; and, if he had any mercy  
 ' for me, to shew me mercy. The Lord heard  
 ' me in this time of trouble, and delivered me, so  
 ' that my soul was melted under a feeling sense  
 ' of his goodness, and this scripture came with  
 ' power, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return  
 ' and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting  
 ' joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and  
 ' gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."  
 ' And immediately after this verse in Hart's hymns  
 ' came upon my mind,

' I'll lay me down and sweetly sleep,  
 ' For I have peace with God;  
 ' And when I wake He shall me keep,  
 ' Thro' faith in Jesu's blood.

' I did lay me down in peace; and when I awoke  
 ' the Lord kept me by faith in his blood; he has  
 ' kept me to this day, and I now have peace.  
 ' When I was at Matlock my feelings were very  
 ' different at times; I was taken very ill on Wed-  
 ' nesday, and from then till Sunday I felt very  
 ' dead in my soul, and dark respecting my eternal  
 ' state; which brought me to cry mightily to God.  
 ' I may say the Lord for a small moment forsakes,  
 ' and in a little wrath hideth his face, but with  
 ' everlasting kindness he hath mercy on me. I  
 ' read Mr. Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven  
 ' taken by Prayer," and often wept while reading,  
 ' it was so suitable to my feelings, and so blessed

' to my soul while looking in it. On Sunday  
 ' I found myself so happy, and my soul so melted  
 ' under the goodness of the Lord, that I knew,  
 ' whether I lived or died, I was the Lord's. I  
 ' praised his name, and felt more than I am able  
 ' to express. O, if I could but make the profess-  
 ' ing world know what I feel, they would never  
 ' speak against Mr. Huntington, nor his religion,  
 ' any more. O, how should I like to see him  
 ' once more in the flesh!' Being told that her  
 time would be but short here, she said ' I know  
 ' it will not, but I am the best off of you all.  
 " The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it  
 ' to heart; and merciful men are taken away,  
 ' none considering that the righteous is taken  
 ' away from the evil to come." I have rejoicing  
 ' in myself, and it is what I feel that supports me,  
 ' and the comfort which I enjoy springs from my  
 ' confidence in God. At times I feel more than  
 ' I can utter; and then I think to myself, O what  
 ' shall I enjoy as soon as I am gone! " Eye hath  
 ' not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered the  
 ' heart of man to conceive, what God hath pre-  
 ' pared for them that love him; but it is revealed  
 ' unto us by his Spirit:" and I look upon it that  
 ' it will be the same as I now feel, only I shall  
 ' have such an abundant increase. " Now abideth  
 ' faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of  
 ' these is charity." The love which I feel will  
 ' abide for ever, and be increased.' B. C. said

to her, "We know but in part, and prophecy in  
 ' part;" and then she spoke on, saying, "when  
 ' that which is perfect is come, then that which  
 ' is in part shall be done away. Now we see  
 ' through a glass darkly, but then face to face.  
 ' Now I know in part, but then shall I know  
 ' even as also I am known, and be filled with all the  
 ' fulness of God. I find many interruptions here;  
 ' and when I have such enjoyments, there are  
 ' many things which I wish to leave behind, and  
 ' be gone. The end of the perfect man is peace.  
 ' In Christ the weary and heavy laden find rest  
 ' for their souls; and I shall soon be gone, and be  
 ' for ever at rest.' I said to her, 'Unto them that  
 ' look for him shall he appear the second time  
 ' without sin unto salvation, and they which sleep  
 ' in Jesus will God bring with him.' Afterwards  
 she conversed with all present for some time, and  
 then said, 'O the power of unbelief! how has  
 ' Satan filled my mind oftentimes with doubts and  
 ' fears! I have looked forward to death many  
 ' times with terror, fearing I should be left at last.  
 ' But it is not so; blessed be the Lord for ever,  
 ' he has far exceeded my expectations; I thank  
 ' him for his goodness and mercy to me, and  
 ' hope it may be for the comfort and encourage-  
 ' ment of those that are left behind, who may be  
 ' exercised with the same fears that I have been.  
 ' I am a witness of his faithfulness and truth, and  
 ' now prove the reality of religion, and feel his

