

The Works of William Jay

Volume V

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THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM JAY.

THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM JAY,
COLLECTED AND REVISED BY HIMSELF.
VOLUME V.
CONTAINING
MEMOIRS
OF THE LATE
REV. CORNELIUS WINTER.

LONDON:
C. A. BARTLETT, 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1843.

WILLIAM JAY

V

MEMOIRS
OF
THE LATE
REV. CORNELIUS WINTER,
WITH
A SELECTION OF LETTERS.
BY
WILLIAM JAY.

“If any man serve me, him will my Father honour.” JOHN xii. 26.

LONDON:
C. A. BARTLETT, 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following work, owing to the favourableness of its reviews, and still more to the excellency of the character it attempted to portray, met with a very ready and extensive circulation; and four large impressions (two common and two finer) were soon sold off.

For many years it had been out of print, and as Mr. Winter was not a personage that drew a large share of public observation, and the greater number of his immediate and attached friends were in a long course of time removed by death, the Author had always declined venturing another edition. But, in the mean while, the work had been not unfrequently inquired for, and not a few had repeatedly urged the republication: it was peculiarly noticed at the jubilee of his ministry in Bath; and Mr. Southey, in his 'Life of Wesley,' had said that "the best account of Whitefield was to be found in Winter's Letters and the late Bishop Jebb had, in his correspondence with Alexander Knox, exclaimed "What a celestial creature was this Cornelius Winter and Mr. Forster,

in his Life of this excellent prelate, had remarked that this memoir of him "was his lordship's favourite piece of biography." All these circumstances, of which he had been informed or reminded by several respected individuals, had led the Author to think of sending it to the press again. But when a complete edition of his works was undertaken here (as it had been in America before), it necessarily had to appear once more before the public.

In the re-perusal of it for this purpose, the Author is thankful he ever published it; and whatever defects are found in it, he is satisfied that the representation he has given of this man of God is *perfectly accurate and just*.

He only wishes he could convey to his readers the conviction he feels at this moment of the unspeakable advantage and importance of AN AMIABLE AND EMINENT EXAMPLE, especially when, from relation or circumstances, it will be often called to mind. If in a pretty long life he has been preserved from falls and indiscretions; and if he has been enabled to pursue, as a Christian and as a minister, a course in any degree useful, he acknowledges that he owes it more, under God, to his keeping the image of this individual before his mind, than to any other instrumental cause. In his perplexities, he thought how Winter

would advise him; in his dangers, how he would caution him; in his trials, how he would cheer him; how in his difficulties he would encourage him; how in every backwardness he would stimulate, and in any laudable effort he would approve. And thus, though dead, he has been still speaking; and the Author's prayer is, that by this memorial he may continue to speak, and—not speak in vain.

In this edition there have been no alterations; but the additions are very considerable. They consist not only of various notes by the Editor, but a number more of Mr. Winter's letters. These consist of letters to a poor and pious rustic; to John Thornton, Esq., the renowned philanthropist; to several of his students; to some of his friends, dated from Georgia, whither he went with Mr. Whitefield, and where he was engaged to teach the slave population; followed by a few, addressed to occasional correspondents, and which are interspersed with the letters of the old edition, but marked with an asterisk.

Percy Place, Bath,
Nov. 25th, 1842.

PREFACE.

BEFORE a work professedly biographical can be righteously justified or condemned, two things should be fairly examined. First—What advantages are derivable from the lives of particular individuals? Secondly—What characters are the most proper subjects for delineation?

The former of these questions it is easy to answer. Biography has always been highly extolled. It has frequently been compared with other kinds of composition, and pronounced peculiarly entertaining and instructive. The utility of it has been even ranked above the advantages resulting from *general* history.

Let us attend to this preference, and see whether it be not founded in reason and truth.—The aim of *all* history *should* be to describe and exhibit persons impartially as they are, that goodness may excite admiration and vice abhorrence. Upon this principle, individual representations are obviously superior to general and aggregate. When the attention is attracted and confined to one particular object, the

view is more distinct, and the impression is more forcible. Expansion and division weaken. Multiplicity and variety distract. This may be judged of, says a masterly writer, by the feelings and operations of the mind in the contemplation of other things.—“When from the summit of some lofty mountain we survey the wide extended landscape, though highly delighted, we feel ourselves bewildered and overwhelmed by the profusion and diversity of beauties which nature spreads around us. But when we enter the detail of nature—when we attend the footsteps of a friend through some favoured, beautiful spot, which the eye and the mind take in at once; feeling ourselves at ease, with undivided, undistracted attention we contemplate the whole, we examine and arrange the parts; the imagination is indeed less expanded, but the heart is more gratified; our pleasure is less violent and tumultuous, but it is more intense, more complete, and continues much longer; what is lost in respect of sublimity, is gained in perspicuity, force, and duration.” Again: “It is highly gratifying to find ourselves in the midst of a public assembly of agreeable people of both sexes, and to partake of the general cheerfulness and benevolence. But what are the cheerfulness and benevolence of a public assembly, compared to the endearments of friendship, and the meltings of love? To

enjoy these, we must retire from the crowd, and have recourse to the individual. In like manner, whatever satisfaction and improvement may be derived from general histories of mankind, which we would not be thought by any means to depreciate; yet the history of particular persons, if executed with fidelity and skill, while it exercises the judgment less severely, so it fixes down the attention more closely, and makes its way more directly and more forcibly to the heart."

To this quotation, the beauty of which will more than atone for the length, we may add, that biography is the most eagerly read of all kinds of narrative productions, and the most easily applied to the various purposes of life.

But it is less necessary to enlarge upon the advantages of this species of writing, than to ascertain what are the most proper subjects to bring under review.

—They are by no means persons raised to the highest elevations, or distinguished by the most extraordinary achievements. For, not to observe that such characters are rarely remarkable for goodness and worth, it is easy to see that they fall not within the reach of common imitation—that they exhibit nothing that leads to self-reflection—nothing that occasions moral comparison—nothing to reprove, to stimulate, to encourage in the course *we* pursue: they

seem to belong to a state with which we have nothing to do; and therefore, though they excite curiosity, and furnish materials for conversation, they do not govern our manners, or regulate our practice. How few are placed in situations in which they are likely to grow wiser by the errors of a statesman or the mistakes of a general! "Life," says Johnson, "derives its comforts or wretchedness from the management of these things, which nothing but their frequency makes considerable, and which can have no place in the relations of those who never descend below the consultations of senates, and the motions of armies."

"It is not," says the same author, "improper to take advantage of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name; but the business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over those performances and incidents which promote vulgar greatness to lead the thoughts into domestic privacies, and to display the minute detail of daily life, where external appendages are cast aside, and men excel each other only by prudence and by virtue. There are many invisible circumstances which, whether we read as inquirers after natural or moral knowledge, are more important than public occurrences. Thus the story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the value of time, by informing us, that when he

had an appointment, he expected *not only* the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense. And all the plans and enterprises of De Witt are now of less importance to the world, than the part of his personal character which represents him as careful of health and negligent of life. In the estimation of uncorrupt reason, what is of most use is of most value. Between falsehood and useless truth there is little difference. As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise."

Neither are eccentric characters the best suited to instruct and impress. These can be easily made to awaken notice, and therefore their lives are often written and greedily read; but as the former subjects *cannot* be imitated, so these *ought not*. Eccentricity is sometimes found connected with genius, but it does not coalesce with true wisdom. Hence men of the first order of intellect have never betrayed it; and hence also men of secondary talents drop it as they grow wiser; and are satisfied to find their consequence on real and solid excellency, not on peculiarity and extravagance. They are content to awaken regard and obtain applause by the rectitude and gracefulness of their going, rather than to make passengers stare by leaping over the wall

or tumbling along the road. True greatness is serious: trifling is beneath its dignity. We are more indebted to the regular, sober, constant course of the sun, than to the glare of the comet: the one, indeed, occupies our papers, but the other enriches our fields and gardens; we gaze at the strangeness of the one, but *we* live by the influence of the other.

Tor the purposes of biography, those lives are the most eligible that are the most imitable; and these are derived from characters that belong to our own community, that are found in the same relations and conditions with ourselves; whose circumstances make us feel for the time the emotions which would be excited by the same good or evil happening to ourselves; whose attainments, while they resulted from the Divine blessing, appear not to have been preternatural, but were made under no greater advantages than our own; whose progress was not less owing to the stroke of the oar than the favourable-ness of the wind; whose excellences, while they do not discourage us by their perfection, animate us by their degree; whose success teaches us, not how to be great, but how to be good and happy; whose piety is not fluctuating, but steady; not visionary, but producing a beautiful correspondence to all the claims of the stations in which they are placed.

Those lives are worthy of remark that exhibit a

sameness of principle in diversified circumstances. For the changing scenes through which a man passes render his history at once more interesting and more profitable: they revolve his character, and we behold it successively in every point of light.

A life is deserving of regard that has filled various offices and relations, and has been exemplary in each of them. They that were connected with him, and those who were under his care, will be likely to remember his instructions and example; while he serves as a model for others who are called to move in the same direction with himself.

Our great moralist admires a life in which a man is his own biographer. "Those relations are commonly of most value in which the writer tells his own story. He that recounts the life of another commonly dwells most upon conspicuous events, lessens the familiarity of his tale to increase its dignity, shews his favourite at a distance, decorated and magnified like the ancient actors in their tragic dress, and endeavours to hide the man, that he may produce a hero. But if it be true which was said by a French prince, *that woman was a hero to the servants of his chamber*; it is equally true, that every man is yet less a hero to himself. He that is most elevated above the crowd by the importance of his employment, or the reputation of his genius, feels himself affected by

fame or business but as they influence his domestic life. The high and low, as they have the same faculties and the same senses, have no less similitude in their pains and pleasures. The sensations are the same in all, though produced by different occasions. The prince feels the same pain when an invader seizes a province, as the farmer when a thief drives away his cow. Men thus equal in themselves, will appear equal in honest and impartial biography; and those whom fortune or nature place at the greatest distance, may afford instruction to each other.

“The writer of his own life has at least the first qualification of an historian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may be plausibly objected, that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet I cannot but think that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the passages of his own life, as from him that delivers the transactions of another. He that sits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of posterity, or to amuse himself, and leaves this account unpublished, may be commonly presumed to tell truth, since falsehood cannot appease his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb.”

If these considerations are allowed, I am fully justified in having wished to send forth the following

account of the Rev. Cornelius Winter. It was principally written by himself. He moved in a variety of relative situations. His life, though it has not made so much noise in the world as the progress of some others, has been in no small degree diversified and eventful; and the whole has been in a high degree holy, benevolent, and useful.

It has indeed been supposed, that the delineation of very eminent examples may be injurious to persons of weak and tender minds; and that the sight of superiority so great will discourage from efforts at imitation. Three things will fully answer such an objection as this. First,—Though persons of inferior attainments ought to be encouraged, they ought not to be flattered. We must not turn the cordials of the Gospel into opiates; nor lull into satisfaction with themselves those who ought to be roused to advance and excel. Secondly,—It is desirable to have a good copy, however imperfect the writing may be. A pattern ought to be something above us; something that will remind us of deficiency, and animate us to diligence. Thirdly,—The sources of excellency lie open to us. If the attainments of those we commemorate were self-derived, and we were required to follow them in our own strength, we might indeed feel discouraged at the contemplation. But if their faith and hope, and love and usefulness, were the

production of God's own Spirit—if the residue of this Spirit is with him—and he has said, “Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find”—none need despair. By the grace of God they were what they were: and the grace that was sufficient for them is equally so for us. We should therefore be *strong* in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

But some may imagine we have spoken too highly of the venerable subject of the following pages. And it must be acknowledged that the manner in which works of biography have been frequently executed, has rendered a suspicion of this kind too natural. So often has the writer been the eulogist instead of the historian, that the mind of the reader becomes sceptical, and takes it for granted, that if fable be not mixed with fact, reality is embellished by description, and magnified by the fondness of admiration. There is also peculiar danger that a biographer will be warped into partiality and exaggeration, if he feels very powerfully the sentiments of esteem and gratitude. The Author hopes his readers will do him the justice to believe—that he sat down to this work under a persuasion of the truth of these remarks, and aware of the danger in which his feelings placed him. He has endeavoured to keep himself under the eye of God, “the Judge of all;” and he is persuaded that in commendation of this servant of God—this bene-

factor of man—he is in no hazard of contradiction from those who knew him: for perhaps seldom, if ever, was there such a harmony of sentiment concerning any individual before. “That good man” was the manner in which he was always introduced, and the preface to everything that was said of him.

The work ought to have been better; and probably would have been, if more time had been allowed by the importunity of friendship; but the Author has done what he could in a very few weeks of frequent interruption and indisposition. The toil of examining an immense number of letters received and written by the deceased, and the perplexity of selecting extracts, and inserting them in their proper place, have not been without fatigue. But he has laboured with pleasure, and rejoiced in the enterprise, from a persuasion that what he has written from the warmest affection and the highest regard will at the same time be ratified by a large proportion of the public voice; and that he is doing good to others while he has an opportunity to indulge his own feelings, and to acknowledge the obligations to his dear and honoured friend and benefactor, which he will never be able to discharge. To him he owes all his respectability in life, and all his opportunities of public usefulness. Though not a child by birth,

he has been one by adoption; and he closes this Preface by a line borrowed from Homer, which our admired Cowper, with some little variation, inscribed on a bust of his Grecian favourite:—

“Ὡς τε πατὴρ ᾧ παιδί, καὶ οὐποτε λήσομαι αὐτοῦ.”

Lov'd as his son, in him I early found
A father, such as I will ne'er forget.

WILLIAM JAY.

Bath, April 1, 1808.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LATE

REV. CORNELIUS WINTER.

PART I.

HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

THE following letters were all sent in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine. This is the only date they bear. The Editor deemed it proper to omit a few very minute passages into which the writer had dropped, perhaps from his not suspecting, or his not remembering, that they were to meet the public eye. Some who were unacquainted with the deceased may think that more ought to have been suppressed; but they who knew him will readily and gladly indulge him in a little amplitude and particularity, while relating his own story, to one who would naturally feel interested in the detail of the whole.

LETTER I.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have taken frequent occasion to testify your disposition to preserve our long-established friendship. It commenced by the good providence of God; it has hitherto been preserved inviolate; it has been attended with reciprocal advantages; it has given you the claims of a son, and produced in me the tender sensibility of a parent, never offended, but always made happy by a consistent, uniform, and endearing conduct. I have no secret that I would wish to conceal from you; there is no instance in which I can oblige you, but I am ready to attend to it. You have requested to see my life, extended to this period, drawn out by my own hand; and I have only waited for a fair opportunity to gratify you. Use as you please what I communicate. I am too inconsiderable to attract the attention of the public. Every man is a history to himself. I review my own life with humiliation and self-aborrence for sins, in my younger years, committed against the Lord; but my humiliation is not limited to that period. I would wish it to be, in part, the closing act of my days. I have obtained mercy, and gratitude is highly due to the God of my life. I have been the subject of his providential goodness; hitherto has the Lord helped me. Select friends, as well as yourself, may be entertained by the recital of the Divine conduct, and if any may be encouraged by it under similar cir-

cumstances, either in youth or riper years, to trust in the Lord, I shall esteem the end of its being communicated answered.

I am.

With more affection than words can express.

Ever yours,

CORNELIUS WINTER.

LETTER II.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IN looking to the rock from whence I was hewn, and to the whole of the pit from whence I was digged, I have an effectual antidote against pride; in the mention of them I feel no mortification.

Gray's-inn-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, was the place of my nativity. I was born the ninth and last child of John and Catherine Winter, on the ninth of October, in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-two, and was baptized on the sixteenth day of the same month, in the parish church.

I am very unacquainted with the history of my family, but from what I have heard of the place of my father's birth, which, was in or near Nottingham, and his being educated a Dissenter, I am inclined to conceive my descent is from Dr. Winter, mentioned in Palmer's Non-conformist's Memorial. However,, this can be but conjecture, and would be of little consequence could it be ascertained.

I know my mother was a native of Guildford, in Surrey. Her immediate descent was humble. She

was the second wife of my father. He was by trade a shoemaker, in very moderate circumstances; he was elected, in the latter part of his life, head porter of Gray's-inn, a situation worth sixty pounds per annum. He died of a consumption when I was nine months old. I remember to have heard it remarked, when I was a child, that on his death-bed he much lamented that he had not felt himself affectionately disposed towards me. But it may be easily accounted for, from my being too young to have any thing attractive, and from the petulance and decay of spirits, not uncommon to persons in that disorder.

My mother survived him seven years, in a declining state, which also terminated in a consumption. She was not wanting in her affection to me; but I was nursed and reared principally by her sister, who was sheltered both by my father, and herself, from one of the most cruel husbands that ever disgrace human nature; and she had the greatest share of my affection. This foster parent was removed from the family by necessity, previous to my mother's decease. My brother, at the time of my mother's death, about twenty-three years of age, and my sister about seventeen, with myself, were the only survivors of the nine children. My brother, who had served seven years' apprenticeship to a watchmaker, soon fell a sacrifice to youthful lusts. I had been encouraged to hope for support from him, but in consequence of his bad conduct he enlisted in the East India service, and died abroad. My sister designed to exert herself for me, and had she been as prudent as she was capable, might have supported me till the usual period in which lads are apprenticed; but she had many attractions, and fell into ensnaring company.

A few years she was the dupe to vice, hut afterwards reformed; and I have reason to conclude was effectually awakened and savingly converted by Mr. Romaine's ministry, and died under the influence of divine grace.

After the death of my mother I was suffered to wander the streets, and spend my time in idleness and childish dissipation. Soon after I was turned of eight years, I was admitted into the charity school of St. Andrew, Holborn, and thought it a high honour ' conferred upon me. I felt it an infliction to be deprived of schooling, and frequently found time hang heavy till I gained the privilege. When returning from school, I found myself excluded our apartments; I was often in want of food, and at a loss for many hours to know what was become of my sister. By degrees I missed pieces of furniture, and perceived affairs going on seriously bad. My mother had the care of several sets of chambers in Gray's-inn ever since I could remember, which, in conjunction with the business of a laundress, was the means of our subsistence; my sister was very ingenious with her needle and her pen, and conducted the whole business with great credit, during the period wherein my mother lay helpless. Previous to that time, she was her right hand, and was encouraged to go on with the business after her decease; but she had formed a tender connexion which was never consummated; and having been drawn into dissipation, matters became daily embarrassed.

She took occasion one day to inform me the furniture would be sold, that she must go to service, and that I must go to the workhouse. She was not deficient in affection. I dearly loved her, and I hoped the event would turn out for good. I do not recol-

lect finding myself reluctant to my fate. It was a peculiar pleasure to me to be informed I should be continued in the school.

I was introduced into a ward of thirty boys. Many inconveniences it may be supposed I felt,*

* Of these the author has noticed several instances, such as crowding together boys into one bed, allowing them insufficient food, disregarding their cleanliness, neglecting their health, &c. These the Editor has suppressed above, and would not have remarked them here, but for the sake of lamenting—that the design of charitable institutions should so often be subverted wholly or partially, through the avarice or inattention of hirelings. This might, in some measure at least, be prevented, if proper persons would undertake to inspect them. The Editor remembers, when in Dublin, to have met with a gentleman who had retired from business, and lived on a small independence, who devoted himself entirely to this object. He investigated all the benevolent establishments in the city, and having ascertained the design of them, and the advantages the beneficiaries were authorized to expect from them, he published the account, to enable any of the inhabitants to judge whether justice was done them; and visited them weekly in rotation himself. How many ways are there of doing good, even where persons have it not in their power to afford pecuniary assistance! How desirable is it to deserve the eulogium pronounced on Mary, “She hath done what she could!”

As to the condition itself in which Mr. W. frankly acknowledges himself to have been found, it must prove very unacceptable and offensive to all those who worship “the god of this world,” and can think of nothing worthy attention separable from worldly riches and honour. Were it not for the remoteness of the scene, how much more scandalized must they be when they hear *our* apostles saying, “even to this hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place and to read of the mother of *our* Saviour, that “She brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn!”

but with all I can remember that I was at the same time impressed with a sense of many mercies, and became soon familiarized to the situation.

This part of my history includes about two years. When I look back as far as I can remember, I can collect many circumstances which are not sufficiently interesting to insert here; one however I cannot omit, namely, the frequent and deep impressions made upon my mind by religion. I have been informed by some who knew me before I knew myself, that it was hardly possible to keep me in the house after Gray's-inn chapel bell struck out, to summon people to the daily prayers at eleven in the morning and five in the evening. I well remember its powerful attraction, and also the first time wherein, after very earnest entreaty, I was intrusted to go by myself to St. Andrew's church. I can recollect the pious frame of my mind, the energy with which I could repeat prayers, and according to my ability read, and heard the Scriptures read. A very serious walk round Gray's-inn with some of my companions on a Sabbath-day evening, and our conversation upon the greatness and goodness of God, excited by the serenity of the element, frequently occurs to my mind. I attended funerals till I could repeat the burial service by rote. In the time in which I was denied the privilege of school, I frequently went to St. Andrew's church at the hour of prayer, and recollect perfectly the first time, that the twenty-first chapter of St. Luke, being read by the minister in the desk, made a deep impression upon me. Indeed the Scriptures I am now most conversant with are those I have heard read in the desk, or recited as texts from the pulpit, through a succession of sixteen or eighteen years. I enjoyed going to church

on the saints' days and on the Sabbath days, and, with a few exceptions, which were always accompanied with remorse, devoutly joined in the prayers and psalmody of the church, and of the school. My mind at times has been so elevated that I believe I could have received the summons of death with joy

I am inclined to think these frames may be attributed to the work of the spirit of God, which, though early begun, was frequently interrupted by sinful propensities, and practices which, as the result of temptation, I fell into; the recollection of which gives me pain, and constrains me to pray, "O remember not against me former iniquities; remember not the sins of my youth." I frequently feel the most powerful distress from them now, at the age of fifty-seven, and if I could, would make retribution. I must, and blessed be God I may be a debtor to the blood of Jesus. I never did any thing inconsistent with the strict rule of morality without feeling the smart of conscience.

