

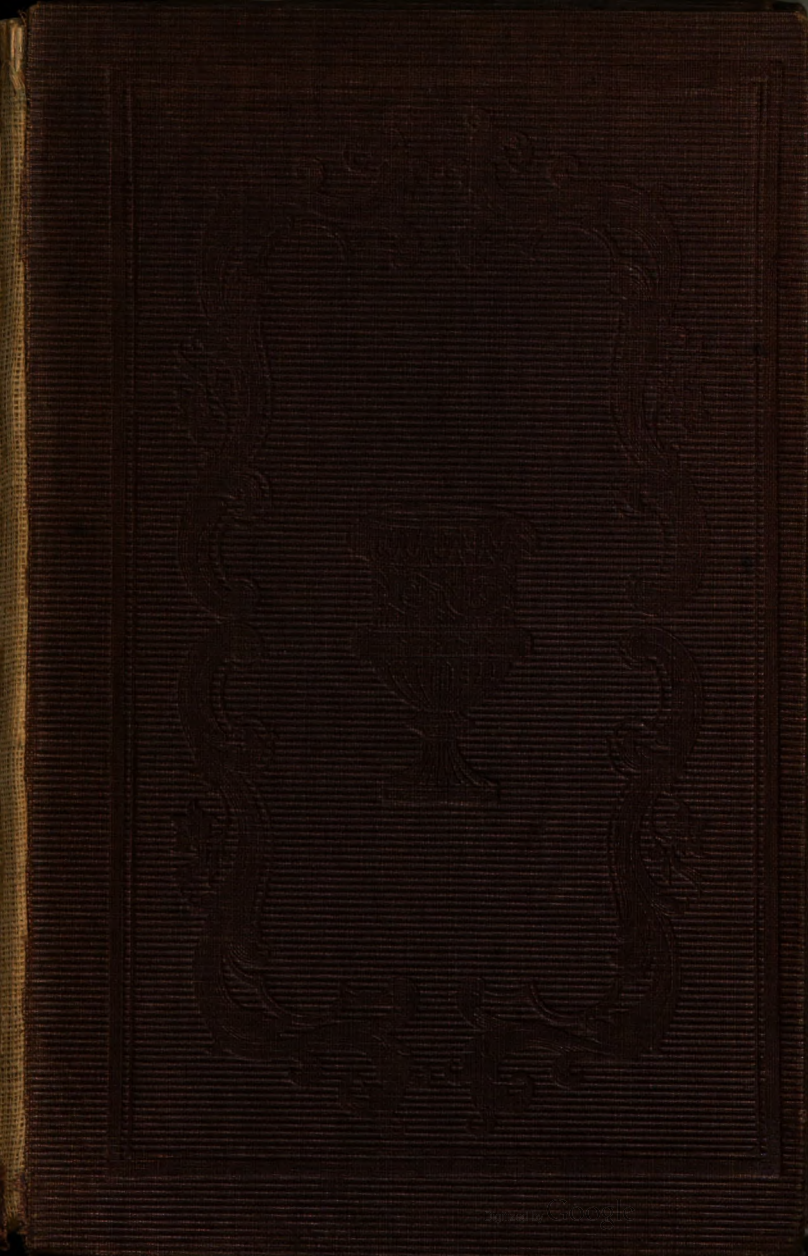
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**SELECT LETTERS**

**OF**

**MRS. AGNES BULMER.**



# SELECT LETTERS

OF

## MRS. AGNES BULMER,

AUTHOR OF MESSIAH'S KINGDOM, &c.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES :

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

LONDON :

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following Letters require but little introduction. Of the admirable and lamented writer two memoirs are already before the public: the one, compiled by her own sister, in a separate volume; the other, contributed to the biographical department of the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine for October, 1840, by the eldest daughter of the late Dr. Adam Clarke, Mrs. Bulmer's early and faithful friend. From these accounts it will be sufficient to transcribe a few leading particulars of her personal history.

She was honoured in truly Christian parents;—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Collinson, of London;—who were equally allied, like most of the first followers of Mr. Wesley, to the established Church of England, and to the Society of “people called Methodists,” which had then recently grown up in its bosom. The one they esteemed reverend for its age, and its ancient achievements in the service of Pro-

testant truth; while, in the same temper, and under the same heavenly teaching, they rejoiced in the greatly superior purity, vigour and elasticity of spirit, which marked at least the childhood of the other. Agnes, their third daughter, inherited, along with their fidelity to the former connexion, their deep sense of extraordinary obligation to the system, which was at first supplementary to the parent church, but was forced by events, without the loss of one catholic or congenial principle, into a position of friendly independence. Early led to the Cross of her Lord, both as the refuge of her faith, and the altar of her grateful vows, she availed herself, from the commencement to the close of her religious course, of the blessed aids and associations of that system. She received her first token of Methodist membership from the hands of its venerable Evangelist, just ere the staff of a superior and extraordinary pastorate dropped from their grasp; a circumstance which she could never recall but with emphatic pleasure. For upwards of thirty of the maturest years of her life, she sustained the private and subordinate charge of a small *class* of Christian females. It is proper to add, that, as Methodism began to

adopt a scriptural organization, and collected its converts into a circle of churches more conformable to the primitive order, Mrs. Bulmer stately worshipped and communicated in its sanctuaries;\* there proving, more powerfully than in any private means, the benefit of a holy and praying companionship; and openly, in the very sunshine of a thousand sabbaths, professing her preferences and her gratitude. To its pastor-teachers she yielded an affectionate and confiding submission: her faith found repose, and her joy sustenance, in their sound doctrine; while her strong and instructed understanding perceived the proofs of their DIVINE CALL, in their possession, *not only* of established piety, the deposit of saving truth, or a rapid harvest of souls,—nor only, on the other hand, of a resistless impulse to “give themselves wholly to these things,” or of special and comprehensive acquirements “for the perfecting of the saints,” or of an episcopal or presbyterian ordination,—but, to God’s glory be it spoken, of an incontrovertible union of them all. Such, at least, she knew to be the *theory* of a valid ministry common, in the main, to

See Note A, page xxxii.

the Episcopalian and the Methodist communions; and with the latter, from its vigorous administrative system, much more than a theory: though no one could be more sensitive to the sad consequences sometimes arising from a careless or a defective enforcement, in the one case, of the spiritual, or, in the other, of the *educational*, part of the sacred test. On these subjects Mrs. Bulmer reflected and felt deeply; and the result was, that, recognising in the actual ministry of Methodism those complex operations of the Holy Spirit, which the standards of the elder church so impressively acknowledge, she made her choice accordingly. Of Mr. Wesley's "preachers," (as high Churchmen, and levelling Methodists, and many others of us from mere habit, absurdly persist in calling them,) she "so accounted as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." Random religionists, and teachers more covetous of popularity for their names, than of influence for their office and their Master, may trifle with the *true* doctrine of the ministerial institution, until perverse and violent applications of a principle palpably scriptural have transformed us into a nation of papists,

and, by speedy consequence, of secret and practical infidels: \* but “not so” had she, whom these pages commemorate, “learned Christ.” She was of those who believe the Bible, and obey it; she drew thence the principle of a separated, pastoral, learned, and godly ministry,—the central principle of every pure church; and where she found this principle most effectually guarded by discipline, and honoured in practice, there she fixed her choice, and waited for God and His salvation. We have a reason for writing it; she “gave her own self to the Lord, and unto us,” as we humbly believe, “by the will of God.”—Still, as her *principles* would have abhorred the idea of belonging to a part, and not to the whole, of the “one body” of Christ, as though “Christ” could be “divided;” so neither would her just *prejudices* have brooked the taunt of having excluded herself, even visibly, from that particular court of the Christian temple, at whose laver, if we mistake not, her very infancy had been sanctified to God. † With

\* See Note B, page xxxv.

† Since writing this, I have been informed, that Mr. Wesley baptized her privately; of course, as a presbyter of the English church,—not as the head of a

a "steadfast continuance in the teaching and fellowship" of Methodism, she combined a quenchless love for the formularies and institutions of the established Church,—especially those which are woven into the complete and authentic system of the former; and in many of the best members of both communions she found intimate and honoured associates. These

body of separatists from it, which he never allowed that he was. Baptism, however, and the Lord's supper are the signs, not of a denominational, but of a catholic, faith and fellowship. By whomsoever the first is properly administered, it is a baptism, not into John Calvin or John Huss, Luther or Wesley, Knox or Cranmer, but "into Christ." And wherever we duly and devoutly communicate, our communion is, *not* with some particular assembly or section of the saints, *as holding certain distinctive views* of the gospel-testimony,—no ! but with "the blessed company of all faithful people," who rely for righteousness and salvation on that vital Sacrifice of the Cross, symbolized by the broken bread and forth-poured wine, of which we are "all partakers." With such views of the sacraments, we may be supposed to have referred to Agnes Collinson's baptism under particular forms, simply in explanation of an early attachment; or, at most, in accommodation to a very general conception of *propriety*, according to which, the ministry employed by the parents of any party in that initiatory rite determines, ordinarily, his or her immediate church-connexion in after-life. Mrs. Bulmer's connexion with the church of her fathers, though importantly modified, was, to her own feeling, indissoluble.

twin-attachments, the evidences of her spirit's full baptism and birth into the spirit of Mr. Wesley, are noticed thus particularly, not merely from a regard to biographical justice, but from our knowledge of their influence on her whole character. They showed themselves, particularly, in the cast and habit of her devotion;—a devotion at once contemplative, intelligent, and impassioned; while unconstrained, orderly, and reverential; and having no more sympathy with the mysticism, which abjures the legitimate forms and functions of Christ's religion—or the spirit, all tumult and license, which merely supplants them by a rude externalism and routine of its own—than with that credulous and carnal *perversion* of a Hallowed Ritual, (mixed up with redundancies of observance both ridiculous and corrupt, and theories of office known only to a Christian mythology,) which the learned barbarism of "the times" is moving heaven and earth to revive. Abhorrent of these wild extremes, which are necessarily intolerant towards each other, Mrs. Bulmer's was the old and catholic Christianity; catholic in its belief and practice, and consequently in its temper, firm to the "one faith," and



not less to the "one baptism," of the gospel, and therefore cordial towards all who hold by the same saving doctrine, and the same simple ordinances. She would have gloried, almost equally, in being called a true child of the true Church of England, an inheritor both of the mantle and the spirit of a collateral Nonconforming ancestry,\* or, in equivalent terms, a thorough Wesleyan Methodist. She was a *Methodist*, we repeat, and no Mystic; yet, not of the school of unspiritual Methodists, which skulked forth from the cloisters of Oxford in the fourth decade of the present century, but of that of *Wesleyan* Methodists, which sprang up, remarkably enough, on the same spot, at a corresponding period of the last. With the purest lights of the Levitical, the Pentecostal, and the Protestant era, she "worshipped the Lord in the beauty of holiness;" not with the slovenliness which marks a slothful, a wayward, or an irreverent mind. With prophets, apostles, and the confessors of the Reformation, she "went unto the *altar* of God," but it was "UNTO God, her exceeding joy;" so fully was she instructed, that they "are the circumcision,

\* See Note C, page xl.

which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." Ever conforming to the Christian institute, she abode in the unity of Christ's mystical body;\* ever improving its privileges, she grew in knowledge, and piety, and love, and thus experienced the unity of Christ's Spirit. In a word, "after the way which" Popery, on the one hand, and a motley and multitudinous religious libertinism, on the other hand, "call heresy, so worshipped she the God of her fathers." Would God, that the example of "her order, and the steadfastness of her faith in Christ," might not be exhibited in vain! "O send out Thy light and Thy truth," in these darker days of a bright dispensation; "let them bring" Thy bewildered people, as of old, "to Thy tabernacles" and ordinances, and there reveal to us Thy presence and power! †

Little remains for mere narrative to record. Though often agitated by the anxieties of those she loved, and fully realizing her connexion with Christ's Cause in its whole circumference and range, our deceased friend encountered nothing of the romantic

\* See Note D, page xlv. † See Note E, page 1.

or remarkable in private life. The flow of her fortunes was deep, broad, and freshening, but, with few breaks or eddies, placid, as that of her familiar musings and affections. But, then, no mind was ever constituted, probably, with a more exquisite sense of the charms of earthly life and love; the more so, and not the less, in her case, after that, "pure in heart," she learned to "see God" in all things: and the sense of pain was proportionately keen and agonizing, as often as vicissitude cast its shadow, and death its blight, over the frailer objects of her endearment. In her eighteenth year, she was married to the late Mr. Bulmer, of London, a man of singularly cordial, transparent, and attaching character. He died almost "in his full strength;" and she mourned for him, (always beneath the Mercy-seat, and never without abundant consolation,) till summoned to rejoin him in the skies. After twenty-nine years of happy wedlock, and fourteen of "widowhood *indeed*," she entered into rest on the 30th day of August, 1836, in the sixty-first year of her age.

Could the gatherer of these hasty recollections command leisure, amidst the duties

of a most absorbing charge, for the task of portraying one of the fairest characters he has known, still would he feel it an absurd presumption to do more than point to the portrait, at once forcible and graceful, which enriches the Methodist Magazine. He has, indeed, a rather strong conviction, that so much of the elaboration of a memoir, as is bestowed on an analysis of the mental and moral *constitution* of its subject, is, in most cases, unavailing to its end. Without speculating on motives, he may safely pronounce, that the effect of this species of composition is rather to display the rhetorical tact, or, at best, the amiable partialities, of the eulogist, than to commend the excellences he is at so much pains to set forth to the sympathy and emulation of the mass. We admire the genius or virtue of the living, instead of participating as he expects in *his* admiration of the dead. Many a man, in tracing the social and intellectual qualities of his friend, has almost saved some future biographer the labour of delineating his own. Neither does the temptation, in such a task, to justify his personal preferences, or else his taste in the choice of a subject for monumental

sculpture, by embodying in its chiselled features much more than a strict resemblance would warrant of the *ideal* of moral beauty, escape the satire of acute minds. It has been remarked by one,\* himself a master in the philosophy of character, and equally in the art of developing it, that "it is not unusual to ascribe to departed friends such a set of balanced and contrasted qualities, as seldom co-exist but in words." By most readers of this introduction, then, though by none who enjoyed Mrs. Bulmer's intimacy, we should be suspected of the artistic and extravagant in description,—should we speak, with her image in our minds, of tenderness, combined with rare dignity and strength, of character; of a masculine robustness of intellect, with none of the affectation of masculine manners; of high poetic susceptibility, (more than of invention, or power,) with an undivided "passion for truth," a very contempt for romance, a

\* I refer to my esteemed friend, and chief minister, the Rev. Isaac Keeling; the author, I may just say, of three or more published sermons, in which the most powerful and solemn conceptions of divine truth are clothed in language worthy of themselves, and often wonderfully impressive.

sedate, philosophic habit of thought, accurate and eclectic information, and a consummate practical judgment. More credibly might we illustrate, in her personal Christianity, enthusiasm without fanaticism in devotion; activity without pretension in virtue; daily, hourly delight in God, in His Incarnate Son, in the truths and treasures of His grace,—intensified, and not diminished, by more than a poet's or philosopher's love for "everything," in the economy of nature, man, and mind, which "He hath made beautiful in its season;" an union of awe and joy in His presence, but especially in the contemplation of the Atoning Cross, which fixed its expression in her often suffused and irradiated features, and gave an almost seraphic accent to the language of her piety; and, once more, in her administrations of counsel, her exercises of sympathy, and her management, remarkably, of the young, a benignity, a tact, a wisdom, a bewitching softness of address, an indubitable interest about the object, and an unwavering reference, in every case, to spiritual ends and principles, such as we have never seen surpassed, and not often successfully emulated. *Heu! quantò minus est cum reliquis versari, quàm tui meminisse!*

Another reason why we should refrain from the attempt, though it were less of a literary art, to expand these notices even of her religious character, shall be stated with humility and respect. The useful effect of all such posthumous commendation should surely be looked for, not only in a notable increase of piety and intelligence, in an era rich, if biography is to be believed, in models of both,—but, further, in a candid and honourable appreciation among Christians of each other's *living* worth, and an abounding of brotherly love. Now, we would not violate the charity which we recommend; but we are constrained to ask, what considerable influence does all the moral portrait-painting and panegyric in all the memoirs and funeral sermons of the day exert over the actual temper and intercourse even of Christian society? To what extent does it avail to recall our affectionate attention to the hundreds of gifted and good men, who yet survive to the church; to make us “glorify God in” their gifts and goodness, though sensibly superior to our own; to soften the less agreeable impression of their foibles, or their differences in sentiment from ourselves; to curb the freedom of newspaper and of tea-table criticism;

and to put down, in plain terms, misjudgments, jealousies, and evil-speaking? Not much, we suspect; and yet, what sense, or what grace, is there in blinding ourselves to the charms of an embodied and breathing virtue all around us, and even doing what we may to countervail the influence of holy men and ministers, in the world where only it can "serve their generation," and then raising them at death into demi-gods? It is to "build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous;" instead of cherishing their honour, dear to them as their life, while yet that life is prolonged. We of the Wesleyan community read with eagerness, and receive with more of respectful credence than of nice criticism, the testimonies, with which our Magazine teems monthly, to departed amiableness and excellence; and I may remark, in passing, that of the many *eminently* excellent persons, whom it has been my own privilege to approach, *every one* has been distinguished by the habit of very sparing allusion to the personal faults of his brethren, and equally to his own attainments in piety. But are we not sensible, that the ever-living Lord of the church has "left unto us," amidst the havoc of mor-



tality, "a very" large "remnant" of faithful and well-endowed witnesses of His truth and power,—unconfined to any rank in society, or any denomination of evangelical believers,—whom, when they are "put far from" us, we shall be just as eager to eulogize and bewail? And shall the virtues of the righteous never "shine" to our eye, except "as stars" amidst the gloom of the grave? Or shall not rather their "path" be welcomed, long ere "the night cometh," as that of "the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day?" For consistency's sake, for Christ's sake, for the sake of the world,—which will never be "persuaded" or saved, until *His* presence shall be recognised, yea, and proclaimed, by His own people in the patterns and principles of a true Christianity, however variously embodied,—by all that is Christ-like and catholic, sanctified and just, let us love and honour the living church; set ourselves to *promote* the social estimation, and (as far as consists with scriptural order and a comprehensive and ultimate utility) the ecclesiastical influence, of its members, especially its ministry,—and not, by diminishing either, to hinder the work of God in their hands; pity blinded and bigoted good

men, and refuse to follow their example, *even in reference to themselves*; and every where, by the breath of prayer and blessing, disperse the pestilence of prejudice and detraction!

Much doubting the general utility of elaborate mental portraiture, we admit the force of numerous exceptions. To minds cast in a contemplative mould, and addicted to sacred generalization, the faith of the Gospel, and the grace of God's Blessed Spirit, as they are seen to operate through every diversity of taste, temperament, and intellectual conformation, as well as of circumstances, and of culture, are both a strengthening and a genial study. With a larger class of memoir-readers, it is less a sacrifice of self-complacency than a contribution to their pious enjoyment, to have distinctly drawn out to their view the hidden elements and harmonies of an approved *spiritual character*, which they were scarcely able to have analyzed for themselves. Of the rest—facts, experience, personal record, striking instances of Providential interposition, and all that belongs, properly speaking, to the *biography* of the subject—it is needless to say, that it is ever popular, and, when clear from the jargon of sects,

ever profitable, with the multitude of Christians. May "times" and tastes never be so far "changed," as that we shall cease to "mark them, which have walked so as we have" apostles and their Lord "for examples!" Agnes Bulmer was early a devout student and copyist both of Old\* and New Testament models; and became, in her own order, an illustrious "pattern to the believers," we trust, for generations to come. To those, whom a desire to profit may dispose to acquaint themselves further with her habits and history, we again recommend, in connection with her sister's narrative, the character so finely developed by her friend.†

The following selections from a rather voluminous correspondence exhibit much of the amiable, cultivated, and devout mind of the writer; though they do not pretend to afford a fair specimen of its thinking power. It possessed the noblest of all powers, that of controlling and economizing its own energies; and was really too conscientious to expend them prodigally, in

\* The first published essay of her pen was a series of personal sketches from the Old Testament.

† Vide Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine for October, 1840.

an age all action and stir, on either the substance or the finish of a friendly letter. There is little in the private occasions, or quiet impulses, of ordinary letter-writing to draw forth the fulness of any intellect that is swayed by its moral obligations. In such respects, a correspondence even which is purposely sentimental, and perhaps engagingly instructive, bears a very different relation to usefulness from that which may be assigned to the personal contact of society. The latter, well-chosen, or well-controlled, presents at once a larger demand on moral energy, and a more powerful stimulant to it; the greater number and diversity of minds thus placed within mutual attraction,—or, if they be but two, the liberty of rapid question, answer, and discussion exchanged between them,—eliciting more of anxiety for truth, and more of effort to inform or persuade. We do not think that the talent of conversation, as it is called, is either cultivated or valued sufficiently by the generality of religious people. The fire-side circle was considered by our late accomplished friend as one department of *Christian opportunity*; and, certainly, in the art of animating and sanctifying its intercourses, her knowledge, benevolence,

and almost instinctive regard to God and heavenly things, rendered her, if not incomparable, pre-eminent. So richly was "the grace of God with" her, that few, we verily believe, were the "idle words" which she *ever* "spoke,"—few the social moments which she was not intent on filling up with improving communication. To fall in with her will in this matter was the condition of her regard. The only approach to an oppressed or pleasureless feeling, which we have at any time experienced in her company, has arisen from a positive over-tension of mind, (already wearied with exertions of a different sort,) in being forced to follow *hers* through its severest investigating processes, and to answer its demand, made with resistless gentleness and insinuation, for sympathy and assistance. She was formed for all society, except that of the frivolous and the romantic; and by all save these must her superiority, and still her charm, have been confessed. Any one occasion of friendly meeting would be sure to reveal to her nearest intelligent companion, though not previously acquainted with her, a keen, irrepressible, and, if we might so say, passionate intellectuality; a thirst for *all truth*, fully as evident as was her pleasure

in imparting what she had already apprehended of its facts and principles ; a surprising copiousness and saliency of thought on any question which *incidentally* excited it ; a range of information, which carried her at once into the details, far beyond most with whom she conversed ; and then, on religious subjects, a perfect sublimity of feeling, an adoring piety, and a manner even in speaking of the present God, as if every breath were incense, and every utterance an act of worship, or of consecration. These qualities, it is no more than truth to add, were set off by a most feminine delicacy of sentiment, yet suavity and charmingness of demeanour ; by a cheerfulness, soft, quiet, and lambent as the fire-shine on the hearth around which we met her ; by as much ease in descending to the sphere of general conversation, as in presently enchanting every spirit within the spell of that circle to her own ethereal region ; and by the utmost shrinking, in practice and in taste, from all the airs and annoyances of a teaching or a talking female. There was also a wise avoidance, at such seasons, of certain sacred topics and technicalities, and, much more, of those deeply solemn inquiries and con-

fessions, which are rather suitable to a class-meeting, or a pastoral examination for the Lord's table, than to an occasion of Christian sociality. On these points, the quotation of her biographer is most apt:—"She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness."—The plastic power of companionship upon the hearts and habits, especially of confiding youth, can scarcely be too gravely estimated. Can too much be said, then, of the blessing of a virtuous and *superior* companionship? It is the better part of education; and, in its contact even with adult and independent mind, one of the most powerful, if least sensible, agents, secondary to the teaching and reading of God's holy word, in compacting and purifying society. Economically viewed, it is an invaluable form of public beneficence; religiously, a subject of solemn responsibility to those who possess the qualities and the influence of which its charm is woven; personally, a claim, than which intellect, and goodness, and old acquaintance, all hallowing the homestead of our childhood, can establish none more enduring on our gratitude and love. In this line of duty, our late dear friend,

sustained and taught of God, signally blessed, instructed, and succoured many—I may be forgiven for adding, “and myself also.” The record of her rare fidelity and usefulness in the relations of friendship is written, not on her grave-stone, as though literally “in the dust,” but, by the finger of God, on high. Their actual *impress* is left, not on the memory, frailer than that mouldering stone, of the least forgetful even of survivors,—but, perhaps insensibly, on many a superior Christian and intellectual character, which her various influence was effectual in first forming, or else re-touching and bringing nearer to perfection, and whose virtues will reflect gladness on herself, and glory on the throne of God, for ever. We can scarcely reproach ourselves with having dwelt too long on the privilege, gratefully, though with some humility, remembered, of Mrs. Bulmer’s personal intercourse. Of her correspondence, on the other hand,—which threw its light and beautiful chain-work across the wide chasms in that intercourse,—less need not be admitted than is true of the published correspondence of *most* highly-gifted persons. Carried on without either the scope or the excitements of society, and with not a dream, probably,



of publication,—it cannot reasonably be *studied* by the curious, whether in composition, or in mental anatomy; while by the inquiring it will be perused with instruction, and by the instructed with pleasure. Critically even, its *style* of expression and of thought, (though the former is chargeable with redundancy,) will present an evidence, not of the full power of the writer in any other department of authorship, but of a talent, which none less gifted than she could have brought even to this. It has, besides, the advantage over conversation, though of the high order of Mrs. Bulmer's, that it is susceptible of a permanent form: and, as she literally *lived* for God, and seldom trifled with her lips or her pen, the productions of her heart and understanding, in their least quickened state, can scarcely be unworthy of record. On a second and third review of the letters in this little volume, we have been more and more impressed with them, for ourselves, as being beautifully and characteristically written. It should be remembered, moreover, that they form but a small portion of her preserved correspondence,—of which her own sister, and earliest biographer, had natu-

rally the first choice of specimens,—and will be perused to most advantage, as a sequel to Mrs. Collinson's and Mrs. Rowley's Memoirs, and to her own literary remains.\* In conclusion, if these Letters be read in sympathy with the fine spirit of friendship, and the earnest and intelligent piety, which pervade them, the true Christian taste of the lady, who has been at much pains to collect and prepare them for the public eye,† will be gratefully acknowledged,—and the blessing of God, often invoked on her design, will render them useful far beyond any forethought of the now sainted writer.

WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

HIGHGATE-RISE, NEAR LONDON,

*January 7th, 1842.*

\* These are, independently of her contributions to the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, and the Youth's Instructor, "The History of David;" "Messiah's Kingdom, a Poem;" "Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Mortimer;" and "Scripture-Histories," in three volumes.

† Mrs. James Wood, of Grove-House, near Manchester,—Mrs. Bulmer's, and my own, valued friend. Her permission has not been asked for this note, simply because I knew it would be refused,—and I am apt to consider justice as above every other kind of propriety.

Little besides the affection of one survivor will be gratified by our subjoining the following

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY VARIOUS OBJECTS SEEN FROM  
THE WINDOW OF THE CHAMBER, AT RYDE,  
IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE MRS. BUL-  
MER DIED.

WATERS AT REST ! I deem your rest a token  
Of *hers*, whose death hath strangely charmed your  
shore,—  
The hush of many storms that went before :  
But hers shall ne'er again, like yours, be broken ;  
For in the world, of which rapt seers have spoken,  
The element of storms is known no more.\*

GARDENS IN BLOOM ! your bloom's the type of bliss ;  
And who doth not account of greater worth  
Spring after winter, Eden after earth ?  
*That* once she loved, and now she wakes to this :  
—Ah ! spring-flowers fade at summer's first fond kiss,  
But not the crowns that graced *her* heavenly birth.

\* "I saw—a new earth ; and there was no more sea."

WAR-SHIPS IN PORT ! ye tell of triumphs won,  
 Trophies brought home, and honours well maintained ;  
 But O, what nobler victories *she* gained  
 Beneath the banner-cross of God's Own Son !  
 She fought her last foe *here*,—nor knew him one,\*  
 Conquering ere sword were grasped, or armour stained !

BEACONS AT MORN ! your fires have ceased their glow,  
 (Night past, and self-revealed the varied shore,)  
 To be re-kindled,—till the waves, that wore  
 Old Pharos' tower, *your own last wrecks* o'erflow !  
 But *her* long-faithful light, when quenched below,  
 Became a star, and shines for evermore.

And diedst thou here, my friend ? With one accord,  
 All things around me seem to give some sign  
 Of the high import of that death of thine,—  
 Of peace, of joy, of conquest, of reward :  
 Blest Bethany ! for hence again the Lord  
 Ascended, with His saint ; O, were to follow mine !  
 May, 1837. W. M. B.

\* She passed away so suddenly, as to be spared all sense of the presence of death, (which she had long anticipated with awe,) almost till the moment when it was "swallowed up in victory."

## NOTES.

## NOTE A.—PAGE VII.

SACRAMENTAL COMMUNION IN WESLEYAN METHODIST  
CHAPELS.

IN commending our friend's practice on this point, we encounter, not unwillingly, the question of the *authority* of non-episcopal, or rather non-episcopalian, ministrations. This question the logic of "high-churchmanship" has entangled with another,—that of the *efficacy*, or inefficacy, of the ordinances in particular hands. We will separate the two questions, for a moment, and join issue with our assailants on both. On the first, we affirm, that the ministry which they refuse to own is, (putting out of view some of the smaller sects,) literally, and in every circumstance, scriptural; and we have collected its credentials in a single sentence of the text. When one word of inspiration can be quoted against the theory of these orders, it will be quite time enough to re-examine it. But we say more. The distinctive claim of high-churchmanship—which, if valid, would enervate the *entire* claim of every minister not Episcopally accredited—is utterly unscriptural and antichristian; being built on the fearful falsehood of a right to minister, *wholly independent of personal and pastoral qualification*. Against an assumption so founded, the Word of Christ is our one rock of defence; and nothing would tempt us to forsake it for less lofty ground. We confess our complete indifference to the *historical* argument for or against "the

Succession." What is it practically worth, when, to make it bear, every poor plough-boy and factory-child in the kingdom must either, by dint of learning like Mr. Palmer's or Mr. Powell's, ascertain the apostolical pedigree of his teacher, or remain *unsure* of his salvation? If, indeed, men will put aside the Scriptures, so mightily wielded by the last-named writer, and suspend either claim or hope on some twig of a genealogical tree, Mr. Powell, and a host of writers besides him, have made the demonstration from history but too contemptuously complete. But, were that demonstration all in favour of an unbroken regular succession, instead of being all against it, what then? we should still abide by the apostles' doctrine, demand proofs of personal Christianity in every Christian minister, and only blush at the heraldry of sacrilege. In an *actual* and widely ramified succession of faithless church-functionaries and false teachers, from the beginning to the present, we perfectly believe,—and can almost trace it to "*One of the Twelve.*" And when we hear of men in orders, who, rather than forego a nominal apostolicity, would carry on and perpetuate this line of huge delinquents, and would consign all who stand aghast at such madness to the doom of Heathenism, we wonder if the words of a Heathen never come into their minds, as an apt summary of the boasted "Succession:"—

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore!*

But is this the apostolic ministry? Belongs this polluted line—marking but the trail of the serpent among the bowers of Eden—belongs it to the evan-

gical and true Church of England, or to any Church on earth? Heaven forbid! It is not, and never was, of the Church, or "of God," but of the world, and "of that wicked one:" while the DIVINE ORDER of "blameless" and "faithful" pastors belongs to all branches of the gospel-church, and has equal authority in all to edify. The continuous orderly succession of *such* ministers to the end of time, as the fittest means of transmitting the true faith, was unquestionably the will of Christ in the beginning; even as it was His will, that all, to whom they ministered, should believe and be blest eternally. But, *requiring and implying piety in every instance*,—for "a bishop *must* be blameless," and much besides,—that succession was not, and, except by an interference with free agency, which these Oxford haters of Genevan divinity would be horrified to imagine, *COULD NOT BE, predestinated, or ensured*, or made necessary to the ministerial institution. We can find no *prediction*, even, of its unbroken continuity, in however attenuated or oblique a line; the *fact* no man can thread out, amidst the labyrinths of rival and corrupt successions; and, if he could, it has no more to do with the comfort or salvation of the church of God, than the unsolved problem of St. Peter's episcopacy. If the hallowed lineage ever fail, He, with whom "ALL power" remains, can, by His extraordinary gifts and calling, initiate a new line of holy ministries and ordinations, more perfectly conformable to His own Canon than many before: and thus will He revive, or preserve, His work, until the earth shall be full of His knowledge.—The other assumption of high-churchmanship on this subject,—that of the efficacy of the sacrament being absolutely dependent on the

authority of the person administering it,—is, like the one just disposed of, without an atom of support from the Scriptures. From their tenor, indeed, we infer, that the presence and blessing of Christ in His holy supper are secured, partly, by the *office* of His own appointed servant ; but, much more, by the personal prayerfulness, the deep sense of Christ's ineffable nearness in the ordinance, the enlightened teaching on that subject, and the unassuming solemnity of administration, which mark the true man of God ; and, very much more than all, by that strong faith, in the well-instructed *receiver* of the symbol, by which he “discerns the Lord's body,” and “feeds on Him, in his heart, with thanksgiving.” But, if an emergency should occur, and no ministration but what is known to be unspiritual, and therefore unauthorized, can be had, still, the sacrament and THE SAVIOUR being there, the duty of communicating would remain ; and we solemnly believe, the sinning minister could not restrain the blessing ! Sinning ministers there *are*—men who sin by being ministers at all ; and it would better become them to confess their own crime before the Cross, than to labour idly to denude the acts of others, in that most pastoral ordinance, of their authority, or their virtue.

NOTE B.—PAGE IX.

LOW RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES THE PROVOCATIVE OF  
ULTRA-CHURCHISM.

PUSEYISM, as it is called, (though its proper denomination would be Anglo-Popery,) is, both



historically and naturally, the re-action of Liberalism in religion; and never are the emissaries of the former so successful, as in exposing the coarser features, and often frantic movements, of the latter. Thus the current threatens to set in, even among our laity in refined life, in the direction of formalism and exclusiveness. And, presently, the recoil of free minds from *detected* priestcraft and pretension will hurry them back, unless arrested and preserved by God's good Spirit in the middle path of truth, *beyond* the freethinking, into the infidel and profligate, extreme. This worst result has been precipitated, among multitudes in the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, by the very liberalism of which we speak. It has been promoted, undesignedly, but too surely, by loose sentiments and communications in other than Socialist or Socinian circles; by the lightness, not to say scepticism, with which many good men, and some good ministers, have been betrayed into treating certain *parts* of the plain "counsel of God;" by their opposing high-church assumptions with low-church, or rather no-church, witticisms; by their crying down every principle or claim, which the Anglo-Popish fanatics have ever tampered with, as itself a figment of Popery; by their actually deriding "the notion of" any thing like "sacramental efficacy," of any covenant-grace connected with the covenant-vows of baptism, of any "communication of the body of Christ" in the breaking of bread, of any Scripture-law of the Ministry, of any Scripture-platform of Church-government; by their inventing, or timidly conniving at, a hundred substitutes, which we only want room to name, for God's "known way upon earth" of

“governing nations,” of reforming the vicious, of educating the young, or of stimulating or extending religious societies ; or, to sum up all, by their manifesting that facility and fearlessness in “breaking” what they have come to consider Christ’s “least commandments,” and even “teaching men so,”—which might well induce, though it could not justify, men’s more general misgivings as to the applicability or the stringency of His law on other, and indeed on all, questions. It pains us to believe that the church, in some of its sections, has thus become deeply responsible for the growing irreligiousness of the nation. The progress from ecclesiastical to moral lawlessness is no fantasy. Any open and prevailing disparagement of the solemn assemblies, and the precious covenant-seals, of Christianity will lead on a gradual depreciation and abuse of the Christian Sabbath, set apart chiefly for public ministration and communion :—any general success in levelling the pulpit, or forcing unqualified persons into it, will soon seem to warrant similar freedoms with the Scriptures themselves ; which are not more truly God’s Word than, to quote its own language, wise and faithful pastors are *His men*, the chosen “men of God :”—and, in short, one ruin will entomb, or one firm compact of fidelity and prayer preserve, those forms and observances of religion which fence in the professing church, and those which morally bind society at large. And why ? Because they rest, *and are popularly felt* to rest, on just the same authority ; are adapted to the same mixed constitution, and the same imperfect condition, of men’s minds ; and stand equally connected with the promise and blessing of God. Of the tendency.

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of disrespect for the one class of "holy things" to beget a similar sentiment towards the other, melancholy evidence might be drawn from the practice of some sections of religious society,—did we not shrink from offering needless animadversion and offence. But a single sentence in the historian's account of the enthusiast Fox very quietly illustrates that tendency. "Having reached that pitch of perfection as to need no other book" than the Bible, (and no means of understanding it but what he professed to find in "his own breast,") "he soon advanced to another state of spiritual progress, and began to pay less regard even to that Divine Composition itself." The historian was an infidel; but what a calamity, that infidels should have such facts to make their own use of! In our belief, George Fox was as surely commissioned and moved, at the outset of his course, to bear "testimony" for the long-lost RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT as afterwards was John Wesley; and, for a time, that Spirit gave testimony to so much of His own word as was taught by Fox and his followers. Much of heavenly, as well as of social, excellence is still found in members of this extra-ecclesiastical sect; and we hail the recent revival of evangelic doctrine among them, with all its important results. But we ask, whether has the piety which, from the first, detached itself from nearly the whole *System* of the New Testament,—or that which commenced, and has hitherto steadily proceeded, with the use of its anointed agencies,—proved the more effectual conservator of the *spirituality*, life, and holiness, of the church, or the greater blessing to our country and the world? Whether has the saving truth of Christ,

of Christ our "wisdom" through His word, our "righteousness" through His sacrifice, and our "sanctification" through faith in both, been better preserved, propagated, and *brought to bear* upon the souls of men, by that misty and broken outline of Christianity which we hesitate to name,—or by the ministry, the sacraments, the "spiritual songs," the set prayers, the many social means of grace, and the ten thousand actual "manifestations of the Spirit," which have marked a century of Methodism? We will not pursue a passing comparison; but—just asking our Methodist brethren often to review their own "Church-principles," as they are so admirably exhibited by the Rev. Alfred Barrett in the Magazine for March, 1841—we return, for an instant, to the *positive* and *extreme* mischiefs of the popular form of error. Against the laxity, which, rather than the rigidity, of our religious views and practice, has, for many past years, tended to dechristianize the British nation, it is *not yet* the time for true Methodism to discontinue its warning, or to leave the "strengthening" of its own "stakes" incomplete. Neither is it the time, as we humbly think, to protest against the opposite and more servile class of Church-habits in such unguarded terms, as may lead the multitude, either to confound God's wise ordinations with man's miserable abuses, or to imagine, that religious *form* is any more liable to be abused than religious *freedom* has been proved to be. We must reiterate the sentiment, that a licentious levity in regard to sacred truths and institutions, is, much more than a superstitious strictness of attachment to them, the tendency of the times in which we

live; exactly as it was of the times in which Methodism in our colleges first arose to revive both visible and spiritual devotion in our land. And we affirm, further, that the absolute GODLESSNESS, personal, political, universal, which is the known *proximate* consequence, *with the mass* of minds, of the former habit—and not even the Pharisaism, which the latter soon necessitates, fatal as it must mostly be—is the last stride of error towards ruin, and the first step over the precipice of hell.