‘ power to support me in this trying hour : when  
 ‘ my strength faileth me his presence comforts me.  
 ‘ Though it is sharp passing through the valley of  
 ‘ the shadow of death, yet I experience the fulfil-  
 ‘ ment of his promise, “ I will never leave thee  
 ‘ nor forsake thee.” On the Friday preceding  
 her death, the physician said to her, ‘ I am glad  
 ‘ to see you look so comfortable to day.’ She said  
 to him, ‘ Yes, I am comfortable, I am very happy;  
 ‘ I would rather die than live.’ He replied, ‘ I  
 ‘ never heard such a thing, I cannot believe it.’  
 She answered him again, ‘ Why, Sir, if I would  
 ‘ not rather die than live, how could I be com-  
 ‘ fortable?’ The greatest calmness and composure  
 were in her countenance, which testified to all  
 who saw her that she was happy in heart. The  
 Lord anointed her head with oil, and his name  
 was as ointment poured forth; the house was  
 filled with the odour thereof, for a sweet savour  
 seemed to rest upon all around her. The day  
 before her departure I never left her for many  
 minutes together; she several times spake sweetly  
 to me of the goodness of the Lord. I read several  
 of David’s Psalms to her; particularly the 107th.  
 She stopt me many times, and made some very  
 pretty remarks, and said, ‘ The language of my  
 ‘ heart is with David, “ O that men would praise  
 ‘ the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonder-  
 ‘ ful works to the children of men!” She spoke  
 upon the last verse, “ Whoso is wise, and will



‘ observe these things, even they shall understand  
 ‘ the lovingkindness of the Lord;’ and then  
 mentioned how often she had been comforted in  
 reading the Epistle of James, particularly the last  
 chapter, speaking of the prayer of a righteous  
 man availing much with God. The last thing  
 she asked of me was, to look her the chapter  
 where it is said, “These all died in faith,” &c.  
 I read it to her; and while I stood by her talking  
 upon the words, “These all died in faith,” she be-  
 came much worse in body, and afterwards said but  
 little. One morning when B. C. and myself were in  
 conversation with her, our friend Mr. Lockwood  
 came in, and after standing a little while to hear  
 her speak, he said, ‘ I am glad to hear your con-  
 ‘ versation, and to find you so comfortable.’ She  
 replied, ‘ Yes, Mr. Lockwood, I am very happy.’  
 He said to her, ‘ If a lively countenance is a true  
 ‘ index of the heart, you are happy indeed.’ On  
 his departure he said, ‘ Farewell; and, if I never  
 ‘ see you again in this world, I hope to follow  
 ‘ you to a better.’ She said, ‘ Yes, I believe you  
 ‘ will, and many others who have been to see me  
 ‘ during my illness.’ When B. C. said to her,  
 “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from  
 ‘ henceforth,” she answered, “Yea, saith the Spirit,  
 ‘ that they may rest from their labours, and their  
 ‘ works do follow them.” The hymn which she  
 chose to be sung at her funeral is in page 189 of  
 Mr. Hart’s,

She is now gone to join the spirits of just men made perfect. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Her spirit is returned to God who gave it. With several other friends, I followed her remains to the ground on Sunday last, where her flesh rests in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to everlasting life. I myself, with many others, hope to see you at Leicester soon, and I shall be very glad to receive a line from you.

God Almighty blefs my dear friend, and crown his labours more and more; and that he may be long continued upon the earth for the Church's sake, is the hearty prayer of him who subscribes himself, in the best of all bonds,

Yours very affectionately,

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN,  
LEICESTER.

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My dear Son in the faith of our common Lord, grace and peace be with thee through Him.