An innocent forgetfulness became the inlet of a sad temptation, in compliance with which I was too successful a practitioner in sin. As the solicitation occurred, I many times laid myself under a curse, that I would commit the sin no more. But nothing short of converting grace could break the snare. One day I fell by the temptation. I had been in high expectation of hearing a favourite preacher on the following Sunday. When the Sunday came, I hesitated much, whether, with so much guilt upon me, I should go to church. I did go, but got sorely wounded by considering the impropriety of the religious act of that day, with my sinful conduct in the course of the week.

I found out a relation who was dying in a consumption. He was the son of the widow of my father's brother. He encouraged me, when I had liberty, to visit him. In death he recommended me to his brother's notice, who had been indebted to my father for putting him apprentice. This was Mr. Winter, water-gilder, in Bunhill-row, of whom I had not any knowledge. I found he had a design to take me from the workhouse. I wish I could represent his design in a pleasing light. He appeared disposed to let me go to the charity-school for the advantage of education, but instantly as he took me, I was dismissed by the trustees. I heard it was to be my fate; but hoped the report was false, especially as the committee-day passed in which the business of the school was attended to, and the scholars were reviewed, without any notice being taken of it. I went as usual, the next morning, at the exact time, for I never was late, nor ever incurred displeasure: by an hour's absence unavoidably. After the usual exercise of prayer, the head master surlily came up to me, and demanded if my Sunday's clothes were in their place (they were taken home on the Saturday and returned on the Monday by the law of the school). On being answered in the affirmative, he told me I must go away, that I was no longer of that school. It is not to be described what I felt. I returned to my new home, broken-hearted. As Mr. Winter permitted me to apply for re-admission, I am inclined to think it was not his design to prevent me the advantage of the schooling, at least for a time. The month was a very gloomy one. On the Sunday I betook myself to the church, longing to be in my seat; like an outcast I placed myself after church

at the school door, and was pierced to the heart by-seeing the procession of the scholars, without permission to join them. On the committee-day I presented my petition for re-admission, begged access into the room, kneeled upon my knees, and with crying and tears entreated for God's sake the learning of the school might be granted to me; but nothing was said to me: on the other hand, a haughty clergyman, dressed in his full suit of robes, ordered me instantly to be taken out. I had not been two years in the school; and three severe fits of sickness, the saints' days, and Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide holidays, made a considerable reduction from that time, and no very great attention was paid to improvement; so that I had merely learned to write when my schooling closed, without being set to put three figures together, or to learn one line in any of the tables.

I now became the errand boy, and was devoted to what employ I was capable of in the workshop, and occasionally in the kitchen, and other domestic services, from six in the morning till eight in the evening, or later, as occasion served. This was my situation till I was one and twenty years of age. Mr. Winter was a man of very irritable, severe temper, unhappy in his marriage, and given exceedingly to drinking. Whatever ruffled his temper, I was the victim upon whom he vented his rage. By his severity my spirits were soon broken, and I became so enervated that the step of his foot up stairs, and the sight of him, commonly threw me into a tremor. Upon the slightest occasion he would beat me unmercifully. He never was at a loss for a weapon: iron was the same as wood; consequences

were not regarded. I review the scene and shudder. I sometimes wonder that I have my faculties. To this very time I frequently dream I am with him under his displeasure, and feel uneasiness. During the period of twelve years, I often thought it were better to die than to live, and in some parts of that time was ready to say, I choose strangling rather than life. Had I in the former years been a partaker of grace, I should have thought I endured, as seeing him who is invisible; but as this was not the case, I sometimes wonder, on reflection, that I did not elope from him, and submit to any thing rather than such perpetual torture of body and mind. It was a very abject situation; I had nothing to encourage me. Overburdened one day with the severity of my usage, I made an effort to get work, and was determined to disengage myself from my hard taskmaster. This I could legally have done, as he had not bound me to him. He was informed of it and was alarmed. He came up in the shop one morning in an unusual good humour, directed his discourse to me, applauded my work, asked me if I had heard the news of young men not apprenticed being liable to be forced into the king's service, and, as it was the time of war, said he had no method of screening me but by binding me to him. Perceiving that he was imposing upon me and suspecting he had a design of an unworthy nature, especially as he kept me hack in my improvement and had till then refused to bind me, I resisted his motion. He then unmasked, flew into a passion, informed me that he had heard I had applied for business, and threatened to demand recompense for my subsistence for the time I had been with him. I was persuaded into submission. The indenture

was antedated, and I continued to wear the galling chain for four years longer.

I was not my own guide. I could not help myself without risking difficulties which might have been equal to those I underwent with him. I doubtless had my faults. Many I recollect, and, under the review of them, am humbled before God; but those he might charge me with, did not merit that indiscreet severity he exercised upon me. I shall in the course of this memoir have occasion to mention him again. I bless God I was not suffered to precipitate myself into ruin, but was enabled patiently to endure; and as I subscribe to his wisdom in permitting events thus to occur, I have to recollect with gratitude his kindness towards me afterwards. He has instructed me and taught me. He has been a father unto me, and shall receive praise from me. I will relieve your attention, and at present subscribe myself,

My very dear friend.

Yours affectionately, &c.

LETTER III.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IN the former letter I mentioned that I can recollect my mind being often in a very pious frame; I will here cite a fresh instance. By being brought to Mr. Winter, I became an inhabitant of the parish of St. Luke, Old-street. On Saturday I frequently anticipated the pleasures of the day ensuing, not merely as a day of leisure, but of devotion; and usually attended St. Luke's church, morning and afternoon, and thought it an additional pleasure to

have opportunity to attend a monthly evening lecture at Cripplegate. A charity sermon was of great importance to me, as it afforded me an opportunity to hear a new preacher; and I almost envied the boys the privilege of the charity—judge you how I must feel when a bishop preached. My situation sometimes confined me at home on a Sunday afternoon, when I engaged my attention to the Bible. I remember to have fatigued myself once exceedingly in writing out the first chapter of the Second Book of Kings. But it stuck by me. O that I had habituated myself more to that employ! I had all this time common and very strong prejudices against the Methodists and Dissenters. When my clothes were disgracefully bad, which was sometimes the case, I absconded from my own church, and occasionally wandered into a meeting-house. I at last got to hear Mr. Whitefield two or three times, and was particularly struck by his appearance and dress. Though at the distance of sixty feet, and the congregation very crowded, I one Sunday evening thought he spoke particularly to me, and the imagination had a powerful effect upon me.

I believe it was the Christmas previous to this, while at a card table I was taking some undue liberty with Mr. Whitefield's ministry, in the way of burlesque; a Scotch woman who was sitting by, but not in the party, very smartly reproved me, desired I would take an opportunity to read and pray over the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, till I understood it; and added she was persuaded I should no longer despise Mr. Whitefield's ministry. I never can forget the remorse I felt from the reproof; and the advice, after I was awakened, produced a pecu-

liar attention to the scripture recommended to my attention.

In the year 1755 I had occasion to make a purchase of a box, of which, I was informed, a poor woman wanted to dispose. She afterwards informed me, there was something in my appearance that engaged her attention. She desired I would pay her a visit. I was ready to receive her invitation, and drank tea with her the next Sunday. Like one truly taught of God, and desirous of communicating what she knew of him, she entered upon religious subjects. She asked me, if I had ever heard Mr. Whitefield; I replied I had once or twice, and had no objection to him, for I perceived she knew not how to speak affectionately enough of him. But I said I could not be reconciled to his lay preachers; and I urged the common objection against them. I began to speak in high terms of my favourite preachers at church, and as she proposed my going with her to hear Mr. Whitefield, I urged her to go with me to hear those I had mentioned.

She was soon tired of my fare, and told me my favourite preachers could not give her what she wanted. It was by first going with her to the Tabernacle, that I was more peculiarly struck with the largeness of the congregation—the solemnity that sat upon it—the melody of the singing—Mr. Whitefield's striking appearance, and his earnestness in preaching. From this time prejudice had no more place in my breast. Mr. Whitefield became increasingly dear to me, and I embraced all opportunities to hear him. Yet I had no knowledge of the evil of sin, and the depravity of my nature. On the 9th of April, 1760, being the Wednesday in the

Easter-week, and the close of the holidays, as I was playing at cards with my fellow-servants; recollecting I might that evening hear Mr. Whitefield, I broke off in the midst of the game, which much discomposed and enraged my companions, who suspected where I was going. It was a night much to be remembered. I have reason to hope the scales of ignorance then fell from my eyes, a sense of my misery opened gradually to me, and I diligently inquired what I should do to be saved. I never more, however, played a game at cards. The text, I well remember, was 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. The introduction to the sermon, "Come, my brethren, we have from Sunday till yesterday been meditating upon the resurrection of our Lord, it is now time that we should think about our own." Could I recite the whole sermon, and it should read acceptably, it would want the energy, *viva voce*, which was so very peculiar to the preacher that a resemblance is nowhere to be found. But it was God in the preacher that made the word efficacious; to him be the glory. It is a mercy he is not confined to the abilities of men whose talents are superior to those of their brethren. Much good was at that time doing by the instrumentality of men whose gifts Avcre very inconsiderable; and the Lord could have wrought upon my soul by an inferior preacher. The state of things at the Tabernacle and Tottenham-court chapel then differed from what it is at the present day, in this, that the supplies were not very considerable, Mr. Kinsman excepted. Hence there was a very great disproportion in the congregation; yet conversions were very frequent, by means of the substitutes provided by Mr. Whitefield in his absence, notwithstanding the inferiority of their gifts to

his own. It is "not by might nor by power," which is but to say, it is not by human eloquence, hut by the Spirit of the Lord, that work is wrought upon the soul which is essential to salvation. That the Lord may go on to honour your gifts, and that you may ever give him the glory of that good work he performs by you, is the prayer of.

My dear friend.

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IN compliance with your request, my own history must be entwined with the history of others. I keep in mind the remark you made to me in a late conversation, namely, that it was the opinion of some, that there had not been sufficient notice taken of Mr. Whitefield as a preacher, and also in his more *private* character, and that you wished I would endeavour to exhibit him particularly in that view. I doubt I shall fail in the attempt; though my close connexion with his person as a private humble friend, as well as the attention I paid to his ministry, may be supposed to give me an advantage in writing upon this head.

The time he set apart for preparations for the pulpit, during my connexion with him, was not to be distinguished from the time he appropriated to other business. If he wanted to write a pamphlet upon any occasion, he was closeted; nor would he allow access to him, but on an emergency, while he was

engaged in the work. But I never knew him engaged in the composition of a sermon until he was on board ship, when he employed himself partly in the composition of sermons, and reading very attentively the history of England written by different authors. He had formed a design of writing the history of Methodism, but never entered upon it. He was never more in retirement on a Saturday than on another day; nor sequestered at any particular time for a period longer than he used for his ordinary devotions. I never met with any thing like the form of a skeleton of a sermon among his papers, with which I was permitted to be very familiar, nor did he ever give me any idea of the importance of being habituated to the planning of a sermon. It is not injustice to his great character to say, I believe he knew nothing about such a kind of exercise.

Usually for an hour or two before he entered the pulpit, he claimed retirement; and on a Sabbath-day morning more particularly, he was accustomed to have Clarke's Bible, Matthew Henry's Comment, and Cruden's Concordance within his reach: his frame at that time was more than ordinarily devotional; I say more than ordinarily, because, though there was a vast vein of pleasantry usually in him, the intervals of conversation evidently appeared to be filled up with private ejaculation connected with praise. His rest was much interrupted, and his thoughts were much engaged with God in the night. He has often said at the close of his very warm address, "This sermon I got when most of you who now hear me were fast asleep." He made very minute observations, and was much disposed to be conversant with life, from the lowest mechanic to the

first characters in the land. He let nothing escape him, but turned all into gold that admitted of improvement; and, in one way or another, the occurrence of the week or the day furnished him with matter for the pulpit. Take a specimen: when an extraordinary trial was going forwards, he would be present; and on observing the formality of the judge putting on his black cap to pronounce sentence, I have known him avail himself of it in the close of a sermon; with his eyes full of tears, and his heart almost too big to admit of speech, dropping into a momentary pause—"I am going now to put on my condemning cap: sinner, I must do it; I must pronounce sentence upon you—"and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, recite our Lord's words, "Go, ye cursed," not without a very powerful description of the nature of the curse. I again observe, that it would be only by hearing him, and by beholding his attitude and his tears, that a person could well conceive of the effect; for it was impossible but that solemnity must surround him, who, under God, became the means of making all solemn.

He had a most peculiar art of speaking personally to you, in a congregation of four thousand people, when no one would suspect his object. If I instance it in an effect upon the servant of the house, I presume it is not unsuitable. She had been remiss in her duty in the morning of the day. In the evening, before the family retired to rest, I found her under great dejection, the reason of which I did not apprehend; for it did not strike me, that in exemplifying a conduct inconsistent with the Christian's professed fidelity to his blessed Redeemer, he was drawing it from remissness of duty in a living character; but

she felt it so sensibly as to be greatly distressed by it, until he relieved her mind by his usually amiable deportment. The next day, being about to leave town, he called out to her "Farewell;" she did not make her appearance, which he remarked to a female friend at dinner, who replied, "Sir, you have exceedingly wounded poor Betty," which excited in him a hearty laugh; and when I shut the coach-door upon him, he said, "Be sure to remember me to Betty; tell her the account is settled, and that I have nothing more against her."

The famous comedian, Shuter, who had a great partiality for Mr. Whitefield, shewed him friendship, and often attended his ministry. At one period of his popularity he was acting in a drama under the character of Ramble. During the run of the performance he attended service on Sabbath morning at Tottenham-court chapel, and was seated in the pew exactly opposite to the pulpit; and while Mr. Whitefield was giving full sally to his soul, and, in his energetic address, was inviting sinners to the Saviour, he fixed himself full against Shuter, with his eye upon him, adding to what he had previously said, "And thou, poor Ramble, who hast long rambled from him, come you also. O end your rambling by coming to Jesus." Shuter was exceedingly struck, and coming in to Mr. Whitefield, said, "I thought I should have fainted; how could you serve me so?"—It was truly impressive to see him ascend the pulpit. My intimate knowledge of him admits of my acquitting him of the charge of affectation. He always appeared to enter the pulpit with a significance of countenance, that indicated he had something of importance which he wanted to divulge, and was anxious for the effect

of the communication. His gravity on his descent was the same. As soon as ever he was seated in his chair, nature demanded relief, and gained it by a vast discharge from the stomach, usually with a considerable quantity of blood, before he was at liberty to speak. He was averse to much singing after preaching, supposing it diverted the savour of the subject. Nothing awkward, nothing careless, appeared about him in the pulpit, nor do I ever recollect his stumbling upon a word. To his ordinary as well as to his public appearance, this observation applies; whether he frowned or smiled, whether he looked grave or placid, it was nature acting in him.

Professed orators might object to his hands being lifted up too high, and it is to be lamented that in that attitude, rather than in any other, he is represented in print. His own reflection upon that picture was, when it was first put into his hands, "Sure I do not look such a sour creature as this sets me forth; if I thought I did, I should hate myself." It is necessary to remark that the attitude was very transient, and always accompanied by some expressions which would justify it. He sometimes had occasion to speak of Peter's going out and weeping bitterly, and then he had a fold of his gown at command, which he put before his face with as much gracefulness as familiarity.

I hardly ever knew him to go through a sermon without weeping, more or less, and I truly believe his tears were the tears of sincerity. His voice was often interrupted by his affection; and I have heard him say in the pulpit, "You blame me for weeping, but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the

verge of destruction, and, for aught you know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you?"* His freedom in the use of his passions often put my pride to the trial. I could hardly bear such unreserved use of tears, and the scope he gave to his feelings, for sometimes he exceedingly wept, stamped loudly and passionately, and was frequently so overcome, that, for a few seconds, you would suspect he never could recover; and when he did, nature required some little time to compose herself.

You may be sure from what has been said, that when he treated upon the sufferings of our Saviour, it was not without great pathos. He was very ready at that kind of painting which frequently answered the end of real scenery. As though Gethsemane were within sight, he would say, stretching out his hand—"Look yonder! what is that I see? it is my agonizing Lord!"—And, as though it were no difficult matter to catch the sound of the Saviour praying, he would exclaim, "Hark! hark! do not you hear?"—You may suppose that as this occurred frequently, the efficacy of it was destroyed; but, no; though we often knew what was coming, it was as new to us as though we had never heard it before.

That beautiful apostrophe, used by the prophet Jeremiah, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of

* Mr. Winter remarks—The expression of offering Christ was considered exceptionable by some good men, contemporaries with him, whose judgment framed their phraseology; but though Mr. Whitefield was orthodox, his affection and zeal were not to be restrained from using free address, while labouring for the conversion of sinners. The language had been sanctioned by the old divines; and in the Scriptures we more than once read of "receiving Christ."

the Lord," was very subservient to him, and never used impertinently.

He abounded with anecdotes, which, though not always recited verbatim, were very just as to the matter of them. One, for instance, I remember, tending to illustrate the efficacy of prayer, though I have not been able to meet with it in the English history—it was the case of the London apprentices before Henry the Eighth, pleading his pardon of their insurrection. The monarch, moved by their sight, and their plea, "Mercy! mercy!" cried, "Take them away, I cannot bear it." The application you may suppose was, that if an earthly monarch of Henry's description could be so moved, how forcible is the sinner's plea in the ears of Jesus Christ! The case of two Scotchmen, in the convulsion of the state at the time of Charles the Second, subserved his design; who, unavoidably obliged to pass some of the troops, were conceiving of their danger, and meditating what method was to be adopted to come off safe: one proposed the wearing of a skull-cap; the other, supposing that would imply distrust of the providence of God, was determined to proceed bare-headed. The latter, being first laid hold of, and being interrogated "Are you for the covenant?" replied, "Yes;" and being farther asked "What covenant?" answered, "The covenant of grace," by which reply, eluding further inquiry, he was let pass; the other, not answering satisfactorily, received a blow with the sabre, which, penetrating through the cap, struck him dead. In the application, Mr. Whitefield, warning against vain confidence, cried "Beware of your skull-caps." But here likewise the description upon paper, wanting the reality as exemplified by him with

voice and motion, conveys but a very faint idea. However, it is a disadvantage which must be submitted to, especially as coming from my pen.

The difference of the times in which Mr. Whitefield made his public appearance, materially determined the matter of his sermons, and, in some measure, the manner of his address. He dealt far more in the explanatory and doctrinal mode of preaching on a Sabbath-day morning than, perhaps, at any other time; and sometimes made a little, but by no means improper, shew of learning. If he had read upon astronomy in the course of the week, you would be sure to discover it. He knew how to convert the centripetal motion of the heavenly bodies to the disposition of the Christian toward Christ, and the fatal attraction of the world would be very properly represented by a reference to the centrifugal. Whatever the world might think of him, he had his charms for the learned as well as for the unlearned; and as he held himself to be a debtor both to the wise and to the unwise, each received his due at such times. The peer and the peasant alike went away satisfied.

As though he heard the voice of God ever sounding in his ears the important admonition, "Work while it is called to-day," this was his work in London at one period of his life:—After administering the Lord's supper to several hundred communicants, at half an hour after six in the morning; reading the first and second service in the desk, which he did with the greatest propriety, and preaching full an hour; he read prayers and preached in the afternoon, previous to the evening service, at half an hour

after five; and afterwards addressed a large society in public. His afternoon sermon used to be more general and exhortatory. In the evening he drew his bow at a venture, vindicated the doctrines of grace, fenced them with articles and homilies, referred to the martyrs' seal, and exemplified the power of divine grace in their sufferings, by quotations from the venerable Fox. Sinners were then closely plied, numbers of whom from curiosity coming to hear a sentence or two, were often compelled to hear the whole sermon. How many in the judgment day will rise to prove that they heard to the salvation of the soul! The society, which after sermon was encircled in the area of the Tabernacle, consisted of widows, married people, young men and spinsters, placed separately; all of whom, when a considerable part of the congregation was resettled, for hundreds used to stay upon the occasion, used to receive from him, in the colloquial style, various exhortations comprised in short sentences, and suitable to their various stations. The practice of Christianity in all its branches was then usually inculcated, not without some pertinent anecdote of a character worthy to be held up for an example, and in whose conduct the hints recommended were exemplified. To the young men, for instance—A young man in the mercantile line whose uncle described him as such a jumble of religion and business, that he was fit for neither.—A widow would be held up to view, remarkable for her confidence in God. A young woman would be described, commendable for her chastity, prudence, and decorum—in a way that made it desirable for each description of characters to

imitate them. Masters of households at these opportunities, parents and children, had their portion, but nothing enforced upon legal principles.

Perhaps Mr. Whitefield never preached greater sermons than at six in the morning, for at that hour he did preach winter and summer, on Mondays; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. At these times his congregations were of the select description, and young men received admonitions similar with what were given in the society; and were cautioned, while they neglected the duty required from them under the bond of an indenture, not to anticipate the pleasures and advantages of future life. Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters, was one of the cautions I remember upon those occasions.