## NOTE C.—PAGE XII.

## CATHOLICITY OF THE NONCONFORMISTS.

BOTH of the mantle and the spirit of “our Profession,” both of the sacred “form” and the essential “power of godliness,” were those glorious men regardful. And it is encouraging to know, that the worthiest of their direct descendants are so diligently tracking their steps along the open and “old paths” of church-duty, as to make it impossible, either for those, from whom they circumstantially dissent, to convict them of aught like indifference to ecclesiastical order, or for *themselves* to join the less tolerant Dissenters in a promiscuous crusade against it. We need only to refer to the careful selection and preparation of their ministry, the appearance of their whole churches at the monthly “ordinance,” their reverent decorum in the house of prayer, their heavenly psalmody, and their attention to other and minor circumstances of that outward “holiness,” which “*becometh* THE LORD’S house *for ever*.” We have even heard distinguished Dissenters expatiate on

the benefit and beauty of some of the uninspired and prudential forms peculiar to their Episcopalian or Wesleyan brethren,—such as our blessed Liturgy, and our more popularly esteemed class-meetings,—in terms which would astonish those, who have yet to learn, that great men are always just. May Methodism, while “freely giving” of its own life and light to sister-churches, never disdain, on account of any differences from them in doctrine, economy, or political procedure, to become *their* debtor in whatever God has made them hitherto to excel ; particularly, in the solemnities of public worship and ministration ! In connection with much that is impressive and efficient in externals, Orthodox Dissent has exhibited, of late years, (to any kindly watchful eye,) a great revival of manly, zealous, practical and powerful preaching ; and countless examples of an active and all-devoting piety, especially in the Missionary department, which tell us how certainly God “meets,” with the best blessings of His Spirit, “those that remember Him in the ways” of His appointment. —And *these* are the men, whom a dreaming bigotry imagines, by whole assemblies, by whole communities, along with one half of evangelical Christendom besides, cut off from the mystic body of Christ ! We will not stoop to call this uncharitable, illiberal, or the like ; it is a dream,—a college-boy’s dream,—the delusion of so many hundreds of mostly very young men, who, loose from the venerable dormitories of Oxford or Cambridge, are walking into our pulpits and through our parishes, and talking about Church-matters and divinity, in a deep sleep. If we must be serious on such a state of things,—and, alas ! we must,—the whole system

of teaching and thinking thus referred to demonstrates the absence, in those who "are going about to establish" it, not of generous feeling, but of all light, knowledge, and sound scriptural scholarship on the anxious subjects on which they pronounce. We say this with regret, and not without diffidence. No mean envy (such as is apt to whet the prejudice of rudely educated religious teachers against the clergy of the Establishment) shall prevent us from acknowledging, with respect, the superior secular attainments of many of these reverend gentlemen. In not a few, we willingly believe, that "innocency of life," and even piety of spirit, are associated with the monomania of the Uninterrupted Succession; as they have been, heretofore, with the clerical discipleship of Irving, or Swedenbourg, or the Mystics. But if a "true knowledge and understanding of God's Word" be the main branch of sacred learning, and *that* an essential part of the "complete furniture of the man of God,"—it is painfully manifest, that great numbers of men who, under cover of an erring ordination, have intruded themselves into our holy ministry, whatever may be their attainments or piety, are no more competent or called to be pastors and teachers of the Church, than are the many pious and intelligent members of their congregations, who more honourably remain in secular life; and are far *less* qualified for usefulness in other ways than any of them that are evangelically instructed. The Scriptures cannot be "wrested" on this point. And it is grievous, though, in the event, it may be good for all parties, that the Scriptural defence of our own rights of stewardship for Christ, as against *this* class of clerical assailants, *compels* us to challenge

*theirs.* Absolute ignorance of the truth to be taught is a fatal disqualification in the teacher ; and, if the men on whom "hands" have been thus "suddenly laid," understand that truth, the church, on which they so troublesomely affiliate themselves, does not. Our retort is not levelled against all who, on their part, stumble at the *regularity* of any ministry out of the supposed Succession ; for a large class of the clergy, thus far prejudiced, are reasonable on most other subjects, and, better than all, preach and live the gospel. But to expand this pitiful theory of the ministry into such a theory of the *Church*, as actually excommunicates most of those who faithfully believe and sacramentally confess Christ's truth, and embraces millions who deny the faith, and either neglect or debauch the holy Eucharist, —this is atrocious ; and would destroy any man's confidence, unless he were a poor sinful dupe, in the teacher who should attempt it ! Such teaching betrays, along with a shocking obtuseness of spiritual feeling, gross and disgraceful ignorance of the priceless value of "the faith," the real virtue of Divine ordinances, and the very nature of Gospel-religion. As to the Church of England, it compels those of us, who love and would fain find nothing but good in her, either to confess that her Articles are licentious, and her Homilies profane, or else to wonder why her *discipline* slumbers. And as to the Holy Scriptures, so explicitly do they speak on a question, which encloses the kernel of Christianity, that, unable to mystify, this teaching intrepidly contradicts them. How, according to their clear delineation, is membership in the "one body" of Christ constituted and maintained ? Everywhere, and in all ages, by the believing



acceptance, and the sacramental confession, of "THE TRUTH." "*Baptized into Christ,*" that is, into "the Church which is His body,"—inasmuch as "baptism" is the token of our own, or our parents', "faith" in the doctrine and promise of righteousness through our atoning "Lord,"—we retain our place in that church by continued avowals of the same faith, through the other and oft-recurring sacrament. For, "*because* there is one bread, we, being many, are one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread." This implies, that we join the worshipping assemblies of some portion of our fellow-believers; and place ourselves under the care of one or more of those who are authorized, as Christ's almoners, to feed us with His word and ordinance.—With such principles in our Bibles, and in our minds, we assert, on behalf of myriads besides consistent Episcopalians, the claim of a legitimate Christian churchmanship. To dream of unchurching our brethren for non-assent to the circumstantial peculiarities of a sect! It is *not possible*. They "hold the Head;" and He holds them. *All* who, in separation from an irreligious world, and acceptance of the gospel-hope, connect themselves with any branch of the great Pastorate, and stately "partake of that one bread," are in the "one body" or church of Christ; and through this fellowship, and the means and ministries which belong to it, each lives in direct communication with the Divine Head, and receives of His *richer* grace. On the contrary, those who, separately, or in any kind of religious aggregation, either renounce the faith, or neglect the prescribed public confession, of "Christ Crucified" as our only "righteousness," do not

come within the Scripture-terms of outward and economical membership in Him. Whatever relations to Christianity any or all of them may claim, they are not in "the church," or of "the body." It were vain for either one community or another to attempt a different regimen. No member of the Body *can* change the conditions or ratifications of its membership; can extend its blessings by so much as relaxing its law; or can exclude from so dear a connexion any, whom their pastors accredit as "walking according to this rule." Episcopalian or not, "grace be with them all!"

## NOTE D.—PAGE XIII.

## THE UNITY OF THE BODY.

FROM the strict and perfect definition of the rule of Christian membership, (as cited in the preceding Note,) arises the true *Unity* of the church; yes, and the necessity of its being *Visible*, as well. Let this be looked at without prejudice. The rule of membership in Christ requires *Scriptural*, though not denominational, and *Essential*, though not circumstantial, CONFORMITY. It requires, that Christ's religion be "held fast" in its revealed and published "form,"—the preached word of God; and, yet more definitely, in the very type of what is called "*the truth*," or, sometimes, with instructive significance, "the faith;"—that which all spiritual, and all inspired, men before us *have believed*;—that which, subordinating other particulars of the complete counsel of God, distinguishes and stands out in the teaching of His apostles;—that which, therefore, the faithful in all ages downward from the

apostolic, though disagreeing on the subordinate particulars, have "followed" as the essential truth. Its central doctrine is, Salvation through faith in the Atonement. That truth, again, is to be *confessed* in prescribed forms; those, namely, of the two sacraments, implying worship, public communion, and a pastoral ministry: these rites, however, being binding in no other *circumstances*, than what are expressly prescribed, or plainly necessary to the acts themselves. By this rule, therefore, essential Christian conformity (in the two points of faith and its declaration) constitutes individual membership in the church. But, if so, essential *uniformity*—the being joined to One "Head," and "knit together" in Him, by the "bands" of His own doctrine and discipline—constitutes the collective unity of the church.—Again: this unity is declared to be something actual. The Holy Ghost speaks of it much oftener than once, not as a prospective attainment, but as a known *fact*—nay, a necessary condition of the true church; and it is by the consideration of their actual unity, that He enforces on its otherwise differing members that temper of charity towards each other, in which many now-a-days seem to think that all church-unity consists. "There is"—not, there ought to be, or, there will be in millennial times, but—"there is one body;" even as there is "one Spirit"—here denoted, not in His Sacred Essence, but in His operation throughout the members, by those blessed experiences and affections which are substantially the *same* in all. The unity of Christ's body, then, (like that of the spirit, from which it is so strikingly distinguished,) is a sublime and commanding fact: and, since it cannot

consist in those charities to which it is urged as a motive,—nor, on the other hand, in that agreement about subordinate matters of faith or worship, which does *not actually* exist,—we are once more brought round to the Scriptural indication of it, as consisting in essential uniformity. It is needless to add, that such an unity is visible ; visible as is the “body” of Christ, distinctly from the viewless “spirit,”—visible as the church *must* be, to stand out from, and to act upon, the world.—By keeping to the apostolic standard on this subject, we gain much. First, we can *identify* the immediate effects of “our Gospel” in every age and place ; and can point the very eye of the world to the proofs of its “mighty growth and prevalence,” in the gathering of millions into a fellowship conformable to its own doctrine and ritual. Next, we can *convict* bigotry of a capital error, in setting up unmentioned and unworthy marks of relation to God and His covenant, in place of those which are Divine. And, thirdly, we can present to all members of the Christian brotherhood sure means of mutual *recognition*, and a golden girdle of love. The apostolic argument for our union is our unity—our visible and divine oneness. Let us but *know* each other as brethren ; and a holy family-instinct will soon make us all brethren indeed. And we *may* know our kindred, if we will ; for Christianity, in its church-acts, is self-manifest,—and, in its personal influence, moreover, scarcely to be mistaken. We have only to “look round about” us, as Jesus did, to “behold” and hail our “brethren.” Thousands of faithful and confessing Christians are living in obedience, or dying in calm hope, beyond our particular pale :—thousands, in whom, amidst

many diversities of feature, and much that is occasionally disturbed and estranged in expression, we should find, on following them into their tranquil retirement, or their happy Sabbath-meetings, or their long rounds of charitable activity, all the likeness, and all the sympathies, of God's children. I have no more doubt of this than of the piety of my own chosen people; and I thank God for having indulged me with many personal reasons for the assurance. It is "heaven opened on earth" even to *think* of the "great multitude, of all" religious "people, and tongues," who are daily moving beneath the throne and around the Lamb, clothed with His merit, bearing His cross, and learning the new song of salvation. These our brethren, mostly met with in the lowly and noiseless walks of life, may be identified, not more by membership in the body, than by a manifest participation in the Spirit, of our Lord. His sanctifying work is "one" in all the faithful members; however modified in its energy, or its developement, by some *not trifling* differences in their habits of feeling or belief. It saves them from the world, it strengthens them for holy services, it conducts them, with less or more of triumph, to God in glory. And does not this essential oneness of the spirit, as of the body, appeal to us for more of mutual acquaintance and acknowledgment? Nay! does it not consciously *dispose* us to love and honour one another; to forbear in some things, and emulate in more; to mingle not infrequently in the house, and around the table, of the Lord; to yield each to the other, (as do our Missionary churches, the best in the world,) portions of the great field of evangelization, which that other may have pre-occupied, or may

possess a more perfect machinery for cultivating ; to intercede for all Christ's members, *as* Christ's members, alike ; and to rejoice with an undivided joy in the growth and vigour of the whole body ? "Is Christ divided," that the several members should be so morbidly unsympathizing ? Do we not *see* that we are one in essential conformity ? do we not *feel* that we are one in essential character, that we should hitherto have been so deficient in the tokens, charities and interchanges of a *willing* and *avowed* "UNION?" O ! that the divine spirit of that unforgotten appeal on this subject, whose author needs not to be named after the mention of any triumph of his pen, were breathed into all our breasts ! For whatever of a contrary spirit may have passed over any part of these pages, to blight the sincere purpose of the writer, he asks forgiveness of God and "the brethren."—It is hard to be wholly silent on one or two other uses of the Church's unity, as we have understood it. Let us invoke for this one body the vital and perpetual grace of the Holy Ghost ; that comprehensive Love, especially, to God, His law, His people, and all the works of His hands, which is the element of holy life, and which will harmonize just in proportion as it hallows and *assimilates* our souls. *This* is the unity of the Spirit ; and without it, that of the Body is of little avail. Yet, let the Body be reverently regarded, as that through whose organs, functions, and movements, the Spirit chiefly acts. Let us not "despise the church of God ;" nor lightly esteem its essential and constituting forms of faith and of confession. No ; let us rather labour to bring our respective religious societies more generally into its unity. They will not win

upon "the men of this generation," well-taught and well-tended as they now are,—they will not retain their hold even of a happy *hereditary* bias,—if they affect singularity, or triumph in disorder. As conscience, or carnal taste, may prevail, men will go where they can have more of scriptural provision, or yet less of mere conventional restraint. The nineteenth century, ere its close, will furnish impressive evidence to our own Connexion, among others, how important is Christian conformity, in churches, as well in professors, and in the "ordinances," as well as "commandments, of the Lord,"—not merely to edification and permanency, but to credit, *influence*, efficiency, and enlarged usefulness in the earth! Already matured in stature, and instinct with life, let the whole body of Christ reach forth to the proposed end of its visible unity and love,—the conciliation and conviction of the world. *Is* the church Christ's body? Let Him have the joy of re-acting His personal, in His mystical, history; that church from henceforth living, moving, and having its being below, only "to seek and to save that which" is yet "lost."

NOTE E.—PAGE XIII.

CHURCH-ORDINANCES THE CHANNELS OF BLESSING.

THE more we value Divine communion, for ourselves, and for the whole church, the stronger are our motives for defending the ordinances of the New Testament from popish corruption, and, in that and other ways, from popular contempt. For Infallible Wisdom has placed the spiritual in

necessary relation to the external and economic in religion. To cast a slur on this truth, is irreverence; to deny it, mere idiocy. A man might as well worship the ether or the moon, as pretend to hold intercourse with the true God, or to form one right conception of Him, without His *written* and *read* word, not to mention the other sensible aids and agencies, the use of which it enjoins. It may be doubted if there is any being in the universe absolutely separate from, and independent of, all materialism, beside the Deity Himself; and *to us* He makes known His wondrous nature by modes suitable to ours. The more immediate operations, and the almighty power, of the Spirit we reverently confess: but, whether in quickening our faith, or attesting our acceptance, or begetting us again unto holiness, or, amidst mental suffering, "strengthening us with all might unto all patience,"—that power acts always in coincidence with the Inspired "form of doctrine" and promise, and with the distinct and intelligent impressions of our own minds, as far as they have been "delivered into" it. He fills us with peace, hope, and love, by taking of the things of Christ, and showing them unto us; but, up to the point of a personal assurance, they must be brought into contact with our apprehensions, affections, and "faith, by hearing," by sight, by sense. From the same necessity, not of the Divine nature, but of our own, we, on our part, are wont to express—and thus, in the way of a well-known reaction, to stimulate—our desires by prayer, our devout complacencies by praise, our heartfelt belief by creeds, hymns, or sacraments,—in a word, our inward and spiritual by our outward and visible devotion. "There never was a religion without



a ritual, any more than without a revelation." So wrote an eminent Nonconformist; and the sentiment might be much expanded. Man comes to God, and God to man, ordinarily, through some sensible medium. And, to *our* mind, the perpetual Humanity, and the Personal Vision, of Christ upon the throne, the promised resurrection of the body, and the all but certainty of a refined celestial materialism, betoken the principle of this constitution to be eternal.—Church-ordinances are the shrine of truth, of holy power, of the adorable TRIUNE PRESENCE; and as surely as impiety is permitted to demolish or mutilate this shrine, or superstition to degrade it by grotesque additions, and then to turn it into a senseless *object* of worship, or source of blessing,—in either case, the very Deity will soon come to be neglected, if not denied, and the Glory will depart from Israel.

Perhaps the worst effect of Anglo-Popery on the *public* mind—(I speak only of its ecclesiastical errors)—will be the creating of disgust or contempt towards the whole system which it has handled and deformed. It laid hold, in the first instance, of **some** true principles, corrective of a prevailing laxity in discipline or worship; but it **has** proceeded from exalting to exaggerate, and by exaggerating to make them popularly ridiculous! It would strike us, therefore, that the proper method of suppressing this gross caricature of Christianity, is, while zealously maintaining the Gospel-theology, which it impugns, to rescue the Gospel-ordinances, which it pretends to uphold, out of the hands of its presumptuous authors; and to show, that, even on ecclesiastical ground, it is heretical, revolutionary, and a nuisance.

In denouncing a corrupt worship, however, we shall not be understood to point at the authentic and standing ritual of the Reformed Church of England. Shame on that guilty heresy, which, misappropriating the Church's sacraments and ordination as instruments of a false faith and a graceless ministry, is now confounded with the Church herself, and is actually alienating many hearts from her sanctuary! But this alienation is unjust. Puseyism, comprehending as it does the elements of all doctrinal and spiritual apostasy, is a vastly "worse thing" than speculative high-churchism; and even high-churchism, as the author of "Union" has nobly contended, is not the Church. Her own children are disclaiming its alliance. A mighty host of her ministers and laity is maintaining within her own walls, week by week, a testimony for essential and all-uniting truth,—which, could Christians but be brought to "*consider* one another," and to feel each the other's difficulties as he feels his own, would command our admiration, and recruit our hopes. It would enable us easily to forgive a hundred instances of unkindness, and of absurd pride, into which some clergymen even of this class—chiefly those whom a low stature of intellect disposes to the use of stilts—have been betrayed by the provocations of their opponents, and by ignorance of their friends, and of themselves. This is not the whole truth. Dissenters and Methodists are called, for Christ's sake, and their country's, not only to bear their wrongs without retaliation, (and the offence has not been all on one side,) but even to strengthen and uphold, though not without admonishing from time to time, a body of men, whose faithfulness and influence

must combine to keep the Church religiously, what she is politically, the great *national* bulwark of Protestantism. Directly or indirectly to sacrifice this defence, were to surrender the immense majority of our countrymen to chains and darkness, and *ourselves* to an exterminating scourge.—Systematically, moreover, the Church of England—of her Constitution, her Reformation, and her Martyrs—remains unchanged. And it is enough for a Wesleyan to know, that her worship is that, in the comfort and love of which the Wesleys and the first race of their converts died,—and in whose creeds, Lessons, and liturgy the saving faith of the Gospel, resuscitated by God's blessing on their ministry and devotion, LIVES, and will live to the end of time. We ground the confidence last expressed on the fact, that Methodism, acting successively within and upon the Church, has made her, at length, practically apostolical; in other words, has roused in her a Missionary enthusiasm: though not until the Methodists themselves, her most dutiful and ill-requited sons, had heroically sacrificed her immediate fellowship for the sake of *the world* for which they yearned, and had exhibited the second instance only of a church actually born of the travail of Universal Love. *Thus* called into being, Methodism, and the churches which it has stimulated to put on their strength, will never fail, till they jointly “inherit all things.” But, to return: having been impelled into its new position by its impatience of extreme practical restrictions on its career of mercy,—and *not* by its dissent from those sound forms of doctrine and devotion within which its spirit first wrought, (for Methodism was a Revival, not a Reformation,)—it has becomingly

retained the greater part of the ritual of its parent-church, together with her Catholic theology, and many other affinities which we need not name. For thus much, then, of the external religion of their fathers the true followers of John Wesley must ever feel respect: nor will *they* be found imitating the more heartless and undevout of the national clergy in those wretchedly negligent and mechanical ministrations, in the reading-desk, at the font, or before the Lord's table, which, more than aught else that they can do, visibly profane our services, and freeze up their benefit from the people.—Let us apply ourselves for a moment more to the prejudice against those services, which is but too plainly revived by their abuse. With his love for a complete sanctuary-worship every Wesleyan combines a warm attachment to all well-regulated expedients for out-door and house-row evangelization. He lives, especially, in the spirit of that simplest, grandest "Suggestion" of an honoured colleague of ours,—that every member of Christ's church, though having no official and pastoral call, is, in his daily sphere, to witness and to work for Christ. Thus he inherits the "two principles," which Mr. Wesley claims, in one of his last sermons, to have acted on from the beginning; though he is not bound by any peculiarities, here of education, and there of conscience, which may seem, in the case of that most reverend man, to have exaggerated the application of either. Those principles (the first inclining to a highly scriptural church-order, and the second demanding occasional variations to reach the world) duly limit and modify each other; and to their careful and conscientious adjustment in Mr. Wesley's own mind the nicest

justice has been done by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, in his inestimable biography of *the Brother*—the seraphic bard, the early and persecuted prophet, the immortal benefactor, of Methodism. Now, *each* of these elementary principles of a Christian system—that is, of every perfect church—has created its appropriate *forms*, agencies, and exhibitions, devotional, as well as otherwise. And the evils which incidentally attend them are, surely, no reason for their discontinuance. The desecrating extravagances, which, in the Church of England, or in our own, draw public scandal, sometimes on the one class of exhibitions, and sometimes on the other, are not justly chargeable on either church,—even though a bishop should wink at the mummery, or a superintendent shut his ears to the uproar. No! Puseyism shall not banish *us* from the occasional communion of the Establishment, nor abate our ardent, our religious gratitude for the most evangelical worship in the world. It were unmanly to surrender right principles and venerable institutions, the legacy of sanctified wisdom, and the long-tried instruments of moral power, because fanatics seem leagued to abuse them. On this point it may be well to remember, that even of that specific abuse, which excites just now so much pious and reasonable alarm, the danger is not confined to Episcopalians. There is a religion of mere passion, as well as one of mere imagination, or taste; each has its symbols, and its stimulants; and both are essentially superstitious.

After all, the deadliest device of Satan in connexion with church-systems and Divine ordinances, is to make us rest in them for righteousness, or, at the least, cherish them in place of regeneration.

It is by formality, more generally than by superstition, that he trusts to ensnare and destroy. This danger, also, is incident to all modes of worship and communion, both false and true. Indeed, the more perfect we believe such and such an economy to be, the greater is our liability to lean upon it, (and, sad to confess, upon that which is least Divinely essential in it,) for the world's salvation, and for our own. And it does seem of no small practical importance, that those, who feel it right to throw their arguments and admonitions against the new heresy among promiscuous masses of mind, should make it clear beyond the power of mistake, that their protest is against the principle of the evil, and not against any particular system through which it is seen to operate,—unless that system *avowedly* erects externals into the place of spirituality. It should be plainly and faithfully proclaimed, that Methodism has no sympathy with the Church-hating parties, with whom the present great controversy has dwindled into a mere question between her forms and their own. And they, and we all, should be warned not to mistake a tumultuous watch-cry against Puseyism, (so gratifying to all that is carnal-minded in the opposite tendencies,) for the energy of a personal godliness. “What are we better,” spiritually, than the blindest and most pharisaic devotees of the Papacy itself, if we spend life in extolling our denominational privileges and peculiarities, instead of “obeying *from the heart* that form of doctrine, into which we have been delivered,” and so getting “made free from sin?” Viewed in principle, Popery is simply fallen human nature in search of a religion;—such a religion as will license

it, if not in its active vices, in its unregeneracy and spiritual indolence, and yet hang a charm round the heart against the fear and the power of wrath. We are all born prone to this kind of conscious and willing delusion; and neither the waters of baptism, nor the fire of a revival, can purge the propensity away. High-church people, and many who complain of them, may yet learn more perfectly, not one lesson, but two, on these deeply-important subjects. The first is, that a proper New-Testament church is constituted by obedience to Divine, and not to human, institutions, however valuable the latter may be. But the second, and most serious, lesson we have all to learn is, that a man may perish in the purest church on earth. Alas! wherever, in consequence of personal prayerlessness and sloth, the life of the Spirit does not freely and effectually circulate, present membership in Christ cannot save from eternal death! The presence of God the Holy Ghost in all His ordinances can alone render them either comforting or edifying;—and that, only to hearts heaving with desire, and expanded by an active faith. Without this agency on the one hand, and this condition of mind on the other, the very body and blood of the Lord, if the bread and wine of the sacrament could be literally converted into them, would no more convey salvation and the earnest of immortality, than the bread and wine in their simple and unchanged state. Without the same requisites, the mighty truth of the Atonement, however persuasively preached, however intelligently *believed* “in word only,” must leave us unblessed and condemned. Spirituality of mind and character is the great personal end of all out-

ward union with Christ ; and we “are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of Christ *dwell* in” us.—One other truth we cannot too deeply feel ; and that is, that our “sanctification,” when attained and entire, is still wholly different from our “righteousness,” and forms no part of its foundation. We are no more justified before God by a spiritual, than by an external and professing, piety. We claim acceptance as little in virtue of any character or experience which springs from faith, as on the plea of any works done before and without faith. “For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God IN HIM.” HE ceases not to be our only “righteousness,” even when He becomes our complete “sanctification.” “Christ,” in all His spiritual dispensations, as in all His ritual ordinances, and “in all” His loving and confessing followers, “IS ALL.” Glorious Saviour ! may that Death of Thine, which a great company of them are even now hastening to commemorate, on the dearest festival, and in the most affecting forms, of Thine ancient church, give life eternal to the whole body of believers, and, “through their word,” to the world !

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FOR these lengthened and excursive Notes the writer feels it hopeless to attempt any acceptable apology. All he can plead is, a restless impulse, of which he would not willingly suspect the honesty, to seize almost any occasion of bearing testimony on some subjects, of deep concern in all “times,” and of but too agitating interest in the present. Yet, unpardonable in point of taste as the fore-



going Notes may be, he is glad to think, (and to be sustained by one better judgment than his own in believing,) that they are not wholly irrelevant to the immediate purpose of this Introduction. The subject of our record, as already intimated, was distinguished, above most, for her ardour in scriptural studies, for her mature principles, and for her catholic attachments. She was a warm lover of Wesleyan Methodism, of its Mother-church, of the wise and good of every name, and, more than all, of "the Truth itself;" but she "GLORIED" not "save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." True to the apostles' fellowship, she treasured all the instituted signs and pledges of a Saviour's mercy, and of her own faith; especially the eucharist, the silent creed of the Cross. And now, doubtless, with the instinct of all redeemed and adoring natures, even in heaven, she "follows THE LAMB whithersoever He goeth."

*Eve of Good Friday, 1842.*

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# LETTERS

OF

MRS. AGNES BULMER.

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I.—TO MRS. P.

ISLINGTON, *October 8th*, 1813.

MY DEAR MRS. P.,

I THANK you for your very friendly remembrance of us. Mr. B. and myself rejoice to hear that both your soul and body are in a state of prosperity. We most sincerely wish that you may possess both in perfect health and soundness. The great and good Physician has taken you under his care ; and, therefore, with respect to the former, we may reasonably anticipate an entire removal of all the maladies with which it has ever been afflicted ; for the latter, alas ! we have no authority to expect so much : but even here, you are on the right side ; for no weakness, no pain,

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no struggle, shall ever depress or agitate the body of a Christian, but what his Divine Restorer, through the operations of his grace, will cause to contribute to his spiritual health: thus, according to his accustomed mercy, out of every transient and apparent evil, producing substantial and everlasting good. Mr. B. has been called to attend the remains of a sweet little friend to the silent tomb, there to rest till the voice of Him who awaked Lazarus shall bid him come forth to newness of life; to a life new indeed, and far different from that to which Lazarus was restored; a life from which death, and pain, and the curse, shall be for ever excluded; and which shall be eternal, and excellent as that glorious Being who is its author and its end! May we all, my dear friend, be made partakers with him of this blessed immortality! This is the grand object of our hopes, our desires, our prayers, and of our endeavours to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is the end for which we are to be holy, that we are to be made like God, and to be fitted to live with him for ever. Above all, it is the end for which Jesus Christ took upon himself our nature, and humbled himself unto death, even unto

the death of the cross. He lived and died ; and, by his life and death, overcame our enemies ; that we, living and dying, might overcome through the blood of the Lamb. He rose again, and ascended into heaven, that we might be ransomed from the power of the grave, and become eternal sharers with him in his victory. Let us then take courage, and "run the race that is set before us, with patience, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

You, my dear Mrs. P., have been brought to experience, that there is rest and salvation to be found only in that ever-blessed name. It is at the foot of the cross, that we must lay down the burden of sin. It is the purple stream, that flowed from his sacred body, which was transfixed thereon, as the atonement, that takes away our guilt. From his pierced side issues, likewise, that purifying water, which sanctifies and cleanses the spirit, purchased by his blood. Here, then, let us turn for wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption. We cannot seek in vain ; for all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus ; and He who spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely



give us all things? That the Lord may bless you, and keep you, and all with whom you are connected, from all evil, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

AGNES BULMER.

## II.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *October 14th*, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE truly sympathize with you in all your joys and sorrows; and thank God, that, although you are called in some measure to be a sharer in the inheritance left by our blessed Master to his disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" yet that you are also made a partaker of that more delightful part of the promise, "In me ye shall have peace." How invaluable is this legacy to creatures situated as we are in a land of shadows; where the joys and griefs that arise from earthly things, pass away as swiftly as the breath we employ in sighing or rejoicing over them; while the fountain of consolation, to the Christian, remains undiminished and unchangeable as the throne of God! Nor is it one of the least of the causes whence

his comforts rise, that the tribulations through which he must pass are all under the control of his heavenly Father, who will not infuse into his cup one drop more of the bitter draught than is absolutely essential to his spiritual health. He chastens us, not for his own pleasure, but for our profit, that we may be made partakers of his holiness; and I doubt not, my dear friend, that when you come to join the blessed assembly of patriarchs and prophets in the kingdom of God, you will heartily unite with one of the most conspicuous of them, who drank very largely of the cup of sorrow, in saying, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Under this conviction, continue to confide in God. Remember, his word is, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass; and he shall make thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day." Remember your obligation to take care of your body. Do not injure your health, nor impair your strength, by sitting up late. Both our bodies and souls are trusts committed to us by God himself; and we must preserve both for him. What a mercy that, to such a faithful Creator, such a wise and gracious

Father, such a merciful and compassionate Redeemer, we are called to entrust all that concerns us both in this world and that which is to come! May you continue to look to him at all times with a dependent faith, praying that you may possess your soul in patience in the midst of all the adversities to which you may be exposed while you are a sojourner in this vale of tears. The more entirely you surrender yourself to God, the more happy will you be; the more you study his word, and live in watchfulness and prayer, the more shall you know of him, of yourself, of your enemies. He will give you wisdom, and grace, and strength to advance to the battle, and to obtain the victory. Go forward in the name of Jesus. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." That my dear Mrs. P. may enjoy all spiritual and temporal good, is the sincere prayer of

Her affectionate friend.

## III.—TO MRS. W.

ISLINGTON, *December 16th, 1816.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have written sooner, but have waited to receive from the press the little work by which this letter is accompanied. I really feel, that in suffering the "Life of David" to appear alone,\* I have been induced to assume a more formidable posture than I intended; and I should shrink from it, were it not that, as the author is nameless, I shall remain unobserved, except by my particular friends; and they will, I am persuaded, acquit me of vanity or presumption. With all its faults, I commit it to your friendship. Should it afford entertainment and instruction to youth, by exciting in them a disposition to study the Scriptures, and a taste for their unparalleled beauties, my end will be accomplished, and my wishes fully gratified. Sickness and confinement teach us to appreciate liberty and health. I hope we shall be thankful for the lesson taught

\* That is, separate from the "Youth's Instructor," in which part of it was published.

by Mr. B.'s late affliction, and shall reap the benefit designed. Our religious privileges are this year increased. Our preachers are men of useful talents, and of solid piety: but in what terms shall I speak of one of them? Mr. Watson is indeed more than we could expect; I had almost said, all that we can desire. Mild and unassuming in his manner, sublimely simple in his style, yet forcible and elegant; clear and discriminating in his views of Scripture truth; and, under the peculiar influence of the hallowing Spirit, his sermons are important, interesting, and delightful, in a degree that is alone attached to the first style of excellence. Why are these richly-gifted men so rare? Is it not for want of greater faith and fervour in the prayers of Christians, when they supplicate the throne of grace for those who are over them, and who admonish them in the Lord? Or is it, that Eternal Wisdom chooses that stars of the first magnitude should be as thinly scattered in the hemisphere of the church, as in the bright celestial arch above? One thing is certain, that, in every case, the excellency of the power must be of God. As it is, we are too apt to forget this, and probably might be much worse, were we

indulged with a considerable increase of talent in the ministry.

Should we be all spared till May, we hope you will pay us a visit. Although we cannot treat you with the charms of rural scenery; yet London at that time does certainly afford inducements to the Christian and philanthropist, to come and share in higher pleasure than nature, even in the loveliness of spring, can give. The wilderness and the solitary place are glad; the moral desert now begins to blossom as the rose. Come, then, and celebrate the springing of the year of jubilee, with those who, catching the first notes of the rejoicing Heathen, are the first to offer up the incense of their prayers and praises to the God of heaven.

Mr. B. joins me in love to Mr. W. and the young ones. I remain, my dear friend,  
Very affectionately yours.

#### IV.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *September 23d*, 1818.

MY DEAR AND KIND FRIEND,

I AM thankful to hear that you are recovering. Be assured I feel a very lively interest in your welfare, and should think

myself without a spark of gratitude or affection if it were otherwise. The remembrance of the time spent in your dwelling has afforded me pleasure, inferior only to the actual enjoyment. If we were sitting round the fire now, I would talk to you about the sermon we heard last night from our mutual friend, Mr. B., which contained some very interesting observations. One was to me peculiarly new and striking: that "every Christian has, at one period or other of his life, a season of peculiar trial, in which it will require all the energy of his faith, and the fervour of his prayer, to maintain his integrity, and to stand fast in the Lord. Should he fall in this great conflict, his recovery will be difficult and doubtful; but, if he stand his ground, he will, in all probability, go on from strength to strength, till he obtain a final victory." From our uncertainty respecting this crisis in the time of our probation, was argued the necessity of constant vigilance, and a diligent attention, to acquire and preserve that vigorous and unbending state of mind which qualifies for great effort, and enables us to resist great temptation. Perhaps you have heard the observation before, from the same great mind; and

if so, I should like to hear your opinion upon it.

I intended to send you a small token of my regard, but must now direct you to look for it in the "Methodist Magazine." In returning home, I courted the company of the Muse to soothe my mind. Our late visit to Studley-park furnished the subject.

With best respects to Mr. W., and love to your children, I remain,

Yours most affectionately.

V.—TO THE SAME.

LONDON, *September 22d*, 1819.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

To keep up our interest in your affectionate remembrance, I employ the first leisure hour since we reached home, to inform you of our safety. To have the blessing of God upon our going out, and upon our coming in, is no small mercy; and we hope to feel increasingly thankful for this, and all his other benefits, every day we live. Let us daily pray for each other, that we may be upheld in the course of duty, and so learn to live, in reference to an unseen world, that should we be spared to meet again, we may be found fitter for



the fellowship of saints on earth, and for the society of saints and angels in heaven. Since our separation, this has been our train of thought. We have just finished reading the Life of Henry Martyn; and strongly recommend it to you, as one of the most interesting books that has ever fallen into our hands. It has left an indescribable feeling upon our minds, which I would fain hope will not evaporate in evanescent admiration. O what society awaits us in heaven! Surely the thought of it should quicken our pace in endeavouring to join them there. My dear husband is as busy as a bee, with quarterly and various meetings, sometimes too much so; but it is well to be employed for God, for his church, and for his world; and there are too few who take any cordial interest in such matters. I often think of those beautiful lines in one of our hymns:—

“ Too much to thee I cannot give ;  
Too much I cannot do for thee :  
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,  
Graven on my heart for ever be.”

With great affection,

Yours most sincerely.

## VI.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *June 14th*, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE received with thankfulness the account of your safe return to your family, and hope that your late exertions of body and mind have left no unpleasant effects. For our mutual enjoyments, while favoured with each other's society, we have cause to be thankful; as well as for the pleasure that arises from the recollections of our social and Christian intercourse, now that it is suspended for a time. You will doubtless have heard, before this, of the departure of our highly-esteemed friend, Mrs. Butterworth. She was released from a state of suffering on Monday last, about one o'clock in the afternoon. She was permitted to add her testimony to that of the cloud of witnesses who preceded her, to the power and faithfulness of Jesus, and to the sufficiency of his truth and grace to sustain the sinking spirit in the hour of death. Within the last fortnight of her life, I received from her a most satisfactory assurance of the state of peace and resignation in which she was waiting for the accom-

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plishment of the divine will. I was exceedingly affected and edified by my visit. She took leave of me with great affection; but neither of us supposed that it would be our last interview on this side of the eternal world. She took a solemn farewell of her family on Friday morning, apprehending that death was at hand; but she lingered till Monday; and, though her mind occasionally wandered, she continued to express (whenever she was in possession of her faculties) her unshaken confidence in God, and her consolation in Christ. The conflict is now over. She has weathered the storm; and the mortal remains are to be interred, in the City-road chapel burying-ground, on Monday morning next. So passes the glory of this world! And if the eye of faith did not discover brighter prospects in the distance, it would be indeed appalling to see it thus vanish into empty air. But life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel; and death is but a stingless serpent, when encountered by the charm of Christian faith. I have deeply felt this breach upon one of our early and intimate friendships; and many "a tale of other times" has crowded on my memory, while reviewing the intercourse we

have had with our deceased friend for the last four-and-twenty years. Our friendship had its origin in religion ; in whose eternal results it now awaits its consummation. In this same holy principle originated our affection for our dear friends at M. ; and, I trust, in its progress it will be always tending towards the same blessed end.

With great affection, believe me to be,  
my dear Mrs. W.,

Most sincerely yours.

VII.—TO MR. AND MRS. W.

*September 8th, 1820.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

WE feel thankful to the Father of mercies for our safe journey, as well as for the many blessings enjoyed, during our absence, in the society of our dear friends. We suppose you, as well as ourselves, were engaged in observing the eclipse yesterday. It was not without solemn and affecting interest, that we saw so glorious a body as the sun involved even in temporary shade ; but it was not so dark as we expected. While reminded by this natural phenomenon of the shadow of death, which must, ere long, veil for a few moments the bright-

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ness of the immortal spirit, the idea was suggested, that the obscurity would then probably be far less than our unbelieving fears anticipate. But, whatever may take place at that important period, we know the sun that shines in the region beyond can never be eclipsed. To live in the prospect of that glory is indeed our happiness; nor is it less our wisdom, to be daily endeavouring to obtain a meetness for it. Let us stimulate each other to higher efforts, and greater diligence, in following after every thing that is great and good; calculated to promote our eternal, as well as present, interest.

With sincere wishes for your happiness, we remain, very dear friends,

Most affectionately yours.

VIII.—TO MRS. W.

ISLINGTON, *January 1st, 1821.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

PERMIT me to wish you, your kind husband, and your beloved family, all the blessings of the season. I hope the new year meets you all in renewed health of body. May that mercy be long continued to you; with every other which a world, not

designed to be the ultimate home of a Christian, can afford. These are the blessings of "the nether springs;" and we need them to refresh us in a desert land; but, whether they shall flow with a fuller or a more contracted current, may the fountains of celestial grace be opened to your immortal spirits. And may you drink deeply of that living water, which quenches all painful thirst for the inferior pleasures of this lower world. How truly is it said of godliness, that it hath "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come!" and how happy are we, my dear friend, that we can set our seal to this truth, in connexion with the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and the glorious prospects of a hope full of immortality! There is given to us everything that is really worthy of the name of happiness in the present world; with a capacity for enjoyment, of which the mere worldling is entirely destitute.

I must now tell you, according to your desire, what Mr. B. and I think of Mr. Watson's book: Mr. B. thinks he has exceeded himself. For my own part, I have read it with great interest and pleasure; not only as a piece of fine writing,

but as a clear and masterly statement of evangelical truth. It is full of Christian philosophy ; and is highly calculated to improve the understanding, at the same time that it mends the heart. There is one thing, however, that I could have dispensed with ; that is, the rather severe reference to " Wat Tyler." I believe the author's mind was not influenced by any unchristian feeling ; but he appears to have considered Mr. Southey as one of those persons, to whom it was expedient to apply the discipline prescribed by the apostle : " Rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith." But, excepting the little cavils on this point, it gives high satisfaction to those whom a wise man would wish to please.