I SET off to go into Kent on the 4th day of this month, and did not return till yesterday, the 12th: of course I saw neither of your letters until I came home. The first I opened mentioned your sister's departure, which was no more than what I expected, and yet it was very affecting, and so it was to all in my house, who heard the letters read. But I must tell you, that the unction that anointed her to her burial spread its odour far from Leicester; for Mr. B. Cort having mentioned that your sister's happiness had provoked some to jealousy, and that T. Barston was gone off in those flames to Grantham, upon reading thereof these words came into my mind, "But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst thou not agree with me for a penny?" Matt. xx. 13.

From that time the parable of the labourers in the vineyard hung upon my mind; and although I was (as I thought) furnished with a message for the Lord's day at Cranbrook, yet this continuing to open more and more to my view, my other text withdrew into the back ground, vanished, and went out of sight, and left the above passage uppermost upon my mind, nearest to my heart,

and shining brighter and brighter upon my understanding; so that I spoke from it for the first time at Cranbrook; and I think I was right in so doing, for his presence was with me; and I believe that I was little less than three hours in the pulpit; and, finding my cruise not empty, in the afternoon I took it again, and was in my pulpit full two hours more. I shall say no more upon this subject, as many of the brethren at Cranbrook wish me to print the discourses; and, if God permit, and enable me, I intend to comply with their request.

My dear friend is not ignorant of the poor man who was the means of building that place, and of the dismal end he made; and yet you yourself, and your dear departed sister also, were both begotten to a lively hope, and received the first live coal of eternal love in that place; nor have I a single doubt, but it will be said when the Lord writeth up the people, that Joseph and Mary Chamberlain were born there, (Psalm lxxxvii. 5. 6.) God will work, and who shall let it?

The contents of yours filled me with grief mingled with joy; I was joyful at seeing the divine dexterity she manifested in carrying on the thread of discourse, and adding her consistent links to the golden chain, upon every hint dropped; which shewed how richly the word of God dwelt in her, in all knowledge, in all utterance, and spiritual understanding. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God ordains strength, to

perfect praise, because of his enemies, that he may still the enemy and the avenger; for when the Spirit bears his testimony Satan is put to silence, being rebuked by the sinner's Advocate when the brand is plucked from the fire. The ministry of the Spirit is not ceased; the gospel is still the power of God to salvation.

My dear son has seen in his sister, even when the outward man was half dead, the life, the vigour, the vivacity, activity, and spirituality of the hidden man of the heart; how agile, how angelic, even when on the verge of eternity; but the soul feels the rays and joys of eternal day. And, if the incorruptible seed seems so pregnant with heavenly treasure and divine fulness when only drawing near to perfection, and while it is unclothed with the body of death, what must it be, and what must it feel, when the shrouds, hoods, and vails, are put off for good and all! The Holy Spirit and his train of grace; the heavenly light and life, which are the quintessence of faith; and glory, which is the soul of hope; and the divine power, which has been our support in much patience; and love, which is our holiness; and joy, which is the flame of love's fire; and peace, which is the calm of heaven, and which is now the end of all war, and will be in future the end of all trouble; and rest, which is the labouring man's home, his bed, his paradise; and the best robe, Zion's bridal attire; and a fulness of God, of the knowledge of God, and of the enjoy-

ment of Him; which puts an end to the craving appetite, so as there will be no more longing, desiring, hungering, nor thirsting; and of course no more begging, forrowing, nor crying. The fruits of the Spirit are the believer's secret treasure, the good and perfect gifts from the Father of lights, the incorruptible seed of the second Adam, the blessings of the better covenant, the empire of all-conquering grace, and the kingdom of God in obscurity. All this treasure your sister took with her; she left nothing but the body, consisting of earth and water; and when the soul departed from that, then the blood chilled, and the whole infernal crop of lust and corruption that moment died, and every evil thought of it, and evil thought from it, in that very day perished; you heard the Holy Spirit speak by her, you felt the force and smelt the sweet favour of celestial eloquence, which is the language of paradise; every grace had a voice, but assurance and love were the chief speakers.