His style was now colloquial, with little use of motion; pertinent expositions, with suitable remarks; and all comprehended within the hour. Christian experience principally made the subject of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening lectures; when, frequently having funeral sermons to preach, the character and experience of the dead helped to elucidate the subject, led to press diligence in the Christian course, to reflect upon the blessing of faith on earth, and glory in heaven. Mr. Whitefield adopted the custom of the inhabitants of New England in their best days, of beginning the Sabbath at six o'clock on Saturday evenings. The custom could not be observed by many, but it was convenient to a few—a few compared with the multitude, but, abstractedly considered, a large and respectable company. Now ministers of every description found a peculiar pleasure in relaxing their minds from the

fatigues of study, and were highly entertained by his peculiarly excellent subjects, which were so suitable to the auditory, that I believe it was seldom disappointed. It was an opportunity peculiarly suited to apprentices and journeymen in some businesses which allowed of their leaving work sooner than on other days, and availing themselves at least of the sermon; from which I also occasionally obtained my blessings. Had my memory been retentive, and had I studiously treasured up his rich remarks, how much more easily might I have met your wishes, and have answered the design of this letter! But though I have lost much of the letter of his sermons, the savour of them yet remains. The peculiar talents he possessed, subservient to great usefulness, can be but faintly guessed from his sermons in print; though, as formerly God has made the reading of them useful, I have no doubt but in future they will have their use. The eighteen taken in short hand, and faithfully transcribed by Mr. Gurney, have been supposed to do discredit to his memory, and therefore they were suppressed. But they who have been accustomed to hear him, may collect from them much of his genuine preaching. They were far from being the best specimens that might have been produced. He preached many of them when, in fact, he was almost incapable of preaching at all. His constitution, long before they were taken, had received its material shock, and they were all, except the two last, the production of a Wednesday evening; when, by the current business of the day, he was fatigued and worn out. The "Good Shepherd" was sent him on board the ship. He was much disgusted with it, and expressed himself to me as in the 1440th

letter of the third volume of his works—"It is not verbatim as I delivered it. In some places it makes me speak false concord, and even nonsense; in others the sense and connexion are destroyed by the injudicious disjointed paragraphs, and the whole is entirely unfit for the public review." His manuscript journal, as quoted by Dr Gillies, notes—"September 15. This morning came a surreptitious copy of my Tabernacle farewell sermon, taken, as the short-hand writer professes, verbatim as I spoke it; but surely he is mistaken. The whole is so injudiciously paragraphed, and so wretchedly unconnected, that I owe no thanks to the misguided, though it may be well-meant, zeal of the writer and publisher, be they whom they will. But such conduct is an unavoidable tax upon popularity." He was then like an ascending Elijah, and many were eager to catch his dropping mantle. In the sermons referred to there are certainly many jewels, though they may not be connected in a proper order.

Whatever fault criticism may find with his sermons from the press, they were, in the delivery, powerful to command the most devoted attention. I have been informed by good judges, that if many of the speeches in our two houses were to be given in their original state, they would not appear to the first advantage, nor would Mr Whitefield's sermons have had criminal defects had they been revised with his own pen. In the fifth and sixth volumes of his works, all the sermons he ever printed are comprised—It is very easy to distinguish them which were pre-composed, from others which were preached extemporary. Of the latter, I notice Peter's denial of his Lord, and the true way of beholding the Lamb of

God; Abraham's offering up his son Isaac; Christ the believer's husband; and the resurrection of Lazarus. These and others preserve the extemporary style, and fully serve to discover the exactness of the preacher. He shines brightest with a long text, on which fancy has scope to play, and the mind has liberty to range. However exact he may appear in the page, it is impossible for the natural man, who discerneth not the things of the Spirit, to understand him. God may make the page printed, the instrument in his hand to convert the sinner, and then he will no longer ask "Doth he not speak parables?" but till then, as living he was, so dead, he is liable to the lash of severity: but the same Providence that preserved his person, will maintain his works: and thus he being dead, yet speaketh, and will continue to speak for a great while to come. Whatever invidious remarks they may make upon his written discourses, they cannot invalidate his preaching. Mr. Toplady called him the prince of preachers, and with good reason, for none in our day has preached with the like effect- It is probable I shall have occasion to make farther mention of him in the course of the papers I have to communicate to you. That a large measure of the Spirit with which he spake may rest upon you, and that you, with the supply of your measure of the gift of Christ, may be stedfast, unmoveable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord, until you cease to labour and enter into rest, is the prayer of,

My very dear friend.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER V.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING, in my last letter, taken the liberty to give my free thoughts of my ever-honoured and dear friend and father, Mr. Whitefield, by whom, as an instrument in the hand of the Lord, I was brought into newness of life, I would again take up the thread of my own history. That God's people may review with gratitude what he hath done for them, their mind is to be the repository of his goodness. To Israel of old, God said by Moses, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." The tongue cannot utter, nor the pen relate, if the memory do not retain. I cannot well forget the days of my youth. The period to which I am now recurring is fresh upon my mind. By refusing to join in the amusements to which I had been addicted, and by my retreat into retirement, I was taken notice of, and afforded matter for ridicule. It was visible to the whole family, by the alteration of my conduct and the sedateness of my deportment, that some change had taken place. My relation said that going to Whitefield's would keep me out of harm's way, and for a little while he did not much object against it; but the storm of persecution soon began to arise; indeed my afflictions were many and great; but, blessed be God, they were made supportable by the comforts which refreshed my soul. Now a guide and companion was wanting to regulate my zeal, but such a one was not at hand. The good woman, however, who brought me under the word, did every thing in her power to cherish the

work she had reason to hope was begun, and I took sweet counsel with her. I soon became a sermon hunter, and an admirer of all in whom I discovered the least disposition for the Gospel. I began to recollect Mr Romaine, whom I heard some years before, by straying one Thursday afternoon, while on an errand, into St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street. I heard he preached at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield; and going one Sunday morning there, I heard Mr. Haweis, by whom I was first and greatly comforted. O how precious was the word of the Lord to my soul that day! I feel something of it as I write, but it is more like the gathering of wind with a fan, than like the heavenly breeze which that day blew upon my soul.—Soon after this, I went to hear Mr. Hitchen, who preached at White's-row, Spitalfields, and, struck with his animating, ingenious, and critical expositions, delivered on Sabbath-day mornings, I became a constant attendant for twelve months. To what to attribute it I know not, whether the novelty of the exercise, my superficial knowledge, or the magnitude of his gift and the forcibleness of his delivery; but it appeared to me no man could excel him; hardly any one came up to him. The eager attention of a numerous auditory met and fastened upon his lively exertions; and when he closed his exercise, the people, relieving their attention, seemed to say one to another, We have heard great things to-day.

Now it was that I wished to possess a Bible. I might, by saving up the few pence which occasionally came to me, have bought one in time, but it was much impressed upon my mind that I must beg one of Mr. Hitchen. The Bible which lay in the kitchen

was withheld, from me. I did not know that there was a book society, and when I had knocked at Mr. Hitchen's door, I was much alarmed at my presumption, and was tempted to run away. The idea of speaking to a minister whom I held in the highest veneration was formidable, and I was surprised at his condescension. He kindly attended to my request, and I hope I never shall forget the excellence of his advice, and the suitableness of his conversation. At the same time I consulted with him about entering into the Tabernacle society. He persuaded me to put aside this design for a while, and to be much in retirement. He also cautioned me against forming too favourable an opinion of professors from their exterior deportment, and I have frequently found the necessity of attending to it.

The impression of our mind is often from God; I have found it to be so in many instances. By such an impression I became increasingly desirous to join the Tabernacle. I soon passed a favourable examination by Mr. Middleton, a truly excellent man of God, and was admitted. At this juncture I begged the acquaintance of a most amiable youth, who for five years was my familiar friend. He was poor, but rich in grace. He had been renounced by his mother for his religion. Her prejudices were not to be conquered, nor her judgment to be informed; she died at enmity with him, though he sought in the most becoming manner to conciliate her affection. He died triumphantly, of a putrid fever, in which I gave him all the attendance in my power, and was affected, but not laid aside by it. He was, in the time mentioned, but one, though the first, of a circle of young

people who met frequently in a poor woman's room, to sing, pray, and read the Scriptures together. It was a blessed retreat from the clamours of a noisy workshop, where I was exposed to cruelty and insult from six in the morning until eight in the evening. The Bible now became my food. Whatever trials and temptations I was exposed to at this time, and they were very many, I was comforted under them. We used to go to the house of God in company: I can never forget how many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord we had at the sacred supper; sometimes at St. Alban's church, Wood-street, at half an hour after six in the morning, winter and summer; but more generally at the Tabernacle and Tottenham-court chapel, at the same hour. At that time my constitution was feeble, and my clothing insufficient for the winter, but the comforts which refreshed my soul made me superior to every thing I endured. To give Scripture epithets to the places in which these seasons were enjoyed, they were Beth-els and Peniels—they were as the house of God, wherein I beheld his glory. While I gave my more constant attendance upon the ministry of my dear and honoured father, Mr. Whitefield, and his stated assistants; I also heard, with delight and to profit, Messrs. Romaine, Jones, Maddan, Venn, &c. &c.: each of them had a message from God to me. Blessed be his name for those halcyon days. But the happy period which included them was not a morning without clouds, nor was my walk free from imperfections. I did many things which I ought not to have done. My zeal carried me into many extravagancies, and I sometimes broke the bounds of duty to hear the word.

Whenever I could hear an evening sermon, or attend a letter-reading—for Mr. Whitefield read letters publicly—it set me above earth; and when I had heard the conclusion of a sermon, which I now and then did by trespassing upon the time appointed for leaving work a few minutes, precipitately climbing the Artillery-ground gates, and running on the full stretch to the Tabernacle, I almost envied the congregation, who appeared to me to be all enjoyment. Though I could seldom attend preaching, I could on a Wednesday evening reach the class, a detached company of the society who met together to relate Christian experience; and here also I often lost my burden, obtained a blessing, and found others as well as myself felt the briars and thorns of the wilderness.

The Rev. Mr. Green, an occasional assistant to Mr. Whitefield, who subsisted by teaching a school, was hearing some of his scholars read one day in the fourteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians: he was led to reflect upon the mode of prophesying mentioned in that chapter, and he thought it justified the order observed by the Quakers. He proposed to a venerable friend the institution of a meeting in a similar way. Monday evenings were the times appointed for holding these meetings. He began as usual, and after following a short sermon with singing a hymn, he sat down and gave liberty to any one who was disposed to speak of the work of grace upon his heart, or to deliver a short exhortation. The meeting was crowded; it began late and held long. I could therefore enjoy my share of it. Several young men made their appearance on these occasions, and discovered good natural abilities; among these I may particularly mention the Rev.

Mr. Spencer,* the late Rev. Peter Sampson, of Truro, in Cornwall, and the late Rev. Mr. West, a very popular preacher in London. These I was very intimately acquainted with; but there were others whom I do not mention, whose ministerial talents were first discovered in this exercise. Animated with a degree of zeal, I stood up one evening after many struggles with myself upon the propriety of the attempt. My appearance was singular. I stood upon a form, a meagre youth of eighteen, and meanly appalled. I introduced myself in the words of the Psalmist, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." I found much enlargement, and from that time became one of the speakers. What I had to say was kindly received. I now employed part of the Lord's days in visiting the sick; and many companies of young people meeting together immediately after the hour of eight o'clock in the evening, whose business prevented them from attending the public ministry, I was encouraged to exercise my talents among them, by exhorting and expounding the Scriptures. Thus my very small intervals from secular employ were occupied in spiritual services. By this means I became known pretty largely, and was unexpectedly brought into a large sphere.

Though thus encouraged, I had no idea of being

* Mr. W. subjoins in a note—Mr. Spencer, by diligence in study and perseverance in grace, has acquired and sustained the character of an eminent scholar and able minister. He was in the curacy of Bradford between twenty and thirty years, and now resides in the adjacent parish of Wingfield, of which he is the esteemed rector. Mr. Crouch, vice-president of Edmund-hall, and several other evangelical clergymen, were educated by him.

disengaged from secular employ. I had formed my own plan of life, little thinking that it was contrary to the will of God, and that he had a different design in view. By this time my sister had become a spiritual companion to me, and walked with me in all the ordinances of the Gospel. I had designed to live with her, and by every means in my power to make her life comfortable. We frequently contemplated the mutual happiness we should enjoy when I came out of my apprenticeship. But her health rapidly declined, she became unable to get her bread, and in a month after I came out of my time I had her to bury. This was a sore affliction to me. Attention to her in her latter days interrupted the course I have above described. The tenderest affection subsisted between us, and instead of labouring for her future subsistence, I had to work out a debt contracted for her support in months past, and augmented by her funeral.

I was frequently solicited to appear more publicly, but recoiled at the idea. It was hinted by many that Providence did not intend to continue me in the employ of a water-gilder. Mr. Green used some arguments to excite my attention to the ministry, which made me think that the Lord at some time or other might employ me in his work, but I never expected higher preferment than to be a local preacher.—Mr. Sampson, above mentioned, called upon me one day, and used earnest solicitation with me to supply a congregation alternately with himself and others at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. After some debate upon the motion, I then consented to submit to the trial of my acceptance. I was then desired to cast in my labours at Gravesend, with which request I complied,

endeavouring that my time for business might suffer as little encroachment as possible. My constitution was very weak, and I struggled under a great share of indisposition, which God graciously carried me through. But on the reflection, I am astonished that I was so supported. My relation continued very churlish to me, cramped me in my wages, and made my life very uncomfortable. I continued with him nine months only after I was out of my apprenticeship, and, by hard work and hard fare, was nearly able to say, "I owe no man any thing but love." He came one morning into the shop, when there was not the least cause to find fault, and in a violent outrage, in which he used infamous language, insisted that I should do no more work. I have reason to think he did not mean as he said, but I replied I would take him at his word, that his usage had worn out my spirits, and I would cast myself upon God. He burlesqued the idea of Providence, read my destiny to be most deplorable, and signified I should soon want bread.* His words alarmed my fears; but I was enabled to counteract fear by the exercise of faith. I have since reason to think he had heard of my preaching, and that his corruptions were roused by the report. The business itself was injurious to my nerves. The continual discouragement I was under,

* Mr. Winter adds—Thus we parted, and I doubt not but his conduct towards me has since filled him with bitter remorse. I knew this from words he afterwards uttered to me, and to which he would have added more if I would have suffered the confession. But God has forgiven the debt of sin against him, and has thereby set me an example to forgive all his unkindness towards me. At his death he left me twenty pounds, with an apology in his will for not leaving me more

preyed upon my mind; my haying adventured into the ministry was attended with much conflict, so that the time under review was a time of trouble. I pause and bring the scene near. I enter very circumstantially into it. I do not forget that there were secret faults in my conduct, which, though only 'visible to the eye of Omniscience and my own conscience, must not be forgotten by me. Indeed they cannot; my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me. The tempter had his instruments by which he wrought. By artless simplicity, I was exposed to danger, but not overcome so as to bring reproach upon the cause of God. Benevolence and sympathy for the distresses of others, while I was distressed myself, hurried me into imprudence; but the Lord upheld my soul, and integrity and uprightness preserved me. I was not so happy yet as to be under the eye and guidance of one who might watch over me. Intemperate zeal and imprudence in many instances discovered themselves; and I was afraid of spiritual sloth, and of any thing that was contrary to the life and power of godliness. I bless God that he afforded me cause to be thankful, and that from that period his mercy has been like a current not to be obstructed. It has run to this moment. Bless the Lord, O my soul; bless the Lord, my ever dear friend, to whom this history is addressed. I bless him on your account. Interested in all the mercies he has conferred upon you,

I remain ever.

Yours affectionately, &c.

LETTER VI.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IN reviewing the history of my life, and addressing it to you, I conceive that I am giving glory to God. My object is, as far as I am the subject of it, and that is far indeed, to utter the memory of his great goodness. When the breach between my relation and myself became entire, I knew not what to do. The trade I had been brought up to did not afford many masters; but I was in hope I might obtain work somewhere, or be directed, into some other line. He who knoweth all things knows how unambitious my mind was, how sincerely I was attached to manual labour, and how conscientiously I intended to engage myself under another employer. But not knowing what to do, immediately on my sudden separation from Mr. Winter, I betook myself to Mr. How, to give vent to a heart big with sorrow. Mr. How was an excellent man, and though in trade, at which he worked hard, of good preaching talents and some learning. After labouring with reputation and success in the ministry for a few years, he was taken home to enjoy an early reward. He ministered what consolation he could to me. He was going to Chatham for the ensuing Sabbath, prevailed upon me to bear him company as far as Gravesend, and advised me to stop there a few days to divert my distress of mind. While at Gravesend, the congregation of Chatham sent me an invitation to preach to them, and desired me to fix the time for my coming. Mr. How urged my embracing the invitation. The day for my going was fixed, and it being near Christ-

mas, I chose the angel's message to the shepherds, as proper for the season, and for a stranger to introduce himself with into a new congregation. But what a situation did I seem to be in! I never can forget the moment I entered the pulpit, the deadness that seized my soul, and the cloud that overspread my understanding. I was so shut up that I did not think it possible any thing spoken could gain acceptance. I was ashamed to see any body afterwards, and continued in the pulpit till the congregation was quite gone, though several loitered about the door. I had various conjectures concerning the treatment I might receive in going into the house: upon the whole, I concluded that though humanity might be exercised towards me, disapprobation of my service must be expressed; and that I should be forbidden to enter the pulpit again, But to my great surprise, I found the people lingering about the door anxious to embrace an opportunity to express the satisfaction they received; the dwelling-house likewise was full of friends, all of whom took me by the hand, gave me their blessing, and said they had been reminded of old times; and without consulting me upon the matter, proceeded to plan me out a round for preaching for many days; but I opposed the motion, telling them that I only came into the country by the advice of my friend Mr. How, to relax my mind for a few days, and that I must return to London to seek after business. They opposed my determination, remarking that I was a young man free of incumbrance, and quite at liberty: that they thought preaching the Gospel was business sufficient for me, to which I might attend without being burdensome to the church. I spent a few weeks between Gravesend and Canter-

bury, but was under great uneasiness of mind, and on my return to London visited the Rev. Mr. Elliot, with whom I had a prior acquaintance, and who, as well as Mr. Green, had encouraged me to embark in the work of the ministry.

I know not whether any one has put forth Mr. Elliot's life, therefore I would devote a few lines to represent him. He was born in the west of England, and finished his education at Bennet's College, Cambridge. His principal preferment was a chaplainship at St. George's Hospital, Hyde-park. He was a profound mathematician, of very deep and close thought upon divinity subjects, a very humble, holy man, who exercised great grace in deep poverty. Dr. Dodd endeavoured to raise himself at the expense of this good man's reputation, and, exciting an alarm at a sermon he preached upon Gal. ii. 21, became the means of his being turned out of his chaplainship. He printed the exceptionable sermon under a title that made it still more exceptionable. He publicly addressed the Doctor in a letter, at the reading of which, I have good reason to say, he fainted. Mr. Elliot, whose propensity to close thinking led him to weigh exactly every subject he took in hand, found no difficulty in leaving the establishment. He became the pastor of a church of his own raising, which was well organized, and assembled at a meeting-house in Cannon-street. He was universally esteemed by Christians of all denominations; and was requested, in the year 1762, the time of Mr. Whitefield's long suspension from labour, to become his assistant at Tottenham-court; but his gifts by no means suited that congregation, and it dwindled under him to such a degree, that he could not be

continued. Mr. Watts, bookseller, near Moorfields, a man of learning and close reasoning, became one of his church members. In a conference-meeting, Mr. Watts entered into a very warm debate with him upon the doctrine of the Trinity; the debate was occasioned by some little accidental circumstance, which arose in the course of the conference, and it drove poor Mr. Elliot into Sabellianism. By this event he lost his respect and popularity, lived in poverty and obscurity, and died in the pulpit while preaching to a small congregation, which constantly heard him in Glasshouse-yard, Goswell-street. He once had a very violent fever, which threatened his life; in the delirium of which he went through a service, supposed by him public, repeated his text, and preached his sermon with the strictest propriety. He once told Mr. How that he studied the doctrine of election with that intensesness, that he knew not whether he came out of his study upon his head or upon his heels. His wife was a considerable trial to him. She acquired good property by the millinery business, but denied him the comfort of it. He was sometimes obliged to sell his books for bread; but while poor himself, he was a friend to the poor. By the hard measures he latterly met with, he became a little petulant; but he bore his persecutions for Christ's sake, and his family trials, with great temper and composure, and was a great ornament to his profession. He has left several performances. Those in favour of his new sentiment I am a stranger to. Those relating to the peculiar truths of the Gospel are worthy of attention. He was very harsh in his delivery, close in his reasoning, and unembellished in his style.

Of Mr. Green, above mentioned, it is to be observed that he was a fine classical scholar, and that he also understood the mathematics well. He said he was a competent master of eight languages, but he was a very unceasing reader and speaker. He never could gain a congregation at Tottenham-court; at Fetter-lane he met with attention. The liberty he gave to any to speak, opened a way for the Antinomians to deliver their sentiments, with whom he entered into large and long public disputations. His Monday evening exercises degenerated into formal disputes, and knowing his strength, he was fond of them. The Arians took him up, and by one of them he was one evening so foiled, that he publicly acknowledged he had been wrong all his life in his notions of the Trinity, notwithstanding he had published upon the subject. In this state of mind he continued a week. It produced great distress of soul; and though he died sound in the faith, he was so shocked by his temporary recantation of it, that he never after lifted up his head.

The case of these two good men is a caution to us not to be too confident in our powers. While I think of them, I think also of the Apostle's admonition, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Many good men, designing honestly to defend the doctrine of the Trinity, err shockingly in their illustrations of it; and give more advantage to the adversary than they are aware of, as well as drive their opponents into notions they never would have thought of, had they been treated with more temper. We are safe by taking the subject as the sacred Scripture gives it, and by avoiding to explain what is inexplicable.

Let us, my dearest friend, adore what we cannot comprehend, and shield ourselves from error by the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth. Rather than puzzle ourselves and our hearers with matters which are too high for either, let us be content with things revealed. In my last interview with Mr. Elliot, he said he heard me advance with acceptance the very same things he did with disgust. I told him, when a man's sentiments are supposed orthodox, people will give him credit; that the subject, for he mentioned it, evidently led me to treat of Jesus Christ in his mediatorial capacity. I heard him that evening preach an excellent sermon from Heb. xiii. 5. I hope, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, he is now in glory. That we may there meet him is the prayer of.

My very dear friend.

Yours affectionately, &c.