We have been reading the Life of Henry Martyn ; and recommend it to you, as one of the most interesting books. I am glad to hear, that, in spite of all your fear and trembling, you are encouraged to persevere in your labour of love. I often wonder when I consider that I am engaged in such an office, how I ever came to undertake it. But it devolved upon me in the way of providence, and I have endeavoured to fulfil its duties in simplicity of mind, looking to the Lord, to teach me how to recommend to

others that grace of Jesus Christ by which I myself am saved. Faith in the Son of God is, from first to last, essential to the Christian life; and the more I draw those with whom I converse from themselves to Him, the more sensibly do I discern their profiting. I need not press this lesson upon you; you know that God is love; and that his love is manifested through the Redeemer. We can both say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Let us raise the memorial of acknowledgment, repeat the vow of dedication, and commence our work with renewed diligence, in the name and strength of the Lord. I am

Most affectionately yours.

#### IX.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *October 23d, 1821.*

As I am this evening left alone, I employ myself in writing a few lines to my dear friend, Mrs. W. If wishing could accomplish its object, our intercourse should be personal, that we might converse together upon some of the many subjects in which we are mutually and deeply interested. But as this cannot be, we must endeavour to supply the deficiency by the



only means at present in our power, and look forward with pleasing expectation to those happy opportunities of more direct communion, which we hope at no very distant period to enjoy. How it is that spirit operates on spirit, is a question, the solution of which must probably be referred to the superior knowledge of that world, where no interposing veil of flesh conceals its essence, or the modes in which it thinks, feels, and acts. But, though the manner be unknown, the thing is a delightful certainty; and we, with others, attracted by a secret sympathy, can gratefully adopt the sentiment of Mr. Samuel Wesley, and bless God for such a friendship "as exerts in life a power divine:" and surely a Christian friendship should eminently possess this character. By an interchange of affections, of sympathies, of counsels, of prayers, those who are one in the only true centre of union, Jesus Christ, should shed and reflect upon each other spiritual blessings, and thus increase the happiness and alleviate the trials and anxieties of life.

It is with heartfelt pleasure that I am now reminded of one of the most delightful offices of friendship, to rejoice with you in your rejoicing. I cannot imagine any thing

more sacredly satisfactory, than for parents to behold their children born again of the Spirit of God. This first-fruit of your family presented to the Redeemer, and accepted of him, affords gracious encouragement to expect, that the whole harvest shall be gathered in its season. It presents also an additional motive for renewed care and diligence in the cultivation of the soil; for increasing faith and fervour in prayer, that the plenteous rain of the divine blessing may follow the exertions of duty, and for a calm, an humble, and unshaken confidence in Him who has promised that this shall certainly be the case. I rejoice with E., as well as with her parents, and hope she is fully resolved not to rest in "the mystic joys of penitence;" but to press firmly, yet humbly, forward, till, entering within the veil, she is introduced, through the blood sprinkled before the mercy-seat, into that grace wherein she shall stand, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Perhaps before this time she has been admitted into this rest of faith. Convinced as I am of the blessedness of an early and decided attachment to religion, I cannot but pray that the Lord may increase every good desire, and confirm every holy resolution, that his

gracious Spirit has implanted in her heart, till both become perfected in the character of a mature Christian, living to the glory of God, the comfort of her parents, and the edification of society.

Mr. Watson preached at the City-road chapel on Sunday morning, in his best style, from those words of Job : “ What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him, and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him ? ” The real dignity of human nature was most magnificently placed in contrast with his moral degradation ; and man, though fallen, proved to be a being occupying a distinguished place in the divine regard. The intellectual and spiritual nature, the sublime enjoyments, and the high hopes of the Christian, both in time and in eternity, were some of the topics descanted upon ; and I believe the subject left upon many minds an impression of the tastelessness of the best pleasures of the present world, when compared with the eternally expanding enjoyments of the world to come. What, my dear friend, is the practical inference from these views, but that we should daily endeavour more entirely to “ set our affections upon the things above ? ”

Mr. B. has established a reading society,

to which we belong. We have read the Life of Mr. Pitt with great interest. The character of George III., as well as that of the subject of the memoir, will stand forth from this canvass, with greater manliness, integrity, and lustre, than they have yet been viewed as possessing by the vulgar eye. But for the firmness of these two men this nation might have exhibited again the melancholy scenes of the Commonwealth. They appear, under God, to have been its preservers; and it is not yet given over to its enemies. I pray that it never may be. To this, you and your good husband will say, Amen.

With kind remembrance to yourself and family, I am

Your very affectionate friend.

X.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *January 12th, 1822.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WILL commence this by wishing you and your family circle a happy new year. My sincere prayer for you and yours is, that every revolution of time may find you more fully in possession of that salvation which will prepare you for the unchanging

realities of eternity; and prove, while exposed to the mutations of the present transitory state, a source of unfailing consolation, and a foretaste of that glory which shall ere long be revealed. In addition to this, I wish you also all temporal prosperity; that, in health and peace, you may enjoy the blessings which the Lord has so bountifully conferred upon you, and see them transmitted to your children, who, I trust, will all follow the steps of their parents, and be members with them of the family of God both in earth and in heaven.

I am thankful to hear of the progress of religion among you. We are going on quietly and gradually in the old way; but we want the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit to give energy, and expansion, and effect to the truth. There are many among us who pray for this. Increasing faith, and fervour, and perseverance will, in due time, bring down the promised "showers of blessings," not only upon London, but upon the whole church of Christ. What a privilege it is to be admitted among the number of those who, having themselves obtained "access to the holiest through the blood of Jesus," are permitted to plead with God, not only for

the supply of their own wants, and those of their connexions, but who also become intercessors with him in behalf of his church, and of the whole world of sinners! Surely, if we avail ourselves more of this privilege, we shall be more conformed to Him who, while he was upon earth, poured out his supplications for those whom he came to save, and now "ever liveth to make intercession" for them in heaven.

Your old friend, Mr. Griffith, is very acceptable. There is an unction in his preaching, and a maturity of knowledge and experience, that is very interesting and profitable. Mrs. Mortimer is well; and as busily employed as ever in doing all the good she can. She is a fine specimen of the genuine old Methodist character. I hope your dear E. is ere this rejoicing in God her Saviour, and has entered upon this year with such views and feelings as she never had before. How new every thing appears when seen in the celestial light of religion! Life and death, time and eternity, strike us with an interest and an importance such as they had never previously done, when we awake to a sense of our responsibility as immortal, rational, and accountable creatures.

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A few days ago I paid a visit to the venerable widow of the late Rev. Charles Wesley. She is ninety-five ! and, for that age, a prodigy ; but under such a pressure of years, human nature is in ruins. How delightful to unite with such a picture, the assurance of a resurrection to eternal life ! I trust we shall triumph with joy over the last enemy. To obtain this final victory is the great, the all-important end of life. Other interests have their value ; but this is the paramount, the absorbing concern of spirits born for immortality.

Believe me, very dear friend,  
Most affectionately yours.

XI.—TO MR. AND MRS. W.

ISLINGTON, *October 9th*, 1822.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

AFTER all your kindness and solicitude, so warmly and tenderly expressed, both in seasons of health and sickness, of prosperity and adversity, how could I acquit myself of the charge of ingratitude were I, under any circumstances, to delay the acknowledgment of my obligations to your friendship, or the expression of my most sincere and ardent thanks ? Yet, incompe-

tent as I am for almost any effort, either mental or bodily, you must forgive me, if, while endeavouring to express my sense of former kindnesses, I make still further claims upon your friendship, and cast upon your sympathizing spirits a portion of that burden of affliction which still so heavily oppresses mine. Alas! my dear friends, my mind has been so long filled with a train of solemn, depressing, painful, agonizing images, that I seem now to be familiar with no other topics; and a subject must possess unusual interest to withdraw me, even for a little season, from my wonted melancholy range of thought. Yet, with an inexpressible sense of loss, with a sense of desolation that must be felt to be appreciated, with recollections the most tender, and the most affecting, of enjoyments for ever passed away, shall I say that I am left to suffer without consolation, or arraign the power, the wisdom, or the goodness of my heavenly Father, my Redeemer, and my Friend? Ah, no! with the bitterest cup he has mingled the kindest alleviations, and has allayed the anguish of a wounded spirit with the soothing balm of his sympathizing and compassionate regard. And when in connexion with this mercy to my-



self, I view his most signal and beneficent displays of grace and tenderness toward my beloved, lamented, and departed husband, I feel overwhelmed with astonishment and thankfulness, and pray for power to sink into a more deep, free, and acquiescing submission to the divine will. He cannot but do all things well; and if Job, living under the hemisphere of patriarchal starlight, could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" it becomes not a Christian to say less. These are the sentiments I am daily, though feebly, endeavouring to incorporate into my views and feelings. I trust, while recording them, I am not wholly dealing in the false commerce of unfelt truth. Yet, I assure you, they contain lessons extremely difficult to be learned, and such as I feel quite assured no power less than that of the Holy Spirit can render familiar to my heart. To him all things are possible.

I hope I shall attain to such a degree of composure of mind as shall fit me for the calm, peaceful, and patient fulfilment of the will of God, until he shall say to me also, "Come and inherit the mansion prepared for thee from the foundation of the world." There, my dear friends, may we who are

still called to contend with sin and temptation, with sorrow, suffering, and loss, with change, and death,—there may we meet with those who have escaped from all these appendages of mortality, and especially with him, the dear object of the regrets and the affections of your now disconsolate and weeping charge.

Unfit as I am for almost any commerce with this world and its affairs, my pride is daily taught a painful lesson of dependence, which I had not learned before. But even under this most sensible pressure of weakness, of timidity, of almost every thing that unfits me for mingling with a vain and busy world, I have the inexpressible consolation of knowing, that I am possessed of dear and kind friends, who will not feel the burden which I lay upon them. Among these, my invaluable treasures, I most confidently enumerate J. and M. W.

It is now time to thank you for your affectionate invitations to visit you. I dare not lay any stress upon plans for the future; but, should it please God to restore my health, I shall feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you in the spring. I have made a promise of the same nature to Dr. and Mrs. Clarke. I hope, by the divine bless-

ing, to enjoy the solace of your society for a season ; which I believe would prove a greater gratification to me than most earthly things. I often wish for it, that, when my spirit is overwhelmed, I might lighten the pressure of sorrow, by pouring a share of it in the bosom of my friends. Now that I have begun, it seems as if writing to you afforded me a consolation of the same nature ; and you will be in danger of being wearied with the unusual length of this letter. To our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, I owe every thing that gratitude can express, for Christian sympathy and kindness of every sort. That the Lord may reward them, as well as you, my very dear friends, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate, obliged, and afflicted  
friend.

## XII.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *December 9th, 1822.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

I HAVE just been re-perusing the kind letters received from each of you ; not without tears of gratitude to that God, who, in the midst of trial and bereavement, still affords me the consolation of an affectionate

interest in the hearts of those, in whose friendship I wish to live and die, and with whom I wish to be associated in an eternal union before his throne. Drawn by so powerful an attraction towards that glorious consummation of whatever is delightful or exalting upon earth, you will not, I am sure, be much disposed to censure the abruptness of this sudden introduction of the subject that is nearest to my heart. My mind, with all the pleasure it is capable of feeling in its present state, sometimes expatiates on the blessedness included in the different branches of the fellowship of saints. I am thankful for a nature capable of intercourse so hallowed and exalting as is implied in that communion which the members of the church of Christ maintain with him their living Head. I am thankful, likewise, that through that union I can perceive the strongest reason for believing, that they have also union with each other, however separated by the interposing stream of death. The bond by which we are united is indissoluble ; and, whether safely housed in the celestial mansion, or still encompassed with the trials, infirmities, and sorrows of a suffering mortal nature, the family of Jesus is but *one*: one in our

centre of union; one in nature and affection; and, in due time, all shall have one abode. O! to be quite ready to go up, and take possession of this land of promise, is all that seems to be of much importance! But one branch of the happiness of the communion of saints, is derived from the society of Christian friends on earth. Adieu.

XIII.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *October 30th, 1823.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

BELIEVING that your affection for me would burden you with some anxiety on my account, I am unwilling that another day should elapse without giving you information of my arrival at the quiet habitation of my dear mother. We had a safe and pleasant journey. Mr. P. was very kind and attentive to my accommodation in every thing; and we had for our fellow-traveller a gentleman who understood chemistry, and who, as well as your brother-in-law, had travelled on the continent. Their united science and experience furnished us with some intelligent conversation, which considerably beguiled the tediousness and

fatigue of the journey. Thus I have again abundant cause for gratitude to Him who is always better to me than all my fears. I found that the strength of grace was sufficient for that to which natural strength was inadequate; and a degree of composure was diffused over my mind, soon after I commenced my journey, after great agitation, heightened by painful separation from my dear friends. I trust that, both in body and mind, I shall be again strung to such a degree, as shall fit me for the right discharge of those duties that now devolve upon me.

To live in the will of God, whether it be in action or in suffering, should be the desire and delight of a Christian. It is my prayer, that in all things the will of my heavenly Father may be mine. I feel myself in a world of shadows; but it is also a world of difficulty and danger; nevertheless, having the assurance that my Redeemer will not forsake me, "I trust in him, and know in whom I trust."

And now, my very dear, my kind friends, what shall I say to you, for your long-continued and most affectionate attentions to me? I can express but little; yet, be assured, the remembrance of your friend-

ship is deeply engraven on my heart. I do most sincerely thank you for your kindness, and shall often regret the loss of your society. But we shall meet in heaven ; and there no separation shall again suffuse our eyes with tears ; nor shall our hearts bleed at the recollection of blessings lost. Let us endeavour to cultivate an acquaintance with that world of blessedness ; let us aspire after a closer intimacy with Him who is the source of all the felicity and glory of it ; and then, in spite of all our sorrows and separations, we shall be one in Him, the centre of union to his family, and enjoy, even here, a happiness which will bear some resemblance to that which is enjoyed above. What a blessing it is to be assured, with the devout Psalmist, that our " times are in his hand ;" that not a wave of trouble can flow over us, not a pang of grief or pain afflict either our flesh or spirit, without his permission, and without the consolation of knowing, that " all things work together for our good !" I trust we may say, without presumption, that we love Him ; but the holy teachings of the sanctifying and illuminating Spirit are constantly needed, to enable us to apprehend the design of God in his dispensations. That Spirit, in

all his gracious offices, is given to those who seek him. To faith and prayer every thing is promised, both for time and eternity. Let us therefore "wait upon the Lord, and be of good courage;" for all shall be well at last. Mr. Watson preached last Sunday a sermon, worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold. It has been written on many hearts by the Spirit of God. I am

Yours affectionately.

XIV.—TO MRS. W.

ISLINGTON, *July 10th, 1824.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

PERMIT me to condole with you on the solemn event which has recently taken place in your family. The account of your dear mother's sudden removal from this world of sin and sorrow, affected me both with surprise and concern. Yet why should we be surprised, when a vapour is dissipated in a moment? Why should we be afflicted, when our friends exchange the sufferings of mortality for the blessedness of the vision of God? It is a selfish sorrow certainly; but selfishness is inherent in human nature; and, therefore, while we joyfully participate in the triumph of those



who have obtained victory over the last enemy, we must shed over our own bereavements the tears of deep and bitter anguish, even when under the alleviating assurance, that "we sorrow not as others who have no hope." Into this train of thinking and feeling, I fall perhaps too promptly at the present season, when every day, and almost every hour, remind me of some deeply-affecting circumstance, some pang of mortal agony, or some triumphant anticipation of everlasting bliss. But it is all well: the agony is over with respect to the immediate sufferer, the bliss is realized, and will be receiving ineffable augmentations as long as eternity endures. I have need to avail myself of these views, as well as every other that will tend to elevate my mind above the present world, and strengthen my confidence in Him who has declared, that he will never forsake those who trust in him; and who, in addition to innumerable mercies bestowed on me in infancy, in childhood, in youth, and in mature years, has upheld me now, through nearly two years of peculiar affliction and grief. In him is everlasting strength; therefore, I will still bless his name, and take courage.

We have been reading the Memoirs of the Wesley Family, with great interest, and have now commenced a much larger work, —Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia. I am fond of searching into the records of the ancient world, although they are involved in so much obscurity. The annals of nature, as well as the annals of man, are enveloped in clouds which are only penetrated by the beams of divine revelation; and these, upon many subjects not immediately connected with salvation, are rather scattered in faint radiations, than condensed into an orb of light. Yet history, as well as science, receives its confirmation from the Scriptures. Without the blessed book of God, on how many occasions should we be left to fable and conjecture! I have been looking over some of the discoveries of geologists, and the theories of divines, both of which confirm my gratitude to Him "who spake in times past to our fathers by the prophets, and hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." Man could neither have discovered how to redeem, nor even how to create, the world. This is sufficiently evident, not only by his theological errors, but also by the strange and incongruous systems which

he adopts in reference to the formation of material things. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I hope it will be in the enjoyment of that blessing without which we cannot properly enjoy any other; excepting that which is in sickness as in health, in sorrow as in joy, the life, the light, the strength of its possessor,—the presence and the favour of the God of peace and love. With my kindest regards to —, I remain

Your affectionate.

XV.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *November 1st, 1824,*  
*All Saints' Day.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE festival to which I have alluded in the date of my letter being one which I regard with no common interest, I will avail myself of one part of the delightful privilege which it seems so peculiarly to imply, (that of communion with the whole family of God, whether in this world, or in that which is to come,) by renewing my intercourse with friends whom I most sincerely love. It is a very pleasing consideration, that those who are one in spirit may

maintain that union, without being absolutely present with each other. To whatever tends to awaken a feeling of gratitude in my mind, I feel myself under obligation. It is a tranquillizing, an animating, an encouraging disposition; and one that is too apt to be damped and drowned by the floods of sorrow, and the mists of care and fear, which load the atmosphere of this world. Yet, for those sorrows themselves we have perhaps the highest reason to be grateful. The painful occurrences which occasion them are the expressions of our Father's love; and when we are admitted to join that society to which my mind to-day peculiarly adverts, I believe we shall see in the light of eternity, that they are to be emphatically called blessings. I wish I could learn to judge more of every thing by the beams that even now emanate from that world of purity and bliss. It will soon open upon me; but I want now to view it steadily, by the eye of faith, that I may in some measure live in its society, and be so animated by its prospects, as with a new and more hallowed energy "to press towards the mark for the prize of my high calling." But I feel still resolved to strengthen myself in God. He hath de-

livered; he doth deliver; and I trust he will yet deliver.

I have been reading a small work that treats of the superiority of man over the animal creation; and, next to the use of speech, it describes that superiority to the possession of such an instrument as the hand. Now, though I think that Mr. Watson, in his admirable sermon, has much more justly discriminated the true boundary line, and established a distinction, which places an impassable gulf between them; yet I felt as if I had not sufficiently considered the advantages which we derive from the possession of so useful and curious a member as the one alluded to. Without it, we could not have recorded our ideas, nor, consequently, could we have derived much benefit from the wisdom of past ages; and we must have been altogether deprived of the pleasure and improvement of epistolary intercourse, which was the thing that just now suggested the subject to my mind. There are many other advantages, enumerated by my author, for which we are indebted to the hand. But in this, as in a thousand other things, I felt that a more minute attention to the wonderful works of God tended to increase my admiration of

his wisdom and goodness. I hope to excite in my mind a livelier feeling of gratitude, for the many expressions of his regard and tender love towards the creatures he has so fearfully and wonderfully made. I have been led to think of what a mixed character is this world's good; even the rose of friendship grows not without its thorns: but it shall be plucked in the garden of Paradise, without any danger of laceration from its piercing attendant on earth. For a perfect idea of every kind of excellence, how naturally the mind disengages itself from the present state of things, and makes excursions to the untried regions of immortality! and how apt it is, when once released from its fetters, to lose, for a short time, the recollection of the cares of the present mortal scene! The fragrant scent of the thornless roses of Eden have allured me into a digression, and now I must conclude. I am  
Most affectionately yours.

## XVI.—TO MISS B.

ISLINGTON, *December 9th*, 1824.

PERMIT me, my dear Mary, to thank you for the proof of your friendship which you have given in writing to me. There is

not a more genuine mark of affection than confidence, nor one with which I feel more gratified, especially when it is placed in me by those whose years might induce them to seek other correspondents, than one so grave and so unsprightly as myself. However, since you have ventured upon it, you must be content to tolerate all the old-fashioned maxims, which may from time to time be intruded upon you. Yet, when I consider, that there is nothing new in morals, any more than in religion, I think you will not find my antiquated observations very irksome. I am truly glad to find, that you are all so happily settled in your new sphere of usefulness and enjoyment, and I may add, of improvement also, while I hear of valuable masters, and of increasing interest and pleasure in study. Well, now is the seed-time. Be very diligent, and the harvest shall be proportionably abundant.

Dear Mary, whatever you lose or gain, whatever you learn or leave unlearned, seek the salvation of God with your whole heart. It will make you truly wise and happy; it will fit you for every thing that is valuable and excellent, both on earth and in heaven. But you need no stimulus from me on this

subject, surrounded as you are by no common advantages at home. I have heard with great interest of your brother's entire surrender to this important work. I trust he will be a blessing to thousands, and be himself blessed with the richest influences of heavenly grace. Believe me, dear Mary,  
Most affectionately yours.

## XVII.—TO MRS. W.

LEEDS, *July 7th*, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN compliance with Mr. Wood's request, I have endeavoured to employ a short interval of silence, during the very pleasant journey of this day, on the subject of your approaching solemnity. I have made the attempt, that I might not appear insensible to the wishes expressed by a friend. Should the accompanying lines be considered at all suitable for the occasion, please to present them to your kind husband, with my best regards; if not, slip them quietly into your portfolio, or put them into the fire.

In haste I conclude myself,

Your affectionate friend.



## HYMN

TO BE SUNG AT THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-  
STONES OF TWO NEW WESLEYAN CHAPELS, ONE IN  
OXFORD-ROAD, THE OTHER IN GREAT ANCOATS-  
STREET, MANCHESTER, ON MONDAY, JULY 11TH,  
1825.

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION BY A LADY.

THOU who hast in Zion laid  
The true Foundation-Stone,  
A covenant with thy people made,  
Who build on that alone :  
Hear us, Architect divine,  
Great Builder of thy church below ;  
Now upon thy servants shine,  
Who seek thy praise to show.

Earth is thine ; her thousand hills  
Thy mighty hand sustains :  
Heaven thy awful presence fills :  
O'er all thy glory reigns :  
Yet the place of old prepared,  
By regal David's favour'd son,  
Thy peculiar blessing shared ;  
Thy splendours round it shone.

We, like Jesse's son, would raise  
A temple to the Lord,  
Sound throughout the world his praise,  
His saving name record ;

Dedicate a house to him,  
Who, in mortal weakness shrined,  
Sorrow'd, suffer'd, to redeem,  
To rescue all mankind.

Father, Son, and Spirit, send  
The consecrating flame :  
Now in majesty descend ;  
Inscribe the living name ;  
The name by which believers live,  
Write on this accepted stone ;  
Our work into thy hands receive,  
Our temple make thy throne.

## XVIII.—TO MISS B.

DURHAM, *August 6th, 1825.*

MY DEAR MARY,

As I often employ my imagination in following my friends through their various plans and occupations, so far as I am acquainted with them; I begin now to calculate that your dear mother and her tribe will be returning from S., and that it is now time to redeem my pledge, in giving you an account of my proceedings since I left Manchester. I am much pleased with Durham. It is surrounded with great natural beauty; it contains some highly interesting monuments of antiquity. On both these accounts I like it exceedingly; but that which renders it most peculiarly

agreeable is the great kindness and attention of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. They received me with every mark of hospitality and affection, and are still solicitous to render my visit pleasing and profitable. I think their concern for me is not thrown away; for I am not only thankful, but my health and spirits are improved. In the kindness of my friends, I see the mercy of my heavenly Father; and am encouraged to renew my confidence in him, who is the God of my life; and to believe that he will still guide and govern me, and at length bring me to himself.

I must now tell you more particularly what I have seen. History informs us that the site of this city was anciently a forest; that the wood was cleared away in order to build a shrine for the reception of the bones of St. Cuthbert, which were disturbed by the cruelty of the Danes, while reposing in the monastery of Lindisfarne, or the Holy Island; recently rendered memorable (as you know) by Walter Scott, in his poem of Marmion. The character of the country justifies the taste of those who selected it. It is still rich in woods, in which are formed beautiful walks; and its hills (not remarkably steep) are fringed with

fine trees, which hang over the river Wear as it winds along their bases, and reflects their dark and varied foliage in its stream. I have been in a sort of enchantment during some of our rambles, on the many truly summer evenings with which we have been favoured lately. Sunlight and moonlight, wood and water, ripening corn-fields, busy hay-makers, ruined towers, and a splendid cathedral, form combinations more interesting than it has often been my lot to gaze upon ; and I cannot be an indifferent spectator of such objects. But I have not been confined to home scenes. One of our rides was to Bishop-Auckland, about nine miles distant, to see a palace belonging to the bishop of this diocess. It is a most beautiful and romantic place. Another of our rides was to Sunderland, thirteen miles off, where we spent the day with some kind friends. There we had a view of the sea, and the iron bridge which spans the river with one arch.

But, perhaps, what would have interested you more than any thing I have named, was the cathedral service which I attended last Sunday morning. The Assizes have been held this week. The judges opened their commission on Saturday evening, and

attended at church on the following day. It was, of course, a high day, and to me exceedingly solemn. I felt that the combination of the state with the church was, under those circumstances, peculiarly affecting; and I blessed God for my country, and for its civil and religious privileges. The sermon was a sensible, philosophical discussion of the origin, nature, and advantages of civil government. It was instructive and interesting. The rest of the service was impressive and solemn; the music was exquisite, and frequently brought you to my mind. The people here consider their organ to be one of the best in the world. It certainly was very sweet to my uninstructed ears. They have some delightful voices in the choir. I not only met the judges in the house of God, but in the hall of justice, and listened with great interest for seven hours to a trial on the question of heirship. Dull and dry as is the recital of pedigrees, yet I was both pleased and instructed. There were three counsellors on each side; and the acuteness, discrimination, and talent displayed in their speeches, I greatly admired, as well as the patient attention and impartiality of the judge.

With kindest love to all your family, I remain, my dear Mary,  
Most affectionately yours.

## XIX.—TO MRS. W.

STOCKTON, *September, 1825.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very thankful that you have again proved the truth of that gracious promise, "The Lord is a strong hold in the time of trouble." I am sure you will feel the most intense desire, as well as the deepest obligation, to express your gratitude to your divine Benefactor, by giving yourself more unreservedly in heart and life to his service, and by a more entire surrender of all your faculties to him; and you will seek for larger measures of grace and wisdom, to fulfil the additional duties of the fresh charge entrusted to you. How delightful is the assurance, that he will give grace and strength, and teach us, while our eye is singly directed to him, how to glorify him under all the circumstances and vicissitudes of this changeable life! This is a lesson I am daily imploring the Spirit of wisdom and goodness to impress upon my understanding, and engraft deeply on my

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heart. We are yet in the wilderness ; and every blast that whistles around me comes with this cry to my ear, "Cease ye from man." But, though we are strangers and sojourners, we are still with God. This land of change and trial is his, as well as that holy, blessed, and peaceful land, to which, I trust, we are all travelling. He reigns in his church on earth, as well as in his church above ; and causes all things to work together for good to those who love him. If the streams are cut off, we must seek our supplies from the fountain ; and even when the currents flow the most freely, we must still feel our dependence on him in whom are all our springs of love and joy.

Believe me,

Your affectionate.

XX.—TO MRS. M.

ISLINGTON, *January 1st, 1826.*

ON writing the date of this letter, I am reminded that we have entered upon a new year ; and I cannot commence with any subject in which the desires and affections of my heart more cordially unite, than in wishing it may prove, to my dear friends at D., a year of greater prosperity and

enjoyment, both in things spiritual and temporal, than any that they have yet passed in this sublunary world. The swift flight of time is a trite subject ; but, in spite of its commonness, I am apt to think it has not always its due practical influence, either upon our hearts or lives. For myself, at least, I am obliged to say, that the opening year finds me struggling with cares, and fears, and sorrows, which I would fain surmount by looking above and beyond this transitory and uncertain life. I know, that “ those who weep should be as though they wept not ; for the fashion of this world passeth away ; ” and yet the faith that enables us to live and walk in eternity is not of easy attainment. It must be the gift of that Spirit, who, according to his own glorious power, works in the renewed heart things impossible to human might ; things, granted only to persevering, fervent prayer, humbly offered at the foot of the cross, for his sake who suffered there to procure for us, with every other blessing, that faith, by which alone we can overcome the world.

You are not, my dear Mrs. M., a stranger to the Christian's conflict with sorrow and fear, even under a sense of innumerable mercies, which excite and demand inexpress-



ible gratitude. On the view of the past, and the commencement of the present, year, my feelings are of this mixed character. The recollection of some past circumstances, at this season, brings with it a painful dejection, which is only alleviated by the remembrance of the support and consolation imparted in the time of need by an ever-present and ever-gracious God, and by the assurance, that the bereavement which I am left in solitude to lament, is the eternal gain of my beloved and venerable parent.

But, as I advance in my retrospection, a brighter scene presents itself; and the happy days I spent with my beloved friends in Durham, shine forth like the beautiful blue sky, illuminated by the sun in his meridian, while the horizon is skirted with clouds. The remembrance of their kindness comes over my mind like a soft and soothing vision; and to have been the ministers of mercy to a wounded spirit, I believe, will not form one of the least pleasing images which the review of past scenes will present to their kind and sensitive minds. May He, who has given sympathy and friendship to be the balm of human life, repay a thousand-fold that kindness, which your unworthy friend can only acknowledge and feel!

I think my new house will suit me very well. It is a convenient distance from the chapel ; and, should I have the divine presence and blessing with me, I hope I shall live to glorify God, and to prepare for heaven. I pray earnestly for a composed state of mind. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may sink into the will of God in every thing ; and, that the many exercises with which he is pleased to permit my spirit to be tried, may all work together for my good. The assurance, that they are even now doing so, is delightful, when I can fully realize it by a steadfast and triumphant faith.

With affectionate regard to you and Mr. M., I remain

Your grateful and devoted friend.

XXI.—TO MRS. W.

ISLINGTON, *January 23d*, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As, by the good providence of God, we are brought so far through "the changes and chances of this mortal life," as to see the commencement of another year, I feel unwilling that the first month of it should entirely elapse, without renewing my ex-

pressions of affectionate regard for my dear friends, and of sincere desire that its course may be marked to them with every blessing of the upper and the nether springs ; that they, and all connected with them, may rejoice more abundantly in the tokens of his presence and favour, who alone can clothe even prosperity with a smile, or give softness and sanctity to the harsh and rugged features of affliction. You, as well as myself, have had to sing both of mercy and judgment. Yet we can all say, with respect to that which has just floated into the ocean of eternity, "Thou hast crowned the year with thy goodness." May our sense of that goodness express itself in a gratitude, which shall be productive of a more entire consecration of our whole hearts and lives to Him, who is the end of our being, and the author of all our benefits.

Mr. Moore has lately preached us a most interesting sermon about returning to Zion with songs. He spoke of the transparency which faith gives to the veil that covers unseen objects. I want a great deal more, but I am thankful for any measure of that faith ; it is productive, in its degree, both of hope and joy. But here we see through a glass darkly, in comparison of the vision

which we anticipate in the light of glory. To the lustre of that day I look forward for the elucidation of those dispensations of divine Providence, which I cannot now unravel. It is enough that it is God who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will ; which will is not mere sovereignty, but the combined result of the energies of infinite wisdom, love, and power. I have, indeed, for a long time dwelt on the dark side of the picture ; but sometimes the light of eternity breaks in, and the whole assumes a different colouring ; the foreground is divested of its appearance of withered barrenness, and the perspective is bright and beautiful. The wand of the enchanter produces no transformation equal to that effected by religion upon the shifting scenes of this world. What a blessing that such a talisman has ever been put into our hands ! that its more than magic operations have been felt upon our hearts !

Still the work of entire renewal will not be effected without our co-operation. How much has a Christian to do, to anatomize his own heart ; to analyze his principles and feelings ; to discern and to distinguish the suggestions and teachings of the Holy Spirit ; to detect the errors and aberrations

of a weak and sinful nature! When I think of these things, I find that I need continual incitement to watch and pray, and to wait upon Him who has promised to teach us wisdom secretly. But I am too slow to learn. What a mercy that we have an Instructor who is patient, and who does not withhold the necessary discipline, even though we flinch from the rod of chastisement! O if we are but made wise unto salvation, how shall we thank him in eternity for all the corrections he has thought fit to use!

I delivered your message to Mrs. Mortimer, who gives her kind love and thanks to you, and will feel great pleasure in visiting you at Manchester.

With sincere affection, believe me

Yours.

XXII.—TO THE SAME.

LONDON, *May 6th*, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TRULY sympathize with you and Mr. W., in the affliction which I am sure you will suffer on account of the painful event communicated to me by Mr. B. I would fain administer the balm of consolation to

the wounded spirit ; but, I will frankly confess, I know not how to do it. Under circumstances of painful bereavement, who can say, " Weep not," but He who can give life to the dead ? To him alone it belongeth to " bind up the broken heart," after he has probed it, and pierced it, as well as to sanctify his own searching operations, and to impart a healing efficacy to the wormwood and the gall. That his voice of love, and tenderness, and pity, may soothe your sorrows, his arm sustain you under their pressure, and his Spirit make them the instrument of effecting all those gracious purposes towards you which his parental care designs, is my sincere and fervent prayer.

Your beloved infant is separated from you for a season ; you find new occasion for rallying around you all the resources of faith and hope. These can penetrate even the dim veil of death. In the visions of glory, you must endeavour to realize him, as a lovely and rejoicing cherub, before the throne of God. He has won the prize, without encountering the difficult and dangerous exercises of the racer ; and even before he was girded for the battle, he has been admitted to sit down with those who

have returned triumphant from the fight. As a trophy of the victory of the cross, he has already commenced the song of the redeemed; and ere long, my beloved friends, we shall join with him, and with his elder brethren, in the triumphant acclamation of praise, and honour, and blessing, to "Him who hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins, in his own blood."

There is much in heaven, and little on earth, to engage our affections. O that all our heart-rending bereavements might so detach us from present things, that, instead of being earthly-minded, we may be spiritualized, and elevated, and so assimilated to God by holy fellowship with him, through Jesus Christ, that we may stand prepared for every thing which he designs that we should either do or suffer for him on earth, and for the ineffable vision of glory and bliss, which he has reserved for us in his eternal heaven above.

When the heart is oppressed with grief, almost every topic seems irrelevant, but that which is the subject of complaint. Yet there is one under all circumstances, that must to Christians be always important and interesting; that is, the progress of the great work of God. This week has

been the period of Zion's solemnities. I will call it so ; for the gracious presence of God has hallowed our meetings, and infused into them a character of sacredness, which has been truly edifying and delightful. I wished my dear friends in Manchester could have participated with me in the exalted pleasure of listening to eloquent speeches ; but more especially did I wish, that they should share in a pleasure of a higher character. It was that intense and newly-excited interest in the great work of the salvation of the world, quickened by a deeper and closer view of its miseries and destitution, by new openings for the enlargement of the church, by the general expectation excited in the minds of those who think and feel the most deeply, that we are come even to the eve of a very glorious day ; these, with the accompanying influences of the divine Spirit, were the things I wished my dear friends to participate, because I felt solemnly affected by them myself. The meeting of the Church Missionary Society was pervaded by the same spirit as our own. The expectation of glorious times very near at hand seems general. Mr. Daniel Wilson, with the utmost possible energy and decision, gave

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us his views upon the subject. They were truly animating. As you both love God and his cause, I will not apologize for these details; even though the subject with which my letter commences is of so affecting a character. By experience, I can say, that the best remedy against personal depression is an elevating view of the approaching glories of the Redeemer's kingdom. With great sympathy and affection, I remain

Ever yours.

P. S. A public meeting is to be held, the week after next, by the Society for Propagating the Gospel; the archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, supported by princes, priests, and nobles! Is not this an extraordinary sign of the times?

XXIII.—TO MISS B.

LONDON, *June 10th*, 1826.

MY DEAR MARY,

MY memory suggests to me, that I have pledged myself to trouble you with a letter; and though I have nothing like news to communicate, yet conscience would not allow me to pass by this opportunity,

without convincing you that I consider promises as things that cannot be dispensed with, on any slight occasion. The world is new with you ; life is fresh ; and you see variety every day. With what topic then can *I* interest or entertain you, who pay few visits now to fairy land, and am too sombre to view life, arrayed like Iris, in a robe that glistens only with the brightest and the loveliest dyes ? Yet I would not break the spell of these vivid illusions, or disturb one ring of the circle which fancy may draw upon enchanted ground, over which it is her privilege to preside as queen. The rainbow soon disappears from the dark cloud, and the halo vanishes into air ; yet we do not forget that we have seen them ; and they leave upon the mind an impression of softness, and beauty, and lustre, to which we could not have attained, had we never seen any thing but colourless light. I will leave you, then, in undisturbed possession of the glowing brightness of the morning landscape, wishing you may enjoy it much, and retain it long, in conjunction with the rational admonitions of wisdom, and the fulfilment of the sober and unadorned duties of real life.

· If I judge rightly of your character, I

think you are disposed to estimate these duties according to their real value. You are convinced that human beings must not always float in ideal regions; that to woman especially belongs a retired, domestic, unostentatious station, wherein she is required to serve God and her generation, in meekness, diligence, and humility of mind; not with servility and abjectness of spirit, but (in what I am very much inclined to think the essence of true dignity consists) in the renunciation of self-will and selfishness in every form, for the sake of the happiness and advantage of others. To overcome the obstacles which human nature presents to the attainment of such a disposition, may not be a *splendid*, but it is a *great*, victory; and it will never be achieved, but under that banner upon which is inscribed, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Under this banner of the cross you are already enlisted. Be determined to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and he will enable you, by every thing that is lovely and of good report, to maintain the purity and the integrity of the cause in which you are engaged.

But if these things be so, what kind of training does the mind require! and how

much is to be done after the process that is termed *education* is gone through! You are entering upon the work, dear Mary. Apply to it with all diligence; and, though in some parts it may be rough and rugged, yet the harvest will repay the toil. You will wonder why I write thus to you. I will tell you. When I was called to leave some of those pursuits in which you have been so long and so successfully engaged, I felt it difficult to take my station in the domestic economy, and was not prepared to fulfil all the duties that devolved upon me, until religion had taken firm hold of my heart, and in a measure subdued pride, which was natural to it, and which had been rather cherished than repressed by my previous engagements. When I began my letter, I had no intention of entering into such a subject. I have drawn my bow at a venture. May it rather be under an unerring guidance! At any rate, forgive me. I have taken a liberty with you; but it is a liberty that took its origin from love. With the most unfeigned wish for your prosperity and happiness, both in this world and that which is to come, I remain, my dear Mary,

Your very affectionate friend.

## XXIV.—TO MRS. M.

• WINDSOR-TERRACE, *July 11th, 1826.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for the perusal of your mournfully interesting letters. Would that I could comfort you under the re-iterated stroke of which they contain the affecting particulars! O these pangs of separation! When shall we also arrive at that state of blessedness from which they shall be banished for ever? Seldom has my heart felt more disposed to unite with your respected brother, in the desire which he expresses of being speedily re-associated with "the blessed dead who have died in the Lord:" but courage, and faith, and patience, are Christian duties and dispositions, which we are called to exercise a little longer, a very little longer; and then we also shall enter into the joy of our Lord, and overtake those who have already hastened their escape from the stormy wind and tempest.

But, even previously to our re-union in that world of wonders which lies beyond the veil of death, may we not derive much consolation from the assurance, that our sepa-

ration is merely in things visible and tangible? That which constitutes the essence of Christian affection and friendship, the union of spirits, may still be maintained; and why not, in many instances, in even greater perfection than ever? Though the stream of death rolls between us and our departed friends, we are still one family in Him by whose sacred name we are called; and meeting in Him as our centre, must we not still be inseparably one? I have felt that this view of the subject has in some measure tended to give an elevation to my own mind, during the painful circumstances of the last few days; and I therefore suggest them to my beloved friend, with the earnest desire of casting upon the dark cloud of sorrow in which she is at present enveloped, some of those bright beams of hope and glory which emanate from that world where all is light and love. The words of my dear dying father were, "What a dream is life!" Why, then, be greatly moved with that which shall vanish at the morning light?