All the powers of the soul, regenerated and renewed, proclaimed their happy state, blessed readiness, and undoubted expectation. The will in sweet resignation; the busy mind lively and heavenly; the understanding sweetly illuminated; the judgment clear, sound, and at a certainty; the conscience placed serene and at rest; the affections glowing and flaming with the hallowed fire from the altar of burnt offering; while the ministering angels stood listening, and learning from

the saints the manifold wisdom of God; (Eph. iii. 10.) and they watch and wait on the Holy Spirit, and on his possession, to carry the soul into the blessed enjoyment of God's eternal love, which is the bosom of Abraham, and of all his seed. Thus departs the heaven-born soul, enrobed with it's wedding garment, decked and adorned with every needful grace; furnished with all essential truth, anointed with the oil of joy, and perfumed with the odour of the grand oblation: this is the death of the righteous, and this is the bride adorned for her husband.

Now, if my dear son considers these few scraps that I have written, the soul departed in its regenerate and renewed state, and with all the divine endowments of its mental powers; the wedding robe of the Saviour on it, and the Holy Spirit and his work in it; the canopy of atoning blood over it, and every grace in vigour and lively exercise, reigning through righteousness to eternal life, and just ready to blaze forth in eternal glory; there is little room left for grief. Your sister can laugh, think, talk, sing, rejoice, exult, and triumph even now, better than ever she could. Moses on the mount of transfiguration could talk though without a body, as well as Elijah who had one, so that Peter and John could hear them and understand them too, (Luke ix. 31.) for "they spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." We shall be as the angels; for, though they are spirits, yet they talk and sing too, Luke ii. 13.

Your sister's remains are still with us, and it is but a small part that she has left behind; and it is the will of God that no part of his saints, which are the work of God's own hands, should be lost; no, there shall not an hair of their head perish, for these are all numbered. Sin, which is the work of the devil, shall be destroyed, for Christ was manifest in the flesh to do this. But as for the body, that is left to rest in hope till the angel's trump, and the voice of the Son of God shall awaken it; then it shall be quickened, and be brought up again from the depths of the earth, Psalm lxxi. 20. The same Spirit that comforted her at her departure, shall quicken her mortal body, and change it, and fashion it like unto the glorious body of Christ, and as such reunite it to the departed soul: so that Christ will lose no part of his purchased possession. The Lord is ascended "far above all heavens, that he might fill all things," Eph. iv. 10. Grace is our treasure, but in this life there is not one grace that has a perfect fulness in it; there is a deficiency, a something wanting in every one; and hence proceed our hungerings and thirstings after more light, more life, more knowledge, more love, more joy, &c; for none of these in our present state are full; but "the pure in heart shall see God." This will be the beatific vision, and it will be an assimilating and transforming of us into the image of the second Adam; and then we shall confess that the following, as well as every other truth, is settled in heaven. "I lead in the way of



righteousness, that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures," Prov. viii. 20, 21. And this every heaven-born soul feels, which finishes its course with joy, for God shines resplendent upon it, which is "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," 2 Cor. iv. 6. Unbeclouded light, unchangeable love, and the fulness of joy in their perfection, are peculiar to the higher world. Hence, when the soul is indulged with God's smiling presence at its departure, it struggles to quit the body of death, and the obscuring vail of ignorance, dreading the dismal gloom, and the returning works and warrings of inbred corruption. And, if our graces of love, hope, and joy, even in this life, are admitted within the vail, we need not wonder at their superabounding life and vigour, when on the verge of their native country, and when animated with the glories of their own climate.

My dear friend, adieu! The good Lord furnish thee with patience and submission to his sovereign will and pleasure in this separation. And I do most sincerely bless, praise, and adore my most benign, reverend, and revered Father in Christ, for his great condescension in making use of so mean and so despicable an instrument as myself to be an ambassador of salvation and peace, both to her and to you. To God only be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end, Amen and Amen.

W. H. S. S.