LETTER VII.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

To them that suffer according to the will of God, is the instruction, that they should commit the keeping of their souls to him. May we not understand the Apostle Peter, by a figure of speech recommending the resignation of the whole man to God? The admonition befits not only the fiercely persecuted, to whom it was first addressed, but likewise others in every age, and with the rest, those who are in such a state of preponderation as to be uncertain which way the balance will turn; whose path is so intricate that they know not which way to go; the

prospect of whose duty is so obscured, as that they know not what to do. This was really the case with me when I returned from my Chatham excursion. I earnestly sought employ in the business to which I had been brought up, but could obtain none. I did not on any consideration intend to see Mr. Winter; I very studiously avoided his house and person, nor did I see him for some months after. My absence from London alarmed many of my Christian friends, some of whom censured me. While I was conscious to myself I did not wish to eat the bread of idleness, my present circumstances were attributed to indolence of disposition. This made my burden the heavier. Mr. Elliot, whom I frequently called upon, encouraged me to preach; but I one day told him, such were the surmises of my friends, that it became necessary I should convince them they were under a mistake, by turning my thoughts to service; and I begged him to use his endeavours to procure me a place. He warmly remonstrated against such a step, pressed me with questions respecting my call to preach the Gospel, submitted to my consideration 1 Cor. ix. 16, and requested me patiently to wait for the opening of Providence. He had taken upon him the superintendency of the congregation on Portsmouth Common at their particular desire, in which he had been made very useful, by the repeated visits he had made. This congregation had been raised by Mr. Whitefield and his assistants, but had been long in a state of neglect, or visited very seldom. Mr. Elliot introduced me to this people, and the Lord was pleased to bless my efforts among them. I twice repeated my visit. But whatever pleasure the people gained, they were seasons of humiliation to me. I

began to see the importance of the work in a stronger light than ever; my insufficiency for it likewise affected me much. I strove to meditate, but could not; and often went into the pulpit unprepared. It must be observed all this time, I was wholly illiterate. My unsettled state was unfavourable to improvement, and I had no one to give me the least instruction. Unfortunately, I adopted the Hebrew instead of the English grammar, by which my idea of the subject of grammar was too superficial; and I was a considerable time before I could understand the doctrine of the eight parts of speech. I now also entered upon the Latin and Greek grammar. By reading good authors, I saw my own defects in their excellences, and endeavoured to correct them. My poverty and want of retirement were great obstructions to my progress. The gratuities I received for my service merely defrayed my journeys. My clerical friends gave me neither hints nor helps. I frequently pored over subjects, and left them as I found them. I had not resolution to ask questions of those who might have helped me. My modesty has in this been a disadvantage to me, and it may be, pride has attached itself to modesty. Men of understanding, and of some literature, have usually made a part of the congregations I preached to at my first coming out; and when I have suspected them to be present, it was a vast embarrassment to me. I fell under one mistake, against which young preachers should be guarded, especially they who come out under deficiency of knowledge, and that was being devoted to letter-writing. How much time have I employed in that way, which should have been devoted to the preparation for the pulpit! The

motive for so doing was pure, though the thing itself was wrong. I should have recollected that pulpit exercises and literary pursuits required my time. I did indeed recollect, but fainted and sunk under discouragement. I visited too often, and made my visits too long. One circumstance I cannot omit to take notice of—I sometimes was in a state of doubt respecting the propriety of the constructions I put upon texts of Scripture which I had selected for my use in the pulpit. I had not met with expository helps; when, being asked to dine with a respectable tradesman, and going some time before dinner, I was introduced into a parlour, where was a large bookcase, which contained Dr. Gill's Exposition. I amused myself by referring to particular texts I had preached from at different times, on which I gained no information, but relied on my own meditation; and in every one I found a coincidence of thought with the Doctor. This was a comfort to me.

Whatever deficiency I was under, the Lord conveyed a blessing by the use of such a degree of ability as I possessed. An innovation being made upon the Calvinistic cause at Sheerness by Mr. Wesley's people, occasioned the leading people in that place, who had contented themselves with reading sermons, rather than countenance men of inferior talents, to make exertion for immediate help, while I was spending my time between Canterbury and Chatham. I was therefore invited over in haste. I walked over from Sittingbourne on a severe winter's day, and in the evening addressed the people from Judges vi. 13. It had an amazing effect. I became a frequent and an acceptable visitor, and cannot easily forget the times of refreshing the Lord vouch-

safed us from his presence. Mr. Shrubsole, who till then had contented himself with being a reader, from that time became a preacher; and the cause, till then cramped, became under his ministry very flourishing. There lived an eminent old saint by the name of Wadsworth, who had been separated from the society by disgust, but from that time became reconciled and re-united; and as the testimony of his affection to me, when he died, left me half-a-crown and his Bible—the first legacy I ever received.

At this period, which was 1766, I was wandering in the parts mentioned already, and waiting for farther intimations of the will of God. I had frequently heard Mr. Whitefield lament the want of ministers in America. I knew he had sent some who were equally deficient in point of learning with myself, and I concluded, from the kind reception their ministry had met with, my labours, with the blessing of God, might be acceptable also. But a difficulty was before me, which was, how to gain an introduction to Mr. Whitefield. He was accessible but to few. I knew his connexions were very large; and this may be admitted as a reasonable apology for the caution which he used in admitting people to him. He would never be surprised into conversation. You could not knock at his door and be allowed to enter at any time. "Who is it?" "What is his business?" and such like inquiries, usually preceded admission; and if admission were granted, it was thus: "Tell him to come to-morrow morning at six o'clock, perhaps five, or immediately after preaching; if he is later, I cannot see him." A person who went to consult him upon going into the ministry, might expect to be treated with severity,

if not well recommended, or if he had not something about him particularly engaging. One man saying, in answer to his inquiry, that he was a tailor, was dismissed with, "Go to Rag-fair and buy old clothes." Another, who afterwards was of the clerical order, but sadly disgraced it, was admitted to preach in the vestry, one winter's morning at six o'clock, as a probationer. When a good domestic came into the study, the question was, "Well, Betty, what was the text this morning?" "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also."—"That man shall come no more here; if God had called him to preach, he would have furnished him with a proper text."—A letter well written as to style, orthography, and decency, would prepossess him much in favour of a person.

By means of a pious young acquaintance, a native of Royston, in Hertfordshire, I had been introduced to Mr Berridge, vicar of Everton, whose history is so well known that nothing need be said of him. He had given me countenance, I had gained the attention and esteem of many of his congregation, and he had endeared himself much to me by his paternal deportment, and apostolic advice, such as I have found of excellent use in every stage of my ministry. I knew from the affection with which Mr. Whitefield always mentioned his name, and the honour in which he held his services, he must have great influence with him. I therefore paid a third visit to him, purposely to acquaint him with my views and wishes, and to beg him to introduce me to Mr. Whitefield, that I might by him be placed in some situation in America. O how kind did this man of God behave to me upon this occasion!

After having laid before me the many difficulties he judged I must meet with, and having very seriously exhorted me to pray to God to grant me direction and submission, he complied with my request, and sent me back to London with a letter to Mr. Whitefield. He gave me a mild reception; the interview was short. It was on Wednesday I waited upon him; he said he should expect me to preach at the Tabernacle on the next morning at six o'clock, and appointed the time when I should again come to him. I heard him in the evening, and felt much when he informed the congregation that a stranger recommended by Mr. Berridge would preach on the morrow morning at six o'clock. I had little rest that night, and prayed rather than studied for the service. A larger congregation than usual assembled. The sextoness was astonished when she found I was going into the pulpit. When I made my appearance, the people were as much struck by seeing me, for many knew me, as I was by their general whisper. I endeavoured to speak from Eph. iii. 4. I was so exceedingly agitated that I knew not what I said. From that morning, however, the prejudice of my religious friends, under whose censure I had lain, was removed, and I found it a blessing to have Mr. Whitefield's suffrage. This was in February, 1767, and I was under promise to pay Portsmouth another visit. Mr. Whitefield desired me to procure him a testimonium of myself from different places whither I had gone, which I did, and in my absence to write him some account of the dealings of God with me in his Providence and grace. He said he should have occasion to shew it to some friends, and if any thing should turn out favourable, he would let me know;

accordingly I wrote him some account, and in a week after was honoured with his first letter, of which the following is an exact copy:

“London, January 29, 1767.

“DEAR MR. WINTER,

“YOUR letter met with proper acceptance.—The first thing to be done now is to get some knowledge of the Latin—the method to be pursued we can talk of at your return to London. Mr. Green would make a suitable master—no time should be lost—one would hope that the various humiliations you have met with were intended as preparations for future exaltations.—The greatest preferment under heaven is to be an able, painful, faithful, successful, suffering, cast-out minister of the New Testament. That this may be your happy lot is the hearty prayer of,

“Dear Mr. Winter,

“Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

“G. W.”

This letter exceedingly animated me, and my expectations began to soar; but by reflection, I was enabled to check them. I considered that the best of men are but men; and thought if by Mr. Whitefield’s instrumentality I should be brought into a desirable situation, trials would be answerable to it. At the commencement of my connexion with my honoured friend, and since, I have found it good neither to seek nor to expect great things.

The morning after I returned from Portsmouth, I waited early upon Mr. Whitefield. He received

me with a mixture of kindness and severity; and for several days kept me in a state of suspense. At last he set me upon a little business, and told me he should expect me to preach two mornings in the week. He appointed me particular times when I was to call upon him; when, besides sending me upon some errands, of which he always had a great number, he set me to transcribe some of his manuscripts. He shewed himself much dissatisfied with my writing and orthography, both of which certainly stood in need of correction. He desired me to take a lodging near the chapel, where he could conveniently send for me; gave me a little money to defray my expenses, and by degrees brought me into a capacity to be useful to him. I was very enervated indeed; my scene was new, I was filled with fear, and shocked by the cautious behaviour of Mr. Whitefield, for which I can plead an excuse. He had frequently been imposed upon by people who had very ungenerously served themselves of him, without being of any service to him. In the latter part of his life he was particularly cautious how he disposed of his favours; but notwithstanding, he was liable to considerable imposition. Soon after, he proposed my going to Mr. Green's for a few hours in the day, to be initiated into the Latin grammar; but he interrupted the design by requiring a close attention to his own business, and the large demand he made of my pulpit services; for it pleased God to give my ministry a very kind acceptance, and I have met with some instances of its having been useful. A single quarter of a year closed my school exercise, in which I am ashamed but constrained to say I hardly gained knowledge enough to decline Musa.

It was plain Mr. Whitefield did not intend to promote my literary improvement. Indeed, he said, Latin was of little or no use, and that they who wish to enter upon it late in life, had better endeavour to acquire a good knowledge of their mother tongue, in which many preachers, while they aim at Latin, are very deficient. Having just at this time attended Mr. Wesley's conference, and having heard him speak to the same effect, he was confirmed in this sentiment, and discouraged any perseverance. Notwithstanding Mr. Whitefield's opinion thus freely expressed, and his deportment to me corresponding with it, my mind hankered greatly after some smatterings of Latin and Greek; partly that the want of it might be no obstacle in the way of my ordination, and partly to cut off objections against my ministry from them who are apt to think it a *sine quâ non* for a preacher. But I had much temptation to relax my exertion, my memory being very bad, my nerves weak, and my genius small. Yet, sensible of the value of a good education, I have never neglected an effort after a portion of it. Considering the weakness of my capacity, and that for many years I had no settled place of abode, nor any person to assist me; that I have been constantly employed in preaching the word almost every night in the week to different congregations, and twice or thrice every Sabbath through the year, I have cause to be thankful for the little I have acquired. What a story I have got into! it swells, and I fear will become tedious. If you had not pressed me to give it you, I would not have imposed it upon you. One circumstance is an introduction to another, in the review of which I am affected with humiliation and thankfulness.

How far you may be gratified I cannot say. It is a story that in the sequel connects with the Lord's dealings with you. That he may deal bountifully with you to the end of your days, as he has in the beginning of them, is the prayer of.

My very dear friend.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

DID it ever strike you that I am of a timid turn of mind? I had a great deal more of it in my youth than I had at the time you first knew me, or than I now have. As though the late Mr. Winter were the principal person in the world I had occasion to fear, I was in perpetual dread of him. He was a great enemy to the Gospel, very keen to observe what was amiss in its professors, and very high in his religious principles. Some circumstances in my early connexion with Mr. Whitefield, had he been permitted to have known them, would have been remarked with just severity. When it was reported to him that I preached at the Tabernacle, he disbelieved it, saying, "Whitefield would not let such a fool stand up in his place;" but finding it true, he said "he would suffer a chimney-sweeper to preach to save himself." Of all reflections ever cast upon Mr. Whitefield, this should have been the last, for self-sparing was no part of his character. He attempted to gratify his curiosity several times by hearing me, but was disappointed. In coming one time, he heard Mr. Middleton, who was the most methodical preacher

in the Tabernacle at that time. He was treating upon the Lord's Supper. He gained Mr. Winter's attention, who then, for the first time, thought any thing offered at the Tabernacle worthy of regard. He came afterwards with intention to hear Mr. Whitefield seriously, whom he had often heard in ridicule, and it pleased God to make the word efficacious. The effect was blessed indeed. His family had the comfort of it, and it was visible to all who knew him.

Instantly upon the removal of his prejudices he sent for me to come to his house, took opportunity to lament that his deportment had been very unsuitable to me, assured me he had nothing against me, and wished me to overlook all that was wrong. He became a communicant at the Tabernacle, and though he afterwards dropped into some of his former life, and was staggered by the bad conduct of some professors, from the report I had of his dying moments by a good man not liable to be imposed upon, I hope all ended well. Though I had frequent intercourse with him, and a close correspondence, and he went some of my journeys with me, yet I never could be truly open and familiar with him.

I am afraid to say every thing which might be brought upon the tapis for three years.—Perhaps it would be putting the picture of so valuable a man as Mr. Whitefield was, into too deep a shade, to say that he was not a fit person for a young man in humble circumstances to be connected with. He was not satisfied with deficient abilities, but he did not sufficiently encourage the use of the lamp for their improvement. The attention of a youth designed for the ministry was too much diverted from

the main object, and devoted too much to objects comparatively trifling. I was considered as much the steward of his house as his assistant in the ministry. While I was kept in bay and at anchor, many, piloted by him, set sail, and I at last knew not whether I were to indulge a hope for America or not. My fidelity being proved, I became one of the family, slept in the room of my honoured patron, and had the privilege to sit at his table. I judged I was where I should be; and was determined never to flinch from the path of duty, nor intentionally to grieve the man whom I knew had many burdens upon him, and for whom I could have laid down my life. But I was unequal to my sphere, and sunk under my burden. It pleased the Lord thrice in the year to lay me upon a bed of sickness. In a letter from Mr. Whitefield to Mr. Adams, dated October 12, 1767, stands this sentence: "Heaven is the believer's only resting-place. There we shall not be disturbed. I do not know but Mr. Winter will get there soon; at present he is very ill." The faculty who attended me said my life was precarious, and advised my being sent into the country. Their advice opened a way for my first journey to Bristol, where I was eight months, preaching and meeting the society every night in the week, and preaching three times on a Sabbath day, except now and then, when a minister came through the city. At my first going, few could hear me speak; but the Lord strengthened body and voice together, and attended his word with his blessing.

On my return I found Mr. Whitefield had been busy and successful in getting one and another ordained for the colonies, but he made no motion for me;

this I thought hard, though I concealed the feeling of my disappointment. I now and then signified to Mr. Whitefield, that my inclination for America was as strong as ever. Imprudences in some of the missionaries, and the unbecoming manner in which others applied to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, for admission into their service, made my application for orders much more difficult than it would formerly have been. While on a second visit to Bristol, which held four months, Mr. Whitefield wrote me a letter, informing me that a Mr. Wright, who was a very principal person with him, had agreed with his relations to go to Georgia, to put the Orphan-house upon a new plan, and proposed to me whether I should like to go with them, there prosecute my studies, and be considered as domestic chaplain. I returned him answer, after making his motion matter of prayer, that I did not find freedom to go without ordination. This answer was of the Lord, for I was afterwards convinced that my going then and under the circumstances proposed would have involved me in many difficulties. When Mr. Wright embarked for Georgia, I was sent for to London; and to other different capacities in which I acted, an additional one was to read prayers and bury the dead at Tottenham-court chapel; an employment that I entered upon only to oblige my most highly esteemed patron; for I knew, besides other inconveniences it would subject me to, it would make the probability of ordination at a greater distance than ever if it came to the Bishop's ear. For more than twelve months I performed the office of a curate. Having at seasonable opportunities continued still to express my inclination to go to America, Mr. White-

field one day asked me if I should have any objection to take the charge of a number of negroes? He informed me at the same time he had received a letter from some gentlemen,* requesting him to send them over a proper person for such a charge, and observed, that after entering upon it, and being recommended home for ordination for the service, there was no doubt but I should succeed. This had great weight with me; and though I thought it a tedious method, I was in hopes it would answer a good end at last. I told Mr. Whitefield I would give myself to his disposal, and hoped by him to discover the will of God. Several months passed after this, but no farther notice was taken of the business, though letters had passed between him and the gentlemen upon it. The reason appeared plain to me: Mr. Whitefield had made me very useful to himself, could repose confidence in me, and was unwilling to part with me. He had so delayed the business, that by the time I had arrived at Georgia, the gentlemen had given over all thoughts of my coming. He at last came to a determination that if I would go I should go with him; and when the time of my departure was at hand, I went out not knowing whither I went, nor upon what condition. I only knew that I was bound for Georgia, and that I was going to teach the negroes the way of salvation. The necessary preparations for the voyage so engrossed my attention that I had little time to take a formal leave of my friends, nor did I want it, but for the sake of a select few. I had no inclina-

* These were the executors of Mr. Zububuhler, late rector of Savannah, who by his will had provided for the support of a minister to instruct his negroes, but enjoining that the person employed should be a clergyman.

tion to preach a farewell sermon, but got off as quietly as I could on Friday, September 2nd, 1769, with a party of friends in a Gravesend boat, to go to our vessel, lying at Gravesend. Mr. Whitefield came the next day with a very large party, in coaches and chaises, and the next day preached two sermons, one in the morning in the little place called the Tabernacle, for the use of the church was denied him, and in the evening in the market-place. I preached in the afternoon. Several of the company breakfasted with us on board the vessel, on Monday morning, previous to the final leave, which they took immediately after.

By this time I had fully found out dear Mr. Whitefield's complexion, and indeed long before. Not doubting but that by Providence I was introduced to him, highly revering his character, and affectionately loving his person, I was determined to be like Diogenes, who would rather sustain the blows of the stick of his master Antisthenes, than be deprived of the advantage of his school.

The following are some of the promiscuous traits of his more private character, and I presume this is no improper place in which to give them. He used too much severity to- young people, and required too much from them. He connected circumstances too humiliating with public services, in a young man with whom he could take liberty; urging that it was necessary as a curb to the vanity of human nature, and referred to the young Roman orators, who, after being exalted by applauses, were sent upon the most trifling errands. His maxim was, if you love me you will serve me disinterestedly; hence he settled no certain income, or a very slender one, upon

his dependents, many of whom were sycophants, and while they professed to serve him, under-handedly served themselves effectually. Under this defect his charity in Georgia was materially injured, owing to the wrong conduct of some who insinuated themselves into his favour by humouring his weakness, and letting him act and speak without contradiction. He was impatient of contradiction; but this is a fault to be charged upon almost all great people. I could mention some. He was not happy in his wife, but I fear some, who had not all the religion they professed, contributed to his infelicity. He did not intentionally make his wife unhappy. He always preserved great decency and decorum in his conduct towards her. Her death set his mind much at liberty. She certainly did not behave in all respects as she ought. She could be under no temptation from his conduct towards the sex, for he was a very pure man, a strict example of the chastity he inculcated upon others. No time was to be wasted; and his expectations generally went before the ability of his servants to perform his commands. He was very exact to the time appointed for his stated meals; a few minutes' delay would be considered a great fault. He was irritable, but soon appeased. Not patient enough one day to receive a reason for his being disappointed under a particular occurrence, he hurt the mind of one who was studious to please; he discovered it by the tears it occasioned, and on reflection he himself burst into tears, saying, "I shall live to be a poor peevish old man, and everybody will be tired of me." He frequently broke the force of his passion by saying, "How could you do so? I would not have served you so." He never commanded haughtily, and always took care to applaud when a person did right.

He never indulged parties at his table; a select few might now and then breakfast with him, dine with him on a Sunday, or sup with him on a Wednesday night. In the latter indulgence he was scrupulously exact to break up in time. In the height of a conversation I have known him abruptly say, "But we forget ourselves;" and rising from his seat, and advancing to the door, add, "Come, gentlemen, it is time for all good folks to be at home." Whether only by himself, or having but a second, his table must have been spread elegantly, though it produced but a loaf and a cheese. He was unjustly charged with being given to appetite. His table was never spread with variety. A cow-heel, was his favourite dish, and I have known him cheerfully say, "How surprised would the world be, if they were to peep upon Doctor Squintum, and see a cow-heel only upon his table!" He was neat to the extreme in his person and every thing about him. Not a paper must have been out of place, or put up irregularly. Each part of the furniture must have been likewise in its place before we retreated to rest. He said he did not think he should die easy, if he thought his gloves were out of their place.* There was no rest after four in the morning, nor sitting up after ten in the evening. He never made a purchase but he paid the money immediately; for small articles the money was taken in the hand. He was truly generous, and seldom denied relief. More was expected from him than was meet. He was tenacious in his friendship, and when the transition of Providence moved from prosperity to adversity, he moved with it to abide by his friend. He felt sensibly when he was deserted, and would remark, "The world and the church ring changes." Disap-

* Noticed with commendation by the late Bishop Jebb.

pointed by many, he had not sufficient confidence in mankind; and from hence I believe it was, he dreaded the thought of outliving his usefulness. He often dined among his friends; usually connected a comprehensive prayer with his thanksgiving when the table was dismissed, in which he noticed particular cases relative to the family; and never protracted his visit long after dinner. He appeared often tired of popularity; and said, he almost envied the man who could take his choice of food at an eating-house, and pass unnoticed. He apprehended he should not glorify God in his death by any remarkable testimony, and was desirous to die suddenly.

Thus, my dear friend, I have aimed to gather up the fragments of a character truly excellent, that nothing may be lost. It is the character of a man who had his infirmities, but whose excellences bore a far greater proportion. He knew himself, and lived under a measure of self-abhorrence; but he knew he was the redeemed of the Lord, and extolled that name by which he was called. Not to detract, but justly to represent, is my object in what I have written concerning him. I had no claim upon him when he took me into his house. I was abundantly indebted to him for his kindness, and his memory will be dear to me while with my hand I can subscribe myself.

Yours, very affectionately.

In our dear Lord Jesus.