What a delightful change has been experienced by your dear, sainted mother! How calm, how serene she must feel in that land of "rest and assurance," into which

she so tranquilly entered ! And to our dear friend, escaped from the important, arduous, and exhausting labours of public life, how doubly delightful must be the repose of that hallowed and immaculate world ! O my dear friend, our sorrows are selfish ; and yet we must weep ; and we may weep guiltlessly ; for, at the grave of Lazarus, " Jesus wept."

With kindest remembrance to Mrs. B. and Mr. M., I am

Most affectionately yours.

XXV.—TO THE SAME.

WINDSOR-TERRACE, *July, 1826.*

THE sight of my dear friend's handwriting infused a beam of light into my mind. My thoughts have been much with you since your departure. What a blessing it is to know that the Lord, by his providence, orders the course of this world ; and that all its fluctuations, all its apparent casualties, are under the control of his power, and the guidance of his wisdom ! It is a still greater blessing to know that this wise, and great, and good God is on our side ; and that our minutest interests are inspected and attended to by him. You

will naturally say, "How is it, then, that, under this conviction, your mind should be so much depressed?" I can only answer, that the feelings of nature will cling to us, in spite even of our sense of infinite obligation to divine grace, and a rooted principle of dependence on divine providence. But I wish to find no palliatives for unbelief; therefore, even under that heart-rending sense of desolation which seems sometimes almost ready to overwhelm me, I know it is both my duty and privilege to repose myself on the bosom of his love, who still says, in accents of the kindest, the most sympathizing pity, "Let thy widows trust in me."

I am truly sorry that your prognostics, as to the effect of the Dover business, upon the health of our dear friend, Mr. B., has been so fully realized; and I feel anxious to know the nature of his disease, and whether or not he is making advances towards recovery. It is desirable to do all we can; but there are a few ardent minds, who would do every thing; and they stretch the cord so tight, that, not unfrequently, it snaps long before it is worn out; when, at a proper tension, it might continue to regulate the wheels to an advanced period. Well,



we shall all, I trust, soon be in heaven ; and then every movement will be regular, and every string will accord in one harmonious vibration of praise to Him, who, through much tribulation, has brought us safe to the kingdom of God. I am, my dear Mrs. M.,

Most affectionately yours.

XXVI.—TO THE SAME.

*July, 1826.*

MY DEAR MRS. M.,

I FEEL very anxious to hear, from yourself, how you are, after the severe shock you have sustained. From what I know, by heart-rending experience, of such awful scenes, I am sure they cannot be passed through without producing a very sensible effect upon the whole system. But I hope you are graciously supported by Him who rides upon the whirlwind, and directs the storm, and whose righteousness is like the strong mountains, while his judgments are a great deep. A deep, O how unfathomable by short-sighted, imperfect beings, whose dwelling is in the dust ! A new exercise is indeed afforded to our faith in the affecting event which has occurred ; but

I do trust, when our hearts and minds are in some measure enabled to overcome the recoil occasioned by the suddenness as well as the weight of the blow, we shall be assisted to renew and increase our confidence in Him who "doeth all things well," whether we can discern the reasons of his conduct, or whether he may choose to hang around himself an impenetrable veil.

The shock has sensibly affected me. Indeed, my spirits, within the last few years, have been so often and so deeply lacerated, that they are easily borne down by any additional pressure. Apathy never formed a constituent ingredient in my character, any more than in your own; and, as I believe it to be no part of the mind of our divine Exemplar, I shall never pray for it, whatever I may be called to suffer from its opposite, in this vale of tears. Many improvements that may be made of this solemn dispensation pass before my mind, and I am anxious to retain them. This, at least, I would have written upon my heart as with the stroke of a diamond, "Be ye also ready; for, at an hour when ye think not, the Son of man cometh." I ever remain, my dear and kind friend,

Yours affectionately.

## XXVII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *November 30th, 1826.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM glad to hear that you are comfortably settled in your new house. Earthly comforts are great blessings, especially if received as the gifts of Him from whom all blessings flow; if they are employed as streams to conduct us back to the great fountain, increasing our sense of obligation and responsibility to him, our diligence and cheerfulness in his service, and our entire delight in himself, who is, in and above them all, our supreme portion, and only unfailling source of confidence and joy.

I, too, am surrounded with mercies; and am infinitely indebted to the God of all grace for opportunities of making progress in the divine life. I most anxiously wish to improve them under the increasingly impressive conviction that "time is short." The ranks of the church are thinned; and it behoves those who are permitted to continue a little longer on duty, to become "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," that in due time they may partake of that victory,

the triumphs of which are already enjoyed by their brethren above.

I am happy to say, that the health of our valuable friend, Mrs. Mortimer, appears to be considerably recruited since the departure of the very great heat which has been so oppressive here. She enjoys the society of intimate friends at home; but the season of public and general usefulness seems to be at an end. How diligently and successfully it was employed by her, during its continuance, not a few can testify; and perhaps there are few for whom the church is more bound to pray that her latter end may be as tranquil, happy, and joyous, as her life has been pious, holy, and useful.

You have indeed been enlarging your borders in Manchester and its neighbourhood. While the cords of the tabernacle are strengthened, and its curtains spread over a greater surface; I trust the stakes will also be strengthened, and the presence of Him who dwelleth between the cherubim be more abundantly and gloriously manifested. There is much yet to be done in the world before that promise is accomplished: "The kingdom shall be the Lord's."

I am glad to hear so pleasing an account

of your son's progress in the best of all knowledge. So you are resolved to give his talents to the world, for the amelioration of its physical, if not of its moral, disorders. Seductions and temptations beset every path through which man urges his journey over this disordered globe. Scepticism is the great snare to students in the different departments of the medical profession. One reason of this is, that young men enter upon it without a thorough acquaintance with the evidences of divine truth. They therefore yield to the natural tendency of physiological studies; which is, to rest in second causes; and they become an easy prey to the hollow and sneering insinuations of professed infidels. Against these and every other danger, I trust your beloved son will be armed by an acquaintance, not only with the evidences of religion, but by that which is the crowning assurance of its reality, the experience of its saving and sanctifying influence upon the heart and life.

We live in a disordered world, which no efforts of ours can harmonize: we must therefore bear with its turbulence and irregularity as well as we can, and turn our attention towards an undertaking scarcely

less difficulty in its accomplishment, the reducing to order the discordant principles and passions of our own but partially-renewed hearts. We are brought under discipline for this purpose ; and happy will it be for us, if it be not exercised in vain. The design of affliction to Israel of old was, "To humble thee, to prove thee, and to show thee what is in thine heart."

Believe me, dear friend,

Yours sincerely.

XXVIII.—TO MRS. B.

*March 20th, 1827.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY are the claims which are daily made upon my gratitude by the Giver of all my mercies ; and this day I have been called to a special recollection of them, it being just one year since, in much dejection and perturbation of mind, I took possession of my present dwelling. I have been protected, sustained, and blessed, during that period ; although it has neither been without painful circumstances of external agitation, nor without much internal depression. I can still muse upon past scenes, and thereby give them a renewed

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existence, till every spring of sorrow flows afresh, and my heart sinks at the recollection, that I am desolate and alone.

But I see it necessary now, not to suffer my mind to follow too intensely this train of painful thought. My mercies are still innumerable ; and I am drawing nearer to heaven. I feel an increasing interest in the contemplation of that state of approaching glory. Sometimes I seem to catch those glimpses of it, which make this world's joys and sorrows sink down to their own insignificance. I am aware that I ought to have improved much by the discipline through which I have passed ; and that the fruits of righteousness, as well as of peace, should now appear as its results. Obedience and resignation are Christian characteristics, by which the power of divine grace is exhibited ; and I wish now to fill up the period that may yet remain of my pilgrimage, in endeavouring to attain a deeper acquaintance with God and myself, and to assist others in the promotion of the same end.

I have said much about myself ; but I have said it to one who has often lent a patient ear to the expression of my feelings, with the overflowing kindness of a friendly and sympathizing heart. I thank you for

your last kind letter. Its life-inspiring cheerfulness came like the glance of a sun-beam upon my spirits; and I could not help feeling the exhilarating presence of my lively and animated friend. I often wish to participate in the interesting conversations of those I love; but I do join you in spirit. We meet in one centre; and there become one with each other, and one with the great Fountain of light, whose brightness we are to reflect, not, perhaps, on the same objects, but with united lustre and increased intensity, till we form a sphere of radiance which shall be so seen by others, as to lead them to glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Believe me, dear friend,

Yours affectionately.

XXIX.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *March 21st*, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TIME passes quickly; and (unless I assume to myself too large a space in the field of mental vision) I begin to imagine you are expecting to hear from me. I have nothing new to communicate, except it be on the subject of divine mercy; which I find to be "new every morning," and to be continued every moment. Many proofs of



this have been vouchsafed to me through the winter, which has passed on without tediousness, though a considerable portion of it has been spent in solitude. I have often enjoyed the benefit and pleasure of Christian conversation, which is one of my choicest gratifications, and a chief instrument in raising me up from that dejection of mind, by which I have had too much cause to be oppressed.

Miss Jane Taylor says, "I often adopt those lines of Dr. Watts :—

'Thanks to my friends for their care of my breeding ;  
Who taught me betimes to love writing and reading.'

In the same sentiment I coincide, and feel thankful both to God and man, for having furnished me with those resources from which I may derive advantage myself, and be prepared to impart benefit to others. But you must not suppose that all my time is thus occupied. My class-meeting (in which I feel a deepening interest) gives me more employment than the mere weekly attendance. I am never fond of going out without a motive. This leads me out, when I should otherwise stay in the house ; and thus I get the benefit of air and exercise, which I find to be necessary, both to the

health of the body, and the energy of the mind. I have also attended our working-meeting this winter, which has acted as a stimulus upon me to seek an additional measure of grace and wisdom, to render myself useful. We have read some important books, which have furnished matter for observation; and, perhaps, attention and reflection may have been excited in some youthful minds, which may tend to the exclusion of frivolous thoughts and conversation, by subjects of much higher and deeper interest.

Duties and engagements branch out from each other; and, wherever we are, there is always an influence to be exerted for God and his truth. To have the mind always in a state of preparation to bring that influence into full effect, is what I most earnestly desire. It requires devotedness of spirit to God; to be obtained by hallowed intercourse with him; who will then give us grace to be faithful, as well as light to direct us how to employ every talent most effectually to his glory. We may rejoice in this, that he is not a hard master; nor will he require any thing from us, for which he has not first furnished us with the necessary means.

I hope, my dear friend, you find health and strength adequate to your opportunities of usefulness. How different are the orbits in which the children of God are appointed to move! Yet they have the same centre, and derive their light and heat from the same sun. Each has received its direction, and is sustained in its course, by the same impulse; and shall roll onward and onward for ever; and continue to burn and shine, through the same everlasting communicated influence. This is a delightful consummation of our Christian hope, and a stimulus sufficient to excite every holy activity.

So you have had Mr. Wolfe at Manchester! I have had some interesting interviews with him; and was much pleased with the simplicity of his views respecting the great means of evangelizing the world, whether Jew or Gentile. His whole reliance is on the preaching of the cross of Christ. As the bearer of the blood-stained standard, my prayers shall go with him to the ends of the earth; especially to that hallowed inheritance of his fathers, from which it originally issued forth.

Yours very affectionately,

## XXX.—TO MRS. P.

LONDON, *May 30th*, 1827.

MY DEAR MRS. P.,

I THANK you for your kind letter, conveyed to me by Dr. Clarke. I felt truly thankful to hear of your welfare; and rejoice to find, that with an even and steady pace you are still pursuing your way to the kingdom of heaven. Our intercourse has been long suspended; and, in the interval, we have been deeply wounded, by the thorns and briars of the wilderness; but the Lord has upheld us, and directed our steps amidst trial and difficulty; and at this moment we can say, "Hitherto hath he helped us."

I assure you, my dear friend, I ascribe it to the grace of my heavenly Father, that I have not been overwhelmed in the deep waters with which I have been surrounded. I should certainly have sunk, had He not led me to "the rock which is higher than I." But upon that foundation, the Christian can withstand every storm. There, I not only felt myself to be upon firm ground; but I had the unspeakable blessedness of witnessing the unshrinking stability which it afforded to the faith, and

hope, and rejoicing, of Mr. Bulmer, whom nothing short of this consolation could have enabled me to see struggling with the dark and boisterous billows of dissolution and death.

You know that we were necessary to each other's happiness. In anticipation, this stroke always appeared to me insupportable : but who shall reply against God ? He inflicted it ; and he has given strength, according to the appointed day. Tribulation, I trust, has in some degree wrought patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. His promises have been graciously and amply fulfilled ; and what I now want is, an entire consecration to him, and an unreserved dedication to his service. Trials, as well as talents, are to be improved to the glory of God. Are they not, indeed, to be reckoned among the talents committed to our charge ? I would consider them as such, and as such employ them : but He who sends can alone sanctify them ; and thus, whether working or suffering, we are sent to the foot of the cross, where alone the wounded, weary spirit finds repose and healing, and obtains "the strength to suffer, and the will to serve."

Let us take courage, my dear friend. When we think of trials, let us remember the consolation which we have in Christ Jesus our Lord. When we think of our weakness, let us remember, that, through his strength, we can do all things. When we think of our unworthiness, let it be engraven on our hearts, as with a pen of iron, on the rock for ever, that He is our righteousness; the sure foundation of our hope of acceptance, both for our persons and our work. In the midst of this quicksand world, which swallows up so many of our social comforts, we have still some valuable ones remaining. Dear Mrs. Mortimer is one of the choice treasures, which, for a little while longer, we are permitted to retain; but we hold her with a trembling hand. The chariot must ere long come for her. But what then? It will return, at the appointed time, for us also; and in heaven separations shall be for ever at an end!

Wishing you the abundant fulfilment of all His promises, I remain

Affectionately yours.

## XXXI.—TO MRS. B.

LONDON, *November 13th, 1827.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE often felt, that epistolary correspondence is not among our smallest blessings. When I read your last letter, my heart longed to be present with you, that I might receive and return, with the sympathy of a Christian friend, all that fulness of feeling, with which every line of it seemed to be charged. Memory bore me backward to those by-gone hours of close and interesting fellowship which we once enjoyed: hours which I can never think of without deep emotion. Shall we ever again, in this world, enjoy such intercourse? I hope so: but, if not, we shall at least in heaven perpetuate a perfect and inviolable friendship. To that state of blessedness how naturally the heart turns, for the consummation of every thing that is excellent and interesting here below!

Friendship is life's most refined, most soothing treasure; and yet of how many shocks is it susceptible! how many that arise from physical, too many from moral, causes! A cold and fluctuating heart, with

whatever proportion of intellectual strength it may be found in combination, is not capable of generous, much less of intense, friendship. It seems as if the expanse of the heart's affections ought to be commensurate with the capacities of the mind ; but experience proves, that this is not the case. Hence, we cannot but be subject to great pain and disappointment : where many things are great, and high, and admirable, we wish every part to correspond ; but, alas, alas ! we cannot confidentially repose in such characters : we may be irradiated by their brilliancy ; but, if we value our own peace, we shall not give them our hearts. This is a world of strange perturbation. Every good has its alloy, every enjoyment its limitation. It requires much wisdom to separate the gold from the dross ; to obtain the honey, and yet leave the sting.

I am glad to hear your son has chosen a pious lady for his companion ; for I believe a preacher's usefulness, as well as his happiness, is closely connected with the character of his wife. She should be a helpmeet for her husband ; but how can she help a preacher unless she be interested in his work, devoted to the same cause, and



to the same God? Do write soon; and believe that I still am, my dear Mrs. B.,  
Your very affectionate friend.

## XXXII.—TO MRS. M.

LONDON, *November 15th, 1827.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IF it were in the will of Providence, how happy I should be, might our lot once more be cast a little nearer together! Should you leave D., would you not come into the vicinity of the metropolis? But, you will say, "It is a changed place;" and my heart responds to the solemn truth. It emphatically exhibits the impression of this world's characteristic feature, mutability. Our fathers, our brethren, are gone; and our prophets live not for ever! We might still, however, strive to edify and solace one another; and the recreations of social intercourse would cast a bright and cheering ray athwart the sombre shadows that rest on the closing scenes of the vale of life.

But, my dear friend, the best of all is, that there lies before us a region upon which no shadow rests. Sorrow, and pain, and change, and death, shall shortly be left behind, and the full blaze of unclouded

blessedness shall burst upon the emancipated spirit, and irradiate it for ever. Let us lift up our eyes, and look steadily by faith upon the glory that awaits us, as believers in Jesus; and we shall be less moved by the passing tribulations of a transitory world. It is a solemn and certain truth, that things seen are temporal, things not seen are eternal; and it was the realizing conviction of this that gave to the faith of the apostle its steadfast and triumphant character. The same kind of conviction will give the same holy elevation to our views and feelings; and we also, under its hallowing and commanding influence, shall reckon, as he did, "that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." And when we add to this, that even the lightest trial is directed towards a special object;—to reclaim some wayward affection; to sanctify some unsubdued disposition; to teach some lessons of wisdom; to mature some grace heretofore in imperfect exercise; to discipline the spirit to patience, to meekness, to unhesitating and implicit confidence in the wisdom and goodness of our heavenly Father, our unalienable friend and deliverer; surely we should pray that in all

our tribulations we may not only be in subjection to the Father of spirits, but that we may meekly and joyfully receive these tokens of our adoption, discern their intent, and faithfully and humbly improve them as parts of that remedial process, whereby our souls are to be reclaimed from this world's snares, with its sins and vanities, and be perfected for heaven and happiness in that which is to come.

Views and reflections of this nature I rejoice, my dear friend, to know, possess no claim to novelty with you; but it is known truth that becomes, under the divine influence and blessing, the means of enlightening and strengthening the Christian mind. It is my prayer that I may have a more distinct view of the realities which faith reveals; and that the principle, the grace of faith, may be in constant exercise upon the daily circumstances and occurrences of my appointed path through life. I have much, very much to be thankful for. I pray that my solitude may be sanctified; and I rejoice to say, that it is often so, by the felt presence of my best, my never-failing Friend. With kind remembrance to Mr. M., believe me

Yours most truly.

## XXXIII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *January 10th*, 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE had the pleasure of your daughter's company with my niece's, during part of the vacation; and I believe we enjoyed ourselves all together. To entertain, and at the same time to instruct, young people, is not the easiest thing in the world; and yet it is a very possible combination; for in juvenile minds, in any degree well-trained and disciplined, there appears to be an innate principle of curiosity, and a love of truth, which make instruction acceptable, and open a channel for information from any source in which it can be acquired. That it should be conveyed pure from the fountain of wisdom, is the important point; for there are now so many turbid streams of communication, that parents and teachers cannot be too much upon their guard against poisoned periodicals, and superficial and sophistical publications of all sorts, as well as against the encroachments of worldly principles, which creep from so many quarters, even into the professing classes of society. You, I am sure,

are vigilant, and will continue to be so, against all these evils; and are highly favoured in seeing the fruit of your kind solicitude in the religious dispositions of your rising family.

And now, my dear friend, I wish to you and all you love, a happy new year. Many blessings encompass your steps already. May they multiply! But the richest of all blessings is a free and an authorized access to the fountain of mercy, to the living streams of felicity, which flow from the river of God. May you drink from these with an increasing thirst, and may their ever-flowing fulness continually satisfy your largest desires. A close walk with God, a governing religious principle, regulating and controlling the whole nature, seems to me more desirable than ever; and surely we are spared to see new years in order that we may receive new communications of divine grace. The flight of time reminds us of the close of our pilgrimage; may its progress increase our preparation for that event!

We have little that is new here; or, at least, the tide of news does not rise high enough to float into the little crevice in which I dwell; but I am not anxious to

receive the full current, nor to enter into the busy, bustling spirit, that agitates the dwellers on this turbid flood. I often think of the words of Gambold: "Life is sacred all and vain." This world is not our home. It must not, in any shape, have our hearts; it is not worthy of them; no, not in its best and fairest forms. But it makes many an effort; and, however worthless the bait it offers, too often succeeds, at least so far as to abate the fervour of our spiritual affections, and to cast somewhat of dimness over the pure and bright visions of faith. Prayer for a devout and hallowed frame of mind is infinitely important. It guards from danger, and confers both peace and power.

The more I think of my daily mercies, the more I see that I fall short of the debt of gratitude which I owe to Him from whom they flow. My prayer is, that the Lord would enable me more earnestly to apply to him for that fulness of grace which shall make me meet for his kingdom, and assist me to become more efficiently instrumental in making others so.

Believe me, dear friend,

Yours affectionately.

## XXXIV.—TO MISS B.

LONDON, *March 29th, 1828.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a long time since we held any conversation together, even in this secondary manner; but I believe neither silence nor absence has on either side produced forgetfulness. I often think of my dear and kind friends, though I cannot now figure to myself the exact situation and appearance of their abode; but it is enough that I hear it is comfortable. What alterations shall I not witness, if I ever have again the pleasure of joining your family circle! In all, except your dear parents, I shall see a sensible advance in the progress of life; infancy and childhood springing up into youth, and youth taking considerably more of the character of maturity. Your brother, no longer my lively juvenile friend, but the serious, sedate minister of the Gospel, transplanted to take root in another plot of ground. P. I expect to find the diligent, busy, studious explorer of the intricacies of the law; not disheartened by Mr. Brougham's fearful representation of its abuses and difficulties, but resolved to carry

Christian principles into the exercise of his profession, and, so far as his influence shall extend, to redeem the character of a class of men, who are perhaps too generally considered as necessary evils.

But what change must I anticipate in my friend M.? She will, I expect, be increased in stature, and advanced in knowledge; more conversant with all that is useful, as well as ornamental, in life and conduct; and, above all, more determined to be a Christian, and more deeply devoted to the love and service of God. Passing years bring home to my mind the importance of early decision on the subject of religion; and, therefore, whatever may become of my anticipations upon any of the preceding matters, I trust, that in this I shall neither be mistaken nor disappointed. When you write, tell me all about it; for I long to know that the needle rests at the true point of attraction in the minds of all my young friends.

I have had an opportunity of attending several lectures lately, at the London Institution, upon the subject of igneous meteors and meteorology: it is curious in itself, and was treated with considerable science, taste, and ingenuity. Many interesting facts were stated and illustrated; many



hypotheses were brought forward and answered ; but, after all, the real nature and origin of fire-balls, meteoric stones, meteoric iron, &c., seem to be involved in impenetrable obscurity. I could not help being struck with this additional proof of the limited sphere of man's knowledge, even in the things which belong to his own world. How strongly should it suppress pride and arrogance, and especially impious scepticism upon subjects which belong to the world beyond him, and of which he can know nothing but by the discoveries of faith ! Mr. Samuel Wesley is giving a course of lectures on music, which I hope to attend.

I am, my dear Mary,

Most affectionately yours.

XXXV.—TO MRS. M.

LONDON, *December 13th*, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

THROUGHOUT the period of my absence, I have received mercies for which I feel unfeignedly thankful. No accident has befallen me in travelling ; and, in every place I have visited, I have met with Christian friends, with whom I have been cheered, strengthened, and excited to pur-

sue with greater diligence the all-important concerns of that better life which is to come. I feel much satisfaction in believing, that most, if not all, of them are striving with increased earnestness to obtain the high prize of our Christian calling, eternal life. And O, my dear friend, what a shadow, what a vapour, is every thing short of this! The world is a passing pageant; vanity and insufficiency are written upon all its enjoyments. He only is happy, who has here a life hid with Christ in God, and a calm and joyful assurance, that though this world passeth away, yet that "he who doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

I am sure your feeling hearts must have undergone a very painful discipline in your separations from so many affectionate friends, and from a spot endeared to you by associations, as strong as any that can bind us to the perishable objects of time. The scenes of childhood and youth, where we have learned to love God and to love one another, must be regarded with affections that cannot be transferred to any other portion of this rolling globe. But those affections *can* be transferred to heaven! Heaven is now the abode of most of those whose presence gave these scenes their

deepest and most delightful interest. There they await our coming: and it is meet that, in the exercise of a hope that will never make us ashamed, we should anticipate the blessed period when we may review, without any mixture of pensive or melancholy retrospection, the whole course of our travelling through the wilderness; and renew, with such an intenseness of devout ardour, as now we can but faintly imagine. Our thanksgivings to that adorable Saviour, whose grace and providence have so often interposed, to deliver us from danger and to crown us with blessing, has caused many stages of our journey to bear the grateful memorial of "the stone of help." Let us take courage. Our God has not forsaken us hitherto; nor will he ever forsake us; for not one word which he hath spoken shall fail. You have in Cheltenham the advantage of a beautiful country, and, above all, a plentiful supply of the means of grace. You will not, I am persuaded, want opportunities of usefulness any where; for where the principle of love to God and man exerts its stimulating influence, occasions for its exercise abound in every place.

Be assured I am still, my dear friend,  
Most affectionately yours.

## XXXVI.—TO MISS E. B.

LONDON, *December 16th, 1828.*

MY DEAR MISS B.,

PERMIT me to return my sincere thanks to your highly-respected parents, of whose hospitality and Christian affection I have received so many proofs. I can only pray, that He who is the author of all good, and who transfuses through the souls of his servants the spirit of his own beneficence, may pour out upon you all the overflowing fulness of his love, that by a richer participation of all the blessings of the gospel of peace, you may be made unspeakably happy in the present world, and in the world to come obtain everlasting life.

And now, does my dear friend E. feel that there is in her mind any obstacle to the enjoyment of this blessedness? I think I hear her reply, "I am not yet in the possession of it. There is a hinderance somewhere; O that it were removed!" "Have faith in God," dearest E.: it is the command of your Redeemer; and, according to his promise, you shall say to the mountain, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea." Yes! whatever there

may be in your judgment or feeling that misleads, or perplexes, or discourages, or distresses you, the power of the Divine Spirit can in an instant remove it ; and for the exertion of that power, no native impulse is required, but the simple, the entire effort of the humbled and believing sinner, to stake his soul, with all its present and eternal interests, on the infinitely meritorious sacrifice of the incarnate Son of God. May He who is the Author of faith himself explain its nature fully to your heart.

You will perceive, that I suppose the hinderance to rest with yourself. I cannot do otherwise : because I believe that word : "The Lord waiteth to be gracious." He is exalted to give "remission of sins." Come, then, and trust him for his grace. Endeavour, by an appropriating faith, to claim your own interest in his promises. They are firmer than the pillars of heaven. Dare to trust in Christ, and your confidence shall never make you ashamed.

Of some persons, on this subject, I would ask, "Are you willing to make the necessary sacrifices? Can you give up the world? its vanities, its pleasures? For the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, can you *give* all

*for* all? can you dare to be singular? can you suffer reproach for your religious profession?" These are questions which it behoves every candidate for the high prize of the divine favour, and eternal life, to put to his own heart. You, my dear E., are happily shielded from the rough blasts of persecution, as well as from the more ensnaring seduction of this world's witcheries; yet every Christian has some difficulties to encounter, some idol to abandon. There is a bringing up of the mind to a high and holy disavowal of this world's maxims. There is a subjugation of the will to the requirements of divine wisdom. There is a surrender of the heart's best affections to Him who is infinitely worthy of our love. I am persuaded, in all these things, you have counted the cost. You do and will esteem every thing but loss, in comparison of the favour of God. He who has called you to seek his face, and led your heart to reply, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek," will give you even now greater blessings than you can conceive.

Believe me

Yours.

## XXXVII.—TO MISS B.

LONDON, *December 18th, 1828.*

MY DEAR MARY,

AFTER writing a long letter to your mother, I will fill up my remaining portion of time this evening, by directing my epistolary regards separately to yourself. Since my return, I have been much occupied in arranging household affairs, in bringing up arrears of correspondence, &c. With these engagements, I have had no time to be low-spirited; that is, not in the emphatic sense which I have sometimes attached to that phrase. I have indeed felt the loss of the society of many kind, dear, and interesting friends; but I have been at the same time enabled to thank God, who has not only provided for me the cordial of friendship, but has given me in some measure that healthfulness of mind, which does not exclude either effort or enjoyment when the stimulus is removed. I do not say this, either as a matter of course, or of self-gratulation. It is one of the mercies for which I bless my heavenly Father, with sentiments of deep and heartfelt gratitude. It is one for which I own myself entirely

dependent upon his bounty, and which I pray for grace and wisdom to improve.

I am perhaps more strongly reminded of my mercies, by the affecting circumstances of your friend. How soon, dear Mary, can the sun of earthly enjoyment be eclipsed ! No light but that which offers neither shadow nor decline is bright or pure enough for an immortal, intellectual being to rejoice in. The soul itself is a sun that is never to set ; and its beams can only assimilate completely with the glorious irradiations of the Sun of righteousness. From that Sun they emanated ; by it their splendour must be replenished, and to it they must return ; yet not so as by absorption to lose their individual lustre.

And now, my dear friend, I beseech you to tell me what efforts you are making to get this immortal and gloriously-endowed essence, that tabernacles awhile in your frail and perishing body, into a state of purity and perfection ? Are you truly in earnest that its spots and blemishes should be cleansed away ? that its high capabilities should be put in requirement ? that it should be dominant over the lower powers and propensities of earth and sense ? If you are, my dear Mary, resolved to be this



spiritual, sublime, and holy creature, **you** must with an intensity of interest prosecute the work of preparation, steadfastly determining to make your soul's salvation the object of your first, your last, your most entire concern. Not without design do I lay this stress upon decision and determination of mind; for if we are not firmly resolved to buy the truth, we shall be in danger of shrinking from the price that must be paid for it. Although it is quite true, that the blessings of gospel salvation are as free as the light, or the air we breathe; yet it is also true, that for the attainment of the pearl of great price, every thing must be given. A candid self-examination, in each particular case, will discover the sacrifice that must be made, and made never to be reclaimed. Sin, in its most subtle, most insinuating form, must be renounced and abjured. The pride of our nature must be exchanged for humility; its impatience and susceptibility of offence, for the meekness and gentleness of Christ; its self-sufficiency, for renunciation of every thing, but dependence on divine support.

These considerations, I know, dear Mary, are not new to you; but I am anxious that they should come home, with increased

efficiency, to your heart and conscience, so that you may take no rest but in a decided and blessed experience of the heartfelt joys of religion. Why should you not at once be altogether a Christian? Happy in the possession of that which alone can make you happy; for could any thing short of God make any human spirit happy, yours is not that spirit. There are thoughts, and feelings, and desires awakened within your mind, which only He who formed that mind can meet and satisfy. And yet you are in danger of resting without happiness; you are in danger from the want of persevering effort to enter in at the strait gate. Remember his words, who said, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence." Determine to be among them who "take it by force."

When you have entered in at the strait gate, you will need to walk cautiously in the narrow way. The world opens many paths to destruction; and even professors who walk heedlessly are often allured or beguiled into them. Beware of whatever may weaken the energy of your spirit, in your strife to enter; and, when you are entered, beware of every thing that may impede your progress. It is my anxiety,

dear Mary, for your best interests that has made me enter upon this important subject, and press it with so much strenuousness. I long for those who have great religious privileges, that they may have also deep religious experience; especially that the children of our revered ministers may emulate the faith and piety of their parents; and, above all, as a personal motive, that the daughter of my highly-valued and beloved friends, and my friend also, may live a happy and useful life, to the glory of God, to the comfort of herself and her parents, to the edification of the church, and a blessing to her friends. It is now midnight, so I will only add, that I remain

Most affectionately yours.

XXXVIII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *January 2d, 1829.*

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I RETURN you my sincere thanks for the many proofs of regard which you were so good as to confer upon me while under your hospitable roof. I trust our connexions, both of relationship and friendship, will always be cemented by every opportunity of intercourse we may be permitted

to enjoy. I often think that the society of interesting and amiable friends constitutes one of life's chief felicities. It is the recreation of the mind when its powers are exhausted by business; it is the solace of the sorrowful spirit; and it is the life of all that is pleasant and invigorating in the most cheering and animating circumstance of our mortal pilgrimage. Yet, if I had no hope of eternity, I would almost prefer to accomplish life's mysterious journey alone, than to suffer the pain of an everlasting separation from those spirits who had so "oft and freely mixed with mine," and laid my soul in bonds which can only be broken by severing the heart from itself. On parting lately with some of my old and very dear friends, I could not help saying, "If we did not hope to spend eternity together, these long separations, and short seasons of intercourse, would affect my spirits even more than they do."

But what is this eternity, to which we look forward as the consummation of every thing that is good, and great, and interesting in our nature, as well as in our existence? It is that immortality for which we were originally created. It is that eternal life which God, in his unfathomable mercy,

has restored to us through our redemption by our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the high inheritance of every human spirit; high and fearful, because it is connected with capacities for inconceivable enjoyments. But it is also connected with lively susceptibilities of exquisite and unutterable woe.

I beg your acceptance of Newton's work on the Prophecies, which has an established character of the highest order. I hope you will find much pleasure in the perusal of it. It will refresh your acquaintance with history, and connect with it a most interesting branch of the evidence of divine revelation. The predictions delivered more than three thousand years ago, are still in the course of accomplishment; and 'prophecy is a scroll that is still unfolding, and will be so to the end of time; for then only shall that mystery be finished which constitutes the great subject of the law, the prophets, and the gospel. The small volume I have added contains the same arguments as Newton's, but in a condensed form, with the additional testimony of recent travellers, who, without any view to prophecy, or any interest in Christianity, have established the claims of the one, and thereby vindicated the divine origin and authenticity of

the other. Prophecy is connected both with the Old and the New Testament, which form one harmonious system of divine truth: and they stand or fall together. They shall indeed stand when the heavens shall vanish away like smoke; when "the earth shall wax old as doth a garment, and when they that dwell therein shall die in like manner;" for, though heaven and earth shall pass away, not one word of the omniscient God shall fall unaccomplished to the ground.

In how short a time shall our lives, which are becoming a shadow that declineth, set in the darkness of death! O the blessed light of the gospel, which irradiates that otherwise-desolate region, and shows it to be but the entrance to an everlasting day!

I will now conclude by wishing you and Mr. W. a very happy new year; a year that may introduce you to a more intimate acquaintance with that which emphatically constitutes happiness; and to every subordinate blessing that will render you as much enjoyment as things transitory and uncertain are capable of affording, even under their most favourable circumstances.

I have been recalling the past scenes of twenty years. There is a pleasing melan-

choly in those recollections, that I would neither exchange for the apathy of the Stoic, nor for the burst of vacant mirth. The remembrance of departed friends floats not like the mist upon the mountains, to be exhaled by the first sun-beams. It is written in imperishable lines upon the tablet of the affectionate and grateful heart, and will remain there while memory itself continues; yea, until the final summons shall re-unite those who have never ceased to be in spirit one.

With best regards to Mr. W., believe me, dear cousin,

Affectionately yours.

XXXIX.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *January 19th, 1829.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO indeed rejoice with you in the increased happiness of your domestic circle. The improvement of your children, not only in knowledge, but in virtue and piety, and, consequently, in happiness, will, I trust, be to both their parents an accumulating source of gratitude to God, and of satisfaction in the objects of your affectionate solicitude.

Last night we had a most excellent sermon from Mr. Bicknell, addressed to young people, from, "They that seek me early shall find me." All he said tended to increase my gratitude to God, for having, in early life, invited and allured me to seek the wisdom from above. But, alas! much greater should and might have been my improvement of a long-continued course of benefits; yet I take refuge in the atonement, and bless Him who has so far and so graciously saved me; who, amidst the fairest scenes of life, has been the source of my supreme happiness; who in the day of affliction has been my fortress; and who condescends, even to the present moment, to be my refuge and strength.

I have occupied my mind lately in the retrospect of scenes that have vanished away like a dream. What a shadow is human life! How vainly is the heart disquieted about things that shall soon be as though they had not been! The close and commencement of the year perhaps press these considerations with special weight upon the mind; and a faith that realizes, and a hope that anticipates, a glorious and joyful eternity, are essentially necessary to induce us cheerfully to forego the evanescent



enjoyment of time, for the permanent and eternal blessings which are insured to those who, instead of being engrossed with earthly things, aspire to have their conversation in heaven. We greatly need the "showers of blessing" which were of old promised under the spiritual dispensation of the Gospel. How important are these divine visitations to our personal sanctification, and increase in spiritual vigour and enjoyment!

I shall be glad to hear something about your excursions. Did Mr. W. see any improvement in the state of things, as it regards religion, in Paris? We have heard much of a revival in that irreligious and dissipated city, and hope it is a true account. There is much every where to interest the mind that is awake to feeling and observation,—much in nature and much in man; but in God there is infinitely more than the whole circle of his creation, whether animate or inanimate, sensible or intellectual, can furnish, for the exercise and gratification of our highest and noblest powers.

Is it true that Mr. — is in a dying state? It will be another proof of this world's vanity, and will tend to convince us, if any thing can work such a conviction,

that when we seem to have taken hold of its most substantial benefits, we have but grasped a shadow, which eludes us while we attempt to clasp it in our arms. How delightful, as well as how needful, it is, to bear in mind, in the midst of earthly imperfections, trials, and cares, that state of unmixed blessedness reserved for us above! May it be our chief concern to be quite ready when our summons comes! What a solemn memento is a dying chamber! But the light of heaven can irradiate even that darkness, by diffusing its beams over the melancholy group.

With sincere affection, I am

Yours.

XL.—TO MRS. M.

LONDON, *February 4th*, 1829.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS truly thankful to hear of your better health, and trust you still experience the benefit of the milder climate to which you are removed. A measure of bodily health is essential to every earthly enjoyment, at least; and has often a considerable effect upon our spiritual comforts: so intimate is the connexion of the immortal spirit

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with its frail and perishable partner, the body. You have had so much experience of this, that I am sure you will know how to prize the divine goodness; and, in your restored winter Sabbath services, will discern that parental tenderness which blends consolation with discipline, which "stays the rough wind in the day of the east wind," and never exercises with trial without imparting proportionate strength. It is very desirable, when many shadows spread themselves athwart our path, to look as steadfastly as possible at the bright lights which intervene. May many beams from the glorious Sun of righteousness shine upon the steps of my dear friends, in their progress towards that land of light, upon which no dim terrestrial object shall ever cast the slightest shade; where no intervening horizon shall bring on the darkness of night; but every cloud of sorrow, every gust of affliction, shall be banished, and peace, joy, and immortal blessedness, be the portion of the children of God, even the children of the resurrection.

In almost every place a widening sphere of usefulness presents itself to Christian exertion. The mountain of human misery, so far as man is to be the instrument, must

be lessened by divided labour. If each individual could but bring down an atom, provided all would work, it would be brought down in time. But its towering height is fearful at present. Ignorance, vice, and destitution seem to bear with combined strength upon the poor population, as far as I am informed, in the metropolis at least. At a Bible-Meeting in our parish last week, Mr. Daniel Wilson gave us a most affecting statement of Islington; and there is no reason to think that the people there are worse than others. If we were so happy as to have you with us, how useful would Mr. M. be! But wherever we are, we may, like our divine Master, find it our "meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent us, and to finish his work." May He direct us all to employ every talent in the way, time, and place, that he himself designs.

Your new house will, I hope, prove all you could wish. After all, we dwell but in tents, as travellers through a wilderness; and surely, as pilgrims, we ought not to be very anxious about any thing more. The splendours of life are neither essential to happiness nor to wisdom; and O, my dear friend, how much more do we enjoy of this world's advantages than He possessed, who for our

sakes, though he was rich, became poor ! May He, who refused not to lie in a manger at Bethlehem, abide in your consecrated habitation, and make you truly happy in his love ! Trees, after long growth, we know, do not well bear transplanting ; but endeavour, my dear friend, to fix a steadfast eye of faith upon the paradise beyond ; upon the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. There are infinite reasons in the mind of God for all his dispensations towards us. Let us pray that we may be made "strong and very courageous" in the way wherein we go ; for his word is true ; and He who shall perform it is the God of undoubted faithfulness. He will neither fail nor forsake us, through the whole course of our journey, any more than he did Joshua and his martial Israelites, in their arduous conquest of the promised land. Mr. Watson's services are invaluable. He is at his post on all occasions ; and, both as a preacher and a pastor, he deserves our esteem and love.

Yours affectionately.

## XLI.—TO MISS E. B.

LONDON, *February 23d, 1829.*

MY DEAR MISS B.,

As I have just now an opportunity, permit me to suggest to you a few hints on the important subject of your kind letter. Are not the anxieties and distresses which you suffer on account of not perceiving in yourself all the fruits of righteousness, somewhat analogous in their nature to what a gardener might feel, who, before he had inserted his graft into the stock, which was to supply it with healthful juices, should be disappointed, that it did not bring forth mature fruit? The regeneration, of which you feel the need, and the results of which you so justly and earnestly desire, does not precede, but immediately follows, that faith in our Lord Jesus Christ through which a sinner becomes personally interested in his atoning sacrifice, and is justified in the sight of God, and accepted through Him in whom he believes. The previous work of the Holy Spirit in the heart is to convince of sin; to show its "exceeding sinfulness;" the guilt incurred by the offender, and the consequent danger

to which he is exposed. It is to produce fear of Him, whose laws have been violated ; and contrition for having grieved so great, and good, and kind a Being : it is to bring the soul into such a posture of humility, that, entirely discarding all self-dependence, it shall feel itself a debtor, amerced in a penalty, which it is utterly unable to discharge. All this, my dear friend, is the necessary, though painful, discipline, by which the gracious Spirit prepares the heart for the reception of Christ.

But there is yet another step to be taken ; and that brings us to the very threshold of liberty. It is that which leads the spirit within view of Calvary, and shows that its all of hope hangs there : shows it, that Christ may be trusted in, and reposed on, as the refuge of the soul ; that " Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners ;" and that salvation may be received through faith alone, without reference to any works of law, or fruit of righteousness, which ever have been, or ever can be, wrought. The mode and degree of the previous process may vary in different subjects ; but the conclusion must be the same in all. The need of Christ must be felt. This is all the fitness he requires ; and O

how graciously does he receive those who, ingenuously depending upon his promise, cast themselves upon the infinite sufficiency of the satisfaction which he offered to divine justice! Love originated human redemption; love accomplished the stupendous purchase; and love's almighty energy effects its great design, in every humble and believing heart.

Come, then, my dear E., submit to be a sinner saved by grace, and by grace alone. When you have once accepted salvation, through faith, without reference to self in any form, you will find all the power you seek to make a full surrender of yourself to the Lord, and to count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. I would willingly bring you to a clearer view of the great tenderness and love of the Saviour, towards the guilty and unworthy creatures whom he died to save. Remember, when you feel most discouraged, most oppressed in spirit, "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." Trust in him, rely upon him, in spite of all your sins and fears. He will render righteousness victorious, and put into your mouth also the song of the redeemed: "Unto Him that loved us,



and washed us from our sins, in his own blood, be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

What says your father to the projected measures of Government? Surely, if ever personal religion was necessary, it is so at present. The outward privileges of the church may be brought into jeopardy by the blindness, the perverseness, the policy, the selfishness, of man; but the peace of God, and the immunities of his spiritual and eternal kingdom, are beyond the reach of human power, and cannot be wrenched from us, even by Satan's craft or might. The prospect of levelling to the ground the bulwarks of our venerated Protestant constitution, I must say, affects my mind. But I take refuge in the assurance, that the "Lord reigneth;" and I say, "Let the earth rejoice, and let the multitudes of the isles be glad thereof." We have very inadequately prized our privileges as Christians. The just God has yet a controversy with us, as well as with other degenerate nations of Christendom; and he only can tell what will be the result of the present perturbed state of human affairs. But he has given us, through the "sure word of prophecy," thus much light amidst the

gloom,—that all shall finally issue in the advancement of his glory ; in the establishment of that kingdom, which, as the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, shall increase, till it fill the whole earth. Amen ! May the Lord hasten it in his time ! For it is his special work, out of every evil to be educing good. For this there should be special prayer, both by the church, and Christians in their closets.

Yours, &c.

XLII.—TO THE SAME.

LONDON, *March 14th*, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE sight of your father to-day was quite an unexpected pleasure to me, and was enhanced by the receipt of your letter. I feel great interest in my friends in Lancashire, and am always rejoiced either to see or hear from them. The intercourse of Christian friendship is the sweetest alleviation of the sorrows incident to this state of mortality, as well as the chief enhancement of its blessings. If we can but excite each other to advance with a firmer step, to take possession of our spiritual privileges, or increase, by communication, the ardour of

desire, or the aspirings of faith, hope, and love towards God, and the realities of his religion, we cannot fail to improve by mutual intercourse ; and we shall feel, that earthly friendship is a scale by which we may ascend to the higher friendship of heaven. This leads me again to the all-important subject of personal salvation. I rejoice that my dear friend is persevering, in patient hope, to seek after the blessed sense of her acceptance in Christ Jesus, and adoption into the family of God. Continue at his feet, in humble prayer, and your suit shall certainly be granted. But you must learn the lesson referred to in my last. Self must be excluded when we come to "Him who justifies the ungodly." The heart cannot be purified from all evil, until it has felt the virtue of the cleansing blood, which flowed to wash away the stains of sin. It is of vital importance to have right views upon this subject. An error here forms an insuperable barrier to peace. We change the terms of the gospel covenant, when we propose to ourselves conditions, which that does not propose. You will not find in any part of the New Testament, that the invitation to come to the Saviour is given to those whose " hearts are purified

from all evil ;” but to sinners who feel, that they have no way of escape from guilt, and condemnation, and eternal death, but through the satisfaction of the cross,—through the merit of the atoning sacrifice appropriated to themselves by faith. The purification of the heart will then follow. It is the work of the regenerating Spirit. The grace that must effect it, is the purchase of the same sacrificial offering ; and shall be imparted through the ever-prevalent intercession of our great High Priest, “who is passed into the heavens for us.” O, my dear friend, what does not such a Mediator ensure to us ! Let us look at the love of God in Christ to a fallen world ; and surely it will put our unbelief and hesitation to the blush ; we shall be ashamed of it ; and cast it away for ever, as most dishonourable to God, and most injurious to ourselves.

I have met with much encouragement lately in a case not very unlike yours. One of my charge, who had long suffered all the depression and sorrow of the spirit of bondage, has at length been made a partaker of the Spirit of adoption ; and now, by simply receiving the atonement, rejoices in a peace that passeth understanding.

Many long and painful struggles has she passed through, with that pharisaical self which haunts my friend E.: but she has been long taught of God, to take the simpler gospel method, and rely on Christ alone. Shall I not say, "Go, and do likewise?" How desirable it is to obtain this peace with God; and, when once obtained, to hold it fast!

The world, always the element of agitation, seems at this time to be more disturbed than ever. I feel as if we were in danger of losing our invaluable Protestant principles, perhaps, too, many of the blessings of our revered British constitution. But, if we are citizens of heaven, our immunities there cannot be alienated. The kingdom reserved for us above is one that cannot be shaken. It is soothing to the mind to look off from these turbulent scenes to that region of sanctity and repose. Believe me,  
Your very affectionate friend.

XLIII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *March 14th*, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You ask what my sentiments now are, upon the all-engrossing question which agi-

tates the country. I must say, that neither Mr. P.'s eloquence, nor his apostasy, has, in the smallest degree, weakened my utter detestation of a measure which, in its principle, I consider to be subversive of our beloved and revered constitution, both in church and state; and which holds out the prospect of entailing, in its operation, persecution and Popery on future generations. I am entirely regardless of the title of "bigot," or "intolerant," or even of the sneers of those advocates for Popish political power, who lay claim to the preponderance of intellect in the scale of their favourite measure. That claim I entirely disallow; but could it even be justly made, I should feel it no security for the soundness of my judgment, that it happened to be in accordance with the whole fraternity of radicals, demagogues, sceptics, Unitarians, liberals, and Papists, who have unitedly and severally long wrought together to undermine the foundation of our religion and our government.

My heart sinks when I reflect upon our national prospects. Infidelity has inundated the highest and lowest classes of society. It has nearly swept away moral principle, and introduced a flood of atrocious crimes. Judicial infatuation seems to characterize

the present measure. Should it be permitted to pass, (and to hope otherwise appears to be now useless,) I fear it will be to punish our ingratitude, and our non-improvement of the many privileges with which we have been so long and undeservedly favoured. However, prayer is the resource of the private Christian, as it is the resource of the church. I trust both will betake themselves to it, for the obtaining of mercy and grace to help in time of need. A Christian that is diminutive in stature, and uninvigorated with the Holy Spirit's energies, will be swept down by the violence of the overflowing flood, which the two blasphemous mouths of the great anti-Christian adversary seem just ready to cast forth upon the church. But neither the infidel nor the Papal beast shall finally prevail. However severe the struggle, or however long-protracted, "the kingdom" in the end "shall be the Lord's." May we be found in that day among those that "are called, and chosen, and faithful;" that, having overcome, we may receive the accomplishment of our Redeemer's astonishing promise, and "sit down with him on his throne, as he has overcome, and is set down with the Father on his throne."

As to all church-dissensions, or divisions of any kind, they are now more than ever out of place. Those who love God should love each other, and turn their arms against the common adversary. While professors of religion are differing about straws, the end of Satan is answered, and immortal spirits are left to perish in their sins. I love the universal church, and detest bigotry; but I have a long-cherished regard for Methodism; and I look with no slight interest to its future as well as to its present prosperity. For, with all its faults, I see no department of the fold of Christ which affords such advantages, either as an enclosure from the world, or as connected with pasturage or pastoral care. I love to see our ranks recruited from our own people; that is, from their families. With kind remembrance to your family, I subscribe myself,

Your very affectionate friend.

XLIV.—TO THE SAME.

LONDON, *May 13th*, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OFTEN, during the past week, have my thoughts and sympathies been carried to—

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wards Manchester. You must have been thrown into great trepidation by the outrages which have been committed, by the reckless operatives, in your tumultuous town. But I know that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them:" therefore, I trust you have not only been preserved from danger, but also from excessive fear. "He who stilleth the noise of the waves and the tumult of the people," can alone give composure of mind in perilous circumstances. What a blessing it is to know, with the apostle, "in whom we have believed;" and, like him, to rest in the firm persuasion, that our omnipotent Defender will not fail to take care of us, and of every interest we commit into his hands! May he soon restore tranquillity, and provide a supply for the necessities of the poor!

We live in perilous times. The elements of civil society are in commotion. There is a "march of intellect," indeed; but it is in association with infidelity and insubordination; and unless the divine power of religion can destroy the unhallowed alliance, the progress will be but an advance to disorganization and anarchy. What need there is for much prayer, that the fermenta-

tions which agitate the world may issue in a purer state of things! Thank God, we have the pledge of his own immutable truth, that this shall eventually be the case. The intermediate process of his providential operations must be left to the arrangements of his eternal wisdom. Whether the lowering cloud shall become deeper and darker, until it emit the kindling flashes of vengeance, or the calm progress of truth be like the advance of the sun, from the light of the morning to the splendours of meridian day, the church will be found in the most appropriate attitude while supplicating for her own increased purification; and that the inestimable blessings of salvation may, by the mighty energy of the all-restoring Spirit, be speedily dispensed, to heal the sin and sorrow of a fallen world. The duty of prayer, and the imperative necessity of its more fervent and believing exercise, in furtherance of the pious and philanthropic efforts of Christian zeal and benevolence, have been conspicuous topics among the many practical advices enforced during the Anniversaries which are just now coming to a close.

There is evidently a growing interest in the great Missionary cause. It is becoming

more and more a matter of principle, rather than of excitement ; and yet I fear that our principles, feelings, and practice fall very far below the point of duty and of sympathy with the destinies of millions of immortal spirits, and of high regard for the glory and honour of our Saviour Christ. The deep and tremendous interests involved in this great cause, have been strikingly exhibited, and strongly enforced, on the late occasion, especially by Mr. Parsons, whose Friday-morning sermon was of the very sublimest character. It produced upon my mind an almost overwhelming impression. His speech at the Meeting was of the same kind, electrifying his audience as with successive flashes of vivid lightning from the dark and dense thunder-cloud. His Sunday sermon on the ministry of reconciliation was exceedingly valuable. His efforts have rendered to the Wesleyan Missionary Society a very efficient service.

After all, this is a world of shadows ; but there is a world of light. I have many attractions to draw me towards it, and few to bind me to earth. O that I may accomplish every purpose of my heavenly Father's will, and be found with him in peace !

With sincere affection,

Yours, &c.

## XLV.—TO MRS. B.

LONDON, *October 22d*, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to hear so indifferent an account of your health; but I sincerely hope your visit to C. will prove permanently beneficial to you. Chastisement is irksome; but how consoling it is to know, that the rod is in the hand of a Father, who never willingly afflicts, but so blends the stroke with compassion and sympathy, as to melt the spirit that receives it into thankfulness and love! How it is that affliction so effectually conduces to the maturing of Christian graces, is perhaps not easy to be accounted for; but the fact is supported by evidence too strong to admit of doubt. Sincerely do I hope that you may derive all the designed benefit from the trial, while it is permitted to last; and that a speedy restoration to confirmed health may excite all that gratitude which great and renewed blessings call for.

I have had a very quiet summer, and am thankful to say, I am never troubled with wearisome hours. Every day brings its demand of duty. What a mercy, that it

also brings its supply of grace! I have been meeting my class this morning; and in conversing on the unsearchable riches of Christ, their immeasurable fulness seemed with much enlargement to open upon my mind. I long for a more abundant anticipation of them; and I know they are all free, even for me. But, free as they are, they must be sought earnestly. This, by divine grace, I purpose more earnestly to do; for salvation on earth, as well as in heaven, is worthy of every effort that can be made towards its attainment. I shall rejoice if it please God to spare us to meet again. What joys and sorrows have I experienced in your society! You have heightened the one and alleviated the other. Shall we ever review them together in time? If not, I think we shall in eternity.

I remain,

Most affectionately yours.

XLVI.—TO MISS B.

LONDON, *February 22d*, 1830.

MY DEAR MARY,

I TRUST you are now enjoying the society of your friends, and are returned with recruited vigour to the domestic circle.

Your dear mother's long-continued indisposition must have been a great trial to your feelings. The sufferings of those we love are our own, and so are their enjoyments ; so that if sympathy multiplies our pains, it also multiplies our pleasures ; and it is not among the least of the indications of divine wisdom and kindness in our conformation, that we are so dependent on each other, that not one of us either lives or dies to himself. But calls have been made, not only on your sympathies, but on your exertions. You have been made more than ever essential to the comfort and happiness of those you love. This is an honour and a pleasure ; for there is great delight in having it in our power to confer good ; so that the discharge of important responsibilities brings with it its own reward ; and, beside this, a sense of increasing duties leads us to a consciousness of our own weakness, and to a recollection of our dependence upon God, for all the wisdom, and strength, and grace, which are necessary for a right fulfilment of them, however trivial and unimportant they may oftentimes appear.

Thus you see, my dear Mary, I am come round to the old point, however circuitously ; and that is, the necessity of a great deal of

religion, to fit us, not only for the future, but also for the present, world. I am persuaded that you also are convinced of this, as much as I; but is the conviction productive of practical consequences? Are we seeking with all our hearts that which we know can alone make us truly happy, or really useful? Are we considering the greatness of the interests at stake, with all that prayerful seriousness that the subject demands? Is it the supreme object of our intense desire? Do we count every thing that the world can present, by way of diversion from this grand object, an impertinent intrusion? And are we willing to make the sacrifices which Christianity requires? Let us try, and judge ourselves; for why should we not be as holy and as happy as the whole religion of the Gospel is intended to make us, and that as speedily as possible? Decision and fervour of mind and purpose in religion are every thing; that is, as to the mode of pursuing it; and what we desire supremely, and search after with all our hearts, we are likely to attain in most things. In the things of God we are sure to do so; because He from whom they come has promised to impart them on these conditions.

And now, dear M., were I in your presence, I should ask how these interests stand with you. Have you obtained the prize of attested pardon? the gracious recognition of the Holy Spirit of your individual self as an adopted child of God, the privileged heir of grace and glory? If it be so, I rejoice with you: if not, I beseech you, seek to be happy soon; seek, under a deep sense of the worth of the prize, and of the willingness of Him from whom you may receive it, as well as others, who have sought and found it.

Be assured it will give me great pleasure to hear of your welfare, in every sense; and as eternity exceeds time in importance, so in proportion as I am capable of estimating their comparative value, I shall rejoice in the prosperity of your soul.

Believe me,

Truly and affectionately yours.

XLVII.—TO MRS. M.

LONDON, *March 26th*, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY visitors have now left me, and I am again alone. The change from society to solitude I always feel trying to my



spirits. Often do I think, in my solitary hours, of those words of our blessed Lord and Master, "I am not alone, because the Father is with me." That I am in any degree able to make them mine, I feel to be a source of unspeakable thankfulness. Without this sacred presence, my loneliness would be irksome; as it is, I want greater spirituality of mind, and a livelier perception of invisible realities, to enable me fully to avail myself of those advantages which my seclusion affords, for the cultivation of fellowship with God. Daily experience deepens in my spirit a conviction, that, under any circumstances, I can only be happy in proportion to the depth and intimacy of my union with the Fountain of blessedness; and that I apprehend nothing substantial beyond my hold of Christ, and those realities which I can bear with me into the eternal world. My interest with the things of time decreases with every advancing day; and eternity, with all its stupendous connexions, with proportionable swiftness, is hasting to make its momentous disclosures to the unclothed spirit. In what balance, then, shall I weigh earthly joys or earthly sorrows? Only by the proportion in which they have wrought for

me "the exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I am often afraid of losing, through my own supineness, any measure of the benefit of my heavenly Father's providential dispensations. But I take refuge in the unfathomable love of my Redeemer; and put in my humble claim to his everlasting strength. As an heir of God through Christ, I cannot doubt that this is my privilege, as well as to claim every other attribute of his infinite and eternal nature, upon which, by the gracious terms of the covenant, he permits me to exercise an appropriating faith. Indeed, God is love! but how difficult is it for our cold hearts to realize this delightful view of the divine character! Yet we ourselves are daily monuments of its truth. I want more of the quickening, hallowing fervours of divine love, and a more gracious baptism of the Spirit of holiness and power; a guarded vigilance against sloth and a timid distrust of the faithful promises and tender care of God.

Christians should strengthen each other's hands: for neither civil commotion can violate the repose of our country, nor blasting pestilence strike its devoted victims, without commission from Him who first

sends his messenger to affix his seal of appropriation upon those who belong to him. Then if judgment extend even to his own family, yet it shall be well with those who are his. A serious, prayerful spirit; an eye observant of the scourge in the uplifted hand of Jehovah; a heart that, while it deprecates the descending stroke of justice, confides in the wisdom and tenderness that directs its infliction; seem to be necessary preparatives both for public and private calamity.

May you and I be so filled and strengthened by the graces of the Holy Spirit, that we may be prepared to meet the whole will of God, both in time and eternity! I thank you for your kind remembrance of me at the throne of grace. Those who are joined to the Lord are one spirit, even here; and ere long they shall be one eternally in his presence above.

With kind regards to Mr. M., believe me, dear friend,

Yours most affectionately.

## XLVIII.—TO MISS B.

LONDON, *September 28th*, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS just proposing to commence a letter to your mother, when I received a long and interesting one from yourself; for which, accept my thanks. I have indeed sympathized with you all, in your joys, as well as in your griefs; as it was my duty to do, with those who so tenderly and so affectionately shared with me the almost overwhelming pressure of severe affliction. Your beloved father, given back to you from the very verge of the grave, I am sure you will regard as a special boon from heaven; and I can imagine, that there will be something peculiarly hallowed, mingling itself with the ardour of your hitherto affectionate and dutiful love; that you will feel a peculiar obligation to treasure up all his instructions and admonitions; and also a more intense desire to yield that which will constitute his highest earthly felicity, the satisfaction of seeing you, and all his children, as they successively rise into life, embrace with their whole hearts that blessed religion, which it

has been the business of his life to proclaim to the world; and the power of which he has been permitted eminently to exhibit in his late affliction. I trust he will long be spared, an able minister, for the edification of the church, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth; as well as to be the light, the joy, and the defence of his family, and the centre of attraction and interest to a circle of obliged, admiring, and affectionately-attached friends. This is but a part of my heart's desire and prayer for you all; and from your heart, my dear Mary, I am sure, will arise the response of a most cordial and impressive "Amen!"

And now, my dear friend, I will notice a most important part of your letter: a subject which I am truly glad to see occupies so prominent a place in it. What shall I, what can I, say to you?—but, "Follow up, with the most urgent, the most entire, decision, those views which the gracious Spirit of God has unfolded to you with still-increasing clearness, and those convictions which he is impressing with new power upon your heart." Why should we hesitate to close with God, when he offers us the greater good in exchange for the less?

when he offers us himself, the ever-flowing fountain of an unspeakable felicity, in the place of a world whose character is emptiness, and which invariably eludes the grasp of those who follow it with the most breathless avidity, and even sacrifice eternity in the pursuit? And, after all, dear Mary, what have you to give up? Every thing that is really worthy of the regard of an intellectual nature Christianity permits us to retain, and to enjoy with a higher zest. O do not cease to pray for that deep sense of the necessity of pardon, adoption, and regeneration, which will not suffer you to rest short of attaining these invaluable, these promised, these purchased blessings; purchased for you, promised to you, upon the simple condition of believing the word of infallible truth.

I fear, many overlook the real nature of faith, on account of its simplicity; by this I mean its oneness, its entire exclusion of every thing but Jesus Christ. Look at this grand object, and this alone, till the magnificence, and the glory, and the mystery of the love of the Father, the condescension of the Son, and the grace of the Spirit, subdue the pride of corrupt nature within you, and lead to an humble, a devout, and

a believing acceptance of that stupendous benefit which includes everlasting salvation in the favour, the nature, the blessedness, and the glory of God. I wish I could say any thing to assist and strengthen you in your high purpose. The love of God in Christ Jesus has always been with me the constraining, the overwhelming motive ; for this reason, above any other, I now most solemnly present it to you. May the infinite God, by his Spirit, give it an effectual operation in your heart. Amen !

I remain, my very dear Mary,

Your affectionate friend.

XLIX.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *November 3d*, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SUPPOSE by this time you are returned from all your rambles, and are prepared, at your own fire-side, to hold a little intercourse with your distant friends. My own movements this summer have been confined to the friendly circle, at no great distance from home. This has furnished many pleasant opportunities of occasional relaxation, for which I have cause to be thankful. They are conducive to bodily health,

and refreshing to the mind. Time, indeed, whether spent in solitude or society, passes on so swiftly, that I almost look with surprise to find the year so nearly brought to its close. What great events seem to be in progress! Who can tell what scenes a few revolving years may bring to light? To the profoundest minds in this quarter the present state of the world affords subjects for deep and interesting reflection. What a spirit of innovation and insubordination both at home and abroad! What powers of light and of darkness brought into collision! What principles of destruction and of resuscitation are at work! The eye of the contemplative Christian cannot but discern God, in the career of his providence, visiting the kingdoms of this world with fearful convulsions; nor can his soul repress the prayer, that they may speedily issue in the establishment of that kingdom which shall never be removed. The fermentation which is going on in society, it is to be hoped, will defecate the political system; and, the impurities being worked off, a better and a brighter state of things remain as the result. We know at least that truth and goodness shall, in the end, triumph; and that, whatever concussions



or convulsions attend the progress of the contest between good and evil, order and confusion, still "the Lord reigneth, be the earth never so unquiet." The Christian will enter into his closet, and pray that he "may be hid in the day of the Lord's anger;" and that the church may gather in her converts in the time of visitation, that there may be a revival and an enlargement of the spirit of prayer, and faith, and a reinforcement of the ranks of the faithful to carry on the war still more efficiently against the world, the flesh, and the devil. I am

Yours affectionately.

L.—TO MISS E. F.

LONDON, *January 10th*, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YEARS have now rolled over our heads since we enjoyed that hallowed intercourse to which your letter refers. But when I think of rest and happiness, my spirit still adverts to that immortality where all its high and holy hopes are concentrated, and for which it is now under preparatory discipline. As time advances, the interests that connect us with God and eternity seem

to rise into stupendous importance ; while the evanescent cares, and sorrows, and afflictions of this transitory scene are passing swiftly behind us as the trees, fields, and woods that recede from our sight on an advancing journey. Yet how many are the blessings bestowed upon us even in this state of trial ! You and I, my dear friend, have to enumerate renewed health, among the gifts of our heavenly Father. This is a great benefit, as it regards both the body and the mind ; for so intimate is their companionship, that they cannot but sympathize with each other. The lenient hand of time sheds a balm of healing over many a painful wound ; and the instructive admonitions of divine wisdom enforce the necessity of giving all diligence to make due improvement of the discipline which was designed not merely for correction, but for instruction in righteousness. I feel much need to realize that presence without which my solitude would be an insupportable burden, and society dispiriting, vapid, and vain.

In the case of my dear E.'s restoration to health, I see no efficient cause but divine power and goodness interposing in answer to prayer. Nothing appears to me

more unphilosophical, than to assign an effect to an inadequate cause. There was no excitement in this case that could have produced the immediate renewed vigour of the system, and have sustained that renewal to the present hour, without God. And by what means he accomplished his work, as it is impossible for me to know, so I am not concerned to inquire. I give glory to his name, and trust to bear in mind this act of his power to my own future benefit; and, if possible, to stimulate others to increased faith and more fervent prayer. At the scepticism of worldlings I am not surprised. But I can make only one excuse for the church; and that is, that at the present time there is a party of Millenarians who associate the power of working miracles, in an objectionable and crude way, with their system. They have taken up this case as confirmatory of their views: therefore those who think them erroneous are the more disposed to inveigh against it. That miracles did cease from the church soon after the apostolic days, I think we may infer from history. That the New Testament does not limit them to that time, I think is equally obvious; but perhaps the fact is a reasonable infer-

ence that it was in the divine will that it should be so; and if the generally-accepted definition of a miracle be the correct one, (for which see Mr. Watson's Institutes, vol. i.,) it would render their continuance both unnecessary and improbable. Still God has never left himself without witness, even in his marvellous acts; but man is proud, and makes his tiny conceptions the measure of divine wisdom and power. What a mercy it is to have a sound judgment, especially in religious matters; and not to be carried away with divers and strange doctrines! I remain, dear friend,  
Yours most affectionately.

## LI.—TO MRS. P.

LONDON, *June 22d*, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WILL a word of sympathy be acceptable, even though unavailing, from one who has tasted the bitter cup of sorrow, of which you have lately been compelled to drink? Deeply feeling, that it belongs to no human voice to say to those who mournfully follow the bier of the departed, "Weep not!" I have not till now been able to summon resolution to attempt to

convey my sympathy to your ears or your heart ; but I have felt for you, and prayed for you ; and I trust and believe that you have received from Him whose word is power, those assurances of love, and tenderness, and protection, which can alone effectually solace and compose the spirit, under that sense of destitution which the widow's heart alone can know. Yes ! He who makes desolate can repair the breach ! He who "takes away the desire of the eyes" can concentrate every desire upon himself ; and, by the fuller unfolding of his own glory and goodness, absorb all inferior beams. Nothing but the divinely-communicated consciousness, that our God will be unto us all in all, can supply the aching void, left by such bereavements as you and I have suffered.

It is now nearly nine years since the pangs of that dissolution almost made my heart bleed to death ; but "hitherto the Lord hath helped me." Not one promise has failed. My Shepherd has guided me thus far through the wilderness ; and I feel a happy persuasion that he will bring me safe over Jordan, into that happy land of promised rest, where death and separation shall be done away for ever. You, too, my

dear friend, have had a varying pilgrimage ; but you will find at last, that the Lord has led you by a right way. You have been brought to himself. Time, in your heavenly Father's discipline, has been subordinated to eternity. Time is a passing shadow, and eternity's immeasurable dimensions expand every moment upon the view.

With kindest sympathy, believe me, my dear friend,

Affectionately yours.

LII.—TO MISS B.

LONDON, *June 22d*, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to hear so unsatisfactory an account of your health. What is it that has so strangely disarranged the animal system? What is it that has so intensely excited the powers and affections of the mind? You will say, "A troubled conscience ; a heart rendered sensible of its distance from God, of the need of his favour and image ; the struggling of a spirit tied and bound by the chain of sin ; the earnest effort to make the venture of faith ; the agony of the soul to enter in at the strait gate." Truly thankful am I, dear

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Mary, to receive such an answer. Ere long the storm will subside into delightful tranquillity; the struggle shall issue in the new birth unto righteousness; the laborious conflict of entrance shall be succeeded by that hallowed sense of security, which can only be experienced by those who are admitted into the narrow way; that way of holy happiness in which the believer walks with God, his God, his Father, reconciled, complacent; communicating from his own fulness ceaseless, rich supplies of joy and peace, of power and love. Courage, then, my dear friend! though the warfare is arduous, the prize is of superlative value; and the victory is honourable and high.

But you will be ready to say, "All this is only what I know; tell me how the change is to be effected." Alas! I have little hope of saying any thing you do not know; but well-known truths, when brought home by the Holy Spirit, strike the understanding, and the heart too, with unwonted power. May that blessed Agent so bring home to the perceptions of your inmost spirit, the simple nature of faith, that you may be enabled, by one act of your whole soul, to cast yourself, with all your sins, upon that full, perfect, and sufficient Sacrifice,

which was offered up as effectually for you, as if there had never been another sinner in the whole world. A faith so undivided, so personally confiding, must be followed by peace. The Divine Spirit will witness to its reality. The cry of adoption must follow; the change must be effected, from darkness to light, from bondage to glorious liberty. The state of the servant must be changed for the more honourable, and privileged, and delightful relationship of a child of God. The oneness, in its strictest meaning, must characterize the act of the mind, and the object upon which the action is exercised. "Christ given for me. I receive him as my righteousness. I look at him alone. I embrace him; I confide my infinite, my everlasting interest to him who has paid the ransom for my soul. My excess or defect of feeling comes not into the scale. Nothing comes in, but infinite merit, weighed against my sins; heinous indeed, and aggravated, but not so crimsoned but that his precious blood shall wash them all away. On Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God, I believe, and, believing, have life through his name."

If I should be spared to see you in a few



weeks, may I find you adopting this language, made happy in the love of God, enjoying the peace that passeth understanding, which will as certainly be given to you as it was to St. Paul, if you exercise the same ingenuous faith upon the same divine Object. Religion is a permanent thing ; its principles are laid with certainty in the Scriptures ; there is nothing visionary in it ; nothing of mere impulse. The Spirit's acting is in conformity with the word. Let us yield ourselves to this divine teaching, and we shall live happily, die in peace, and dwell with God. That this may be the glorious consummation of all our toils and sorrows, is the prayer of

Your truly affectionate.

LIII.—TO THE SAME.

LONDON, *December 13th*, 1831,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WILL you accept the accompanying token of my affectionate regard? I will not call it small, because it is the blessed Book of God, the great charter of our salvation ; with the elucidations of one of the most eminent of those messengers of his, who, being dead, yet speaketh to the church

and to the world. I am thankful that you deeply feel already that its unutterably important contents are emphatically your life. May the divine Author breathe his Holy Spirit upon your heart and mind, and fill you with "wisdom and understanding in the knowledge of his will," that in the perusal of this volume you may enjoy a deeper and a higher pleasure, and receive more true intellectual illumination, than you have hitherto done, and be more prepared, in the exercise of faith and prayer, to put in your claim for a larger share in the blessings that are promised therein: for, after all, we may read, admire, and expatiate in the wide field which divine revelation unfolds to us, and yet be unsaved, uninterested by a vital and heart-felt experience. But I am persuaded that, by the grace of God, it is your determination to do otherwise. You will neither remain in the outer court, nor on the threshold of the holy place; nor need you, my dear Mary, while the way is open to the inmost shrine. It is not only open, but sprinkled with the blood of atonement; and the great High Priest is already before the throne.

I cannot express the unspeakable rejoicing I have in the assurance of this. It is

the joy of the Holy Ghost; but it arises from the distinct perceptions which lively faith gives to the soul, of the reality, the nature, the extent, of the benefits resulting to believers from the mediatorial work of Christ. "He died for me; he lives for me." The realization of these two parts of the Redeemer's undertaking in behalf of a perishing world, are absolutely necessary to our salvation, and to the enjoyment of true religion. Nor must they at one time be realized, and then lost sight of during the subsequent parts of our Christian life. They must be constantly present with us, as the ground of our confidence, and the source of our strength, to give vitality to our devotions, and vigour to our efforts, in fulfilling the duties and enduring the exercises of our Christian course. What a fulness of grace does a regard to the Saviour's dying, and ever living for us, unfold to the view of the believing soul! It embraces pardon, holiness, and heaven; with all those rich accompaniments of grace and glory; "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

But you know all these things. Truly, there is nothing new in religion, either in its nature or design, or in the motives which influence the heart to inquire after its bless-

ings; but there may be peculiarities in individual characters and circumstances, which require discrimination in the mode of applying the stimulating force. I wish I could penetrate the arcanum of my dear friend's peculiarly-constituted mind, so as to give the most effectual impulse to those principles and feelings that will most rapidly accelerate her progress in the divine life. My hopes lead me to regard her now as a happy believer in Christ. Should my anticipations not be realized, O rest not short of the full liberty of the children of God! and, when attained, retain it with such a tenacity of grasp, that neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil, may ever wrench it from you. Get the impress of it, by the seal of the Holy Spirit, renewed upon your heart daily; and keep that heart with all diligence. Endeavour to become more acquainted with its recesses. It is a chamber of imagery; and as the prophet in his vision saw many unhallowed things, so will many discoveries be made to you, which will constrain you to pour to God the unutterable groan, under a sense of the deep degradation to which sin has reduced man, of the state of moral powerlessness in which it has left him; yet not without help. The Inter-

cessor is above ; and the almighty Spirit comes down to save. If the true light show you that there is much pride, much ignorance, to be removed by divine instruction, do not faint or fail ; but pray for a discerning mind, a just apprehension of the comparative value both of time and eternity. How intimate is their connexion ! How important the bearing of one upon the other ! How much we have to do in the present world, for which we can only acquire a proper fitness by a preparation for the world to come ! We have minds to cultivate, whose faculties are to run onward in a course of progressive perfection through eternity. These faculties are to be trained *now*, by habits of high and holy contemplation, on the sublime realities of spiritual and eternal being. God, ourselves, as created in his image, redemption, everlasting life,—these, with their ramifications and dependencies, unfathomable, deep, infinite, will furnish ample scope for the utmost stretch of thought, and make us rejoice that we are immortal, that we may spend eternity in that which is too unbounded for the narrow limits of time.

But we must not be contemplative only ; for religion is not an abstraction. It is a

vital reality of the heart ; the heart is its throne ; and therefore in all its affections must be subjected to its sway. Let your religion be deep in the heart, and it will be of universal operation upon the whole nature and conduct. That it may be so, is the sincere prayer of

Your very affectionate.

LIV.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *December 13th, 1831.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I OFTEN think of you, and trust you will have continued cause to bless Him who is the hearer of prayer, for those special answers which he graciously vouchsafes to those who make him their refuge in every season of sorrow and need : and such seasons will occur to us all, in some portion or other of our travelling through the thorns and briers of this wilderness. But the repose of a Christian is, that he lives under a sense of the ever-present care and guidance of his heavenly Father ; and that, in the order of his will, even events the most trying shall work together for his good.

I have just been hearing a deeply-

interesting sermon from Mr. Dixon, on, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." I could not help thinking how magnificent a thing is religion, when enjoyed in its spirit and power. What a superiority it gives to the mind above the changes of this mortal life! How happy, how secure is the Christian! But then, what watchfulness, what spirituality of mind, does it require to keep up to the full enjoyment of our high privileges! Yet the very effort to do so will be of unspeakable advantage. May you and I, more strenuously than ever, determine to attain a larger measure of salvation, both here and hereafter. We may extract benefit from every passing occurrence; and surely events of no common magnitude are now in their progress. It is one of the hallowed occupations of a Christian mind to regard the march of Providence. The great Governor of the world appears to be accelerating the progress of his grand designs; and here it seems to be the judgment of persons the most serious and reflective, of the most expanded habits of thought and investigation, that a crisis in the affairs of this world is near at hand. Let not our hearts be overcharged

with cares ; but let us be on our watch-tower ; cautious for ourselves, and prayerful for all around us.

How various has life been in its progress ! and yet in every change of the picture, how rich in mercy ! how marked with the goodness and the truth of Him who has given us a being that is never to terminate, and who will give in eternity, to his redeemed children, the key that shall decipher all the mysteries of life ! Even the pensive Gambold will then obtain the solution of his interesting and complicated inquiries on this momentous subject. Yet our knowledge is at present sufficient for every practical purpose. "Life is the seed-time ;" and in proportion to its diligent improvement will be the abundant harvest. The reminiscences of former days, when they flit like shadows through the mind, bring many pensive, but not unprofitable, accompaniments. I feel very thankful to my heavenly Father, who has not been unmindful even of those fears and feelings which may possibly be accounted weakness by those who are too strong to be assailed by them. God is good ; and by the smaller, as well as by the greater, tokens of his care and kindness, he lays us under an accumu-



lating debt of gratitude. Believe me, dear friend,

Yours most affectionately.

LV.—TO MISS E. H.

LONDON, *December 14th*, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM happy to tell you that, under the guardianship of that gracious Providence which watched over me in my journey, I was brought home in safety. New ties of gratitude are laid upon me, to bind my spirit in more holy and filial confidence to my heavenly Father. I feel there is a delightful truth in those lines :—

“Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.”

The excursions of the summer and autumn are now closed; and happy is it for those who are prepared, by opportunity and inclination, to welcome the more retired occupations and enjoyments of the wintry hours. The succession of seasons increases our pleasures by variety. You may enjoy this in the revolutions of nature, when the sparkling hoar-frost, or the glittering mantle of snow, covers your beautiful hills,

and fields, and woods. I must endeavour to cherish a taste for solitary and insular enjoyments. But how inefficient to the satisfaction of either party would be every object that could be presented, were there not the deep, full spring of all true happiness rising up in perennial freshness in the soul! Thanks be to Him who has promised himself to become that fountain of unfailing good to those who love and put their trust in him. It is, indeed, the view of God in his works that gives magnificence and interest to nature in her varied forms, beautiful, and rich, and truly lovely as they are. And what is study, that does not lead to him, that does not centre in him? It is truly weariness to both flesh and spirit; for the mind's wanderings are more exhausting than even those of the body. Literature is vapid that does not lead out into eternity, either by an immediate or a remote path; and the speculations of science that confine themselves merely to the things of earth, leave the mind under the distasteful impression, that this is "the knowledge that passeth away." Man was made for immortality; and his enjoyments must partake of his own nature and destiny.

We, my dear friend, are hastening onward towards the realities of eternity; and I trust our spirits are taking a more elevated impression, that we may be prepared to meet them. To be in Christ is at all times the subject of superlative triumph to the soul, however temptation, or sickness, or sorrow, may sometimes rob us of the lively sensibilities of joy; to be in Christ is now especially important, when every thing around us lours under the dark elements of agitation and change. The world is convulsed by warring principles; and there are actors in the ground unseen but by the eye of faith. Light and darkness stand in frowning opposition to each other, and seem preparing to grapple in still more intense and terrible warfare. The view that sustained Messiah in his redeeming conflict is hastening towards its perfect realization. Satan is falling like lightning from heaven; and superstition, idolatry, and sin of every kind, shall be swept down with him.