The author is not ignorant that some things in this brief sketch of Mr. Whitefield were not well received by some of his warm admirers, and who were perhaps too unmindful of the caution, "Let no man glory in men." If there be any blame in this case, perhaps the author himself is in some measure answerable for it: for as he was aware that in the

account of his own life which Mr. Winter was writing to him, he must notice Mr. Whitefield; and as Mr. Whitefield's character and labours as a preacher were already before the public, he desired him to give a little of what he had observed of his more retired habits; and does Mr. Winter deserve censure for what he has written?

Let me remark, first, that Mr. Winter was well acquainted with Mr. Whitefield's character and conduct; and had much better opportunities of observing him in his more private disposition and manners than had any writer of his life.

And, secondly, Mr. Winter also was not deficient in veneration and esteem for his honoured friend. After hearing, during so long and free an intimacy, his sentiments concerning him expressed so frequently and on so many occasions, I am prepared to say that had his regard been carried further than it was, it must have been idolatrous.

Let me also here insert the remarks of two superior individuals.

I remember when it was mentioned in conversation that some persons, and especially Mr. Rowland Hill, were not satisfied with Mr. Winter's account, and that they thought he had not done Mr. Whitefield justice, Mr. Wilberforce said, "It is fact we want in biography, and not fiction. The sacred writers, our best models, are always impartial, and in their pictures we have shade as well as light; "and added with firmness, "with regard to myself, I must confess that, upon the whole, Mr. Winter has raised instead of lowering Whitefield in my estimation."

I remember also when at another time some one was rather making a comparison between Mr. Winter and Mr. Whitefield, as if the former was more amiable than the latter, Mr. Cecil said, "Why, these men should never be compared. They are of a quite different order of worth and usefulness. The one was formed more for the excellences of private life; the other for the duties of a public life. Public characters are not only more scrutinized, but more exposed. Their temptations are greater, and passions must be stronger to excite and push them on; and therefore no wonder if they sometimes betray infirmities which are not found in more sheltered characters, or at least not so observed."

LETTER IX.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

By taking notice of the history of the first Methodists, you may perceive they abounded in letter-writing. I have condemned myself for indulging correspondence, from conviction I should have been otherwise employed; but I have felt the consolation arising from the receipt of a letter to be inexpressibly great, and have highly gratified a friend by the writing of one. Advice is often conveyed by correspondence, that proves a guide to our conduct; and remarks, applied to our own case, sometimes prevent hasty steps, of which, on reflection, we might have cause to repent. In my situation, hitherto described, letters with which I was favoured from dear Mr. Berridge were of great use indeed; an extract I will here insert from two of them.

“Pray frequently, and wait quietly, and the Lord will make your way plain.—Jesus trains up all his servants to waiting, and if you are called to the ministry, he will exercise your soul beforehand with sharp conflicts. Joseph must be cast first into a pit by his own brethren, then into a prison by his master, before he rules the kingdom; and David must be hunted as a flea upon the mountains before he gets the sceptre. How can you tell what others feel, unless you have felt the same yourself? How can you sympathize with a prisoner unless your own feet have been fast in the stocks? How can you comfort

those who are cast down, unless you have been often at your wit's end? Expect nothing but conflicts, day after day, to humble and prove you, and teach you to speak a word in season to every one that is weary. This is indeed the high road to the kingdom for all, yet a minister's path is not only narrow and stony, like others, but covered also with bushes and brakes; and if you labour to remove them by your own hands, they will quickly tear your flesh, and fill your fingers with thorns. Let your Master remove them at your request; and remember it is always his work, as it is ever his delight, to clear our way and lead us on till sin and death are trodden down. Undertake nothing without first seeking direction from the Lord; and when any thing offers, that is plausible and inviting, beg of God to disappoint you if it be not according to his mind. You cannot safely rely on your own judgment, after God has told you, 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.' This advice relates to all important changes in life. Go nowhere, settle nowhere, marry nowhere, without frequent usage of this prayer."

"I find your heart yet is looking towards America; this inclines me to think God will some time send you thither: in the mean while be thankful you have a pulpit in England to preach Jesus Christ in, and health to preach him. Be not in a hurry to go, lest you go without your passport, and then you go on a fool's errand. Do not wish to be anywhere but where you are, nor any thing but what you are. It is want of communion with God that makes our thoughts run a gadding. Daily beseech the Lord to make your way plain, then leave it to him to direct your steps. Wish not to do good in America next

summer, but to do good in England every day you continue here.”

Oh that I had never swerved from the good advice of this truly apostolic man! My aim has been to have my conversation in the world according to it.

I have diverted your attention from the Friendship, Captain Ball, on board of which Mr. Whitefield, Mr. Smith (who filled up Mr. Wright's place), and myself, were left by the company who had made the most they could of Mr. Whitefield. I had nothing to do but to forget my own people—I had no father's house to forget—and to commit myself unto the Lord. We spent the former part of the day in looking over our stores, setting things in order, and securing them from injury as well as we were able. As I dropped into leisure, I began to reflect upon the steps I had taken, and the leadings of Divine Providence by which I was induced to take them. They all seemed satisfactory; and though I compared myself to a sparrow alone upon the house-top, I had a conviction that I was not alone. The Father of my mercies had been, was then, and, blessed be his holy name, has been ever since with me.

Mr. Whitefield began to familiarize himself to his naval situation, to acquaint himself with the crew and passengers, and proposed to render them all the kindness in his power. Had the captain embraced the former day's wind, we had probably been favoured with a speedy and prosperous passage; but by losing that opportunity we were greatly retarded. Against wind we went with the tide down the Pool, and were several days getting to the Downs. Now I first began to know what sea-sickness was, and supposed, by my recovering when we anchored at the Downs,

it was all over, but as we attempted to advance I found I was much mistaken. Here we were wind bound three weeks, opposite Deal. Dr Gibbons came on board during our stay to see Mr Whitefield. His business was to ordain one of his pupils to a dissenting church of ancient standing in that town. The same day the young gentleman to be ordained, and the Rev. Mr. Bradbury, of Ramsgate, came on board, and after many pressing solicitations prevailed upon Mr. Whitefield, contrary to his intention, to come on shore, to attend the ordination and preach in the evening. This was very agreeable to my inclination, and I hope I shall never forget the solemnities of that day. The wind being settled against us, and the captain giving us leave, upon Mr. Bradbury's repeated and urgent request, Mr. Whitefield was prevailed upon to go to Ramsgate. He preached there twice, and was to have stayed over the Sabbath-day; but not being able to overcome the uneasiness of his spirits, occasioned by a fear that we might stay too long, we took a chaise and returned to our vessel, on board which we had not been many hours before the captain weighed anchor, and in the distant prospect of a favourable gale attempted to sail; but it only proved a conflict with the wind, to my no small mortification, for I was rendered incapable of every thing by the sea-sickness.

After a second obstinate attempt, in which we were beating about Dungeness for a whole week without getting three leagues, and in which time I was not able to hold up my head, Providence was gracious, the wind was propitious, and we soon lost sight of land. It was a long while before I recovered; I plied my book, and by the care that jointly fell upon

me and my fellow-passenger, Mr. Smith, who was Mr. Whitefield's companion and attendant to the last, I had a diversity of exercise. Mr. Whitefield spent his time in largely reading the History of England, composing sermons, writing letters, &c., and sometimes discovered such remarkable lowness and languor as proved him not very fit to encounter the difficulties of a voyage to sea. He had great civilities and respect shewn him, and was as constant in the discharge of the duties of his function as the weather would admit. Some circumstances, however, turned up to max our happiness, particularly two bad men we had on board, one of whom I believe fled from England to save his life; the other, by his conduct in Georgia, proved that he made no scruple to hazard his.

After the usual difficulties which attend the seas, we came near Charlestown bar; and by reason of the lightness of our vessel, for it was deficient in ballast, we were detained in what is called Five-fathom-hole, a situation not very agreeable. When we got over the bar we were released from our ship by a pilot boat, on the 30th of November, and on that evening, by the good hand of our God upon us, we set our feet upon the American shore. My endeavour throughout the whole of the passage was to give myself up to the Lord, and to keep from such an elatement of mind as imaginary painted prospects often occasion, to the no small after disappointment. In the course of conversation, Mr. Whitefield had dropped such a hint as convinced me I might look rather for great crosses than greathonours. He told me, what he had concealed while on the English shore, that if I had as many to preach to as his bed-cabin would

hold, I might think myself well off, and that I might expect to be whipped off the plantation when I had done.

My reception at Charlestown was kind and hospitable; I supposed it to have been because I was Mr. Whitefield's friend. Mr. Whitefield's preaching in the cabin at sea had great energy in it, but it was with additional pleasure I once more heard him in a large congregation on the Sabbath-day. I was particularly affected at the Lord's table, where a considerable number of devout negroes were present. It was an emblem of heaven indeed, and afforded me encouragement to hope I should have the honour of gathering some from among the black tribes into the visible church, who, being washed from their sins, should walk with Jesus in white.

We stayed but ten days in Charlestown. Curiosity was excited in many to know who and what I was. When known, it was desired that I would give a lecture to a serious company in a large school-room. I complied, and the word was kindly received; and if we had not left Charlestown on the Sabbath afternoon, I was to have preached again. We had a very pleasant passage through the Sounds, and frequently went on shore and regaled ourselves in the woods. The simplicity of the negroes who rowed us was very diverting, whose weariness and fatigue served them for a song. I was much affected by it. We stopped at a plantation called Port-royal, where we were most kindly refreshed and entertained, and safely arrived at Savannah on the evening of December the 14th.

Mr. Whitefield was cheerful and easy; he seemed to have lost a weight of care. A great deal of his usually devotional frame connected with his cheer-

fulness. It surely became me, who was a stranger in a strange land, to be devotional, and to give myself wholly unto prayer. I bless the Lord I had no fear; I had some faith; and faithful was he who had called me, and whose exceeding great and precious promises were all mine own. Let others be encouraged by me to put their trust in the Lord; whoso trusteth in him shall never be confounded. You, with me, my dear friend, have reason to speak good of his name. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!

I am,

Yours, very affectionately, &c.

LETTER X.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

CONTINUALLY under the Divine protection we may enjoy perfect peace; and being devoted to the will of God, he will take possession of the mind and keep it. What is now the matter of observation, was the matter of experience, when sitting for a little while alone in the canoe, where I was desired to remain, at the bottom of Savannah-bluff, the guardian of our property, while Messrs. Whitefield, Wright, and Smith ascended to the town. It was dark before I was disengaged and escorted to Mr. Habersham's house, where Mr. Whitefield had preceded me. Mr. Habersham met me at the door, embraced me in his arms, saying, "I will be your friend, if nobody else will." It being his first salute, I supposed it was in

consequence of something previously said by the company, and by the tenor of the conversation which went forward I understood that I was but an unexpected guest. Mr. Habersham, clapping me upon the knee, repeated, "I will be your friend, if nobody else will; I will stand by you: you shall instruct my negroes, whoever else refuses you." This brought to my recollection instantly what Mr. Whitefield said on board ship, viz. "That I might be thankful if I had as many to preach to as his bed-cabin would hold, and must not wonder if, for attempting to instruct the negroes, I were whipped off the plantation." However, most of Mr. Zububuhler's executors, the gentlemen into whose service I was entering, saw me, and all except two behaved to me in a very respectful manner. The first night I lodged in Mr. Habersham's house; the next day I was fixed at a Mr. Bolton's. The room appointed for me had no fire-place in it, and the weather becoming very cold, I was put to much inconvenience; but I was determined I would not make my company cheap, whatever I might suffer; and that whatever reserve might be in my conduct, it should be entirely with a view to the glory of God. It was well in the end I adopted and maintained this resolution. Previous to my settlement, I spent some days with Mr. Whitefield at the Orphan-house, and by the time I returned to Savannah, the report of my design, in coming into the province, was noised abroad.—Some of the more sensible negroes facetiously said they were too wicked to be made good now. A few had their expectations raised by my coming, and seemed pleased with my ferrand. The white people in general conceived that I came there because I could not live in England,

and I scarcely stirred out without hearing one and another say, with the accent of contempt, "There goes the negro parson."

Perceiving that Mr. Bolton, at whose house my residence was fixed, was a serious man, I told him I longed to begin my mission in some way. I offered to be his chaplain, and asked him if he would allow me to open a public exposition in his house. He generously consented; and notice being given of my design, numbers both of white and black came, and I opened with Rom. i. 15: "I am ready to preach the gospel to you." The word was well received by the serious part of the audience, and perhaps would have been by the others, if I had not particularly discovered myself attached to the more sensible negroes, and given them to understand they were the subjects of my ministry.—I continued to preach in Mr. Bolton's house, to white and black, all the time I stayed in Savannah, once or twice a week, as it was most convenient to me, and on the Sabbath-day evenings.

* It is a curious circumstance, and shews us the wonder-working providence of God, that Mr. Winter, not long before his death, became acquainted with some of this very good man's family. The case was this:—A Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, from the United States, were travelling through England. They came to Bath, and were introduced to me by a letter from an eminent merchant at Manchester. Soon after their arrival Mr. Winter called at my house; and when I told him I was just going to see a gentleman and lady from America, he said "I love an American dearly; I should like, if agreeable, to go with you." We went; and what was his surprise and delight when, in the course of conversation, he soon found, not only that they resided at Savannah, but that this gentleman was a relative, and this lady no less*than a daughter, and the eldest daughter, of the excellent Robert Bolton, who had acted so kind and noble a part towards him when,

This gave great offence, and the Rev. Mr. Zubly, the Presbyterian minister, did not a little oppose it. I applied for the use of the old Lutheran church, which stood unoccupied, and offered any moderate rent the proprietors should require for the use of it, but it was refused merely because I preached to and aimed at instructing the negroes. All were up in arms against me; many threatened me if I presumed to come into their plantation. A motion was made in the council to consider me as a nuisance to the province, and as such to silence me; but they could not carry the motion. However, time and circumspection retrieved my reputation in some degree. The house I lodged in abounded with company, particularly at the sitting of the Assembly. I generally endeavoured to be affable, but not forward; conversant, but not loquacious; short in my sittings after meals, and constant in my study. I was generally indulged with much liberty in family prayer, mornings and evenings, and frequently dropped a short pertinent hint from one or a few verses out of the portion I read. This gained attention, and by degrees I acquired credit,

in his work and labour of love towards the negroes, all beside had opposed and despised him! Melting into tears, he arose and immediately embraced them; and nothing could have been more interesting than to hear him relate the particulars of his American attempt and disappointment. Nor was this the whole of a remarkable event. Some time after this, his eldest son (worthy of such a father) in his travels saw and espoused my eldest daughter (worthy of such a husband), and is now (with a family of thirteen children, their glory and their joy) the most approved and successful rector of St. Paul's, East Chester, near New York. The providence is yet telling—"Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

being mostly reproached by persons who knew least of me. The conversation of which I was the subject, usually concluded to this effect: "It is a pity he thinks of being employed in a work that will bring him so little credit, while he has a capacity to be an acceptable minister to the white people, where one is wanting."

It may appear that this representation of myself savours of pride, but I can appeal to Him who alone knoweth the heart, that I only mention it to his praise. If I review any part of my outward conduct with satisfaction, I review the defects of all my duties before God with shame. However I might satisfy others, I was dissatisfied enough with myself. Strict morality will not compensate the want of spirituality, and of this I found myself deficient:—may not the deficiency be laid to my charge!

It was not long before I was introduced to my immediate charge, that is the negroes upon the late Rev. Mr. Zububuhler's plantation, among whom I was to reside, as soon as the house was put in proper condition for my residence. The greatest number of these negroes were fresh purchased. They had conceived some kind of idea concerning me, but could not distinguish between their minister and their owner: therefore when I was first introduced among them, they came up in a body, and, in their way, shewed me the greatest mark of their respect; at the same time they made very heavy complaints that they were severely beaten, overburdened with work, kept very short of food, and that they and their children were very bare of clothes. They said if I would be a good master, they would be good negroes. I gave them to understand that I had no right in them, that

I should be their sincere friend and minister, and would do every thing in my power to make them happy.

The following Lord's day I went up for the first time to introduce divine worship among them; but it is impossible to describe the scene, nor can any person, a stranger to it, conceive of it. Mr. Bolton, my host, bore me company to give me countenance, and to assist me to sing. Two or three overseers from the neighbouring plantations, with the person in the same, capacity on the spot, men of a similar cast with the Smithfield drovers, were all the white people I had present. Some negroes from the neighbouring plantations came, and I opened with as plain an exhortation as I possibly could, but felt it was like shooting darts against a stone wall. I prayed, read the lessons for the day, and used a very small part of the liturgy, namely, the Confession, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed; but the greatest part of my poor congregation were either asleep, or making some of their figures upon the wainscot, or playing with their fingers, or eating potatoes, or talking with each other. This was very discouraging, but I thought I must get through it as well as I could.—My intended plan was, if I had settled with them, to have attempted to make them rational, in order to make them capable of understanding my addresses, and to have begun with them as with children, teaching them the alphabet. I hoped to have succeeded; and to carry my poifit, especially with the children, and that I might expedite the work, I intended to have procured negroes, by qualifying of whom I might have been assisted in promoting general instruction. But knowing I must come home for ordination, and my house

not being ready for me, I could only design the plan without putting it forward till after my return.

There were several in Savannah whom I had taught to read a little, and on three plantations beside my own I used Dr. Watts's first catechism and psalmody with some degree of success. My black congregations on two of the plantations (Mr. Jonathan Briand, being a dissenter from the episcopal church, objected to the use of a form of prayer) could with a degree of readiness repeat with me the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Magnificat.

Once a week I preached to a small congregation, about twelve miles from Savannah; and on my own plantation I was soon joined by ten or twelve white people, to whom I accommodated my discourse, after I had done with the negroes. But so strong were the prejudices of the people in general against me, for being what they called a negro-parson, that I believe if I had been an angel of light I should not have been esteemed.*

Upon my first coming into the province, I was informed it would prove to my advantage if I could

* What a view is here incidentally given us of the degraded and despised state of this class of *owe fellow-creatures*, if prejudice and pride will forsooth allow us to call them so! Torn from their native country and kindred—suffering unknown miseries in their conveyance to the mart—oppressed by merciless exactions—treated like beasts that perish—fed and valued only for the purposes of labour and drudgery—a man turned into ridicule and scorn for wishing to teach them the Gospel—their possessors afraid lest one ray of light should enter their minds, and make them feel they were men!—Who can but lament that our country should so long have “traded in the persons of men”? Who can but rejoice that the voice of justice and humanity was at last heard—who can

be on good terms with Mr. Frink, the rector of Savannah; and I was desired to seek intimacy with him, though he should treat me roughly, and even repulse me.

I therefore paid him the compliment of asking his permission to speak publicly to the negroes in town: he gave it in a faint manner; and finding that a commendatory letter from him to the Bishop would be requisite for my obtaining ordination, I sought such an acquaintance with him as my friends judged necessary.—On New-year's Day I sent him a very neatly-bound volume of Mr. Hawies's Sermons, for a New-year's gift, with a letter, intimating that my sentiments might be gathered from the work, and that it contained a just plan of the doctrines I intended to preach. He received them politely, gave me access to him, engaged me to bury the dead for him when he was indisposed, and I believe would have been glad to have served me, if, previous to my embarkation, from England, he had not laid the foundation of my disappointment, as will appear in the sequel.

I visited the Orphan-house as often as possible, and was in perfect love and harmony with the family. Death made a sad inroad among them in a very little time; but the affliction was completed by the death of Mr. Whitefield. He had left Georgia to go on his northern tour the latter end of April; and while

but be grateful to those who "through evil and good report" persevered till their discouraged efforts were crowned with success?

But since this note was written, slavery itself has been abolished; and in all the dominions of a matchless empire a legal slave is not to be found! Hallelujah!

his return was anticipated and supposed to be near, his removal was announced. It was opened to me by Mr. Habersham, who was much affected with it. It may be supposed I could not be insensible. As soon as I heard it, I retreated to pray, and pour out my soul to God. I can truly say the cause of God at large lay near my heart, and I had a persuasion that the work over which he had presided would not die with him. In his own mind he had fully settled me; his interview with the trustees of Mr. Zububuhler had led to some remarks respecting the encouragement of the laity in the service of the church, which he supposed would produce effect. He made me feel by saying, when we parted, "Now I cast you off, sink or swim though his conversation afterwards was to me a conviction, he would have been glad to have had me again in his boat. His temper had been very placid ever since he left England; at the Orphan-house he seemed quite in his element. He conversed freely upon the future disposal of it. I told him I thought he should resign it to the government of the province, giving it as my reason, that though Lady Huntingdon should have it in case of his death, she would not be able to preserve the life of religion in it, as he supposed. I observed that the work of God usually goes on in a way contrary to the order prescribed by man. He had taken such steps as certainly raised the expectation of the governor and council. They had reason to think it would be an institution under their direction. He was much too sanguine in his hopes of what was to arise from it.

I continued in one steady track, desirous to be fully qualified for my office, and vigorously to enter

upon it in its full extent, which I could not without episcopal ordination. I indulged the idea of a speedy return to England, and consulted Mr. Habersham upon the expediency of it. He, and all with whom he consulted upon the subject, saw it in the same light. For what end I was permitted to go to America, and why prevented from settling there, is among the secrets of the Almighty. He directs our ways and orders our steps. It is not for us to demand the reason of his conduct, but to submit to his will. May we ever restrain improper inquiries, and submissively yield ourselves up to him, as instruments to be used or to be neglected as he thinks good. I rejoice that your feet are set in such a large place, and that you have such a spacious field to labour in. That you may bring forth an abundance of fruit unto God, is the prayer of.

My very dear friend,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have no conception of the effect of Mr. Whitefield's death upon the inhabitants of the province of Georgia. All the black cloth in the stores was bought up; the pulpit and desks of the church, the branches, the organ-loft, the pews of the governor and council were covered with black. The governor and council, in deep mourning, convened at the state house, and went in procession to church, and were received by the organ playing a funeral dirge. Two

funeral sermons were preached, one by Mr. Ellington, which I was desired to compose; the other was preached by Mr. Zubly. All the respect shewed to his memory at his death, kept my sensibility alive. Though I was now a stranger in a strange land, I had my mercies; I gained the esteem of many who wished to see me in orders. I perceived I was in the land of mortality. Many by the stroke of death fell on my right hand and on my left; I, myself, and one of the passengers who came over with us, fell sick at the same time. Mine was but a slight sickness—his terminated in death, and an awful death it was; it discovered him to be a bad man in every respect: and what made it the more affecting, his wife and three children arrived from England just time enough to see his corpse before it was put into the grave. To meet her at the vessel, and to open to her the circumstance of his death, as well as to bury him, was the province assigned me.