Under apprehension of the approaching cholera, our society have established a weekly prayer-meeting. I trust prayer will prevail for the removal of this terrible scourge from our country. Would that its

suspended terrors might produce repentance and humiliation among the people at large! The church should be found in a posture of intercession, and endeavour to rise up to the great requirements which the state of the country and of the world make upon them. Believe me, dear friend,  
Affectionately yours.

LVI.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *September 3d*, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for your kind letters. Tokens of affectionate remembrance from those who love us, and whom we love sincerely, are pleasant, and refreshing to the pensive spirit, especially in seasons of sorrow and bereavement like those which we are passing through at present. But while weeping with those who weep, I will not forget that it is my privilege to rejoice with those who rejoice. I thank you for the account of the nuptial ceremony, in which you bore a happy part. May the young people honour, love, and serve the God of their fathers, and be inheritors with them of all the pure and perfect felicity of a present and an eternal salvation!

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And now, my dear friend, you will not be surprised to find, that my heart directs my pen to a far different subject. How nearly joy and sorrow dwell together in this changeable world! I feel that in the removal of Dr. Clarke I have lost a friend! a friend long and most affectionately endeared to me; with whose intercourse is associated the recollection of many of the most pleasing scenes of my early and happy life; the recollection, too, of scenes the most solemn, and painful, and affecting; for he was not only the delightful and improving companion of the cheerful hour of social enjoyment, but he was the prayerful attendant at the couch of sickness and death; and has been the messenger of heavenly consolation to the wounded and bereaved spirit, as well as to the spirits about to be launched into that solemn presence, where he now appears with them, a blood-washed trophy of the grace of Him whom I rejoice, with increased intensity of faith, to contemplate as the Resurrection and the Life. Dear Mrs. Clarke is graciously supported under this sudden and afflictive bereavement. I cannot add more to the public information on this painful subject; but I will say, the world has lost

one of the most philanthropic members of its community; the church, one of the most resplendent lights; the circle of his friends, one whose heart moved in the midst of it with a glow of affectionate feeling, that diffused pleasure and vitality from the centre to the circumference; and his family have lost a husband, and a father, such as past blessings and present bereavement can only teach them how to estimate.

With kindest love to your dear husband and family, believe me,

Your affectionate friend.

LVII.—TO MISS E. H.

WOODFORD, *September 13th*, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

KNOWING that at P. W. the name of Dr. Clarke was held in reverence, esteem, and love, I believe you will be among those who feel that the church and the world, as well as his family and friends, have suffered a bereavement not soon to be replaced, by his late sudden and affecting removal. I know that your friendship would lead you to sympathize with me, who have had a very long, interesting, and affectionate attachment to one whom I

always felt it an honour to call by the name of "friend." With these feelings, I determined to write to you, and give you some particulars on this affecting event. I had the happiness of spending a few days with him, at his house at Eastcott, in the spring. He was peculiarly kind and confidential; and, I thought, maturing for heaven, by increased spirituality in conversation and prayer. Of his severe illness, in Ireland, you have no doubt heard. On his almost unexpected return from thence, his family perceived a great change in him. His usual vivacity was considerably subdued, and there was something of hallowed abstraction in his manner, that considerably affected them. They anticipated his removal, from the peculiar solemnity and importance of his counsels, and from his spirit and conversation, which seemed to be absorbed with heaven and eternity. The energy of his frame was greatly reduced by his recent illness; and they were full of fears respecting his journey to Liverpool. He went, however; and, on leaving Liverpool, he visited his children at Worcester, and at Frome, returning to London on the Monday previous to his death. He went the next morning to see all the members of

his family, in that neighbourhood, and reached home on the Tuesday evening. He was unwell, and continued so, till the Saturday; when his friend, Mr. Hobbs, fetched him to preach at Bayswater, on the following day. Mrs. Clarke wished him not to go; but he said, he had promised, and must not disappoint them. In the evening, he was less cheerful than usual, took a little rice-milk for his supper, and went to bed early; but first looked out the lessons, and the text, for the service of the Sabbath; yet at the same time saying, it was not likely he should be able to preach.

Into the painful event of the morning, I need not enter: you have read them in the public papers. Mrs. Clarke arrived in the afternoon. She is not sure that he recognised her; yet he put forth his hand, which she took and rubbed. Its colour was deep blue, and his countenance much shrunk. His most oppressive symptom was severely laborious respiration, which prevented his speaking so as to be understood; except at first, when he was told that his case was cholera, he said, "Then I shall die; but I have made Christ my refuge." Extreme faintness and exhaustion prevailed over sinking nature; and at



twenty minutes past eleven at night, he almost insensibly fell asleep.

A prince and a great man then fell in our Israel! Yes, indeed, and a prophet also, whose mantle I fear will not soon be taken up. He was interred in a grave, close beside that of Mr. Wesley, in the City-road burying-ground, amidst floods of rain, and a considerable number of assembled friends, among whom I did not make one. I had no spirits to assist in this last office of human sympathy. Yet, next to his own family, I cannot but feel myself chief mourner. O, what recollections have been awakened in my mind since the occurrence of the mournful event! I trust we shall meet again in glory.

Mr. Moore, at the request of the family, preached the funeral sermon in the City-road chapel last Thursday evening. Multitudes, more than could be admitted, assembled to hear. Mrs. Clarke, while she maintains her usual Christian composure, even under these overwhelming circumstances, feels them as she must and ought to do. The time, she says, of their separation cannot be long! Yet even during its short continuance, how much will she have to endure! But the Al-

mighty God is her refuge ; and he can and will support. The rest of the family feel they have lost a father, who was the object of their devoted affection. One of them, at the foot of the couch, on which the departed reposed in death, passionately kissing his feet, implored that God would become her Father now. I trust the prayer will be answered, both to her and to every one of them.

Mr. Watson has relinquished his charge among us, with expressions of kind regard and affection. He said, on taking leave of the society, that his three last years have been three of the happiest and the most profitable of his public ministry. This I was glad to hear.

And, now that you have kindly made inquiries respecting my literary occupations, I ought to tell you, that having accomplished the work on which I have been long engaged, I am about to publish it. When I was at P. W., I told you, that a wish to promote the great work of Missions, beyond any thing I could do by pecuniary contributions, induced me to form the design of doing so more effectually by my pen. Circumstances, unanticipated when the idea was first suggested, have

contributed towards its accomplishment; and this spring has seen completed an effort which has been the studious, yet refreshing, occupation of many a desolate and solitary hour. With solicitude, fear, and trembling, I requested Mr. Watson to read, and give me his candid judgment on, the work; a task which he most cheerfully and kindly undertook. His decision was an unhesitating approval, accompanied by a desire for its immediate publication, which, in a form and manner regulated by his counsel, is now about to be done. I am not without anxieties; but He who knows the heart, has seen how often I have commended it to his disposal, as well as implored the aids of his Spirit in the course of its execution. If he will accept it, as the mite of the widow, consecrated to the service of his sanctuary, an offering, either for glory or for beauty, to him belongs the praise! Should any profits accrue from the sale, they are given to our great Missionary cause; a cause very dear to the inhabitants of P. W. By the advice of Mr. Watson, it is printed in a small volume, as this is the fashion of the age.

My dear friend, I am

Truly yours.

LVIII.—TO THE REV. JABEZ (NOW DR.)  
BUNTING.LONDON, *January 8th*, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I BELIEVE I shall find an echo in your breast, when I express my conviction, that, in the late awful and affecting bereavement with which it has pleased a gracious, though an inscrutable, Providence to afflict our Connexion, one of the brightest lights has been extinguished, that ever irradiated our sanctuary with its hallowed, cheering, and heaven-enkindled beams. To have been privileged to listen to the message of mercy from the lips of our late revered, beloved, and lamented friend and minister, the Rev. Richard Watson, I shall account among the chief blessings for which I owe an unbounded debt of gratitude to the great Author of all good. I must be allowed to say, that he touched a chord in my spirit, that awakened its deepest sympathy with whatever is profound in the mysteries of our holy religion. To the contrite humiliation which becomes a sinful being in the presence of an infinite, just, and righteous God, he was so instructed to unfold the mild, yet awful, glories of redemption, as to

raise up the fainting spirits, to inspire the confidence of faith, and the elevation of hope and love. Upon the great subjects connected with the divine character, as displayed in the scheme of man's salvation, his own thoughts and views were sublime, comprehensive, and profound. Those thoughts and views he laboured to convey to others ; and, while under the influence of his impressive eloquence, sanctioned and rendered efficacious by the energy of the Holy Spirit, the serious mind partook of his expansions, and, ascending on the wings of pure devotion, left the world and all its unsubstantial vanities, to taste the holy pleasures of religion ; resolved to consecrate the spirit, with its whole feelings, thoughts, and principles, to God, its proper centre, and to make the interests of eternity its grand and chief concern.

Nor were these results produced by artificial and inferior means. No style of ornate rhetoric, no declamatory or inflated diction, was employed to move the passions, or to captivate the sense. His instrument was scriptural truth. The mode of its employment was a calm, clear, hallowed, earnest enunciation of that truth. It was delivered, indeed, through the medium of a

mind capable of descending much, very much, below the common surface of thought, and of scaling heights that far exceeded the general level of intellectual power. But the great verities of the Gospel were always transparently exhibited, neither beclouded by mysticism, nor evaporated in unimpressive generalities. The path of life was made plain to the simplest inquirer; and none could retire from his lucid and faithful ministry, without having had the opportunity of learning those doctrines by which man is made wise unto salvation, and prepared for the fruition of eternal joy.

His theology was impressed with a rich evangelical character. Man, in his fallen state, he viewed as a creature wholly alienated from God; and dark was the picture which he was wont to exhibit, of a spirit separated from the fountain of happiness, and found in a state of enmity to Him in whose favour alone is life. But redemption was his favourite theme. He stood beneath the cross in adoring contemplation, and rejoiced to point sinners to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. His views of the largeness of redeeming mercy were bounded only by the extent of human misery. In the name of his great Master,

he offered a free and a full salvation to the whole fallen world ; and often, O how often, have our hearts burned within us, while he expatiated on the immense benefits accruing from the great sacrificial Offering, which, through the eternal Spirit, was presented without spot to God ! Remission of all sin, through faith in that infinite atonement ; the sense of acceptance, witnessed by the Spirit of adoption ; regeneration, from its first principle, to its maturity in the attainment, through the energy of the same Spirit, of the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ ;—these were the themes on which he ordinarily exercised his hallowed functions, and on which he brought to bear all the high faculties of his richly-endowed mind. He brought to them thoughts and feelings which made them (under the divine influence) live with new vividness in the consciences, the hearts, the understandings, of his hearers. On these subjects, from a sense of their primary importance, in the later years of his ministry more especially, he most emphatically dwelt. But he occasionally enlarged the circle of his flight. Never, however, vagrantly or presumptuously surpassing the boundaries of his proper sphere ; but maintaining always, through

the attraction of divine love, indissoluble union with his great Centre, he returned from his most excursive sallies to that only point of bliss, and there replumed his pinions for renewed and loftier flights.

On the mysteries of divine Providence he exercised an expansive range of thought. The kingdoms of this world, with all their fleeting grandeur, passed before his eye of faith, as performing their successive revolutions under the controlling guidance of one almighty Hand. He traced all sublunary empire to its connexion with the church of Christ, and beheld the Spirit in the living wheels, subordinating all things to the final purpose of omniscient wisdom and eternal love.

On the consummation of the mediatorial scheme he would expatiate occasionally with that profound and elevated anticipation which transported those who heard him into distant scenes and unknown regions, where the spirit's largest faculties sunk under the overwhelming impression of an incomprehensible eternity, and a present God.

The solemn transition of the soul, through death, into the realities of the invisible world, called forth all his inten-



sity of thought, feeling, and expression ; yet not to sketch a death-bed scene, nor to portray the agonizing emotions of acute sensibility, suffering the pang of bereavement from all that it most valued and loved, nor even to attempt to define the strange, and awful, and untried anticipations of the soul about to take its flight from the scenes and connexions of earth. His grand aim, on these momentous occasions, was, to bring the heart and conscience of his hearers into immediate contact with that solemn period, when the "un clothed spirit," placed beneath the beams of Omniscience, shall feel its need of that justifying and sanctifying righteousness, in which it can only be found by having put on the Lord Jesus Christ.

On the hallowed joys of paradise, when "mortality shall be swallowed up of life," he would also delightfully enlarge. Feeling the present blessedness of divine communion, and heightening and expanding his ideas by the sublime conceptions of eternity, and of disentanglement from terrestrial obscurations, he would, by the hand of faith, lift up the veil of mortality, and endeavour to show his hearers that the prize of eternal life is worth the winning ;

that a participation in the Saviour's glory would more than compensate for all the sacrifices they were called to make of a sinful, vain, precarious, and transitory world.

On the stupendous scheme of the resurrection-scene, when the Redeemer at the latter day "shall stand over the dust," and call forth the sons of God to receive their ratified adoption in the presence of an assembled universe, he dwelt with an energy that made every interest unconnected with the great tribunal of eternal judgment appear of less importance than the passing mote.

On the deliverance of creation from the bondage of corruption and vanity, he exulted with the hallowed joy of a believer who anticipates the perfect accomplishment of every promise of holy writ.

As a worker together with God in the promotion of the interests of his kingdom, it is almost superfluous to say how sedulously he applied the varied powers of his comprehensive and penetrating mind to every department of the great Missionary work; and with what energy of talent and zeal he strove unceasingly to enforce upon others the duty, in this respect, of following him as he followed Christ.

I feel, dear Sir, as I proceed, my utter inability to sketch even the lineaments of that mind beneath whose power my own spirit has so often sunk subdued. I wish I could transfer to my paper the deep and, I trust, never-to-be-effaced, impressions received under his ministry; when, with all the sanctity of pious feeling, and all the power of intense thought, he has opened up the profound and sublime subjects already glanced at, with all their connecting links of holiness and truth. But my pinion droops far, far beneath a flight so lofty as that to which the eagle not in vain aspired. Yet my eye follows him in his ascending; and I rejoice that I have been privileged to track the progress of so bright a spirit in his upward journey to the world of light.

Yet on the mental portraiture of our revered and departed friend and minister, (as a part of the task your friendship hath assigned me,) if I may presume to dwell for a moment, I should say, that his mind was possessed of those characteristics which class it with intellects of the highest order. It was strictly and purely philosophical; adapted to the profoundest investigations of truth, as well as to its most lucid illus-

tration. Without parade of speculative metaphysics, he performed the highest functions of intelligence with the most unconstrained facility. Generalizing, analyzing, abstracting, and combining the various principles and objects of scientific thought and impulsive feeling and affection, he would adjust the several parts of truth, and exhibit its complete structure in all its admirable proportions of symmetry and grace. To this admirable perfection and judgment was added a vivid and chaste imagination. He could not only elevate the fair model of truth, as displayed in coldness and purity by the chiseled marble, but he could also clothe it with the most beautiful and appropriate drapery. Endowed with an excellent perception of the harmonies and sublimities of the natural as well as of the moral world, with the finest and purest taste he employed the inexhaustible resources of nature in metaphorical illustration of spiritual and abstract truths. Yet metaphor, under his management, was not the artificial appendage of spangles to a surface, for the sake of splendid and gorgeous effect; it was the natural and genuine irradiation of a mind equally perceptive of truth and beauty; and formed an inte-

gral part of that rich, firm, and well-wrought fabric which it served, not to encumber, but to illustrate and adorn. His style was pure, perspicuous, and elevated; never turgid or declamatory. His action calm, appropriate, dignified; in keeping with the cast of his mind, the magnificence of his subject, and the hallowed nature of his office, as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Honoured with the personal friendship of this great and good man, it has been my privilege to sit at his feet; and in the private and social circle, as well as in his public teaching, to receive the oracles of wisdom from his lips. Accessible, kind, and condescending, he was ever ready to impart of those treasures with which his own mind was so munificently endowed. Cast in a mould of dignity, while conscious of his own intellectual eminence, he was yet frank, and cheerful, and open in the kindly intercourse of friendship; and was gladly hailed as the star of the ascendant, whenever he appeared in the social party. In private, as in public, his aim was to edify and exalt; to illustrate truths already apprehended, or to introduce some topic familiar only to his own capacious mind. He was fond of

conversation, and loved to elicit the sentiments of others on subjects under his own consideration. Indeed, every changing circumstance formed to him a new object of extensive thought; and subjects long and deeply contemplated, seemed, as he advanced in life, to acquire tints of holier and more mellowed light.

His "sun is gone down while it was yet day;" and the obscuration cast on the sphere in which he has been wont to move, will not be soon or easily dispersed. In this, the region of his latest ministry, the scene of his efficient and endearing pastoral attentions to the flock committed to his charge, the painful sense of grief for the bereavement which not only we, but the church at large, has suffered, must be deeply and permanently felt. But consolation, abundant consolation, is not wanting under this afflictive stroke. That our departed friend and invaluable minister has been long maturing for the world of glory, has been evident, as well to those who listened to his public teaching, as to those who were honoured with his more immediate confidence, in the intimacy of private friendship. From many quarters observations of this kind will reach you. Suffice for me,

then, to speak only of what I myself have witnessed ; to give, though very imperfectly, some record of Mr. Watson's latest conversations with one, who, however unworthy, rejoices in having had the honour and the privilege of being acknowledged by him under the interesting character of a friend.

The solicitude I had long felt under the painfully deepening impression that Mr. Watson's health was sensibly declining, was considerably increased from observing in his appearance a great change for the worse, in a friendly call which he made on me one day in the latter end of November. Our interview was but a short one ; yet it was marked with a hallowed character. I was not well at the time, which afforded him an opportunity of noticing the benefits to be derived from affliction. "Pain," said he, "is a great blessing. It tends to detach our thoughts and affections from the world, and to concentrate them on things eternal. I feel it to be so great a blessing, that I cannot pray for its removal. Pain, sorrow, sickness, death, its time, circumstances, and manner, are all in the covenant. How much is contained in those words, 'Nothing shall by any means harm you !'" The emphasis of feeling and expression which he

threw into these sentences greatly affected me. Although not unused to the hallowed tenor of his conversation in these occasional visits, yet there was a peculiarity in his manner then, that spoke the solemn lesson to my heart; and something seemed to whisper to me, that such special opportunities of instruction would not be very long continued.

The last time I was privileged with a visit from him was on the evening of November 25th, when the inducement of enjoying your society, dear Sir, procured for me the gratification of another delightful interview. Before your return from preaching, he pensively said, "Life, when a little protracted, leaves us comparatively alone in the world. Our friends depart successively, and we feel solitary and pensive." He had touched a string with which my mind was in unison, and it could not but respond to his plaintive tones. He then took up a higher key, and said, "We must not dwell exclusively on the darker scene; but, in the exercise of faith, endeavour to realize the felicity of our departed friends, and to be in spirit associated with them in that world of light and glory where they now dwell. Perhaps we do not derive the consolation which it is our



privilege to do from Christian hope." His solemn prayer in the family devotion of that memorable evening deeply impressed my heart ; especially when, supplicating the divine blessing on your approaching journey, he prayed that, should we never again on earth be associated thus in holy worship, we might all meet in our Father's house above.

My next interview with him was on the 18th of December. He was then increasingly ill, and looked much emaciated ; but he was cheerful, as usual ; and the frame of his mind was deeply spiritual and heavenly. He spoke with great calmness of the probable issue of his affliction ; but added, " I have not now to learn, for the first time, that all is right and best, and, as it should be, under the divine disposal ; whether restoration to health shall be vouchsafed to me for further usefulness, or whether the continuance of severe pain shall shortly terminate my sufferings by death." He then discoursed delightfully on the subject of a special providence, and of the many opportunities he had had of testing the truth of that doctrine in his personal experience. " God," said he, " in the wise economy of his government, has provided for the answer

of prayer." He instanced such answers given to himself, especially as connected with his ministerial labours, when strength and refreshment had been remarkably vouchsafed to him in the time of need, appealing at the same time to Mrs. Watson for confirmation of his statements on this interesting point.

My last solemn interview with Mr. Watson was on the 27th of December. I was admitted to see him for a short time, after he had endured that paroxysm of awful suffering which had brought him to the verge of the grave. Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance, when I first met the glance of his languid and almost tearful eye. It was a look of ineffable kindness and affection, and seemed as if it would be second only to that with which I trust we shall again regard each other in a sinless and unsuffering world. It dissolved my soul in grief. I felt assured his stay among us would not be long; and the idea of his removal inflicted a poignant pang. His frame bore the impress of the agony he had endured; but his spirit seemed to be pavilioned in the very secret of the divine presence. He said, he felt the sustaining power of God; and discoursed for a short time, and with frequent intermissions,

through great debility, on that most delightful topic, peculiarly suggested by the season: "His name shall be called Emmanuel, God with us." "Yes," said he, "God with us; with us all; with each of us; with us at all times, under all circumstances; especially with us in deep sympathy with all our sorrows, dangers, and sufferings." He was evidently giving utterance to sentiments, the truth of which he was then powerfully realizing in his own experience. Faith triumphed over dissolving nature; and the Rock of ages he felt to be the strength of his failing heart. Our parting is indelibly written on mine. With a voice faltering through irrepressible emotion, he expressed a hope that our next meeting might be under more favourable circumstances. "If not—if not—may we meet in heaven."

That heaven is now enriched by the accession of his sainted and emancipated spirit to the holy and victorious company, that already wave their palms of triumph before the glorious, everlasting throne. A new motive is presented to the friends of those who have surmounted the swellings of Jordan, to follow them through all remaining tribulations, until they also overcome,

and are eternally associated with those whom they have loved and lost below. May the parting prayer of the deceased be eminently fulfilled in all who mourn his loss ! Amen, and Amen !

In writing the enclosed, dear Sir, I have yielded to the injunction of friendship, and have attempted to transcribe, according to your desire, some of my impressions respecting the character and ministry of our highly-revered and departed friend. I have felt the difficulty of doing the thing at all, especially of doing it adequately, in any sense, without going too much into detail. I have done it in haste, and cannot even now read it over without detaining it too long from your hands. If you can render it, or any part of it, available to your assistance, in the discharge of the important debt of friendship which you have so kindly undertaken, it will give unfeigned pleasure to, dear Sir,

Yours, with great respect and affection.

## LIX.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *January 9th, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DOUBT not, that by previous intelligence you are prepared for the melancholy event of which I now write. The tidings of the death of our invaluable friend and minister, the Rev. Richard Watson, can neither be received nor communicated without deep emotion. Yet such is the painful announcement I have now to make. At five minutes past seven o'clock, yesterday evening, he entered his eternal rest, after some months of suffering; yet not of such a character, as, until the last three weeks, to excite the alarm of his family and friends.

Repeated attacks of spasm, which became more frequent and more violent every week, have afflicted him through the summer and autumn, so as greatly to unfit him for the important and responsible duties which rested with no light burden upon his mind. Not having seen him for a few weeks, I was greatly shocked in the end of November, to note his altered appearance.

But he was cheerful; and in his spirit and conversation deeply hallowed: so much so, on his two or three last visits to me, as to leave a pensive impression on my mind, that we could not long detain him among us. I saw him two days before his violent seizure; when he mentioned his views of the probable speedy result of the case, should his pain continue; but he added, "I have not now to learn for the first time, that all is right and well, and, as it should be, under the special direction of Him in whom we believe." This was followed by some beautiful observations on the consolation resulting from the assurance of a special direction of ourselves, and all our interests.

I saw him once after his severe attack; when, with great emotion, he conversed for a short time, on the name Emmanuel; "God with us;" apparently feeling all its deep and blessed import. On bidding me farewell, he trusted our next meeting would be under more favourable circumstances; if not, that we should have a happy meeting in heaven! His heart was full, and so was mine. We parted to meet no more, until I trust his dying prayer shall be realized. I must apologize for

great haste, and much discomposure of spirits.

With kindest love to your family, I remain

Your affectionate,

LX.—TO MISS E. H.

LONDON, *January 21st, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS is the first opportunity afforded me of sitting down to hold a little quiet converse with my valued friends at P. W. The late most affecting dispensation of Divine Providence, which has removed from our temple one of the most magnificent and richly-wrought pillars that was ever prepared for its support and adornment, has left my heart very sad. It has saddened our whole circle : and though the family, and friendship, and Methodism are enveloped in the central gloom ; yet the shadow of the cloud extends to all good men, who knew the character of our late revered, beloved, and lamented friend, and who were capable of estimating his value, in the important, responsible, and honourable position which he occupied in the church at large.

Your family, as well as myself, know some-

thing of the high privilege of being honoured with Mr. Watson's friendship. His having been stationed amongst us, and so near to me for the last three years, has afforded me advantages, the remembrance of which I shall never cease to cherish, with gratitude to God, and to him who has now left us, to follow out in our own pensive reflections, those forms of holy truth and beauty which seemed, so far as human powers could develop them, to embody the fair ideas of excellence and perfection. His ministry has always been to me exceedingly profitable: conveying light to the understanding, and stimulating the best affections of the heart, he strove to unite every power and principle of man's redeemed nature in the love and service of God. In thinking over the varied subjects of his public instructions, I feel that we are accountable for a deposit of light and grace, which, if it further not our salvation, will leave us in an awful state of responsibility. But I trust that, when, in reading and meditating on the word of God, we come to such passages as our late gifted friend and minister has with such divine energy unfolded to our listening ears, and applied to our expanding and softening



hearts, we shall endeavour to recall his words of wisdom, his holy exhortations, his humble and fervent prayers; and, at the same time, strive with more earnestness to walk in the path of life; to follow after the highest examples of Christian holiness, to fulfil the requirements of evangelical love, till we overtake, in the regions of immortal felicity, those who, in the steps of our Divine Saviour, have been our forerunners to the kingdom of our Father.

Mr. Watson has not only been our highly-gifted and efficient preacher: he has also been our pastor, sedulous and affectionate in his attentions to our private prosperity and improvement; consuming the midnight oil in his studious retirement, that he might redeem time for the duties of his pastoral charge. In the social circle he was hallowed, yet improving and cheerful in his conversation; ever aiming to advance the interests of religion, and the civilization and happiness of the world. For a long time his health has been declining; but his spiritual vigour has been proportionably on the increase. A premonition of approaching eternity seems to have rested upon his mind, and to have been intimated to some of his friends in

familiar converse. The funeral services of the last sad week have been exceedingly solemn and affecting. Every thing which affection and respect could evince, of sorrowful regard for the memory of the deceased, was shown on Tuesday, the day of interment. As you will have the funeral sermon preached by Mr. Bunting so shortly, I need only say that it was as worthy as it could be of its author and its subject. It was wise, judicious, masterly, and impressive, calculated to excite a feeling suitable to the great occasion, and to induce a right improvement of so painful a visitation. Mr. Beecham's letter will give you a very satisfactory idea of the spirit in which our departed friend met the last enemy. All who were privileged to see him can confirm Mr. Beecham's testimony. My own last interview with him will never be effaced from my memory. He was all humility, elevation, and tenderness. He has left us in his death an example of the efficacy and power of those doctrines which it was the great business of his life to proclaim. May it be to our everlasting benefit !

My work, which I mentioned in my last, will be ready for circulation next month ; but he under whose sanction it has been

brought forward, and who has kindly revised it in passing through the press, will not hail the accomplishment. My heart heaves a sigh when I think of this ; but the great subject of my effort is His kingdom who is God from everlasting, and world without end. On him alone let us build all our hopes, and then neither we nor they shall ever fail.

With kind regards to yourself and whole family, I remain, my dear friend,  
Most affectionately yours.

LXI.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *January 30th*, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK YOU for your very kind letter. The voice of friendship is indeed soothing to the ear, and to the heart. It is so at all times, but more especially when the heart is stricken, and the spirit depressed. This has been the case with me of late. I have felt the repeated visitations of Divine Providence, as affecting both my public and private privileges. The stars that have been removed from our hemisphere enlightened me, not only from their ministerial altitude, but by the nearer influence of

their beams as they irradiated the social circle; and especially by those kindly and cheering emanations which their friendship poured forth more immediately upon myself. Many a time have they brightened my solitude, and led me to bless God for having honoured me with an interest in the affectionate regard of spirits so highly gifted by himself. And for this, now that they are gone, I still praise him; although I deeply feel that I ought to have profited much more by such advantages.

I am endeavouring now to follow up the suggestions offered by Mr. Watson, who is the subject of our latest regrets, in the last visit he ever paid me; and that is, to avail myself more of the consolation arising from Christian hope. I shall meet them again in glory.

And now, my dear friend, let me rejoice with you in the blessed realization of your largest parental hopes respecting your excellent son. His decided choice of God, of his truth, and of his people, is an occasion of unfeigned gratitude to Him who hears prayer, and whose grace alone has preserved him from the over-spreading contagion of infidelity; that antichrist which now so boldly lifts up its daring front in almost all

classes of society; and from which, perhaps, nothing would have preserved him but religion in its vitality. For the heart yields first to this seducer; and then the mind, darkened by the love of sin, is easily beguiled by the sophistries which present themselves under the surreptitious name of argument. In the important choice of a sharer in his future destinies, he has had a wise regard to that which will promote his best interests both for time and eternity. My prayer is, that their brightest prospects may be realized; and that, under the sun-shine of prosperity, they may dwell pavilioned in the light of the favour of God.

You kindly inquire after my poem: when I tell you the reason of the delay, you will judge that it now, in no small degree, affects me. Our departed friend, Mr. Watson, who kindly gave me his judgment on the work, and advised its immediate publication, undertook the arrangement with the printer respecting price, size, publisher, &c., Having done this, and given me his counsel on every point, (which I implicitly followed, even to the insertion of my name,) he then offered to revise the proofs as they passed through the press; but his frequent illness often retarded the progress. How-

ever, the advantage of his important suggestions, and of his encouraging sanction, more than compensated for any postponement which might be incurred. Our revered and lamented friend continued his kind attentions to the work until very near its close. He said to Mr. Nichols, the printer, he was sorry that he was too ill to make any remarks in writing. I have the mournful consolation of reflecting, that this act of friendship was the last literary engagement of one who, though dead, yet speaks to the church and to the world through his invaluable writings. It has attached a melancholy interest to an engagement which has been a profitable occupation to my own mind through many a pensive hour. It was entered upon with a pure motive; it was to dedicate to the service of the sanctuary a talent entrusted to me by the great Master. It is now laid at his feet. Should he please to bless and sanction it, to his name shall be the praise!

Believe me

Ever faithfully and affectionately yours.

## LXII.—TO MISS S. W.

WOODFORD, *July 17th*, 1833.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

ALTHOUGH I trust that your health has been greatly benefited by the change of air, which was proposed for you, yet, knowing that pain and languor do not easily relinquish their hold of man's frail and perishable frame, I have retired for a few moments from the chamber of affliction, that I might avail myself of the opportunity to send you the expression of my sympathy, and concern for your continued indisposition.

A failure of health is at all times an affecting visitation of Divine Providence; but when it comes in the season of youth, to damp the hilarity of the spirits, to check the eager anticipations of hope, and to pluck the bloom from the cheek, it is peculiarly a trial; and, without the sanctifying co-operation of the grace with the providence of God, will tend to depress the mind, and involve it in gloom and melancholy. But my dear S., I am persuaded, is too well instructed, and too deeply influenced by the principles of religion, not to know, and to feel, that this suffering dispensation is

under the wise and kind superintendence of her heavenly Father, who sees that chastisement is necessary, and who therefore, in love, corrects and restrains, designing by parental discipline to train her up for glory and immortality, and all the immunities which he has in reserve for his children in his eternal kingdom. Affliction is not joyous at any time; but it is truly salutary when received in an humble and prayerful spirit. It affords opportunity for self-examination, for penitential recollection of past sins and follies, for reflections on the vain and transitory character of all earthly things, for the exercise of trust in God, and of patient submission to his unerring government.

Under views and feelings like these, how invaluable is the Gospel of Jesus! how cheering the invitations of mercy! how precious the promises of God! While writing this, my mind reverts to the chamber of suffering, where I have spent so much time of late. There I have before my eyes a most blessed example of the benefit to be derived from sanctified affliction. My dear niece, who seems not far from the close of her mortal conflict, has proved it to her own unspeakable consolation, and to the great



alleviation of the sorrows of her afflicted and sympathizing friends. On my naming your case to her, she begged that I would send to you a little book, such as she had found to be a great blessing ; and her prayer was, that it might be rendered as great a blessing to you as it had been to herself. In believing anticipation of the answer to that prayer, you will receive the small volume accompanying this letter. May you, my dear child, prove, with the offerer of it, and with thousands and tens of thousands of the people of God, that the word of the Lord is a tried word ; that " he is a buckler to them that trust in him." Remember, that sickness and health are at his disposal ; and he will give you either the one or the other, as shall be most conducive to your eternal interest. He himself is your only all-sufficient portion. Take him for your covenant God ; and in life, in death, in time, and in eternity, he will never leave you nor forsake you. I will only add, with my best wishes and prayers for the restoration of your health,—including health of soul,—that I remain, my dear S.,

Very affectionately yours.

## LXIII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *August 3d*, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT refrain from troubling you at this time to say, that our dear sufferer, who has been so long under the discipline of affliction, is at length graciously released. On Thursday, June 25th, she received her summons to ascend, and take possession of the rest prepared for her in the bosom of her Father and her God. Her end was most blessed. A painful course of protracted and intense suffering, endured in the spirit of her Redeemer, was closed by a calm, solemn death. She recognised the approach of the last enemy a few hours before he struck the mortal blow; and said to her afflicted parent, "Dear mother, I am dying. I feel I am; but I have no fear. God is with me; and his will be done!" She then took her little text-book, and putting her finger upon the verse for her birthday, gave it to her mother to read. It contained these words: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." She then desired to see her father, kissed him tenderly, and repeated the same sentiments she had expressed to her mother. Again referring to her book, she found the

text for the day, and gave it to him to read. It was this: "They have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne." She then turned to those on the 29th of December, and bade her father read the verse between the two texts:

"Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn," &c.

His full heart could not receive the consolation; and he was obliged to leave the room. He returned shortly, accompanied by her three sorrowing sisters; when, bidding them a solemn farewell, their feelings were overpowered, which was too much for her, and she requested they might retire. She called her mother to the bedside, and gave her the parting kiss. Holding her little text-book, which she had kept in her hand all the day, she said, "Now, my dear mother, take the book, and never part with it unless it be to one in my situation; and then may God make it as great a blessing to that person as it has been to me!" This was her last act.

Earthly ties were now severed; but intercourse with heaven appeared to be begun. The uplifted eye indicated the prayerful spirit; and smiles, expressive of ineffable blessedness, sat upon her pallid counte-

nance. They were full of tenderness and joy. She had done with earth; but her views of spiritual and eternal things were becoming still more distinct and vivid. With solemn feeling she said, "We have sinned, and we must die; but we receive eternal life, for the sake of Jesus Christ." She had prayed, in submission to the divine will, that her death might not be terrible; and her prayer was answered. For nearly half an hour she seemed to be sleeping. An imperfect sigh, three times repeated, gave indications of the spirit's emancipation from the corruptible tabernacle. All was still! She had passed through the shadow of death into the brightness of immortal glory; the light of which had so blessedly irradiated its otherwise dark and cheerless gloom.

Her sorrowing parents are greatly sustained by the grace vouchsafed to her through her long illness, and at the hour of departure. My prayer for us all, my dear friend, is, that in our final struggle we may each be as blessedly sustained as she has been. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and I believe he will never leave nor forsake any of us. May he assist us to confide in him, both for death and for life!

You will forgive my having been thus minute. Perhaps I am somewhat selfish. It is a relief to my own feelings; and I trust will not be unedifying to you and yours.

I have since been called to another house of mourning. My dear Mrs. Camplin has been most unexpectedly summoned to her eternal rest. I deeply sympathize with the survivors, in the removal of this interesting friend. She was an excellent and amiable woman, and a lively, consistent Christian. In the circle of her friends she was justly considered intelligent and affectionate. I have to regret another link broken from my golden chain; but it shall be blessedly and eternally united above.

I remain

Most affectionately yours.

LXIV.—TO THE REV. T. J.

WINDSOR-TERRACE, *August 19th, 1833.*

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for the perusal of the enclosed communication, and am under great obligation to the excellent writer for the attention he has bestowed on my poem. But, in justice to myself, I feel constrained

to make a few observations on the strictures which his letter contains.

Of many, very many imperfections in the work, after all the time and thought which it has occupied, I am deeply conscious. Nor have those "repetitions" escaped me, which have met the eye of the critic. For their occurrence, the best extenuation I can offer is, the difficulty of bearing in mind, through the whole length of a long work, every subject that has been previously noticed. A more cautious and discriminating revision ought, however, to have been exercised.

But this is, comparatively, a minor point. The construction of the poem is one of far more importance. And here I cannot help expressing a regret, that I did not, in a short preface, unfold the outline of my plan. It would have furnished a key, which, applied with a little ingenuity to the several wards, would have reduced to regularity the apparent want of "order," of which Mr. M. complains. The key to which I allude is this: the work professes, not to be a poetical version of scripture history, but a developement of the great scheme of human salvation, by a divine, incarnate Redeemer. This, from its first

announcement, to its final consummation, is pursued through its various forms of manifestation, in the patriarchal, Levitical, prophetic, and Christian revelations; and the great moral of the poem is, (as in the first book enunciated,) propitiation, through sacrificial blood: typically, at first, under the introductory dispensations, by the blood of slain beasts; finally, and really, by the offering up of the great Antitype, "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." In the prosecution of this great subject, my line of order has been, to follow the course of its developement in the sacred Scripture, the spring-head of my inspiration; and time, place, circumstance, have been subordinated to this primary design.

The machinery of preparation for this, the most stupendous event ever witnessed by the intelligent creation, being massive and magnificent, in proportion to its purpose; and its foundations being deeply, and widely, and strongly laid, it rose gradually from the depths of divine wisdom, before the view of an admiring universe. Whoever, therefore, adventurously undertakes to descant upon such a theme, must, of necessity, bring out its evolutions upon a

scale adapted to their character. A gradual and "slow unravelling" of the mystery will, of course, be the result. Shadows, and symbols, and prophetic enunciations, whether by action, voice, or vision, must each occupy their proper sphere in the great system of evangelical truth; and the times, events, and circumstances with which they are connected, will here find appropriate relationship, even should this arrangement appear to invert the regular chain of chronological history.

Strictly and necessarily connected with the elucidation of this central principle, are the various historical subjects which occupy so large a portion of the work. Not one of them has been taken up indiscriminately; but each selected, as a beam converging towards a common centre, and essential to illustrate the complete and rounded radiance of the glorious orb of truth. A reviewer, to whom theological subjects are, at least, as familiar as poetical ones, will, I persuade myself, prove much to the advantage of the work.

To the necessity of studying compression in my narratives, I certainly was not insensible. It was a principle I endeavoured always to keep in view; and, therefore, of



purpose, I adopted that mode of detail of which Mr. M. complains. To have narrated at length, each story, (even with the utmost power of compression,) must have added many lines to that which is probably too long already. It was certainly not without intention, when brought into contact with the majestic simplicity of the Divine Saviour, in his hallowed teachings, and in his stupendous works, that I avoided every thing that seemed calculated to divert the eye of the mind from the one great Object with which I wished it to be filled. My design was, not to paint a scene, not to group figures, not even to detail a narrative, any farther than was absolutely necessary to bring into strong illustration the outbreakings of Omnipotence, in acts which Deity alone could perform.

With the "purple and fine linen of poetic phraseology," I cannot imagine myself to be even distantly associated. Mine is a Muse that attires herself generally in a simple garb; often, in a very sombre one.

There is something sustaining in motive. With the massive magnificence of my subject, my strength, and courage too, would often have failed to grapple, had not both

been recruited by succours from on high. It was no selfish aim that prompted to this undertaking. Consecrated to God, and to his church, it sought not, nor expected, to gain the smile and sanction of the worldling crowd. "Audience fit" (how few soever) it has already found: nor can its author ever cease to feel the value of the meed of approbation generously and kindly given to it by the greatest, most revered, and most lamented names.

As an offering placed on the altar of the sanctuary, it remains at the disposal of Him to whom it of right belongs. In this acceptance of it, and in that of his intellectual and spiritually-minded people, the author's highest end will be attained, her most enlarged wishes gratified.

You will, dear Sir, kindly excuse my troubling you with these remarks. Some animadversions upon Mr. M.'s strictures seemed to be a necessary accompaniment to them, should they become materials for a review of the work.

With great respect, I remain

Truly yours.

## LXV.—TO MRS. S.

NORTH-PLACE, CHELTENHAM,  
*September 7th, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here in safety, and found my kind friends waiting to receive me; under whose hospitable roof I have enjoyed the happy intercourse of Christian friendship, together with domestic comfort, good air, and exercise; and last, though not least, the public means of grace, and suitable opportunities for retirement. After such an enumeration, ought I not to profit by my journey? Cheltenham is interesting and beautiful, as a place of fashionable resort. Its walks and buildings are tasteful and various; and the country, for a few miles round it, is rich and picturesque. I should judge that the votaries of pleasure may here find ample means of gratification; but as I and my friends are devoted to another interest, I cannot give you much account of them.

I have been inspecting, and, I may say, enjoying, some of the bright and beautiful things provided for the health and recreation of the visitants to this place. It

would take more time than I can spare, to describe the gay and splendid appearance presented by the gardens and walks attached to the different spas, the principal of which I have just been visiting. To stroll about scenes which remind one of enchantments, may be well enough for an occasional holiday; but how soon is such enjoyment dissipated! I cannot but pity the butterflies who float in an atmosphere of perfume, and flutter amidst myrtles and roses, but seem to have no covert prepared against the bleak winds of winter, or even the sombre changes of an autumnal day. What a blessing it is to have been brought to an acquaintance with Him who, to those who know and love him, is "the glory of their brightest days," and their light in the deepest shadows of affliction, bereavement, and death! Let us, my dear friend, draw nearer to him in faith and prayer; let us aspire more after his image; for the more nearly we are made to resemble him, the greater will be our enjoyment in communion with him. The more we know, the more shall we desire to be let deeper and deeper into the mystery of his love to us. I want a larger measure of faith, by which I may attain a more stead-

fast and realizing view of things unseen and eternal. I feel, under all circumstances, in a changing and passing world; but, all praise to redeeming mercy, the prospect beyond is illuminated by the light of heaven! May our setting sun be as bright and glorious as the one now before me; and then the changes of time shall issue in the unchanging bliss of eternal life.

Should I be spared to return to you, I hope we shall bear renewed testimony to the kindness and love of our heavenly Father, for still accumulating blessings both of providence and grace.

Believe me to remain

Very affectionately yours.

LXVI.—TO THE SAME.

KNIGHTWICK, *October 2d, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEEL ANXIOUS to know how you are going on; to hear something of the prosperity of my dear Christian charge; and how far you feel yourself at home in the discharge of the duty you have so kindly undertaken in my stead. I am sure you will feel that it involves a responsibility; but that will not be unsalutary, if it stimu-

late to greater watchfulness, and to more fervent prayer. When we feel our own weakness, how naturally do we fly to the strong for strength! When we sensibly want wisdom, how thankful are we for the promise, that "to him that asketh it shall be given!" May you, my dear friend, be brought by this, and every other Christian exercise, into a deeper acquaintance with your own heart, as well as into a fuller participation of all the treasures of divine grace; that your joy may abound in God your Saviour; that you may become more eminently a blessing to your family, to the church, and to society at large!

I am here in a beautiful seclusion, looking forth upon rocks and woods rich in autumnal foliage; upon trees bending under the weight of clustered fruits; upon a bright and tranquil scene which scarcely a breeze ruffles, or a sound violates, except the occasional notes of the robin redbreast, and a few other birds who seem resolved to enjoy, as much as may be, the bright and calm sunshine of the declining year.

What a beautiful world is this, which God has provided for the abode of man! I feel thankful that my powers of perception for such beauties and pleasures are not

weakened. What sources of delight and enjoyment has our Creator furnished for us in his works! They are truly great, "and sought out of all those who have pleasure therein."

Believe me to remain, my dear friend,  
Very affectionately yours.

LXVII.—TO THE SAME.

WINDSOR-TERRACE.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM really put to the blush by your repeated kindnesses, and know not how to write otherwise than simply to say, I FEEL THEM. May God bless you, and your dear little girls! whose beautiful presents command my admiration, and require and receive my thanks. The flowers of the garden fade, lovely and beautiful as they are! But the still more fragrant and charming blossoms of friendship, affection, and piety, shall be put forth in more than amaranthine perpetuity, in that blessed clime to which we are all hastening. Let me here, for the first time, entreat your dear young ones to join their beloved parents, and go with them and with us in sweet companionship.

With kindest love to you all, not forgetting your dear mother, I remain, my beloved friend,

Yours most affectionately.

LXVIII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *February 8th*, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AVAIL myself of this opportunity of writing, though I have nothing to communicate that is worthy of exciting your attention, except that to which your friendship has so often given a more than intrinsic value,—the assurance of my still-continued grateful and affectionate remembrance of my dear and old friends at G. H. I trust you are well, and in the full enjoyment of the rich and multiplied blessings of a most beneficent Providence; that you are still more truly happy in the possession of the richest benefits of covenant grace; and that each step you take in advance, through the shortening vista of time, is bringing you more fully into the brightening splendours of that better world beyond. True it is, we live in most eventful times; but there is one centre of repose, one class of interests, that remains immutable, though all earth's



jarring interests appear in arms. I cannot say these things affect myself; for I have bright hopes for the world, and not gloomy anticipations for my country. Two deep stains of national guilt are now practically obliterated, which lately darkened our horizon in the east and in the west. Our conflicting interests at home, I trust, will be wisely and amicably adjusted. But politics are not my sphere; yet, as a Christian, I cannot but regard passing events with intense interest, and feel that an attitude of prayer and intercession becomes a patriotic and religious mind.

I am sorry to say that dear Mrs. Mortimer has become for the last few weeks very feeble. She does not appear to suffer much pain; but the lamp of life seems to quiver in its socket, as if the material that sustained it was almost consumed. She cannot speak much; but is possessing her soul in patience, and, reclining on the strength of her Redeemer, is endeavouring to gather up her spirit into paradise. These were nearly her own words to me. In her day she has been a light in our Israel. As it regards her also, we may say, "Who will stand forward, to be baptized for the dying and the dead?" I believe she will have

some zealous and interesting successors; but surely, she was one of ten thousand. The death of dear Mrs. G. Marsden greatly shocked me; it was so unexpected. Her removal has broken a valuable link from the circle of social friendship. I see it is necessary to leave nothing to a dying hour that is important, either for this world or the next. I trust, you and I, in the spirit of confiding faith, can say, with the Psalmist, that we "shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!" What a heightening of the felicity of that delightful expectation, is implied in the word, "for ever!" In the midst of the fluctuations of a mutable and transitory world, the idea of a permanent good becomes more and more precious and sustaining to the spirit, as we advance in the journey of life. A deep and clear conviction of the reality of eternal things, and of our personal interest in all the glories unfolded to the eye of faith, seems to be the great end to be gained, the great object to be secured.

I trust much prayer will accompany the accession of strength we are sending to the West Indies; and that God may give his blessing, and provide large resources, to meet the increasing expenditure. The spirit of Christian philanthropy can do won-

ders. I trust its energies will be applied to this great work.

With kind love to you and yours, I remain still

Yours affectionately.

LXIX.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *April 16th*, 1834.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I AM thankful to hear that you are well, and, as usual, in good spirits. Among the many gifts of a beneficent Providence, a heart capable of enjoying them is not one of the smallest. I have been reading Dr. Chalmers's *Bridgewater Treatise*; and it has impressed my mind more sensibly with gratitude and wonder at the numerous and unthought-of adaptations and adjustments, by which the frame-work of the social edifice is held together; every part being so wisely and suitably constructed, that by its just proportions it promotes the order, symmetry, and beauty of the whole. What has brought the Doctor to my mind at present is, his notice of those small ingredients in our moral composition which go to lessen or augment our sum of happiness, and over which, as rational and social beings, we have so much control, as to enable us in a great

degree to fix the standard of our own enjoyment. This, placed on the foundation of Christian principle, I believe to be quite correct.

And now, to come down from the pedestal of philosophy, which I had no thought of mounting when I began this, I will just say, in illustration of the good Doctor's theory, that if you had happened to take your "penance" sullenly, instead of bearing up under it with good and cheerful courage, your husband would not have felt so much pleasure at the thought of meeting you again beside the evening fire, nor, in all probability, should I have been enlivened by your very pleasant, kind, and friendly lines. It will give me great pleasure to take a trip to P., during my sojourn in that part of the country. I become increasingly attached to my old friends and relatives. Time is urging us towards the close of the mortal pilgrimage; and the hope of meeting all in a brighter and better world becomes more and more interesting. To aim at being quite ready for an exchange of worlds, dear A., is the point of truest wisdom, as the attainment of our object will be the truest happiness. Nothing satisfies us fully here. The cup of joy must be filled

from the fountain of immortality, whose spring is fast beside the throne of the Most High.

I remain, my dear cousin,  
Very affectionately yours.

LXX.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *May 27th*, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAD not Mr. W. most interestingly superseded me, I could have filled my paper with the details of important and exciting subjects, which make special claims on the deep attention of the Christian church. I am thankful for the days in which we live; for though the elements of confusion and misrule float superabundantly in this world's cloudy or murky atmosphere, and work themselves into many strange and fearful combinations; yet there is a spirit-stirring sense of great and glorious ends to be achieved; and this prompts to undertakings, which, as they are lofty in conception, give promise of magnificent results. The church is rousing herself from her posture of supineness, and putting forth her energies. This is indeed the time of preparation. Like lines uniting in a common centre, a thousand causes

are in ceaseless, silent, and effective operation, for the accomplishment of God's great purpose of redeeming mercy, towards a long-distracted, darkened, alienated world. He "on whose head are many crowns" shall subdue the nations; and we, I trust, shall be admitted to be humble sharers in his triumph; not perhaps fully on earth, but on our thrones in glory, in his paradise of bliss. Prayer is greatly needed for the furtherance of these objects. It will engage the resources of Omnipotence; for neither earth nor hell will yield to human power alone. While our energies are borne forward, to a still-increasing circumference, there may be accumulated, concentrated spirituality in the heart, the centre whence they flow. Let the great work be accelerated by means in accordance with its own nature; then will the general blessing be shared by every individual who is permitted to place even the smallest stone in that divine edifice, which shall ere long be radiant with the ineffable glory of Christ.

While on this subject, I cannot pass in silence the noble contributions from the ladies of Manchester, towards the support of this great cause. I honour every manifestation of zeal for its promotion. To

yourself thanks are due, because, not as a matter of choice, but of self-denial, you took so much trouble. Yet, in reply to your question, whether so noble a sum will not reconcile me to bazaars, I must candidly and decidedly say, "No." My views are as hostile as ever to the whole system; because I believe it to be fraught with evils, for which no pecuniary advantages can afford compensation. I see much importance in guarding the young saplings that are just planted, or about to be planted, in the court of the Lord, from the influence of an atmosphere uncongenial to the growth of piety; and such is the atmosphere of vanity, and dissipation, and display, throughout whatever region it may be diffused. Nor can it be less noxious (perhaps it acquires a concentrated virulence) when it insinuates itself into the enclosure of the church, than when it floats among kindred elements in the world at large. Should we be spared to enjoy the happiness of personal intercourse, this subject may be more fully discussed, when I think we shall not greatly differ, but shall hail the anticipation of that blessed era, when the single-minded Christian principle of love to Christ, and to the souls redeemed

by his precious blood, shall supersede all unsanctified and doubtful means.

I remain

Your truly obliged and affectionate.

LXXI.—TO MR. M.

LONDON, *June 8th*, 1834.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM glad to find, that your spirits are so graciously sustained, and that your health is not worse. While you are permitted to lie under this cross, may He who bore the cross for the redemption of a lost world, be your supporter and comforter! Our heavenly Father is too tender and compassionate to leave his helpless children to pass through their conflicts alone. He stands by them to give efficacy to his own discipline, as well as to enable them to endure it; and, if we do but obtain more of our Saviour's likeness, and a greater meetness for his glory, we may be thankful, and surrender ourselves to his kind and gracious government, believing that all will be well. To live more for eternity, is the great secret into which I wish to be fully initiated. Time, with its transitory interests, is hastening swiftly onward; and "the



crown of glory that fadeth not away" is to be wrestled for, and obtained, through the sacrifice and intercession of our great High Priest. The faith that takes hold of his merits, that realizes his constant saving presence, is that which alone can tranquilize the spirit, and keep it safe and happy, under all circumstances. May He from whom it springs cause this blessed principle to exist with increased vitality in the heart of my beloved friend, as well as in my own!

Believe me, as ever,

Most affectionately yours.

LXXII.—TO MRS. S.

GROVE-HOUSE, *September, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS truly shocked on reading the affecting account of your poor aunt C.'s sudden death by cholera. How correctly it is said of mortal man, "He is crushed before the moth!" "He cometh up as a flower, and is cut down; he passeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Yet while his life on earth is even as a vapour, how important are the results of his existence, as it respects that unseen, eternal world

beyond! Would that we were broad awake to its solemn interests! and that the voice which summons our beloved friends from all the scenes of time, into the presence of the Judge, might prolong its monitory sound to our hearts; so as to warn us also to arise, and trim our lamps, and prepare for the coming of the Bridegroom! I trust, neither the providence nor the grace of God will in vain make their solemn claims upon us. How happy we are, my dear friend, that we know any thing of Him who is "the resurrection and the life!" that in the way marked out for us by the death and the triumph of our Redeemer, we can track the path to a glorious immortality! We hope to awake up after his likeness, and to be eternally satisfied with the vision of his glory. Let us then cultivate holy affections, habits of mental spirituality, principles of wisdom and love, communion with God in Christ, and deadness to the world. At the same time, let us renew our efforts to live to as much purpose as possible, while we are permitted to remain in it. We cannot wait upon God, in simplicity of heart, without receiving some token of his regard. We feel that he helps our infirmities; he unfolds to

us his glory; he dispenses to us the blessings we most need. He speaks to our hearts, and proclaims himself in Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; and when we make an effort to act and speak for him, he gives us special claims upon his promises,—that wisdom, grace, and strength shall never be withheld; but that he who giveth liberally to those who ask, will grant us adequate supplies for every time of need.

I wish we could all cultivate a more prayerful, devotional spirit: we should then be more disposed for retirement from the world, with all its vain and transitory interests, to hold discourses upon subjects intimately connected with our everlasting welfare. Even the necessary duties of life might be compressed into a smaller compass, both of time and thought; so as to leave us more at leisure for occupation with divine and saving truth.

And how noble are these subjects! how exalting! how purifying! They bring the spirit into contact with eternity; with Him who is infinite and eternal; the only true rest and centre of the soul of man.

I have been dwelling upon these thoughts. I have been feeling them, I trust, with a

more penetrating intensity. Every scene through which I pass, (and I have passed through many pleasant and refreshing ones of late,) every friend with whom I am permitted to hold sweet intercourse, all leave me unsatiated, until I return to Him who is my only rest. I have thought, and read, and talked of the glories of heaven, of the blessedness of the righteous, when gathered home to the house of their Father above, till I have entered, in some slight measure, into the rejoicing of hope. Yes, my dear friend, if we steadily and courageously war a good warfare, we too

“ Shall behold his face ;  
We shall his power adore ;  
And sing the wonders of his grace,  
For evermore.”

It was far from my intention to talk thus about myself ; but these are the effusions of present feeling ; and such must my poor epistles ever be to my friends. When I write, I must exhibit what is in my heart.

I have been spending a fortnight, very delightfully, with my friends at P. W. Their beautiful abode seems to be the dwelling-place of peace and love. It is the consecrated element of devout and active piety, in which my heart, by many associa-

tions, is prepared to sympathize ; nor is a long and tried friendship one of the least binding of them.

I remain, my very dear friend,  
Most affectionately yours.

LXXIII.—TO MRS. P.

GROVE-HOUSE, *September 3d, 1834.*

MY DEAR MRS. P.,

I AM thankful to say, that my journey was a safe and pleasant one ; and that, among innumerable mercies enjoyed since I came to my friends here, I am permitted to reckon uninterrupted health. This I feel to be no small blessing ; for sickness and death make many and sudden ravages here, as well as in London. There have been many instances of cholera, and some very virulent ones. But neither “the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the arrow that flieth at noon,” can touch, without commission, the life of the meanest individual, much less that of a child of God. His servants, then, may rest safely and happily under his protection, till he sends the appointed minister of emancipation, to loosen the pins of the tabernacle, to unclouthe the spirit from the vestments

of mortality, and to facilitate its escape to the paradise of glory and bliss.

There is not much news in this quarter that will interest you. The greatest novelty is, that Mr. A. has been paying another visit to Oldham-street chapel. Mrs. W. was kind enough to accompany me to hear him : but I am constrained to say, that my impression of the whole affair was most unfavourable. I thought I could distinguish, very perceptibly, an effort in the preacher to produce animal excitement ; which not being able to do with the facility he anticipated, he condescended to resort to every artifice, to stimulate the passions of the crowd. To me, he appeared to be a second-rate imitator of Irving, whose peculiarities he seems desirous to adopt ; but he falls very far short of his model in every thing that deserves the name of dignity. His sermon bore no marks of the theologian ; yet it was occasionally solemn and impressive ; but his voice and gestures sometimes almost terrified me. I could not divest my mind of the idea of a maniac. He positively roared, rather than screamed ; and yet he gave specimens of both. I felt thankful that our Conference had not received him into their body. He appeared

to me to be, at least, a fanatic; of which character he gave this evidence: he seemed to think all fallen, cold, and lifeless, but himself.

But I must leave him to his own Master. I would not pass a hasty and uncharitable judgment. Some may be affected in a manner different from me; yet there is a sobriety in Christianity; the work of the Spirit is on the understanding and the conscience, not on the passions merely. It should be deep and enlightening, subduing the hard heart, correcting the wayward will. It should bring the penitent and contrite sinner to the foot of the cross. In these revival-meetings, some who have been long halting may be stimulated to seek now, what they have long felt the need of, what they have long seen to be their privilege, but have delayed to strive after, or appropriate to themselves by the present exercise of simple faith in the Redeemer. Many are uninstructed; yet where there is uprightness of heart, the Lord teaches their ignorance, and leads them, by degrees, aright. It is an unspeakable blessing to have been brought, through faith, to know our interest in Christ.

Let us, my dear friend, follow on to the

attainment of the fullest measure of salvation. Let us watch and pray constantly ; and we shall see still more of the divine goodness ; for we know he has promised to give us all the purchase of the covenant-blood. With kind regards to Mr. P., I remain, my dear friend,

Affectionately yours.

LXXIV.—TO MRS. S.

GROVE-HOUSE, *September 3d, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM thankful to say that my journey hither was safely and agreeably accomplished, and my arrival greeted with a cordial and Christian reception. I am surrounded by many privileges, and every thing that Christian friendship can contribute towards rendering my visit pleasant and profitable. The congregation at Oxford-road, like our own, exhibits evident marks of change. I look in vain for several who used to be among the stated and most regular attendants there. How soon will our places also, in the earthly sanctuary, be surrendered to others ! But if we be admitted to that higher, holier temple, where “ the spirits of the just made



perfect" present a hallowed worship, unalloyed by the infirmities and frailties of a sinful, mortal nature, the exchange will leave us nothing to regret.

I thank God, through Jesus Christ, for the good hope we have, that this will be the case. Let it be our supreme concern, my dear friend, daily to ascertain that this hope stands on a firm foundation. My own experience affords me the deepening conviction, that nothing short of this can, under any circumstances, bring a moment's true enjoyment to my spirit. I must know and feel my present interest in Him who will alone be the spring and fountain of my future felicity. I must possess now the evidence which the Spirit of God alone, through faith, can afford me of the reality of things unseen, and of my interest in them. Without this all is dark, though illuminated with meridian sun-light; and every enjoyment is tasteless, when the heart becomes the prey of doubtful misgivings with respect to interests of eternal magnitude. These may appear to be trite reflections; but I assure you that, both to my judgment and feelings, they become of more vital importance the more closely I meditate upon them.

A simple trust in God for wisdom and grace to meet the varying requirements of our responsible and very important duties, I have always found to be the most cheering and effectual preparation for their unembarrassed and appropriate discharge. The Saviour meets with those who humbly seek him; and the gracious Spirit, to the docile mind, communicates his own enlightening and reviving energy.

I hope your young ones are growing up, so as to repay your many maternal anxieties. It is no light task to form the youthful mind, to stamp upon it characters of wisdom and virtue, to give the bias to the will, the understanding, the affections, as well as symmetry and adorning to the outward part: but that is a blessed oracle which issues from the sanctuary: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." May you ask, without any fear of refusal, for this and every other "good and perfect gift;" and may He who giveth liberally grant your most enlarged requests. Re-iterating this prayer, I conclude my present communication, and remain

Very affectionately yours.

## LXXV.—TO MRS. W.

RHODES-HOUSE, *October 6th*, 1834.

I HOPE my dear Amelia will soon be restored to her wonted health and spirits; and that this affliction will leave some lessons of deep and solemn interest on her heart and mind. How soon are the spring and elasticity of health subdued! the brightest scenes of life shadowed with a drapery of clouds! We want an eye that will transpierce the gloom, and a light to fall on it, which comes from the regions of glory beyond. We want to grasp the principle which assures us of our own happy and undoubted interest in them. For myself, my heart impels me to turn to this only source of true felicity. This life, with all its blessings, leaves me short of that enjoyment in which my spirit can alone find rest. God, in Christ, as my Father reconciled, I must know and love. I must have a present sense of his favour, and a well-grounded hope of participating in his glory for ever, in order to be happy now.

Your heart, my dear Amelia, I trust, corresponds to these sentiments, of which your affliction will have led you to feel the value

perhaps more sensibly than you have ever done before.

I will not apologize for bringing these things before you. Their own ineffable importance will sufficiently plead my excuse. I have much enjoyed the company of my friends since I came among them. I think I am the better for my visit; otherwise much care and kindness will have been fruitlessly expended on an unworthy subject.

With kind love to Mr. W., &c., believe me, my dear Amelia, to remain, with great affection,

Yours.

LXXVI.—TO MISS S. W.

GROVE-HOUSE, *November 22d*, 1834.

MY DEAR S.,

I HAVE been truly thankful to hear, since we last parted, of the improvement in your health; and sincerely hope that, with the divine blessing on your present excursion, you will obtain its entire re-establishment. There is a charm in novelty, which is often refreshing to the spirits; and the beauty and grandeur of the lake-scenery, I should imagine, must boast of

many attractions, even while wearing its winter garb. I do not know whether the works of God in nature have yet attracted much of your admiration; but you will, perhaps, now have an opportunity of cultivating a taste which may prove a source of much gratification to you in future. The perfections of the Creator are manifested in his works; and to accustom the eye to search for God every where, is a happy and hallowed mode of bringing our spirits under an habitual sense of his presence. When we see him, we see wisdom, power, and goodness. While we feel that in him we live, and move, and have our being, a consciousness of security is delightfully blended with a deep sense of our dependence.

But, from what I learn of your present feelings, there is a subject still nearer to your heart. You feel yourself a sinner, and are anxious to obtain a sense of pardon. The sorrows of a wounded spirit agitate and trouble you; and you want the balm of healing to be poured into the wound. I rejoice, my dear S., that the discipline of your heavenly Father has brought you thus to lie a prostrate suppliant at his feet; that "you accept his chas-

tisements," and acknowledge the justice of his displeasure against sin. Confess, with deep contrition, your unworthiness of that mercy which you humbly plead. You feel tied and bound with the chain of your sins, and that the might of your own arm cannot loosen the iron fetters from your neck. You are disconsolate, and you weep for having sinned against many mercies; but, above all, for having slighted the gracious offers of your Saviour's love. You cannot too deeply bewail these things. But, under the pressure of your sorrow, remember your Redeemer's gracious words: "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." Remember, too, that He who promises the consolation, has himself prepared the means of its bestowment. He pities you in your low estate; and in his great compassion will shortly raise you up. Godly sorrow, deep contrition on account of sin, becomes us when awakened to a sense of guilt and danger; but their only real value is to lead us to the cross of Christ; that there, renouncing every plea but the merit of his all-sufficient sacrifice, we may cast ourselves, with all our sins, on his atoning blood.

Here, then, is encouragement for you.

You who are now a mourner may soon, very soon, rejoice in the experience of pardoning mercy. He who died for you invites you to lift up the eye of faith, and to behold him as the Lamb of God, who taketh away your sin. Endeavour to obey his kind command; all his promises are made in sincerity; and whosoever "cometh to him, he will in no wise cast out."

But you feel it difficult to raise the languid eye. Your power to come to Jesus is not in yourself. Be it so. I know that without him you can do nothing. But is not his promised aid at hand? Will he not give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him? Ask, then, expecting to receive; seek, in assurance that you shall find. Fix your eye on the great Atonement; remembering that it was made by the blood-shedding of the Son of God; that it was a full, perfect, and sufficient oblation for the sins of the whole world. Let no sense of your great sinfulness, or utter unworthiness, deter you from coming to him; and from coming now, just as you are. Let no hope of doing any thing, or suffering any thing, that can merit for you the boon of mercy, induce you to delay. Do not be discouraged; do not rest until

you obtain "redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of your sins," and the witness of the Holy Spirit, attesting to your conscience the reality of that forgiveness, by imparted peace, and joy, and love. I wish I could impress you with a deep conviction of the willingness of God to bless, and save, and make you happy, to make you happy now.

Happy shall I be, my dear S., if any thing previously suggested should afford you comfort or encouragement. I can only add, that, both Scripture and experience bear testimony to the truth and efficacy of what has been advanced. I shall rejoice to learn that you are soon put in possession of the pearl of great price. I need not say, Pray much; search the Scriptures; and "keep your heart with all diligence;" and God will bless you in using the means of grace.

With kind love to your aunts and cousins, believe me, with sincere desires and prayers for your present and eternal health and happiness, to remain

Very affectionately yours.



## LXXVII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *January 4th*, 1835.

MY DEAR MRS. W.,

ACCEPT from your friend, not the compliments of the season merely, but my heart's best wishes for the prolongation of the prosperity and happiness of yourself, and of your large and enlarging domestic circle. Perhaps one of the most important lessons suggested to our reflection by the flight of time, is, that lost opportunities never return. Often have my thoughts, my grateful and prayerful thoughts, adverted to G. H., since the time of our separation. I trust you continue in the enjoyment of health and peace. May those best blessings of grace and providence be your portion through the year upon which we have just entered! and also through many succeeding ones, as well as every other good and perfect gift which the Father of mercies, in his inexhaustible bounty, may see it right to shower upon you; and may you be assisted to improve all to the glory of the great Giver!

The view of life, as the seed-time for an eternal harvest, always strikes my mind as

one of uncommon solemnity. It gives an interest to every action and every moment. It changes the character both of the sorrowful and joyous circumstances of this ever-varying, yet transitory, scene. I could not go to the watch-night service; but I endeavoured to occupy the time in solitary musings on those words of Solomon: "God requireth that which is past." O, were it not for the blood of atonement, rocks and mountains could not hide us from his wrath! What cause for humiliation does the review of the past present! yet what cause for gratitude! what anticipations for the future! But anxious solicitude respecting it is as unavailing as it is sinful. I know not what this year may bring to pass; nor would I know. It is enough for me, to be assured that eternal wisdom, power, and love are immutable and never-failing; and that they are all mine by the covenant of grace in Jesus Christ. Nothing, either in life or in death, in judgment or eternity, can annul his promise, that those who believe in him shall be the subjects of his providential and gracious care, in the present world; and in that which is to come, the participants of his glory. In that glory may we all in due time become sharers!

Revolving years transplant our friends successively to join the family above. We hasten to overtake them, in the high hope that to us also is given the promise of eternal life.

Praying that the best blessings of heaven may be your portion, I remain, my dear friend,

Affectionately yours.

LXXVIII.—TO MRS. M.

LONDON, *January 23d*, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TIME glides along; and I begin to think your kind letter remains too long unanswered. I assure you it has not been through forgetfulness; for you frequently occupy my thoughts. I was thankful to hear that you had received such support under the chastening hand of your heavenly Father. How faithful he is to his promises! how rich unto all that call upon him! how ready to do exceeding abundantly for us, above all that we can ask or think! To have a firm trust in the wisdom of his government, changes the character of trial; and when we are enabled to feel, that what in itself is evil does really become to us a

source of good, we cannot but admire that power and mercy which thus transmute the curse into a blessing; and the wisdom of Him who, by means apparently so stubborn, chooses to promote his own glory, and our eternal bliss.

Since we have entered upon another year, I have frequently reflected on the transitory character of all things here below. The past is gone by, and now appears almost "like a dream, when one awaketh." The present is most especially a season of fluctuation and uncertainty, wherein all the elements of turmoil and agitation are seen in every direction busily at work. The future can hardly be reflected on by the contemplative mind, but with the mingled emotions of fear and hope. I have placed the first impression foremost, because it is likely to be first called into exercise. "The spirit of the age" is, to all appearance, one reckless of consequences. Not only the overthrow of ancient institutions, but the subversion of established principles, seems to be its aim. It has in it, therefore, something of the terrible. The collision of vast powers must produce a shock. The moral earthquake cannot but excite alarm. But how stands the Christian in regard to such

anticipations? To him it belongs, with Moses, to ascend the mount; and, passing over intervening objects, to extend his vision to the brighter scene beyond. The warfare between truth and error shall not be always, as now, apparently precarious in its issue. Even in the present world, truth, we know, shall, in the greatness of its strength, prevail; and goodness, as in the beginning, shall be the re-impressed inscription on these the lower works of our divine Creator. This prospect, then, affords material for the rejoicing of hope. May we realize, with increasing clearness, our interest in high and holy things! The apostle says, "Ye are now the children of God, through faith in Christ Jesus." Here, then, we take our stand, and rest in the faithfulness of his immutable word.

Will you give my kindest regards to Mr. M.? and believe me, with sincere affection,

Yours.

LXXIX.—TO MISS E. H.

LONDON, *March 4th, 1835.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ALTHOUGH I cannot hope to be the first reporter of good news, yet I feel unwilling to be quite silent, when an event has

occurred so momentous to our Connexion, as the successful and happy termination of the legal proceedings instituted by Dr. W. I am sure my friends at P. W. have, with myself, participated in the deep anxiety which this affair has occasioned to all who bear an enlightened and cordial attachment to Methodism; in distress on account of the painful and humiliating attitude in which, as a church, we were placed before the world, by the circumstances in which these proceedings originated, as well as the unscriptural position we were forced to occupy, of "brother being at law with brother," joined (although without distrust of the goodness of our cause) with the proverbial "glorious uncertainty of law."

I knew that the great Head of the church was as mindful as ever of its true interests. I could therefore pray, "May God defend the right, and cause all things to work together for good." At length the important business commenced. Saturday and Monday passed in great suspense. On Tuesday morning I obtained a private entrance by special favour, and, with my friends, was admitted through the vice-chancellor's room, to a most commodious and honourable seat. I did wish that you

had all been present, to share the interest and excitement of an occasion which, I hope and pray, you may never again have an opportunity of doing. I need not go into detail, on the performances of the special pleaders; though, as far as I heard them, I do think they acquitted themselves well on both sides of the question. Sir C. W. argued for the legal validity of trust-deeds; and called all the documents of Methodistical law, usage, precedent, &c., "babble," "trash," and other contemptuous names. I felt rather apprehensive that the judge might take the same view of the case; and although, even on this ground, I think it must have issued favourably, yet the same advantages would not have been secured to the Connexion, as by the present decision, which has established the validity of Methodistical law.

When Sir C. W. had concluded his energetic, and, in some parts, almost boisterous, reply to the arguments of the defendants' counsel, the judge, amidst the almost breathless silence of the Court, prepared to give his decision. I wish I could convey to you an adequate idea of the benign and Christian dignity expressed in his countenance and manner. Every sentence that

dropped from his lips was listened to with avidity by both parties; and every sentence made it more evident, that the issue would be favourable to the cause we espoused. Every point is established for the lovers of Methodistical order; and a lesson given upon the Christianity of the heart and of the spirit, which I trust none who heard it will ever forget. I hope, too, that it will have its effect upon those whom it may reach through the extended influence of the press. I thought, while regarding this truly noble man, how Christianity exalts human nature! The large-wigged gentlemen all looked sagacious and intellectual, more or less. I fancied I could trace the character of deep thought and piercing investigation, in most of them; but there was a sweetness and majesty in the countenance of our honoured judge, that I could not read in any other.

When he pronounced that trust-deeds must be administered according to their spirit, and not merely by the letter, we began to anticipate success; and when he confirmed the validity of the proceedings of the Manchester district-meeting, by declaring, that the Conference was much more competent to deal with Dr. W.'s case than



himself, we were truly thankful to God, who had influenced his mind to give a judgment, the effects of which involve so deeply the interests of a large portion of his church. Methodism, it is true, has been dragged before the world; but I hope the consequences will not, even to the world, be altogether evil. There certainly appeared to my mind very much of almost apostolic simplicity and piety in the documents that were read yesterday from the earlier proceedings of the Conference; which probably tended to produce a favourable impression. Our illustrious Founder was honoured by the judge; and so was our illustrious friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, by the testimony borne to him, and to his noble Commentary, by the vice-chancellor. My heart responded; and I trust it will have its full weight in raising that work to its proper standard in some quarters, where, I am persuaded, it has not been valued according to its deserts.

Poor Dr. W. and his friends had rather lowering countenances. If the Doctor were accessible to the feeling of shame, regret, and disappointment, he must have been deeply touched at the tone of serious, mild, dignified reproof with which his conduct

was impugned and condemned by the judge.

When our friends came out of Court, there were, as you may suppose, many glad countenances, all expressive of still gladder hearts; yet it was a chastened, a religious joy; for we felt that we owed the victory to God. Our valued friend, Dr. B., who has borne no ordinary part of this burden, could scarcely control his emotions. While we were shaking him by the hand, the tears were on his cheeks. We were too happy to separate, so we took dinner together, and felicitated each other on the events of the day. We were joined by many friends, who came to participate the general joy.

We ought, as a body, to be thankful and humble, and so improve this vantage-ground we have gained, with wisdom and moderation. Our principles and rules of government should be well defined, and steadily adhered to; and while a place is allotted to every man, "let every man be in his place." With the divine blessing, we may then go on and prosper.

Mr. H. has commenced a course of Lectures at the Institution. The young men there must endeavour to vindicate the wis-

dom and necessity of an establishment, the formation of which has convulsed the Connexion to its centre.

Believe me

Yours, as ever.

LXXX.—TO THE SAME.

LONDON, *March 25th*, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON this memorable and truly joyful day, I feel as if I could not satisfy my own mind, without expressing to you my sense of the graciousness of that interposition of Providence in behalf of our Connexion, which we have witnessed in the decision that has just been given in our favour in the Court of Chancery. I do assure you, while the present suit has been pending before the higher tribunal, it has been a season of great anxiety and suspense. So deeply have my feelings been interested, that I could not be satisfied to be absent from the Court, during any part of the proceedings; and I think my time has not been lost; for I have obtained a fuller acquaintance with Methodism, as a system. Although it is far from being faultless, yet it bears in no small measure a character of apostolic sim-

plicity, and seems greatly calculated to meet the wants of a perishing world. I feel a persuasion that we shall suffer no deterioration as a religious society, in the estimation of public authorities, by our economy becoming better known.

The lord chancellor has confirmed the decision of the Court below ; and in a most lucid and beautiful speech, has given validity to every point of Methodistical law. I only wish you had been there, to share in the general joy expressed by the many friends who had been drawn together on the important occasion, to the astonishment, and perhaps amusement, of the gentlemen of the long robe, who seemed scarcely to know what to think of the whole affair. I have been greatly interested in listening to the pleadings of counsel. Although some of them are not ill versed in the art of "making the worse appear the better reason," yet they are men of massive minds. Sir W. Horne and Mr. Rolfe did us great service ; and the lord-chancellor, although by his questions during the progress of the cause he made us tremble for the result, and sometimes almost despond, has at length entered into the case with so much perspicuity and acuteness, that we

cannot help recognising His inspiration, who giveth man wisdom, and in whose keeping are all hearts and minds.

And now, my dear friend, what becomes us, who participate in this token of the Redeemer's watchful care over his church, but renewed diligence in our personal devotedness to him, by seeking a greater measure of spirituality of mind, that we may improve these advantages to our own benefit, as well as for his glory, by endeavouring with renewed zeal to exert ourselves in the promotion of his cause? Why do we live but to do his will, and to spread his praise? Let us show forth our gratitude, by giving up ourselves to his service, and by walking before him in holiness and righteousness all our days.

With kindest regards to your family circle, believe me,

Most affectionately yours.

LXXXI.—TO MRS. A., LATE MISS B.

LONDON, *April 1st*, 1835.

MY DEAR MARY,

I SHALL commence this sheet with a subject of deep interest; that is, your present and everlasting welfare. The sen-

timents which I felt unable to express at the time of our separation, may be more adequately conveyed by writing to you and your excellent husband. Your affectionate interest in each other is, on both sides, founded on Christian principles. You have therefore rational ground to expect all the happiness which a connexion so formed can yield. May all the felicity that can flow from a union sanctioned by Him who gave to man his existence, and made society essential to the bliss of paradise, be the portion of my beloved friends !

I hope you will always be tenderly alive to those specialties in each other's disposition and character which, in order to unreserved affection, must be met by the kindest and gentlest sympathies. Trials will come. Neither you nor I are so Utopian in our schemes of earthly happiness, as to omit these items in our calculations, when we speak of human life. But sorrows sustained in sweet and sympathizing association with kindred spirits, lose half their weight ; the pressure is not only divided, but the developement of principles and feelings which had till then lain dormant in the innermost recesses of the heart, will give such new, and animating,

and soothing manifestations of the real nature and value of that holy and elevating friendship which can so solace and sanctify our troubles, as shall make our taste of the cup of bitterness not wholly without alloy.

Perhaps I have already struck a deeper chord upon the string of connubial felicity than many hearts will vibrate to ; for few are capable of refined and exalted friendship. It is an intellectual, ethereal sort of subsistence, that is not in accordance with the common and familiar notion of this world, which is absorbed, body, soul, and spirit, in the things of time and sense, and has scarcely leisure to look around in search of any thing that will not gratify "the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life." But you, my dear friend, well know that much more than what has been stated above is essential to perfect the beau-ideal of human happiness, whether in the married or in the single state. Some gentle and tender spirits may probably, without much religion, be so blended into each other, as to brighten the path in which they pass socially along through this weary world ; but it is Christianity, and that alone, in its vital, sti-

mulating, and heart-renewing principles, acting upon and governing the heart and life, that can form the union, and constitute the true amount of that felicity which the marriage-state is capable of imparting. Here new motives operate, and new strength is supplied. God and eternity are taken up into the estimate; and the whole affair has a different origin, and a different end. The cultivation, then, of deep, personal religion, and its close connexion, not only with our internal peace, but our usefulness and efficiency in every external relation of life, as well as in the discharge of every social and domestic duty, is the point I wish to press. You well know that it is not the conviction of the understanding merely, or even the wish of the heart, that will secure the attainment of this great object. It must be the supreme, the undeviating purpose for which you daily live. This decision will appear the more necessary, as your present altered circumstances will introduce you into an entirely novel scene. We all know the effect of novelty upon restless, ever-curious human nature. While it is novelty, it struggles to engross the thoughts, and consequently to abstract them from those ob-



jects which have a prior and more pressing claim on our regards. The effect of climate may possibly enervate your physical constitution, which will be in danger of producing mental listlessness; and that may be mistaken for infirmity of purpose, or relaxed intensity of interest in the things of God.