Though I saw no sign of longevity either in natives or foreigners, my heart was set upon doing the best I could for the poor negroes, so that I gave no hint, in any of my letters, of the badness of the climate for an English constitution. Rather I laboured hard to get a dear friend to partake with me in the comforts and crosses of my situation. I had settled it in my own mind in submission to the will of God, that I would, being put into a capacity for usefulness, live and die in Georgia, a devoted servant of servants. When the twelve months of my residence were nearly expired, it was agreed upon by Mr. Zububuhler's executors, that I should return home to the Bishop for orders; and it was judged the more necessary at that time, as there was a strong suspicion of a Spanish

war breaking out, which would make the passage to England to be attended with hazard and difficulty.

At a meeting of the trustees upon the occasion of my coming home, they wrote to the different persons hereafter named, in the order and manner following:

*The Executors of the Rev. Mr. Zuhubuhler's Letter to
Governor Wright.*

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

“WE, the subscribers, executors, and trustees of the last will and testament of the late Rev. Mr. Zububuhler, having, agreeably to the said will, employed Mr. Cornelius Winter as a catechist to instruct the negroes on the plantation of the deceased, for a year past, and he having given us entire satisfaction in the discharge of his duty, and behaved irreproachably in all respects in his religious and moral character, beg leave to recommend him to your Excellency as a person, in our opinion, properly qualified to receive holy orders; and therefore we request ^your Excellency will be pleased to recommend him to the Lord Bishop of London for ordination, that he may thereby be enabled fully to comply with the intention of the testator, by performing the ministerial offices required by his will.

“We are, with great respect,

“Your Excellency's most obedient servants,

“FRANCIS HARRIS.

“JAMES READ.

“JOHN SMITH.

“JOSEPH CLAY.

“NOBLE WILLIAM JONES.

“*Savannah, Georgia, Nov. 22, 1770.*”

*The Executors of the late Rev. Bartholomew Zububuhler
to the Rev. Samuel Frink.*

“REVEREND SIR,

“As we find it necessary, in compliance with the will of the late Rev. Mr. Zububuhler, your worthy predecessor, to have a person properly qualified to perform ministerial offices, and instruct the negroes on the deceased’s plantation in the principles of the Christian religion as established by law in the church of England; and as we have employed Mr. Cornelius Winter as a catechist for a year past on the said plantation, and have had full proof of his abilities and fidelity in daily discharging his duty; and as we also suppose you cannot be unacquainted with his religious and moral character, which we apprehend has been irreproachable, we can make no doubt, reverend sir, but you will readily join us in recommending Mr. Winter to the Lord Bishop of London for holy orders, by which he will be enabled fully to comply with the intention of the testator’s will.

“We are, reverend sir,

“Your humble servants, &c.

“*Savannah, Nov. 22, 1770.*”

His Excellency the Governor, and Mr. Erink, the rector, received me very politely upon the occasion, and assured me they would write in my behalf to the Bishop of London; accordingly they both wrote by me, but I was a stranger to the contents of their letters. To strengthen their testimonial, and prevent every obstacle. President Habersham wrote to the Rev. Mr. Broughton, rector of Allhallows, Lombard-street, and secretary to the Society for Pro-

pagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, as follows, in hopes, if necessary, that he would shew it to the Bishop:

“REVEREND SIR,

“UPWARDS of thirty-three years ago, when you were minister of the church in the Tower of London, I was honoured with your acquaintance, and, as I suppose you have not forgotten me, I shall make no farther apology for troubling you with this.—The worthy rector of this parish, the Rev. Mr. Bartholomew Zububuhler, deceased, having, by will, left great part of his estate in trust, for the support of a person properly qualified to instruct his negroes, on his plantation in particular, and others occasionally, in the principles of the Christian religion as established in the church of England; and the bearer, Mr. Cornelius Winter, having been recommended to the trustees as a serious and judicious person, and every way fit to execute the pious intention of the deceased, they have for a year past employed him in this service, in which he hath given them entire satisfaction, having conducted himself in the difficult undertaking with great prudence, assiduity, and discretion; not only with respect to the people under his charge, but wherever he has had an opportunity of giving a word of advice to the poor blacks on other plantations; and I thank God he has found some persons of considerable property, who have gladly opened their houses to him, thankfully accepted and countenanced his services, by attending themselves on the very sensible and affectionate exhortations he has given their numerous slaves.

“It is to me unaccountable that any people calling

themselves Christians should have any objection against having their servants instructed, unless it is their inattention to and ignorance of the eternal importance of the Christian revelation. But it is a melancholy truth that there are too many such; and for this reason, as well as many others that might be mentioned, it is necessary that the person employed in this service should be ordained; because, however little regard some people pay to the pious instructions of a minister, there are, I hope, but few, if any, so abandoned as not to shew some respect to his sacred character, especially if his life and conversation is conformable thereto.

“Mr. Winter, I understand, has long been desirous of being useful in the church, and has taken no small pains to qualify himself for that purpose; but finds he cannot be so useful in his present contracted situation as he wishes to be. And as the executors and trustees of the late Mr. Zububuhler’s will think, by the tenor of it, and I am of their opinion, that the person who should instruct his negroes should be a minister of the church of England-, and consequently qualified to baptize, and perform other holy offices; they have requested his Excellency the Governor to recommend him to the Lord Bishop of London for holy orders; and I am informed they have desired the same of our present rector, the Rev. Samuel Brink; and both of them, I believe, will readily do it.—He is sufficiently provided for, and will want no farther assistance, being by the executors allowed £125 per annum, besides his board, a servant, &c.

“I have had opportunity of knowing him in his private conduct, and do think him to be a truly serious man; and believe he has engaged in instructing

these much-neglected and benighted people with an honest view to promote their eternal welfare, and the glory of God, by bringing them from a real state of heathenism to the light of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. I have long wished that some good man would undertake this truly charitable, though arduous work, and must say that I think Mr. Winter peculiarly qualified for it. He appears to be very condescending and patient, is of a remarkably humble and quiet disposition, and from my own knowledge, will stoop to the barren, because too generally unimproved capacities of these poor creatures; I say unimproved capacities, as some ignorant people would foolishly insinuate that they are scarcely reasonable beings, and not capable of being instructed in the divine truths of Christianity—an absurdity too obvious to deserve any refutation; and I am ashamed to have occasion to make this observation, as daily experience evinces that there are many ingenious mechanics among them; and as far as they have had opportunity of being instructed, have discovered as good abilities as usually are found among people of our own colour; but making them good tradesmen is immediately profitable, and the reward of making them good Christians is at a distance. I have been in many of the northern provinces, and have with great pleasure seen many serious negroes, and in the neighbouring province of South Carolina I have known several who have honoured the Gospel, perhaps not less than their owners; and we have had some, though but few, here who are baptized and admitted to other holy ordinances, whose behaviour is the most irreproachable.—I have heard Mr. Winter speak to a considerable number of negroes in this

town, as well as at my own plantation, where I have two hundred men, women, and children, with great judgment and Christian affection; and have seen such apparent marks of decency and attention among them, that had you, reverend sir, been present, I am sure you could not help bearing a part in their sensibility, and thanking God for so useful a man; and if I am a judge, I think he has real abilities, and such as would not be despised in any congregation.

“I hope therefore to have the satisfaction of seeing him return to us in holy orders, by which his sphere of usefulness will be more enlarged; and as I before observed, he will by that means be more acceptable among the white people, he will be much more so among the blacks, who are in this particular influenced by example. For my part, I am not ashamed to say, I have done and will do all in my power to forward and promote this laudable design; and am happy in the prospect of one day seeing a congregated church of Africans rejoicing in their being brought from a land of darkness, and of being made partakers of our common salvation, to which both bond and free are equally entitled; and as I am persuaded, reverend sir, that you will rejoice in having an opportunity to promote the welfare of the meanest of our fellow-beings, I take the liberty of recommending the deplorable state of these poor neglected negroes to your friendship, as well as the bearer, who is desirous of serving them; not doubting but he will be countenanced by the reverend fathers of our church, and duly qualified to proceed in his good undertaking, which had been so warmly and affectionately recommended by them in their annual sermons preached before the worthy Society for the Pro-

pagation of the Gospel: and I am so well convinced of the uprightness of Mr. Winter's intention, that I am persuaded he will neither dishonour you, nor, reverend and dear sir,

“Your affectionate friend and servant,

“JAMES HABERSHAM.

“*Savannah, Georgia, Dec. 1, 1770.*”

Another letter, equally strong, to the same purport, was written to John Knox, Esq., Secretary to Lord Hillsborough; and a fourth, as follows, to the Bishop of London:

“MY LORD,

“THE Rev. Bartholomew Zububuhler, deceased, the late worthy rector of this parish, having by his will left the chief part of his estate in trust to us, his trustees and executors, for pious uses, and in particular for the support of a person properly qualified to instruct his negroes on his plantation in the principles of the Christian religion as by law established in the church of England, we have for about a year past employed the bearer, Mr. Cornelius Winter, in this service; which, as far as his present limited capacity permitted, he hath faithfully executed with prudence and discretion. But as it appears by the general design of the deceased, that the testator intended such a person should be a minister, and thereby qualified to baptize and perform all other holy offices, agreeably to the rubric of the church of England; and the bearer having manifested a hearty disposition to propagate the Gospel among these poor ignorant people in particular, and we can from our own knowledge confide in him to execute this trust, we humbly

beg leave to recommend him to your lordship for holy orders, not doubting but he will give your lordship and us full satisfaction by his diligence and fidelity in executing the (not to every one) acceptable service.

“Mr. Winter, who we presume does not want abilities, we understand has been long desirous of devoting his service to promote the interests of religion, as well among bond as free, in the established church; and to encourage him to proceed in so benevolent and charitable a work, we suppose we have sufficiently provided for him, having had hitherto a stipend of £125 sterling per annum, besides his board, a servant, and other conveniences, which we shall continue to him. We have taken the liberty to request his Excellency the Governor, as also our present rector, the Rev. Samuel Frink, to recommend Mr. Winter to your lordship for ordination. The latter, in particular, has been acquainted with his behaviour here, which we believe has been unblameable, and we make no doubt but his future conduct will recommend him to your lordship’s countenance and protection.

“That your lordship may long live to promote the interest of our excellent church, especially in this province, at present so deplorably destitute of ministers of God’s holy word and sacraments, and, after a life full of days, that you may receive your reward from the great Shepherd of souls, is the hearty prayer of

“Your lordship’s dutiful and most
“obedient servants, &c.

“*Savannah, in Georgia, Nov. 22, 1770.*”

Thus laden with recommendations, I prepared to embark for England. I cannot say I was frothed with expectation of success, having been informed by a busy man, from whom I sought no information, though he often gave it, that Mr. Frink had written largely about me to the Society for propagating the Gospel, through the medium of which all business pertaining to religion was at that time usually transacted in America. After visiting the different places and people who partook of my labours, and with whom it was supposed my intimacy was to be continued, I embarked on board the Georgia packet. Captain Anderson, about the middle of December. Several of the negroes seemed much affected at my leaving them, as did also the white people, particularly the family of Mr. Bolton, with whom I lodged; and at parting I found, notwithstanding all the opposition I had met with, Georgia had its attractions. The passengers came on board the packet on the Friday, and we set sail on the Lord's day. I offered to be chaplain to the packet; the offer was accepted,, but being seized with sea-sickness it was some days before I could engage in devotional exercises. As soon as it was in my power I kept up the exercise of morning and evening prayer as regularly as the weather would admit, and preached or read a sermon on the Lord's day.

For a considerable time I was a restraint upon the company. Many efforts were used to break it; and when the poor captain had disguised himself in liquor, he discovered a manifest prejudice against me. To prevent mischief I retreated to my cabin on the evening of the 26th of December, when the weather became very foul, and the night tremendous.

I do not pretend to give an exact marine description of it, neither do I mention it to give this narrative great consequence. Every sailor expected it would have been a fatal night. The captain said he never was in such a storm before; and he attributed our salvation to the soundness and good condition of the vessel. That which added to our distress was, there were very few working hands on board. Some had deserted her at Savannah, others had died there, and it was with difficulty any fresh ones could be engaged in the service, owing to the rumour of a Spanish war having broken out. Not only was the vessel three men short of her usual complement, but some of the crew fell sick after we had sailed, of which number was the mate. Knowing that it was imprudent to be alarmed upon every occasion, I went to bed about ten o'clock, as did the rest of the passengers, and the captain, who was drunk. My cabin being in the gangway, a situation I chose for the advantage of air and more convenient retirement, I was awakened by the sea breaking over the vessel, and coming into the cabin. I had resolved to compose myself, and lay some time in prayer, till, finding nobody move below, and hearing the language of distress above, I repeatedly, though unheard, called to somebody to put up the dead lights, suspecting that the sea would break through the cabin windows. Having been obliged to rise, through the repeated breaking of the sea, I went into the cabin and found all fast asleep but a woman, who was lying in the greatest agony. I had not much difficulty to rouse them, and being soon sensible of their situation, they were roused indeed. The captain was filled with rage that he was not

called before, and speedily went to work. The sails were no more to the wind than a sheet of paper; they were tom to pieces before they could be furled. The steward came down and put up the dead lights, and said there was little hope of our surviving long. By the lightning, I saw the masts bend, and heard the men repeatedly say they would be carried away. By the good hand of God, the men were all preserved on board, though a great part of our live stock was washed away.

Not knowing but the hour of my departure was at hand, I threw myself upon my bed, and endeavoured to compose myself into a frame for examination and prayer. The situation was truly awful. My nature shuddered; but amidst all, I found my religious views profitable, and I could bless God for Jesus Christ, and an humble hope of interest in him. My chief concern was that I had Mr. Whitefield's will, and I felt sorry that, by my being lost, his executors should be kept in suspense. However, on reflection, I thought it behoved me to have the more important object, Eternity, uppermost; and I endeavoured to divert my mind from every thing else. Two of my fellow-passengers came to me crying, and lamenting their irreligious lives. They desired I would go to prayer, and one of them said if he survived this danger he would lead a different life to what he had done. The other was fearful of death, but did not discover any remarkable religious impression. My mouth was open to speak to them. Among other remarks, one I made was—that if we should be spared, they would equally want that mercy for which they then cried. I reminded them what is the only way and method of

salvation, and expatiated, from their present feelings, upon the necessity of a religion that transforms the heart, and prepares us for all events. They were attentive hearers, and I believe, for once, heartily joined with me in prayer.

When all was done that was possible, the captain said we had but one chance, which was from the soundness of the bottom, and that we must now be left to the mercy of the sea. Poor man! he was ignorant of God who governed it. We prayed a second time together by joint consent, and the storm by degrees abated; with this our fears subsided, and our hopes revived. A very great swell continued for two days, in which time we could neither sail by the compass nor get observation. By contrary winds we were kept out at sea much longer than the time in which the captain usually made his passage home. Hence he lost all his patience, and became very troublesome. The weather was frequently very bad, and he as frequently said it was well we had sea room. So we found it when we came to land, being informed that great havoc had been made among the shipping at that time in the Channel. I knew not at least whether I was more tired of my situation or my company; both were bad enough. By our loss of stock, our provision ran very short, and what remained was very poor. We made land the 30th of January, 1771, with hopes of setting foot on shore in a little time.

As the prospect of distress in the late tempest wore away, my fellow-passengers lost their religious qualms, and broke out into expressions of impiety I had not heard before. When I found them deaf to

reason I judged it my duty to be silent, and endeavoured in patience to possess my soul. I did not go to bed all the last night I was on board. I spent part of it in writing a letter to my thoughtless fellow-passengers. In it I frankly reminded them of our many mercies, of our great deliverance, and of their abuse of both. I reminded them of the uncertainty of life in the securest circumstances, and exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come.

On the 2nd day of February a boat came alongside the packet. I was the only one of the crew that went with her to the shore. As soon as I could get discharged from the custom-house, I retired to an inn, where I attempted to present my grateful acknowledgments to the God of my salvation, made a resignation of myself to his gracious disposal, and indulged myself in meditation. In the evening I attended preaching in Mr. Wesley's room, and found it good to be there; afterwards I retired to bed, and enjoyed a sweet sleep. When last at Dover, I was a forlorn character with no prospects before me, barely clad, and merely capable of getting conveyed from place to place. I now had the means of travelling comfortably. I vented my soul in a line to Mr. Peronet, of Canterbury, whose former kindness entitled him to the expression of my gratitude.—It is good to recall the history of life to mind, that we may be quickened to bless the Lord: I find pleasure in the review, and I feel this effect resulting from it. I bless God I have no disposition to deny his mercies, or to conceal his lovingkindness. May my heart never be the grave of forgetfulness, but the altar of praise. From thence may grateful incense 'rise in

abundance! I give glory to God while I recite his goodness to you, who possess a great share of that affection, that makes it pleasant for me to subscribe myself.

My very dear friend.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a part of the Christian's wisdom to enjoy his mercies, but to be cautious that he is not impeded by them in his progress. A voyage or a journey is an emblem of life, the end of which is to be regarded while we use the refreshments of the passage. I alighted at Dover, but was not to be detained a second day, since I had an opportunity to set off the next morning for London, whither I arrived safe in the evening. The first house I held myself bound to go to was Mr. Keen's, woollen-draper, in the Minories, a principal friend of Mr. Whitefield's, and one of his executors. He gave me a most kind reception. After the first salutation, he said he, and Mr. Hardy, and Mr. West, the other managers of Mr. Whitefield's concerns, had been but once sorry they let me go, and that had been ever since. Having delivered Mr. Whitefield's will to him, and spent some hours, he said he hoped I should make the Tabernacle-house my home. I signified it had the preference of all other places. The next day I had the pleasure to see my relations, now lovers and followers of that Gospel they once despised. The letters I had re-

ceived from them while abroad prepared me for this agreeable sight, and our meeting was an emblem of that which I trust we shall have on the other side of Jordan, notwithstanding the strong efforts used by the enemy of souls to prevent it.

I knew my business required despatch, and I was desirous to know the issue. I therefore proceeded immediately upon it, and a very few days ended it. "When my friends saw how well recommended I came home, they all seemed positive that I should succeed. Mr. Broughton, on reading Mr. Habersham's letter, made no doubt of it. He seemed pleased exceedingly with my recommendations, but want of courage in a good cause, and the prevalence of the fear of man, suffered him to subvert the design of his letter, for he never shewed it to the bishop, though he was present at the society at Bow church, when my case was canvassed. I wish to make no reflection upon Mr. Broughton's pusillanimity. Providence saw fit, no doubt for wise ends, to frustrate my intention in America, by shutting up the bishop's heart against me, as will appear by a letter I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Zububuhler's executors, giving them an account-of the whole process of the affair after my arrival, which was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,

"WHILE I possess much satisfaction upon a recollection of the prudence with which I have conducted myself since I arrived in England, and have commenced candidate for holy orders, it gives me pain on many accounts that I am obliged to inform you, that neither your strong recommendations, nor the use I have made of them, have been productive of their

desired effect. There is a first cause for all the disappointments we meet with in life, and we should be reconciled to them.—One would have thought the great pains you have been put to, the character you have so kindly given me, the generosity you have shewn me, together with the additional favour of his Excellency's and Mr. Frink's recommendation to his lordship of London, for my admission into the establishment, were sure indications of success.—But all these have availed me nothing.

“That I may not leave you in the dark about the matter, I think it my duty to state the whole case to you as justly as possible, and then you will judge of the propriety of the conduct of the society, and of the bishop.

“At my arrival I waited upon Mr. Knox, who, after perusing Mr. Habersham's letter, was pleased to express his great approbation; and he directed me to Dr. Burton, to whom he desired I would signify the letter he had received, and ask directions how I should proceed. The doctor read that part of Mr. Zububuhler's will that respects the instruction of negroes; he observed it was plain Mr. Zububuhler designed the gentleman employed should be in orders, but gave it as his advice, that as I wanted nothing from the society, I should immediately go to the Bishop of London with the letters directed to him.

“The next morning I waited upon his lordship, who, after reading the testimonials, sent for me into his room. He said, ‘You have been over to America as a preacher?’ I answered, ‘No, as a catechist.’

‘But,’ said his lordship, ‘you have preached?’ I replied, ‘I have attempted to explain the Scriptures

to the negroes, and some people's curiosity has excited them to hear;' to which he answered, 'It was illegal; you had no right to do so.' As I stood before his lordship as a candidate, and not as a casuist to defend my conduct, I judged it prudent upon this, and some other remarks not very material, to be silent.

"The next question was, where was I educated? I answered, 'My lord, I have had no education but what I have acquired by dint of industry.' His lordship proceeded to inquire where I was born, and to what I was brought up? I replied, I was born in London, served seven years' apprenticeship to a mechanic, and as soon as possible afterwards applied myself to the study of divinity. His Lordship asked, 'Then how came you to go over to America? To which I answered, 'On purpose to see if I could be of any service to the negroes.' 'Then,' said his lordship, 'you went over with Mr. Whitefield?' I replied, 'Yes, my lord.' He added, 'Then I suppose you have been connected with him?' I replied, 'My lord, I cannot with propriety say I have been connected with anybody else.' His lordship was pleased to commend me, in being, as he termed it, honest to him in not leaving him in the dark, and directly added, 'Then to be sure you have drank deep into his sentiments? 'To which I replied, 'I hope, my lord, I shall be enabled to give a degree of satisfaction upon examination.' He said, 'I hope you have not baptized children?' I replied, 'By no means; Mr. Frink promised me his assistance in the discharge of that office, till I should be authorized.' He then inquired if I had read Burnet upon the Articles. I replied I had, with other authors, for my

instruction and information.—This was the purport of our conference, and I can make no very considerable mistake, as I minuted it down the very moment I left his lordship. He said he should do nothing for me of himself, that it was always usual for missionaries to apply to him through the society, that they should meet at Bow church on the 15th instant, where I should be examined, and he should ordain the next week.

“From the manner in which his lordship dismissed me, though there was nothing kind in his deportment, for his look was severe, there was no softness in his manner, and he suffered me to stand all the time I was with him, I formed some expectation of success, and was in hopes I should meet with no impediment. But to my surprise, after waiting in Bow church till the society was nearly broken up. Dr. Burton sent for me into the vestry, and informed me, my business had been laid before the society, who agreed to have nothing to do with it, as there were no letters directed to them; neither could they recommend me to the Bishop of London, as I wanted no assistance from them. I attempted a reply, but was frequently interrupted, being informed they could do nothing for me, and that it was concluded on, that Mr. Zububuhler’s will did not require that the person employed on the estate should be a clergyman. How foreign was this both to the bishop’s and doctor’s former sentiment! Mr. Broughton, who had been present, waited for my coming out, and gave me some account both of his Excellency’s and Mr. Frink’s letter, each of which was expressive of my moral conduct. He also informed me, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, with others, made some

remarks which turned in the negative. However, all agreed if his Lordship of London were disposed to ordain me, they had no objection; but his lordship replied, he would have nothing to do with the American business but through the society; and he added, that he was afraid the young gentleman had drank deep into Mr. Whitefield's doctrine.

"I was very much concerned that Mr. Knox was not present at Bow church, till I waited upon him in the evening, when he gave for reason, that he knew it would be of no purpose, having met the committee the evening before, which consisted of the same body—that Dr. Young, Bishop of Norwich, and several others, refused to see Mr. Habersham's letter, or to attend to the subject. Somebody informed them that the executors had spoken very disrespectful things of the society and their missionaries; and it was farther observed, the executors had no right to employ any person without the consent of the society. These, in general, are the things Mr. Knox related to me. I advised with him whether, as his lordship had not put a negative upon me personally, I should not wait upon him. Mr. Knox thought I should; and that I should write something, and send it to his lordship first, lest, by sharpness of speech, he should prevent me from speaking my mind to him; accordingly, I retired to a friend's house, and wrote the following letter:

"MY LORD,

"IT has given me inexpressible pain to think that any misconduct or mistake, either in myself or the gentlemen intrusted with the affairs of the late Rev. Mr. Zububuhler, should prevent your approbation.

My being ignorant of the assigned means to obtain so desirable an end, I hope, will be an excuse in my favour, as it is strictly true, nor can I in any other way apologize for the honourable and worthy gentlemen in whose service I am embarked. I should rejoice in an opportunity to give your lordship the strongest proof of the uprightness and sincerity of my heart, actuated by no motive inferior to the glory of God, and the very miserable and benighted condition of those slaves, for whom no man can labour with a view to their spiritual interest, without suffering reproach. It is true when I first engaged in the undertaking, I was under no apprehension that this would be the concomitant of such an enterprise; but I have since learned by experience, that it is one mark among many given by the colonists, of their disapprobation of the instruction of their slaves. I would beg leave to observe to your lordship, that the 26th of last December was a day of so great distress as to render the annual return of it memorable to me, while memory will help me to recollect the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. From the gloomy prospect then before my eyes, and the imminent danger the most skilful mariner on board our ship acknowledged we were in, there was little room to hope I should have had occasion to solicit your lordship's sanction. I am persuaded, if your lordship were acquainted with my principles, they would afford you all possible satisfaction; as I have, through Divine mercy, derived them from that fountain from whence no impure stream can proceed, neither can vicious sentiments be found there.

“Encouraged by your lordship's patronage, I am once more willing to leave my dear country and

friends, and venture across the Atlantic, suffer inclement weathers, and, as must be the case to be of real service to the negroes, many disagreeable inconveniences and much weariness, if by any means I may be instrumental in turning some of them from darkness to light. But, if I am denied what is the only apparent means to give me acceptance, I shall consider it the voice of Providence, directing me to take up my residence again in my native land, till I shall be called to enter the rest remaining for the people of God. I shall esteem it a very singular honour done me, to be favoured with your lordship's countenance; and even though I should be denied, shall think myself under equal obligation to pray for your lordship's long life and increasing usefulness in the church, while I can subscribe myself, with submission,

“My lord,

“Your lordship's most dutiful son, and

Obedient servant, &c.’

“After his lordship had perused the above letter, he sent for me into him, and said, ‘I suppose you have heard what the society have concluded on?’ I replied, ‘My lord, I have; and as it is a matter entirely left to your lordship, I hope you will determine it in my favour.’ But though I urged the necessity by repeated arguments, the only reply he made was, ‘I can do nothing in it.’ He observed, coincident with the society, the will did not require me to be ordained; and when I told him I could not think of returning in my present circumstances, he said, ‘I must do as I please,’ and withal added, ‘Now Mr. Whitefield is dead, you want to throw

yourself under our wing.' He said, they had an objection against ordaining any person brought up to business; and frequently repeated, that 'Everybody might say they have a call to preach and that 'I had been a preacher with Mr. Whitefield, which was illegal.' To each of these I made a reply in submission to his lordship's judgment, but did not dwell upon them, remembering the circumstances in which I stood. At last he began to reflect very severely upon the executors for sending to Mr. Whitefield for a missionary, in a manner that it is not worth while to trouble you with a narration of, saying, 'The society has been used ill;' and concluded with these words: 'To be plain with you, Mr. Winter, we had information from America of your going over long before you embarked from England, and had warning, even though you should return home, not to ordain you.'

"I think I have been as just and circumstantial in my account as I can. I wish the prolixity of it may not tire your patience. The most disagreeable part I have to act, in consequence of my disappointment, is the resignation of my poor charge according to my intention, which I hinted when I was favoured with a meeting among you: for though I have the spiritual welfare of the negroes much at heart, yet I could not think my labours would be employed solely among them; and the importunities of my numerous friends to stay at home give me to know how much more acceptable I shall be among them than among the very few in the province of Georgia who will not dispense with my want of ordination.

"I bear upon my heart a very grateful sense of your generosity and kindness, in making me so ex-

ceedingly comfortable in my outward circumstances, and am sorry that by the necessity I am under to resign my charge, it has proved so fruitless an expense. I hope the Almighty, of his infinite mercy, will raise up some person more capable of, and successful in the important work, than it has been in my power to be. Whoever have been my hindrance I freely forgive them, and pray God it may not be laid to their charge. There will be a day wherein all the upright in heart shall glory, and in that day my motive for coming to Georgia will appear such as I shall not be ashamed of; nor will it then appear less evident that my resignation is not the effect of a fickle and unstable mind.—Since my rejection, I have waited upon every gentleman who I judged had any interest; and among the rest, upon Dr. Franklin, who has engaged to use his exertions on my behalf with the associates of Dr. Bray, of which society he is a member. In about a month I shall be able to judge of his success, and shall be glad to convince the executors of the Rev. Mr. Zubuhuhler of my good will to continue in their service; and in the interim I beg leave to subscribe myself,

“Gentlemen,

“Your very humble and obedient servant, &c.

“*London, February 26, 1771.*”

Just as I shut the door on leaving the bishop, he called to me, which led me to think the scale was turned; but he only said, “When you return to America let me know:” to which I replied, “My lord, I cannot think of returning without ordination:” bowing his head, he said, “Very well and thus we parted till the judgment day, —The thread

of the narration requires that I should introduce Mr. Clay's answer to the above letter, which runs thus:

“DEAR SIR,

“YOUR much-esteemed favour of the 26th of February last, I have now before me for reply. I should have answered it sooner, but waited the arrival of Captain Anderson, who, I had some hopes, might probably have brought us some better news in regard to the success of your endeavours to obtain ordination, hut I find to no purpose. God's will be done; he knows what is best for us, and will do it in that way that seemeth him best. Were I to say I am not extremely sorry for your disappointment on your own account, I should say a great untruth. I should have been very happy to have seen you in this land again, could you have come in a proper manner—I mean in orders: but as a friend, I could not, as matters have turned out, advise your returning here. There are many, very many, considering the number of our inhabitants, and some of those in authority, who rejoice exceedingly at your disappointment; and perhaps, if in their power, would render you all the ill offices they could. Indeed some of them, I am pretty sure, have been as industrious as possible already, to prejudice you all they could on this side, and glory in it. All this I know would be nothing to you, if you could have any prospect before you of doing good to souls.

“As I before observed, I am really sorry for your disappointment—but I must be free to say it does not give me half so much uneasiness on your own account, as to see that a door is so shut against us. Unless God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, uses

some extra means in our favour, this land, I may say land of darkness and ignorance (more particularly if applied relative to the people in the hack woods, many of whom I dare say never saw a Bible in their lives, or ever heard a Gospel sermon, and most of whom can neither write nor read), must be left without teachers, at least of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the true and only Saviour of sinners, unless we encourage those who are dissenters from the established church, which for my part I have not the least objection to, provided we cannot get others. But I must say that I think, if two men equally qualified for the ministry, the one of the established church, and the other a dissenter from the church, that the former would be more favourably received, I mean in this country; and for which reason I would rather wish to see episcopal ministers among us.

“What can our dignitaries think, or really one would rather ask, do they think at all? One would imagine, if we were to judge on this side from those they generally send among us as ministers, that their only care was to see that they were not religious men.—It is surprising that there is not one among them who would venture to ordain such persons as they should have reason to think would prove faithful teachers. This is, as I presume, for fear of the scoffs of their brethren. Much might be said upon this head, but perhaps it may be more prudent to be silent. A great part of your opposition at home, I am sure, has been owing to letters from Mr. Brink, particularly so far as relates to the society. I remember at one of our meetings, after that we had received a letter from poor Mr. Whitefield, acquainting us he had no prospect of getting a person in

orders for Mr. Zububuhler's estate, some of the gentlemen said that Mr. Frink said, if we would give him leave, he would write to the society, and get us a proper person out immediately; to which reply was made, that we had specimens enough of ministers of their sending out, and that they (the society) would be the last people we should think of writing to; and I believe added, that a person with no other qualification than Mr. Frink himself, could by no means suit us: all this I dare say was immediately carried to him, and was what I suppose the society meant by our speaking ill of them. I understand they think they have a right to be consulted in regard to a catechist for the parson's estate. They may think so, but it is a right we shall never allow them, nor shall we ever trouble them in any matter relative to it."

This was dated from Savannah, the 30th of June, 1771, accompanied with one from Mr. Habersham, from which the following is an extract:

"Perhaps few of your friends think themselves more interested in your success in getting ordination than myself, and I think I may also truly say, that few, if any, of your friends have a higher esteem or more real friendship for your person than I have, and therefore your disappointment has given me much concern, and I cannot help viewing it as a frown of Divine Providence.

"I had raised my expectation of seeing a church of Africans, and had fixed on you as the instrument, under God, to bring it about, and hoped that you would have been the happy man to have presented many of them to your Father, and'to their Father, with a 'Here am I, and the children whom thou hast

given me.' You know there are a few, and of no inconsiderable property, who would be glad to have their black servants become fellow-heirs with them, and partakers of the inheritance undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Is it then possible that the guardians and fathers of our excellent church should refuse orders to a man every way qualified, amply provided for, unexceptionable in his moral character, and heartily desirous from the best motive, the love of God, to engage in and promote so arduous, so painful, and difficult a work, as the conversion of those neglected and benighted people from, what shall I call it, prejudice or mistake? I could say more, but I forbear, not doubting but God will vindicate his own cause. I have by this conveyance written to good Lady Huntingdon, and have desired her to have some conversation with you on this subject, as you are circumstantially acquainted with the state and provision made for the mission here; and in case you do not see your way clear to return to us, a kind Providence may possibly point out some person properly qualified, agreeably to the will of the donor, to succeed you, who I may venture to say will be heartily received by those intrusted with the execution of it."

The review of these letters may seem tedious; but to any one who may think it worth while to acquaint themselves with the memoirs of a person who feels himself insignificant, it is presumed they will not appear altogether needless. As transcribed by my own pen, they may appear to savour of self-applause, but they are really inserted with no other view than to set forth a naked truth, as it relates to the ineffectualness of the methods pursued for my obtaining

orders in the church. At this distance of time, in which I review the whole affair, not less than a period of twenty-eight years, no other reflection should be indulged than what tends to excite a disposition to give glory to God. If we should not ascribe too much to men in a way of applause, as though they acted independent of God, neither should we be too severe in our censures, as though, in that part of their conduct which seems reprehensible, they conducted themselves by their own power or wisdom. The hearts of kings, and so of all other men, are in the hands of the Lord. Of promotion it is observed, that it cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south, but God is the judge. Though we may be disappointed, he is not defeated; all things are ordered according to the counsel of his own will. To the frustration of my hope, my venerable and dear friend, Mr. Berridge, refers in his letters, with a few sentences of which I cannot help making the conclusion of this. I give you also, though it relates not to my concern, his idea of the defeat of Mr. Whitefield's design, because of the singularity of the style and sentiment:

“It excites in me no surprise that the Orphan-house is burnt down. It was originally intended for orphans, and as such was a laudable design; but has ceased to be an Orphan-house, in order to become a Lumber-house for human learning, and God has cast a brand of his displeasure upon it; but how gracious the Lord has been to Mr. Whitefield, in preserving it during his lifetime! We all love to lay plans, and you laid a very fair one last winter, but your Master has shewn you he will not employ you as his counsellor.

“As to ordination, I can only say, pray and wait for a clear discovery of the Lord’s mind. If you find an eagerness for it, suspect that eagerness as the produce of your own will; but if you are backward, and yet disposed to comply if it be the Lord’s will, it looks well. Whatever I have undertaken with eagerness, has always miscarried; and what I have attempted with trembling, and some little reluctance, has generally succeeded.

“You had an eager desire to go to America, and it was a well-meant desire, but it does not seem to have been the Lord’s mind. At length you had a passage to America, and it seemed a providential one, and you went with joy, but returned with sorrow and disappointment.”

Perhaps good was done by going to America, of which I am not acquainted. With this conjecture I conclude this letter, and remain,

My very dear Friend,
Yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

GOODNESS and mercy were exercised towards me in that very event which appeared to be unfavourable. While I was in America, there was continual murmuring at the conduct of the British ministry. Yet little did I think a continental war was so near. I scarcely got my foot upon the Eng-

lish shore before I found the resistance of the Americans to taxes the general topic; and had I succeeded in my endeavours, I must have experienced soon the horrors of war. But, not immediately apprised of this, you may suppose the disappointment I met with was attended with a little shock. Though it produced some uneasy feelings, they were very inconsiderable, and over-balanced by the testimony of my conscience. I had used no shifts nor evasions to insinuate myself into his lordship's favour, judging them to be beneath the Christian. Some of my brethren have reflected upon me for trying, as they supposed, the whole bench to obtain ordination; but I never applied to any beside the Bishop of St. Asaph, after the Bishop of London refused me. The interview with the former was short, but favourable; he told me he would be my friend under the rose, but I did not wait upon him a second time. Some of the clergy in Dr. Bray's association required, in order to my having their interest, that I should renounce my present sentiments; but Dr. Franklin properly said he was persuaded I had too much honesty to do so: when he mentioned it to me, I told him I had no sentiment to renounce. A circumstance not unworthy of notice is, that on going out, I landed in Charlestown with two guineas in my pocket; and by making Mr. Whitefield a gratuitous present of half-a-dozen bottles of port wine, I was reduced to one pound four shillings. I acquitted myself properly in Georgia, and had some occasions to exercise humanity, and brought home twelve guineas.

Mr. Keen, who received me so cordially at my arrival home, was ever anxious to know the event of my applications to the bishops, and discovered a

degree of pleasure when he found my prospect shut up. He frequently said in a way of pleasantry, "We will ordain you: you had better go down to Bristol and bury yourself for a month, and then return to your old office of reading prayers at the chapel." I replied, I knew I was called to preach the Gospel, but did not know I was called to read prayers. He said they could have preachers enough. He asked me what I intended to do. I said, "Preach the Gospel." "Where?" "In the whole world, if called to it." The fervour of kindness before this had abated. I gave offence by using a sheet of writing paper, and the paper-case was locked up; and being asked if I could not get a lodging at my relation's, I took the question as an ejection, and left my quarters.

In the order of Divine Providence there is a strange combination of circumstances, by which what is appointed is brought to pass.—In the same year died Mr. Whitefield; Mr. Howel Davies, the head of Calvinistical Methodism in Pembroke-shire; and Mr. Adams, of Rodborough, the leader of the same cause in Gloucestershire and Wilts. Though the Tabernacle at Bristol was under Mr. Whitefield's auspices, yet, strange to say, in his will he made not the least mention of it. The trustees in London offered to befriend it, but would not accept it as part of their charge. All was confusion there. The two considerable men then depended upon were Messrs. Collet and Ireland. Preachers in that department were very scarce indeed. Mr. Croom of Rodborough, much against his will, had been detained at Bristol twelve months. Pressing letters were sent to me, particularly by Mr. Ireland and

Mr. Hogg, who also was a leading man in the Bristol and Gloucestershire cause, and, by the death of Mr. Adams, became senior preacher in the connexion. A very earnest letter from the latter, which would be proper to insert here if I could recover it, was the means of diverting my attention from the Bishop of St. Asaph.—Judging that in that letter the voice of Providence was to be heard very loudly, I released myself from the inconveniences of my London situation, and re-entered upon my ministerial labours at Bristol. I was kindly received by all. I endeavoured to act the part of a moderator, in which I happily succeeded. But it proved I had here a cup to drink, not the most agreeable to flesh and blood. After I had indefatigably served the congregation for more than six months, upon terms very different from those of the gentlemen who now serve it, I was dismissed under many marks of unkindness.

A variety of occurrences turning up at this time crowd in upon my mind.—It was the 8th of April, 1771, that I went to Bristol, and in about three weeks after, my very happy acquaintance commenced with my dear and most highly esteemed friend Mr. Howland Hill. This has been one of the greatest mercies of my life. It is now more than twenty-eight years that I have enjoyed it. If the same degree of honesty and honour had been in some pretended friendships that I have proved in him, there had not been such diversity in these memoirs. From the Sabbath on which I had the pleasure to introduce him into the Tabernacle pulpit, has religion been reviving through his instrumentality, and the flame has burned strong ever since. Other instruments may have helped it, but it began with him. May his dear and valuable

life be continued long after the hand that writes these lines is motionless.

He had come from the north, and it was practicable to detain him. He was then under the frowns of his family; by his devoted and invariable attachment to the Gospel, a distressed gentleman. I felt a peculiar attachment to him, and but from my constraint to the' ministry, which I found I dared not relinquish, should, *pro tempore*, have made a voluntary offer of my humble services to him as an attendant. At this time also I became acquainted with Mr. Joseph Shipman, who was one of the six students expelled from Oxford. My acquaintance with him commenced from a very affecting letter he wrote the Bristol society, who had partook of his short labours in the decline of life. I spent much time with him, and found it very profitable. He wanted services I was enabled to render him, and I found my being with him opened a door of many mercies to me. One anecdote I cannot omit to communicate. I had no more at this time than, literally, daily bread. Not returning to America, I had no farther claim upon the plantation. My twelve guineas which I brought home were exhausted. My dying friend used to remind me, that I wanted a new suit of clothes: I replied, when I could pay for them I would have them. Neglected by the Tabernacle connexions, I was at liberty for any opening Providence might make to me. Itineracy seemed to be my lot; but I was neither equipped for such a life, nor had I ability to equip myself. Mr. Shipman remarking that I wanted a horse, I said, if I run in debt for anything, it must be for that. I had occasionally hired one, for which I was disposed to bargain; but

when the bargain was made, I signified I had not money to pay for it, and thus became a debtor of ten pounds for a horse which carried me more than six years. A party of gentry which was at Clifton had heard of the pleasing frame of Mr. Shipman's mind, and was desirous of seeing and conversing with him. Captain, now Sir Charles Middleton,* was one of them to whom I dedicated Mr. Shipman's funeral sermon; he came to the Tabernacle to hear me, repeatedly invited me to dine with the party, and the last time, previous to my going away, surprised me with a present of ten guineas. This I note as a kind interposition of Divine Providence, though not the only one by very many since, whereby my wants have been supplied.—At this juncture it was that my honoured and worthy friends, Mr. Powis, and Mr. Hill, now Sir Richard, gave me the honour of their friendship. My introduction was by Mr. Rowland Hill. By several annual visits to them, and intermediate interviews, my exhausted cruise was supplied. I always found in Mr. Powis's family I iras out of my sphere, but studied to make myself as agreeable as possible; and though my ministerial labours there were attended with some peculiar difficulties to myself, they were in general useful to others. I visited the amiable widow of Mr. Powis repeatedly after his death, and always found a kind reception. I frequently paid a visit to Everton and its environs, and found the venerable vicar ever disposed to be kind and affectionate. The late Mr. Thornton, who refused to give me any help in procuring orders, and reflected upon my having engaged in the curate's place at Tottenham—

* Now Lord Barham.

court, became my warm and steady friend. He always promoted my exertions in the cause of God, was pleased at intelligence I could give him, and was free to communicate any that he thought I could use to advantage. He would sometimes invite me to London, and require from me the office of chaplain. By his munificence my wants have often been supplied, and I have also been enabled to relieve the wants of others.