But why do I advert to these possibilities? Not, certainly, for the purpose of discouragement, but to press on you with renewed earnestness the great advantage and necessity of simple, humble, ingenuous, and habitual faith. In your new and endeared connexion, you will learn practically what is meant by implicit confidence in one who is worthy of your trust; and, I hope, will be induced to draw favourable inferences as it regards your heavenly Friend. Fix your eye steadfastly on the cross; and let your heart follow it while you gaze, believing in Him who suffered there for you. Let nothing intercept this view. Nothing can effectually do it but sin and unbelief.

You will, I doubt not, be confidential with each other on religious topics, as well as on all others. In the bright and glad-some day of your prosperity, you will pour

forth your thanksgivings together, at the throne of heavenly grace. When the trials of life bring over your brows the shades of perplexity and care, (for even in the sunshine of the beautiful western islands, such shadows must be incident to human life,) you will resort, in mutual dependence upon the veracity of the divine promise, to the footstool of mercy together, and there find direction, and consolation, and whatsoever else you may require, either of "strength to suffer, or of will to serve." Whatever may be your appointed sphere of duty, whether in your family, or social circle, or in the church of God, may you be plenteously endued with grace and wisdom, so as to promote the divine glory, and to become a blessing to all those among whom his providence has placed you.

Before this meets your eye, you will have crossed the wide Atlantic, and beheld the wonders of the great deep. Let me know what impression it made upon you, and what you think of the bright colouring and rich foliage of the tropical world, which is now your home. I have a poetical love of nature; and its beautiful varieties are to my mind a never-failing source of grateful and delightful admiration. For this

source of pure and innocent enjoyment, I have a thousand times felt thankful to God, who has spread out so much beauty to the eye of the beholder, and imparted to the mind the power of perceiving its loveliness. Often have I said, and felt, "All thy works praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints bless thee."

I shall be most happy in hearing of your continued prosperity. May the Almighty bless you with his abundant goodness, but especially with those higher and richer blessings, which are emphatically the subjects of his promises.

Believe me, as ever,

Most affectionately yours.

LXXXII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *April 13th*, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How varied are the sympathies that operate upon our hearts, in this changing, chequered world! With me, I am sure you will feel this must have been the case, during the last week, when I tell you that on Thursday, the day of your dear E.'s nuptials, I sat by the dying pillow of my dear aged, venerable, early and beloved friend,

Mrs. Mortimer, and watched her calmly and almost imperceptibly sink into her last sleep. Yes, she is gone, to whom, from my childhood, I have been in the habit of looking up as my Christian counsellor and friend. And although gradually weaned from that degree of dependence which I once felt, by her increasing infirmities, and lingering confinement; yet I have lost her; and now I seem to have an additional motive for directing my steps heavenward, and endeavouring to fix my affections on things above.

Dear Mrs. Mortimer's end was emphatically peace. Not a struggle indicated either pain or fear. I had the privilege of witnessing her exit; and saw death comparatively disarmed of his terrors. But he is an enemy at the best. Great weakness prevented any expression of feeling for the last few days; but on the Saturday, her reply to an observation from me was, "It is all as my Lord pleases; and he gives me patience to await his will." This I think was her last saying on these subjects. Mr. Bunting has been requested, by the Rev. T. Mortimer, to inter Mrs. M., and to preach her funeral sermon. I hope he will comply; for it is a subject worthy both of his talents and his heart.

Another affecting event has also taken place this week : Miss M. J. has been called away to a better world. She departed, rejoicing in hope of future glory ; but suffered much during her illness from a deep conviction of her want of more decided evidence of her safety, in regard of her eternal state. She prayed much for herself ; and her friends prayed for her ; till at length prayer was turned to praise ; and she rejoiced in a blessed sense of her approaching heaven. But her previous sorrow was deeply affecting and admonitory. While standing by her bed of suffering, I thought, " Could young persons, who hesitate on subjects of such awful interest, witness this, surely it would stimulate to diligence and decision ; it would show them the folly and danger of being only half awake." My own heart was deeply impressed ; and I felt truly that the Lord graciously answered prayer, both on her account, and on that of her friends, who are much supported by her triumphant end.

Give my dear love to S., and say I hope she will never relax her efforts, but fight the good fight of faith, so as to lay hold on eternal life ; and also endeavour to attain that measure of religion, which will make

her happy now, as well as in a future world.

With kindest love to your family circle, believe me still,

Very affectionately yours.

LXXXIII.—TO MISS E. H.

LONDON, *May 8th*, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THERE have been many expressions of regret among your friends here, that none of your family have been present to share in the gratifications of this hallowed and interesting festival. You would have participated warmly in the exhibition of sound principle, and in the glow of feeling which characterized the Meeting of our own Society. The sphere of usefulness is enlarging in every quarter; but the supplies are very inadequate to the demand. The zeal, the energy, and the liberality of the church, must rise to a higher level, before the requirements of a destitute world can be met. It is yet only through the skirts of the dark and dense cloud of its sin and ignorance, that the beams of the Sun of righteousness are seen to break. Were it not for the lamp of prophecy, which shines amid sur-

rounding gloom, with a strong and steadfast light, the faith of the church, with regard to the conversion of the world, would have insurmountable obstacles; but, strengthened by the assurance of omniscient wisdom and eternal truth, there is no ground for misgiving. "The earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

America has furnished her quota most respectably, to the feast of this interesting season. One bishop and three learned doctors have rendered their assistance. The bishop of Ohio reserved himself for the Church Missionary Society, and the Bible Society; and he was indeed the lion of these two Meetings. He is a speaker in person, style, and manner, consummately graceful. His matter and spirit were in nowise inferior to, or unworthy of, his personal attractiveness. He breathed the glowing zeal and sublime fervour of a Fletcher.

If you have finished the perusal of Mr. Knox, I can recommend you another delightful book, Dr. Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, on animal and vegetable physiology. It is rich in manifestations of the divine wisdom and goodness, in the struc-

ture of all organized beings, whether animate or inanimate. I have often felt my mind bowed down beneath the stupendous magnificence of the subject. Truly "the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all those who have pleasure in them."

May you and your domestic circle be blessed with an increase of His favour whose smile of approbation is better even than life itself; whose love and presence not only soothe affliction, but sanctify prosperity, and unlock the secret springs of joy and improvement, under all circumstances; not only giving brightness to the sunshine, but making darkness light before us, "crooked things straight, and rough places plain." I assure you the many changes and be-reavements that we see and feel around us, lead me to cling with intense interest to the great and cheering principles of our Christian faith. This unfolds to us a world where death and separation cannot come; where shadows, that flit through the regions of time, will be seen no more; but all will be pure, perfect, permanent reality, suited to the capacities of immortal spirits. Them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him. We too expect his appearing, and hope with those who are already caught up



into paradise, to be for ever with the Lord. Let us try to take the advice of the apostle, and "comfort each other with these words."

With kindest regards to every member of your family, I remain,

Very affectionately yours.

LXXXIV.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *December 31st, 1835.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING this day received a few copies of the Memoir of Mrs. Mortimer, I hasten to request your acceptance of one of them ; most earnestly praying, that the perusal of it may be attended with that divine blessing, which can give effect to the weakest instrumentality, and which can alone sanctify the most powerful. I can truly say, that it has been begun, continued, and ended with the sincere desire, that it might be subservient to the glory of God, and to the best interests of those who love and fear him. I now place it, an humble and unworthy offering, upon that altar which sanctifies the gift ; and leave it to the candid and Christian judgment of my friends.

January 1st, 1836. A new year has opened upon us. May its progress be

marked with blessings to my dear friends at G. H. ! May time, which in its rapid course is bearing us onwards to eternity, as the season of preparation, be still more abundantly improved by us all ! How loud have been the calls for increased diligence, which have sounded in our ears of late ! The young, as well as the mature in years, have been separated from us, and the circle of our earlier friendships seems to contract daily. But neither the wisdom nor the tenderness of the divine Disposer of these events can be questioned ; nor will they be, by those who know and love his name. O, my dear friend, what a day will it be, when we are all associated in that resplendent edifice, of which the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the everlasting light !

I shall be very glad to hear of the welfare of every part of your family ; to whom please to present my kind love, and believe me still,

Most affectionately yours.

LXXXV.—TO MRS. S.

CHEL TENHAM, *April 6th*, 1836.

My dear friend will by this time be expecting the fulfilment of my promise ;

and I am thankful to say, that God in his providence has brought me in safety to my present place of sojourn, which is truly the asylum of piety, peace, and friendship. I was greeted with a most cordial welcome. There is something in the warm salutation of a friend, which is truly cheering to the spirits: and I felt thankful to the great Source of all good, who not only reserves for us "rivers of endless joy" above, but also opens for us here those "rills of comfort," which, flowing through the wilderness, refresh even its most barren and solitary shades. But God is himself

"The spring of all our joys;"

and it is only when we have been led to drink of the living water, which flows from the "spiritual rock," that was smitten to yield us its invigorating supplies, that we are rightly prepared to appreciate the value of the lesser streams.

You, my dear friend, who have been blessedly taught to value your many mercies, and I trust with increasing gratitude to their bounteous Donor, are daily endeavouring to consecrate yourself and them to his service and glory. We have been commemorating those great events, on which

hang all our hopes. I have felt it profitable and delightful, to renew my meditations upon them, and have been assisted by religious services. Religion seems in this place to occupy more than usual attention. This is an important counteraction of the spirit of idleness and dissipation, which, I am informed, is as prevalent here as in most other watering-places.

How greatly is the world at a loss to find out means for "whiling away time!" One method, which it is fond of resorting to here, is that of morning visiting; an intolerable thing, when carried to much extent, for the purposes of mere chit-chat. How thankful ought a Christian to be, who is saved from the misery of ennui! His life has an object in it; and he is taught of God to make all circumstances, whether great or small, bend towards its attainment. Time cannot hang heavy on his hands; for he has to keep his own heart with all diligence; to fulfil innumerable duties to others; and to endeavour to glorify God in whatever he does. His enjoyments are of the highest order. In fellowship with God, he shares the joys of angels, and prepares for the society of the heavenly world. How soon will that world open upon us! Let

us endeavour, my dear friend, to live much in commerce with it. Let us aspire after a bright crown; and constantly remember that the abundant harvest will reward the seed-time, duly and industriously improved.

I hope you find the gracious aid of our divine Master, in the work you have kindly undertaken for me. I know, by experience, that a deep sense of responsibility drives us to the throne of grace; and we never go there with humble, penitent, and believing hearts, without coming away enriched with some spiritual gift, which may be employed to our own advantage, as well as to that of others.

Believe me,

Very affectionately yours.

LXXXVI.—TO MRS. M.

LONDON, *May 13th*, 1836.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

PERMIT me most cordially to thank you and Mr. M. for that affectionate hospitality, and Christian kindness, which have left upon my heart a new and increasing impression of gratitude to the Giver of all good, as well as to those dear friends whom he makes the instruments and channels of

his love. May he pour out upon you, in spiritual and temporal blessings, a rich reward for all your attention to your unworthy friend.

Our Missionary services were effectively introduced by a proper Missionary sermon, from Dr. B., which for its excellence deserves to be circulated far and wide. He had a crowded congregation, to listen to his stirring appeals. The characteristics of the Meeting were fervent, holy feeling, and determined principle. The Report affords the highest motives for renewed and increased efforts, as well as ground of hope that the great enterprise shall be crowned with ultimate success. Refreshing showers have already fallen upon many parched regions of Heathenism; and the promise is, that those copious effusions of the Spirit shall yet be poured down from on high, which shall change the wilderness into Eden, and make the desert like the garden of the Lord.

What I have said with regard to our own Society, applies also to others. The great Captain of our salvation appears to be mustering his hosts to the battle, and every accumulated energy, to bear down upon the common foe. To China and to India, more

especially, attention seems directed, with a solemn determination that they shall no longer remain in the almost undisputed possession of the grand usurper of Messiah's right.

Believe me, dear friend,

Yours affectionately.

LXXXVII.—TO —.

LONDON, *May 18th*, 1836.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

UNDERSTANDING that you have been interested in reading my poem on "Messiah's Kingdom," I beg your acceptance of the accompanying volume. The composition of it was a pleasing solace to my mind, during many pensive and solitary hours; and should it please God to make it a blessing to any of my friends, I shall feel truly thankful.

I am sorry to hear that the state of your health is so indifferent. Pain, languor, and debility, are indeed trying to the faith and patience of a Christian; but they wisely make a part of the discipline, by which it pleases our heavenly Father to withdraw our affections from a world of sin and vanity, and lead us to desire a better por-

tion in Himself. We are brought to feel our own weakness, that we may look to him for strength ; and while under the pressure of infirmity, disease, and sorrow, (which are all the consequences of sin,) we may be led to fly to Him for refuge, "who bore our sins, who carried our sorrows, and upon whom was laid the chastisement of our peace."

The doctrine of the Gospel is full of consolation to the penitent sinner. Its substance is contained in these words, "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath everlasting life." Let us look to Him who suffered for us on the cross ; and "though our sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow ;" and we shall know and feel, "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus ;" who rest alone on his atonement for justification ; and, by the power of his sanctifying Spirit, are renewed after his likeness, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. That you may be enabled so to realize the blessings of our divine Christianity, as to derive all that support and consolation from them, which the exigency of your present circumstances require, is the sincere prayer of

Yours very truly.

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## LXXXVIII.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *May 25th*, 1836.

My dear friend will not, I hope, think me negligent, in not earlier acknowledging her kind letter, received at Cheltenham. Now, though late, allow me to thank you for remembering me, during my absence from home, as well as for your many, many other kindnesses. I spent four weeks very pleasantly with my old friends Mr. and Mrs. M. Although quite an invalid, Mrs. M. still retains that pleasing, cheerful urbanity of disposition, for which she was always remarkable. Such a mental constitution is a great blessing.

On my return, which was hastened on account of the religious Anniversaries, I had immediately to enter on the interesting engagements which they presented. Of the services connected with our own Anniversary, you will have had a full account from Mr. W. I may therefore pass on, and state that the Church Missionary Meeting was, as usual, grave and dignified. From Dr. Duff they were favoured with a most brilliant and able speech. It was on the subject of India, and interested some of us

so much, as to induce us to attend the Scottish Indian Missionary Meeting; where, in a powerful speech of two hours, the same gentleman stated the whole case of India; and a most awful and affecting case it is. How deep, on account of it, is the responsibility of the British church, and of the British nation! It has left upon my mind an impression of melancholy; and I cannot advert to it without pain. But there appears to be an awakening sympathy; and perhaps something more commensurate to the necessity of the case may ere long be attempted. We know, at any rate, that the Heathen of Hindostan, as well as of every other degraded and desolate region of darkness and cruelty, is given by covenant engagement to the Redeemer; and that the ends of the earth shall eventually see his salvation. This cheering anticipation we owe to the "sure word of prophecy;" which is indeed a blessed and encouraging light, still shining in a dark place.

At the Meeting of the Bible Society, and of the Protestant Association, I was greatly interested. My impression is, that there is an increasing conviction on the general mind, of the duty of strenuous effort, even

if it should involve cost and sacrifice, to diffuse more extensively the knowledge of divine truth. Men and means are wanting; but the great Lord of the harvest can supply both; and will do so in answer to importunate and believing prayer. Since the excitement has passed away, I have been much alone, and have engaged my thoughts with friends, loved and lost; lost to earth, but blessedly found above. I long to be prepared to follow them; to have my nature more transformed into the divine image; and to enjoy a deeper, sweeter, intercourse with God and heaven.

Praying that every blessing may attend you and yours, I remain, my dear friend,  
Very affectionately yours.

LXXXIX.—TO MRS. P.

LONDON, *June 30th*, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS thankful to hear that you had been favoured with a safe and prosperous journey, and had reached the destined spot in health and peace. It is no small mercy, whether travelling by land or by water, to feel ourselves safe, beneath the care of our heavenly Father: indeed a consciousness of

his all-seeing presence is alike important, as a source of confidence and comfort, and as a salutary guard upon our thoughts, words, and actions ; whether in the social and domestic circle, or in the privacy of solitude, we converse with our own hearts. A vivid perception of the presence of God creates a very hallowed feeling in the mind. The saint on earth, under the divine influence, participates in a measure of the felicity of the blessed ; and the sinner, to whom the voice of conscience will, in spite of all his efforts to resist it, reprovingly announce the awful fact, feels, in the conviction that he is sinning in the broad light of heaven, a fearful antepast of those deep pangs that urge the sighs and groans of spirits lost to life, and peace, and hope. Let us, my dear friend, endeavour to walk circumspectly, and humbly, and prayerfully. A host of adversaries watch for our immortal spirits ; and those alone are safe who live in vital union with the Saviour, and who derive from him supplies of grace and strength, sufficient for the various trials, temptations, and necessities of this probationary life.

To you I am persuaded I write no new thing, when I name either caution or en-

couragement. You have been and are still blessedly instructed in these truths, by the Holy Spirit. May he teach you more and more, and fully prepare you for greater usefulness on earth, and for a crown of glory in heaven!

I remain, my dear Mrs. P.,

Your affectionate friend.

XC.—TO MRS. S.

WINDSOR-TERRACE.

I CANNOT but be interested, my dear friend, in the letter you have transmitted to me from H. It is almost too late, this evening, to enter into all the theological discussions which the questions proposed, by your young correspondent, seem to require. However, by referring to the oracles of God, which, you know, upon every subject, are my high and undisputed authority, I think we shall be able to furnish satisfactory answers to them all.

In reply to the first question, I am sure you will think it important to inform the interesting inquirer, that the Scriptures reveal to us an intermediate state, between that which we occupy at present, and that

upon which we shall enter after the resurrection at the last day. In this state, the spirit separated from the body, exists in a place called in Scripture "hades," or invisible. This is its general term, as the abode alike of the righteous and the wicked; but when reference is made alone to blessed souls, it is usually called paradise. That this state is immediately entered upon by the disembodied spirit, we have the testimony of our divine Redeemer, who, when agonizing upon the cross, in expiation of our transgressions, said to his repentant and believing fellow-sufferer, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." This one text sets this question entirely at rest, with every unhesitating believer of the divine word. But if further evidence were necessary, it is furnished by St. Paul, in the fifth chapter of his second Epistle to the Corinthians; the attentive reading of which, you will feel, I am sure, disposed strongly to recommend. Your young friend will there learn, that to be "absent," that is, separated, "from the body," is not to lie in a dormant state, but to be "present with the Lord." The soul is an active, undying, unsleeping, principle; and, whether in the body, or out of the

body, must always be susceptible of pleasure or pain, of happiness or misery.

As to the second question, respecting our justification in the day of judgment, we have the same divine authority, that it shall be according to our works. Read Matthew xxv., and many passages in St. Paul's and the other Epistles. But here it is of vital importance to remember, that our present justification is by faith in the atoning blood. Here neither works nor suffering can avail any thing. Our sins must be remitted, through our believing acceptance of mercy offered through the sacrifice of the cross. But the faith of a Christian, is a faith working by love; and that faith which worketh not, is, as the body without the spirit, dead. We are therefore, as new creatures in Christ Jesus, so to exhibit in our whole conduct the work of faith and the labour of love, that when he shall summon us to his tribunal, we may be found among those who have not only called him "Lord," but who have done the things which he commanded.

That branch of this question, which relates to those who are outwardly blameless, and yet possess not the faith of the Gospel, must also be decided by scriptural authority. "He that believeth on the Son of

God hath life, and he that believeth not shall not see life ;” is the testimony of the apostle St. John. We dare not depart from it ; but while we judge ourselves, we must abstain from judging others.

The hints I have thrown out will furnish a clue for further investigation. Divine truth is an exhaustless subject, both of instruction and interest : only let it be pursued in a spirit of meekness and prayer, and in the lively and constant remembrance, that “ God is in heaven, and man upon earth.” Every thing connected with God is solemn and awful.

Yours affectionately.

XCI.—TO THE SAME.

WINDSOR-TERRACE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH regard to the subject on which you request my opinion, I will just say, in answer to your queries, that I cannot make that exception in favour of Sir Walter Scott’s novels, which his admiring readers are so anxious to establish. Whatever degree of superiority they may claim, over the vulgar herd of scribblers in the same



fashionable branch of literature, they are impregnated with the same deleterious spirit of fiction and falsehood, by which other novels debase the understanding, intoxicate the passions, and deprave the heart. In common with writings of the same class, they apply a strong stimulus to the mind, and thereby excite and exhaust its energy, to such a degree, as to disincline, disqualify it for those regular and serious efforts, by which alone any thing worthy the name of knowledge can be acquired, or any progress made in that mental cultivation and discipline, without which there is absolutely no such thing as wisdom. Is it a healthful or diseased appetite that requires stimulants, in order to induce it to take wholesome and nutritious food? You will find no difficulty in believing, that the mind must have been previously vitiated, or, at least, greatly neglected, that can require to be introduced, by so false and dangerous a guide as the novelist, into the dignified and commanding presence of history. The lovers of fiction and falsehood must excuse me; but I cannot help entertaining the conviction, that, in general, their passion grounds itself upon a low grade of intellect; or when it insinuates itself into minds of a

higher order, it insensibly deteriorates them.

The effect upon the passions and upon the heart might be as easily proved. There is, perhaps, less of the vulgar routine of developement and incident in the baronet's tales of love, than in most of the novel writers; but take away that favourite theme, and you break the master-string of his instrument. But his unhallowed profanation of the most holy name, and his libertine use of Scripture language, as well as his caricature of religion, under the form of monks, friars, presbyterians, &c., are such as should form an insuperable barrier in every Christian mind against any prolonged acquaintance with a man who shows so marked an absence of every principle of religious veneration from his mind.

Let us try the subject by the testimony of Scripture and conscience. Will a Christian, by such a course of reading, be assisted to pass within the veil, and hold fellowship with the Father of spirits? Will it assist him to maintain a more devout and discriminating acquaintance with those things which the angels desire to look into? If not, there is a day coming when he will

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be crimsoned with shame and agony that he should ever have suffered himself to be so deluded by the tempter, deluded by a bait which a rational intelligence might be ashamed to have swallowed. Can a Christian minister, under such a discipline as is administered by novel reading, be prepared to feed the flock over which he is made an overseer? I should hesitate, before I added, "by the Holy Ghost."

I have written strongly; but you must remember it is the love and the habit of the thing to which I refer. But let those who abhor evil flee from the very appearance of it, and follow only such things as tend to promote holiness, to render the spirit devoted and prayerful, and to prepare for a happy death, and a glorious eternity.

Yours, most truly and affectionately.

XCII.—TO MRS. C.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I THANK you for your kind letter. It was the first I received since I left home; the thoughts of which often occur to my mind when absent from it; but it is among the privileges of a Christian to confide in

an ever-present and protecting Providence ; assured that nothing can escape his vigilant eye, or occur without his permissive will.

You have now, my dear cousin, a new and special claim on the parental tenderness and care of your heavenly Father, who, with a voice emphatically soothing, still whispers to the forlorn and desolate mourner, "Let thy widows trust in me." I am sure you have found and will still find it consolatory to rely on God with all the steadfastness of a faith that has tried and proved the veracity of the Being in whom its confidence has been placed. Let your requests be made known unto God ; and He who stoops to our infirmities and pities our sorrows will interfere in your behalf. It is true, in many instances, he is pleased not to render to us the reasons of his conduct. If he did this, where would be the trial of our faith ? and where that discipline of the mind in humility, patience, and hope, which he designs to effect by all his dispensations ? We are indeed in a transitory, suffering, dying world ; but one thing is stable,—the love of God to man, through Jesus Christ. I trust we shall be more than ever solicitous

to be prepared for that blissful eternity, where all who love and are loved shall sustain a holy friendship, by unbroken intercourse, in that abode of blessedness into which no enemy enters, and whence no friend departs. I remain

Your sympathizing friend.

XCIIL.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *July 18th, 1836.*

MY DEAR AND KIND FRIEND,

YOUR letter, received on Saturday, was truly refreshing to my spirits. I had been afraid lest any painful circumstance should be the cause of my not hearing from you. The present period of the year is to me full of affecting reminiscences. Fourteen years ago, at this time, I was indeed in the deep waters. Yet He who says to the waves, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," did not suffer me to be overwhelmed. He has upheld me to the present moment, through many changing, and some truly painful, scenes. Yet mercy, rich and abounding mercy, has been manifested in all; and I feel that my debt of gratitude accumulates daily. May it be the business of my life to acknowledge

that, which neither in time, nor in eternity, I can ever hope to discharge !

You too, my dear friend, can look back upon a long course of mercies. What blessings of providence and grace have been showered down on yourself and beloved family ! You have been permitted to remain an unbroken circle. No lovely and precious link has been severed from you ; but the golden chain has been doubled and strengthened, and children's children are rising up to bless the God of their fathers ; and, I trust, to fill your places in the church on earth, where you shall become pillars, bearing a weight of glory, in the temple of our God in heaven. True, you have sympathized with suffering friends ; and have deeply shared the pang of bereavement, which has wrung with poignant agony the spirits of some whom you dearly and tenderly love. But the divine compassion pours balm into the wounded breast ; and faith recognises loved, lost, lamented friends in that bright world, to which I trust we are all hastening.

Within the last few days, my heart has frequently recurred, with my memory, to those beautiful lines in our hymn :—

“E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands,  
On the eternal shore.”

What a glorious consummation will it be, my dear friend, when the whole family are united above! No intervening distance, no shadowy vale of death, no dark, deep grave, shall then form a barrier between those who are one in Christ. In that inseparable, eternal union, may we now by faith rejoice!

My friends in Lombard-street purpose going to the Isle of Wight, and wish me to accompany them. A little change from London, at this time of the year, seems desirable; and as we have not yet visited the beautiful Isle of which we have heard so much, I hope, with the blessing of our heavenly Father, we shall have a pleasant excursion.

Believe me ever, my dear friend,  
Very affectionately yours.

P. S. I forgot to name the works on which you requested my judgment. The “Poetry of Life,” I have not seen. You know, I am the uncompromising friend of truth in poetry, as well as in prose: but life, surely, is no imaginative theme!

Alas! it is a more sober and awful reality than many persons are willing to allow. How important are its duties! how solemn its results! Grimshaw's and Southey's Lives are very amusing and instructive books, though too much spun out. People in these busy times have not leisure to read volume upon volume, on the affairs of any individual. I can now only add, with kind regards to Mr. W., and all your circle, that I remain, my dear friend,  
Very affectionately yours.

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THE following letters did not come to hand till the former part of the volume was printed off; and hence they could not be inserted in the order of dates, as they otherwise would have been.

XCIV.—TO THE SAME.

ISLINGTON, *March 22d*, 1821.

MY DEAR MRS. W.,

I do indeed sympathize with you on the loss of your dear brother. No doubt your feelings have been very painfully exercised on the occasion. But the all-wise, the all-gracious Disposer of events cannot



err ; and, in that assurance, the Christian finds a resting-place, even when he cannot see the hand "that guides the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

I need not mention to you the loss which the church here has sustained, by the death of the venerable Benson. We have lost a friend, as well as a minister ; and, I assure you, we have been not a little affected by the bereavement. We have retraced the more striking features of his character, and regard him as a primitive and apostolic man. He is not, however, lost, but gone before ! His advice, respecting the arrangements of the church was, to aim at the glory of God, and the good of souls. But to attain this end requires great wisdom. There are many springs in the machine. I trust an unerring hand will direct its movements. As members of the body of Christ, we cannot pray too earnestly that this may be the case.

My dear friend, I often think, with deep delight, on the perfected intercourse which, I trust, we shall all be permitted to hold in a higher state of being ; not only with each other, but with all the blessed, who now live, in sacred association with our Redeemer, in his paradise of felicity and

repose. The joys and sorrows of the present life are hastening to their close; and eternity, with its all-important and heart-awakening realities, is advancing, with silent but certain progress, to claim the prominent place of interest in our reflections and purposes, our hopes and fears. Happy, thrice happy, is it for us, that we have been taught to regard the interesting subject, not only without alarm, but with anticipations of hallowed joy. May it be the business of our lives to be made fully meet for all those scenes that will speedily be unfolded to our view, when death draws up the curtain, and eternity stands before us, revealed in its unchangeable magnificence.

Mr. B. has just been attending a meeting of ministers, of different denominations, called for the purpose of consulting, how they may most effectually unite their efforts to promote a spirit of prayer in their respective congregations; that a larger measure of the divine influence may be poured out upon the church at large. Surely this is an omen for good, which will be hailed with joy by every Christian. Believe me

Yours, with great affection.

## XCV.—TO MRS. S.

G— H—, *November 2d, 1828.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEEL much concerned at the painful intelligence, conveyed to me last night, by your kind letter. That our friend Trustrum should have received her summons somewhat suddenly, has not, indeed, surprised me. I have for some time thought it very likely to be the case; but, with respect to her, who lived in the spirit of habitual waiting for the coming of the Bridegroom, and was ready to enter in with him to the marriage, it cannot be a subject of regret. To us, who are allowed a little longer space for preparation, it is an impressive admonition to quicken our zeal and diligence, to be found with our loins girded, and our lamps burning; that we may also be prepared for the solemnities of the final scene; and reply with holy gladness to that voice which says to us also, "Behold, I come quickly." My prayer for myself, and all my dear friends, is, that we may live more habitually under the influence of that faith which realizes the things unseen, which makes eternity the object of hope, and the preparation for

its awful and substantial interests, the great business and pursuit of life. All else is shadow ; " as a dream when one awaketh ; " or a vapour, which the sun exhales.

For my class-members, you will do me the justice to believe, that I feel much anxiety. I assure you, I shall rejoice if the Lord permit me to meet you again. Will you give my love to all my dear charge ? and tell them to pray much for themselves, and for me. I trust that their present circumstances will call forth all their best energies, and be made an occasion of good to them all. I am

Most affectionately yours.

XCVI.—TO MRS. W.

LONDON, *February 22d*, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SINCERELY thank you for the kind expressions of affectionate interest in my welfare. Next to the friendship of Him in whose favour is life, there is nothing I so highly prize as an affectionate interest in the hearts and minds of those to whom I have been long and endearingly united in the bonds of Christian friendship. Ours commenced, not upon the baseless ground

of this world's associations, which, like itself, "pass away;" but upon Christian principles, which, like the Christianity upon which they are founded, are immutable. We will therefore anticipate, that the rills of refreshment and comfort, which our heavenly Father has opened to us in the wilderness, will follow us to the verge of Canaan; and then, I trust, it will be with friendship, as with knowledge, "when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part will be done away:" that is, the less shall be merged in the greater; and the full tide of perfect and everlasting love shall perpetually bear our emancipated spirits forward into the ocean of blessedness, where the love of God, and of every being who partakes of his likeness, (especially those whom we have loved on earth,) shall constitute our happiness through eternity.

Yes, my dear friend, when we now think, and talk, and write, of these things, it must not be as of things at a distance: "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." How inconceivably important is the period that yet remains of life! What is yet wanting towards our complete preparation? What have we yet to do for God, or his cause? These are questions which deeply

interest us. My prayer is, that the Lord would enable me more earnestly to apply to Him for that fulness of grace, which shall make me meet for his kingdom, and assist me to become more instrumental in making others so. There is a sphere of duty and influence allotted to each of us. O for grace and wisdom to move in it to the glory of God! This world is not our home. It must not in any shape have our hearts. It is not worthy of them; no, not in its best and fairest forms. But it makes many efforts, and, however worthless the baits which it offers, too often succeeds; at least, so far as to cast somewhat of dimness over the pure and bright visions of faith. Prayer for a devout and hallowed frame of mind, I feel to be infinitely important. It guards from danger, and confers both peace and power.

I am glad to hear a favourable account of the health of your family. That your son is pursuing his studies with diligence and effect, must be a source of great comfort to his parents. I trust he will live to be a blessing to his family, and to the world; and that he, with all your children, will be planted into that church in which their parents have so long grown and flourished.

I think I feel more anxious on this subject than ever. I love the universal church; and if I know anything of my nature, I detest bigotry; but I have a peculiar, and now long-cherished, regard for Methodism; and I look with no slight interest to its future, as well as to its present, prosperity. For, with all its faults, I see no department of the fold of Christ which affords such advantages, whether as an enclosure from the world, or as to pasturage and pastoral care. Our superintendent, Mr. Watson, seems quite at home. He is exemplary in every duty, preaches in a most hallowed and delightful manner, and is exceedingly kind and interesting in the social circle. He often favours me with a call; and I can say, refreshes my solitude with an hour's important conversation.

I will only now add my kind love to you and your family; and say that I am, as I trust I ever shall be, my dear Mrs. W.,

Very affectionately yours.

## XCVII.—TO MRS. S.

WINDSOR-TERRACE, *December 24th, 1827.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM truly sorry to hear so poor an account of your dear mother, and also of yourself, as well as poor Mrs. U. Under what a variety of forms are we met by the afflictions and exercises that oppress this fallen world! But in the midst of all this darkness, what an occasion of triumphant joy it is, that “the Day-spring from on high hath visited us!” May its light, at this interesting season, shine with increased splendour upon my dear friends! May it irradiate and hallow the hours of seclusion, so as to bring them more fully under the influence of its transforming glory! I am quite sure, they will then have a happy Christmas, which I most cordially wish to them and theirs.

Dear E. F. is still called to participate, and largely too, in the cup of sorrow. But our Saviour, who drank it even to the dregs, is eminently present with her spirit. I have sent you the lines, according to your request; I am sure you will not forget that they are sacred to sorrow; and, as such, fit



only for the eye of sympathy. Our friends are in heaven; and there, I trust, we shall join them. We shall then, indeed, sing, "Glory to God in the highest!" with a rapture that even your musical sensibilities cannot now anticipate. Nor can the strain of the archangel, nor of the heavenly host, equal in the intensity of personal interest, of individual and overwhelming gratitude.

I remain, my dear Mrs. S.,  
Most affectionately yours.

XCVIII.—TO THE SAME.

RIBBLESDALE COTTAGE, PRESTON,  
*September 26th, 1828.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ALTHOUGH I have delayed to fulfil my promise of writing to you, I have not forgotten it; nor have I ceased to remember you, with the other parts of my Christian charge, when commending my most interesting concerns and connexions to the care and guidance of Him who can alone effectually watch over, direct, sustain, and satisfy both them and me. To know that we are at all times the objects of his unsleeping, unexhausted regard and tenderness, is a source, to me, of unspeakable consolation.

I surrender my own defencelessness to his protection, and leave all my charge in his hands. He, I trust, will take care of both, and permit us again to meet together to express our gratitude, and to renew our engagements with himself, and with each other.

Since I set out upon this journey, I have been laid under many additional obligations, not only to my heavenly Friend, but likewise to my earthly ones. Christian kindness and sympathy have greeted me on every hand ; and I have felt an increasingly strong persuasion that, in intercourse with the disciples of the divine Redeemer on earth, we have a delightful foretaste of the blessedness of the communion of saints above. The Spirit of Jesus is a Spirit of unity ; and the more his children love him, the more will they love each other.

The first fortnight of my absence from home, I spent with my beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. B., and their lively, sensible, and interesting family. Mr. Capers, the American Representative, spent one week of the time with us. He is a most estimable and amiable man ; and I assure you, our sorrow was not slight in considering, that, in all human probability, we should see his face

no more, till we meet together before the judgment-throne. But a few more rolling years will bring us all into that world, where there is neither separation nor death. May you and I, my dear friend, be so enabled to rejoice in the hope that is laid up for us in heaven, that we may not only "run with patience the race that is set before us," but rise superior to the dart of the last enemy; and live, even here, in the glorious foretaste of eternal bliss. Wishing every blessing to yourself, and all you love,

I remain, my dear Mrs. S.,

Most affectionately yours.

XCIX.—TO MASTER S.

WINDSOR-TERRACE, *April 2d, 1830.*

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

WILL you accept the accompanying volume as a small token of the affectionate esteem of its author? The great character which forms its subject, is worthy of your most serious attention. Piety towards God, the only basis of true dignity, was the ruling principle in the heart of David. He was zealously attached to the word and worship of Jehovah; and his example is both instructive and admonitory. That my

dear young friend may strive to conform his character to the best model of true excellence, especially to that of David's Son, and David's Lord, is the prayer of

His affectionate friend.

(With the "Life of David.")

C.—TO MRS. S.

GROVE-HOUSE, *August 29th*, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ACCEPT my thanks for your consideration, in sending me intelligence from home, which, whether possessing greater or less attractions, must be an object of impressive interest to a reflective and sentient being. The account of your dear mother's illness gave me pain. I sincerely hope she is now recovered; and that all she has passed through is working together for the promotion of her best interests. How soon will the day dawn upon us, when we shall bless our heavenly Father for the sickness and sorrows which have chequered this transitory scene! Let us pray, that we may more effectually improve, by the salutary discipline with which we are exercised and trained up for that maturity of being, for which we were originally intended, and

to which we may now, as redeemed creatures, be happily restored.

There is much in the present world, and in the cares and concerns of life, that would obscure the remembrance of this our high destination, did not God detach our thoughts and affections, by many mementoes of the frailty and insufficiency of mere earthly good.

May the Almighty God preserve you, my dear friend, and all you love, from every thing that would obstruct your views of the celestial glory, or prevent your preparation for the felicities of the saints in light !

With best respects to Mr. S., and love to yourself and to your mother, I remain,  
Very affectionately yours.

CL.—TO MRS. M.

LONDON, *January 16th*, 1834.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kind letter, received yesterday, was truly welcome. I wish that the distance between us was not so great, that I might occasionally sympathize with you, and endeavour to cheer your mind by personally bringing into the more immediate view of faith, some unremembered

promise, which would lead you, with new effort, to cast yourself, with all your burden of pain and sorrow and fear, upon Him who has engaged to sustain you. Blessed be God, that you know Jesus Christ has made peace, your peace, by the blood of his cross: cling to him, and claim him, in all his fulness of grace and mercy, for your Saviour. Rest in his faithfulness; for heaven and earth shall pass away; but not one gracious word of his shall fail. It is a stern conflict that we are sometimes called to wage here; but there is a crown of victory in reserve. May our Almighty God arm us with his whole armour, and make us more than conquerors at last. My prayer is, that your mind may be comforted by an increase of divinely-communicated peace and joy. Earthly friends may supplicate in our behalf, and many blessings thus descend upon us; but the intercession of our great High Priest, our Friend and Advocate in heaven, can never cease to be availing for us; and there, as our Forerunner, he is for us entered; and there, through him, and with him, we hope to stand at last.

Do let me hear from you soon, and say as much as you can find it in your heart to say to

Your very affectionate friend.

## CII.—TO MRS. S.

GROVE-HOUSE, *November 10th, 1834.*

I THANK you, my dear friend, for your kind and continued remembrance of me, during my long absence. I cannot yet say when I may hope for the pleasure of seeing you, and my many dear friends in London. We are indeed fallen upon times of trouble; I might add, of "rebuke and blasphemy;" for when the church is divided against itself, those who love and pray for its prosperity must weep in secret places, for the scandal and contempt which it calls forth from the world, which gladly shelters its own ungodliness under the faults of those who profess religion. Let us be thankful, my dear friend, that we have learned to distinguish the "things that differ." We know our blessed Christianity is the truth of God, by the testimony of his Spirit in our hearts, shedding abroad these holy influences of peace and love of which we are sensible, subduing, saving, sanctifying our spirits to himself, and teaching us to manifest that we are in reality his disciples, by showing that we have in us the mind that was in Him.

This lesson I find daily necessary ; and I would enforce it upon you. We are among those who must not, in any measure, be moved from our own steadfastness by passing events, however painful. I trust those clouds which have for a season obscured our horizon will soon pass away ; and that the reviving influence of the Sun of righteousness will quicken us to greater faithfulness, and conduct to more resplendent light and beauty.

My friends here are striving to maintain right principles, while the troubled spirit is stalking abroad, "seeking rest, and finding none ;" violating, with its own perturbations, the quietness of those who would gladly live in peace with God and man. Our Connexion needs the prayers of its members. May preachers and people be quickened to greater zeal and spiritual mindedness ! Excuse the haste of this letter. Interruption and engagement have been the order of this day. With kindest love, I remain

Most affectionately yours.

THE END.