In the spring of 1772 I first visited the society of Haverfordwest, and repeated my visits to that and the neighbouring congregations thrice, making a considerable stay each time. The requisite labours were hard, but they were amply rewarded by the influences attending them, and from the liberal disposition of the people; for spiritual things sown, ministers reaped carnal things in an abundance. Strange that some ministers should have returned from their Welsh tour to talk about their crosses, the greatest of which must have been an intrusion upon their time; they could not have had a defect in their bed or board. In the years 1774 and 1775 I paid two visits to a destitute congregation at Lancaster. I introduced the Gospel at Garstang, where I believe it continues established unto this day. Here I met with Mr. Winton, who has been many years, and is now, the minister of Exmouth—a Scotch youth, in humble life; I brought him off with me, and by one way and another provided for him, and taught him. He was strictly an itinerant student. I took him a long circuit, brought him round to Lancaster again, and finding it inconvenient to continue him my companion in travel, I placed him under Mr. Titus Knight, of Halifax, from whence he was placed under Lady Glenorchy's patronage. It was a bold,

some would call it a presumptuous undertaking, but the Lord put an honour upon it. From Lancaster I proceeded to revisit Yorkshire, where I had laboured in 1768, particularly at Leeds and Halifax. I paid occasional visits to London, and was admitted to the Tabernacle pulpit. In Tottenham-court chapel I preached but once for many years, and was surprised at the largeness of the congregation. Mr. Keen, displeased at my rejection of his motion when the bishop refused me, carried his resentment, and some say—a person by me least suspected, heightened it, so that I was become an alien to my mother's children. My interference in a very critical business at Bristol, wherein the glory of God and the credit of religion were very nearly concerned, created me a deal of expense and trouble, and exposed me to reflection. This respected a person held in the highest esteem by the religious and profane; a man who, though not in affluence, was allowed to rank with the polite, and was considered a gentleman. The circle of ministers, and Mr. Whitefield, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Kinsman particularly, never thought themselves happier in Bristol than when they were with him. He might be called the secretary of the Tabernacle, for he kept all the accounts. Not a flaw was in his character till the event referred to was discovered. He concealed it as long as he could—he divulged it to me, and I thought all to whom I mentioned it would applaud my conduct, and with me fly to his help; but they left me under the burden I had adventurously taken, and forsook the man in his distress they had honoured in his prosperity. To this conduct Messrs. Roquet, Hill, and Grove are exceptions. They stood forth; they eventually

rescued; and their attention to the same person proved that it was not imprudent in me to sympathize with a character who, if he had possessed an overgrown fortune, would have shone with it.

Gloucestershire and Wilts were the circle in which I more commonly moved. Wootton-under-edge and Frampton were, by Mr. Hill's instrumentality, added to the cause.—No stipend was connected with my labours, and the occasional gratuities I received were too inconsiderable to admit of my commanding a purse. I felt the importance of a place to retire in, and groaned under the want of improvement. My efforts were frequently discovered, and as frequently reproached by the enemies of literature; and our connexions abounded with too many who made little discrimination between study and sin. I furnished a room in the cottage at Christian-Malford, in Wilts, adjoining a malt-house which had been converted into a preaching place, of which I was extremely fond, and where I had an inclination to live and die. For this room I paid rent: here I collected my little library and papers, resorted to it as often, and stayed as long as I could; but as I paid for all I had, and my purse contained shillings rather than guineas, I could not continue there long at a time. It being unto me, whenever I could get there, a heaven upon earth, it may be supposed I left it with reluctance. I used to tell my honoured friends in Shropshire, that if in a day's time; I could be transported from their mansion to that cot, I should not, with the common fare of a small piece of bacon in a large dish of greens, miss the elegances of the preceding day's table.

Every now and then my inclination to be ordained

revived; hints given me in Shropshire encouraged it. The Rev. Mr. Stillingfleet's influence, and his disposition towards me, for I occasionally preached in his house, prompted it; but I doubted if it were my duty to be silent, and by that time I had accidentally laid hold of Dr. Wilton upon Subscription, and Toogood's Answer to White; both of which, with other writers upon the subject, I read with attention, and my attention by these authors was directed to things which I never saw before. An instance of the force of episcopal prejudice I must not omit here. I went to breakfast with Mr. Hitchen, one morning after my return from America. In the course of conversation, he asked me what I intended to do. I told him to get orders, if I could. He said, "I love a clergyman to my heart, and have had a great desire to go into the church; but (stretching out his hand, and laying hold of a flat volume which contained the Canons and Articles) these always prevent me." He referred to some particulars and made his remarks: when I left him, the conflict between prejudice and conviction was so powerful, that it made me ill; and, though so early in the day, I was obliged to retire to bed. Better informed upon the subject now than I had formerly been, my mind became settled; and I determined, if once I received ordination among the Dissenters of any description, never to invalidate it by submitting to any other. Though to be the pastor of a particular flock was congenial to my turn of mind, yet the strength of affection to my methodistical circle would not admit of my deserting it. I wanted to be more effectually useful among them. The want of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper being regularly admi-

nistered, was a manifest disadvantage to the work. Mr. Hill saw it and lamented it, and proposed my receiving ordination. I was to be ordained to the three societies of Castlecombe, Christian-Malford, and Chippenham, in Wilts. Though these were to be my more immediate charge, it was designed that I should continue my visits to the congregations in Gloucestershire, in connexion with my brethren, Messrs. Hill, Hogg, Croom, and Vines. The motion was accepted. It may serve as a sufficient apology for my having been a pluralist, that I had no stipend, but lived upon Providence, and was ignorant from what quarter my resources were to come. The poverty of the people not only prevented them from helping me, but rendered it necessary that I, out of my uncertain quota, should help them.—The day set apart for the solemnity of ordination was October the 2d, 1777. The persons engaging in the work of the day, were Mr. Joss, of London; Mr. Williams, of Stevancy, in Monmouthshire; and Mr. Clark, of Trowbridge. It was performed at my little Beth-el, at Christian-Malford, and it proved a blessed day. It was honoured by the conversion of a whole family; the parents died in faith, and the children are now walking in the truth. Mr. Clark opened with an exposition of the 34th of Ezekiel, from the first to the eleventh verse, and 1 Peter v., from the first to the fourth verse. He asked me such questions as were suitable, and required me to give confession of my faith. After prefacing with such observations and apology as circumstances rendered necessary, I delivered it. The three ministers, satisfied with it, then proceeded with prayer and imposition of hands to set me apart; the prayer was offered up by Mr. Wil-

liams, who afterwards proceeded to deliver the charge from 2 Tim. ii. 1. This was followed by a sermon from Mr. Joss to the people, from 1 Thess. v. 12. The whole service continued five hours; hut was so far from being thought tedious by the congregation, that numbers acknowledged they were strangers to every unpleasant feeling. My own soul was truly solemn, and I was so affected when I engaged in my part, that my speech was sometimes interrupted, and often broken. I engaged to take part of all the trials as well as all the comforts of the people I then was devoted to serve more immediately.

It was attended by a very considerable number of people. I suspected that many of the neighbours would have scoffed through prejudice; but, on the contrary, all behaved with the strictest decency, and numbers were in tears. I was suspicious some of my church friends would have been offended, but met with no instance of reflection; on the contrary, several expressed their approbation. One, in a note, said, "I can only attend in spirit, and by prayer at the throne of grace; and hope the Lord will manifest his gracious presence in a powerful manner to the hearts of those that attend, and renew your mission to a lost world."

One of the most regular clergymen sent me the following short letter, which I received the very morning I was ordained.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"OUR friends at Trowbridge have informed us that you are upon the point of receiving ordination as a Dissenting minister. I trust you will experience the blessing and presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, the great bishop of our souls, on this and every other

occasion, and that you will find this sanction useful to you in your ministerial employment. An external designation, though not necessary to the being of a preacher of the Gospel, is, where it may be had, ordinarily expedient to the regular ministration of the church of Christ. May we be enabled to preserve in all things the happy medium between resting in outward things and despising those institutions which the Church of Christ has ever approved."

None ever approved more of the order the Gospel requires than,

My very dear friend,
Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IT might be supposed that my ordination had been the consequence of a disposition in the people to meet my wishes; and that they intended to assist me with what was necessary for the supply of my wants, that I might be enabled to serve them as faithfully as I was disposed to serve them affectionately. But it was rather subservient to the advantage of others than materially useful to those for whose benefit it was primarily designed. The issue of it, and the subsequent Providence of God towards me, which has been wise and good, come to be opened to you.

I was allowed to bear all the expense of the ordination myself. The day after the service, I found my spirits much fatigued and very languid. After my friends left me, I betook myself to solemn retirement, which I spent in recollection and examination.

The retirement was as heaven to me, as much as earth would admit of; the pleasures of it were only damped by a conviction it must often be interrupted; for, supposing I could have kept in the circuit, the accommodations of the other two places, Chippenham and Castle-combe, were not equally comfortable, as they were unfavourable to the share of solitude I required for study. I might have been discouraged with the thought, that my purse did not produce subsistence for a month. But I made the best of the hour, and set my mind to such meditation as was suited to the ensuing Sabbath. Philippians iv. 1. opened readily and widely to me, and I went into the pulpit with the words in my mouth, and with the weight and importance of them in my heart. Wherever I cast my eye, I thought I saw my brother, my sister, and my mother. The ordinance of the Sacred Supper, which I afterwards administered, was attended with some favourable tokens that He, who graciously appointed it, was present. I proceeded to move conscientiously in the circuit, and to divide to each department of the household of faith, their portion of meat in due season. A proper regard was paid to the favourite object, itineracy, which I had been given to understand must on no consideration be dropped; and that the brethren in Gloucestershire might come into my district, I readily went into theirs. But I soon found the ordination had given umbrage; and though I endeavoured to explain the design of it to be as a fence against intrusion into the ministry, as of long establishment in the Christian Church, attended with evident marks of divine approbation, and suited to the well-organization of Christian society, it was considered in a different light,

rather subversive of the spirit of godliness, than conducive to real good. One of the preachers was a Baptist, and he had privately diffused his notions, with some success; a consequence was, that my baptizing infants, though I performed the ordinance with great tenderness to those of opposite sentiment, gave offence, and the offended absconded from my ministry. "Without assigning the reason, they first deserted the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and afterwards the preaching. How many are there, who, overheated with party-zeal, omit to cultivate the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and deny to others the claim they make for themselves—the claim of private judgment; and instead of living in the exercise of Christian charity, are cherishing animosity! Such persons read their Bible with a blind partiality, and they are not to be won by the most courteous deportment. It gives them a kind of diabolical pleasure to know that they grieve the spirit of the man against whom they set themselves. In hopes that I might see better days, I continued to bear with their weakness who were reprehensible, giving place to the services of my brethren, to whom my opponents were more partial.

At Castle-combe and Chippenham I met with more civility; but little disposition to render my life comfortable, or to conform to the order I endeavoured to establish among them. At Rodborough, Dursley, Wootton-under-edge, and Frampton, in Gloucestershire, my visits were acceptable and useful. Every one of these places was a field for much action. In each place I administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper as often as the several societies judged it necessary, or found it convenient to receive it. I grasped at retirement as I could catch it; but was often in-

traded upon, and the nature of my studies being discovered, subjected me to much reflection. I should have been much more acceptable to some descriptions of our friends, if, instead of endeavouring to acquaint myself with science and language, I had indulged long conversation upon what amounted to nothing; and instead of spending a few minutes had wasted many hours. I now and then, but seldom, saw London; and always had access to the Tabernacle pulpit when there; nor was the Tabernacle pulpit at Bristol shut against me, but no invitations were given to me, as to others, to supply it. As often as possible I returned to my little apartment at Christian-Malford, but while, notwithstanding the hard measures I received from some of its leading members, I enjoyed it in preference to every place upon the globe, it was not possible, for want of subsistence, that I should continue there more than a few days at a time, and then my hours were divided between the other two congregations. The malcontents continued to stand aloof, and I felt it very unpleasant to labour under the disesteem of a people who had received the fullest proof of my attachment to them.

Though I had been often grieved, and was much neglected by several of the leading people in the Methodist congregations, my affections were far from being alienated. My method of preaching was found fault with, as too orderly and exact; yet it always was attended by audiences respectable for number. Could I have moved regularly, and have commanded necessary retirement, I might have put up with a variety of inconveniences; but I often took very long and unnecessary journeys; and the plans, usually settled at Rodborough, on the first Wednes-

day in the month, were often innovated. I was now entered into the thirty-fourth year of my age, and while, on a review of the last twelve years, I had reason to be thankful for an evidence of God's gracious acceptance of my very imperfect services, and for the instances I met with of their having been useful, I had cause to be humble, and could not help feeling myself shocked on conviction, that I had, though unavoidably, neglected necessary pursuits. I considered that I was now in the meridian of life. My confidence in my present connexions began to weaken, and I felt much inclined, if Providence should admit, to become a resident minister.

On conversing with Mr. Sloper, of Devizes, with whom I had commenced a very steady friendship, which had stood with increasing affection for more than three years, he referred me to Marlborough, and encouraged me to make it an object of attention. I was struck with it, as being contiguous to my friends, with whom, notwithstanding hard measures received, I wished to continue in the bonds of friendship, and judged it would be a situation favourable to frequent interviews. Accordingly I made myself acquainted with the people, preached probationary sermons, and being accepted by the universal consent of the people, I commenced the relation of pastor to the church, which had been organized by the judicious direction of one of the senior professors, who had seen religion in that town pass under various revolutions.

As soon as I could see the probability of my being connected with the congregation at Marlborough, I communicated my intention of withdrawing from Christian-Malford, and its connexions—the several congregations in Gloucestershire. The intelligence

was not very pleasing, I observed it was a resolution from necessity, and for convenience; and that it was my wish to testify the continuance of my affection by visiting them as often as I could, and by making an exchange with their ministers, as opportunity offered. My most highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Hill, was not pleased by the event, but I presume he saw the propriety of it. He introduced me to my new charge, February the 2nd, 1778, expressing himself very warmly in my favour, and the next morning he left me to prove the justice of all he had said.

As soon as he departed my soul was filled with much distress, and an unusual gloom overspread me. I began to suspect the propriety of my conduct, and to be apprehensive that I had stepped out of the path of Providence. I retired to prostrate myself before the Lord, and entreated him not to forsake me. In the exercise of prayer I found relief; had a token for good, from whence I could conclude I should not be left in my new situation comfortless nor useless. Hitherto the Lord had brought me, and it was unavoidable but that I must continue dependent upon him. I had laid up nothing in store, and, excepting a little furniture and linen, and my little library, had nothing to bring with me to Marlborough. As I had engaged to serve the people for £30 per annum, I was under the necessity to set out parsimoniously. Mr. Whitefield's hints often occurred to me, and as I had previously to my settling at Marlborough adopted them, so in the early part of my residence there especially, they were of great advantage to me. It was well I had learned to be contented with a little, and to habituate myself to frugality.

By an exhibition obtained from the Independent board, and now and then a present obtained from my much-honoured friend Mr. Thornton, I was enabled to render a little assistance to the poor, as well as to defray my own expenses.

I now more than ever found the want of a greater share of literature. Marlborough is a high church neighbourhood and full of prejudice against Methodism, for under that appellation I was considered, and many of its inhabitants are men of letters: therefore, that I might not disgrace my profession through ignorance, any more than by making an ostentatious parade of learning, I entered sparingly into company, conversed with caution, and improved my time to the best advantage. I had no notion of studying merely for the sake of making myself an acceptable companion; indeed, to go on with my design, it was necessary that I should preclude company. I still kept the important object of an active ministry in view, which engrossed all my time. I preached thrice on the Lord's day, met a society on the Monday evening, stately preached a lecture on the Thursday evening, preached in the country on Tuesday, or on Wednesday, or on Friday, and very often had engagements on each day in the evening, and on Saturday held a reading and prayer meeting. From this rule I seldom deviated, and at the same time held a correspondence, of which I have before remarked that it took up too much of my time, and diverted me from more important pursuits in my younger years; latterly it has become indispensable.

Our congregations grew, and some good was done; but the prejudice of the neighbourhood was very powerful, and the young people, as is usually the

case, imbibed it. Some indiscretions previous to my settlement had created disgust, nor were they entirely removed at my coming. I found as I gained knowledge of my flock, that I had need of patience, while I had cause for thankfulness. I was not a stranger to the Divine presence, neither in my retired moments nor in my public work. Always weakly, I felt the weight of my office. I never gave myself to intense thinking, but with disadvantage to my health; nor was it without a considerable degree of languor that I passed through the exercises of the study, or the pulpit. The closeness of the country-houses in which I preached, and the different changes I passed from heat to cold, had a hazardous effect upon my frame, which, though often shocked, has not been suffered yet to fall. It has been matter of surprise to me that I have been so little disabled, amidst such sensible weakness as I have experienced. Many great men have fallen while I have continued to stand. Sturdy oaks have been torn up by the roots, while I, a shrub, have only been bent by the strength of the wind. Why this difference is best known to Him who suffers nothing to occur by chance. Our times are in his hands who hath given us our work, and till our work is done, our day will not close. Every star has its fixed period for rising and setting. It has its hemisphere appointed to it, yea, and its-orbit also. We move arranged in our places and do the work for which we are appointed: one shall not do the work of another, but every man in his own order. It becomes us to watch the appointments of Providence, to walk in his paths, to take care we do not clash with each other, neither to envy nor despise one another; but in our respective stations to act as

the different builders in the same house, who, by-taking their respective parts in the same edifice, aim jointly to bring the fabric to its perfection. You, my very dear friend, are an exact, may you be a very successful workman, in his hands, in whom

I am.

Yours, affectionately.

LETTER XV.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I TAKE it for granted, in what I have remarked on the Divine conduct with me, you conceived that I have rather been stating facts than complaining of difficulties. Nothing occurred which was insupportable; no disadvantage was thrown in my way but was remediable. My first settlement at Marlborough had many inconveniences attending it, which a more liberal subsistence might have prevented, and after awhile, I judged they were only to be relieved by matrimony. I supposed there would be a delicacy in addressing a person of property, myself being destitute; and I conceived I should gain no relief by forming a connexion with one in circumstances equally narrow as my own. I considered my advance unsuitable to the commencement of family cares, especially as I had no prospect of becoming considerable in circumstances. I made it matter of prayer, that I might be directed to a suitable object by the good hand of Providence, which had hitherto enabled me to steer my course prudently. A friend, who well knew my sentiments upon this head, and con-

ceived them proper, encouraged my indulging attention to Miss Brown, well known to the neighbourhood, whose respectable character and conduct procured her universal esteem. He introduced me to her. She was supposed to be very affluent, from the great liberality she exercised to the poor, for which she was enabled, rather from industry and economy, than from patrimony, or from the considerable profits she gained by a small farm, which, in conjunction with her youngest sister, she rented and superintended. When I had been repeatedly in her company, and was satisfied with her genuine piety, I addressed a plain letter to her.

After some little hesitation and objection, raised only from the opposition my offer was like to meet with from a numerous family, I found I had firm ground upon which to advance. The opposition arose from my religion, and the idea that I was devoid of integrity, and an honest design. This idea no encomium in my favour could remove. Some little stratagem was used to prevent our union, but I went forward with a fixed determination to enjoy my object, not doubting that time would produce a conviction which testimony could not, and that I should be a gainer in the end. Therefore, on the 20th of April, 1799, we entered into wedlock. We had previously considered that our joint income, being about £55 per annum, would not admit of our living in splendour, and we had laid our plan answerable to our pittance. By this we regulated our life, and experienced the blessing of the Lord upon it. We erected our altar for sacrifice as soon as we came from church, upon which we then presented our joint offering. We have continued regularly and stately in the presentation,

and though it has been attended with all that imperfection which has rendered it unworthy of the notice of a holy God, yet, for the sake of his ever blessed Son, we have reason to conclude it has met with acceptance.

I supposed now, that I had before me my only work in which I should be engaged, the work of the ministry, which I determined, in the strength of Divine grace, diligently to attend, and I did not suppose my family would consist of a third person. But God's thoughts and purposes were different to my thoughts and expectations, and events occurred that set me at the head of a large family in a very little time.

In the days of my itineracy, I had often said, that if I were ever settled I would give some poor child a common education. Recollecting my resolution, I fixed upon the eldest child of our deacon, Mr. John Simmons, a poor, but deserving man; I taught him from his alphabet, till he was made fit for business, into which I was instrumental of introducing him, and in which I believe he is now going on very prosperously.

In the first year of my marriage I had occasion to go to Bristol, and among others I called upon Mrs. Higgs, one of my first acquaintance in the city. She said, "I have long wished you settled for the sake of Tommy," who was the youngest of her two surviving children, then little more than ten years old; "I expect," said she, "you will now take him," adding, "I care not what you do with him, if you will but take him." He was a sweet, amiable child, who had enough in him to attract my affection. I signified my attachment to him, and that I had not the least

objection to receive him, but that I was not sure Mrs. Winter would accept the offer; however, I proposed to take him upon a Christmas visit, with a design to return him again if Mrs. Winter would not consent to keep him. The dear little fellow accompanied me with all readiness. On our parting, Mrs. Higgs said, "I give him to you." I replied, "I accept the gift," little thinking what was to be the event. His engaging and open conversation every step of the way home, in which he gave strong indication of a mind under some pious influence, riveted him to me. Every friend I called upon was fond of him, and when we came home he was universally noticed with esteem. His pious disposition, which I certainly cherished, was improperly ascribed to my care of him. This induced Mrs. Turner, of Trowbridge, to press a favourite nephew upon me, whom I very reluctantly accepted, not because he was unworthy of my esteem, but because I feared to have more of a tutor's business in hand than I was equal to. Mrs. Turner conceived, after awhile, her nephew had caught the flame of piety from my lamp, and reported such high things concerning me as impressed a gentleman of Bath; and by this I was drawn into an extreme difficulty. I used every method consistent with prudence to divert his attention from me. We were as yet a little happy family indeed. The children loved our worship, had been used to my ministry, could be taken with us on a journey; they sat and sang comfortably with us by our fire-side, entertained us by their prattle, and ran upon our little errands; but by taking the sons of a gentleman, I conceived I should take children used to a superior line of life, rather unfriendly to our religious views,

and in other respects very unsuitable to me. My intimate neighbours, to whom I had communicated the difficulty I was under from the gentleman's unwillingness to receive my refusal of his sons, pressed me very much to increase my number to six, observing I should find my account in it.

Had I been convinced in my own mind that I should have done right in opening a school, I could easily have collected scholars, and by providing a proper assistant, should have made the business easy; but, from the small acquaintance I had with letters, and the little confidence I was inclined to place in men, I could not be convinced I did right, nor could I be satisfied that it was prudent fully to state the reason of my refusal. Committing the event to God, and knowing that I designed his glory, I yielded to the gentleman's motion, who fixed the day for his two sons being at Marlborough. They came accompanied by the good mother, who was so disgusted at the report of my being a Methodist, and by the plainness of my accommodations, that she took them back with her immediately to Bath, without assigning a reason, or giving me an opportunity to exchange three words with her. This affair was attended with a little shock, which, owing to the shattered state of my nerves, I was not able to bear, and it occasioned my neighbour's, who were all out at their doors, to conjecture the cause. But I was soon reduced to a state of composure, and concluded it was the way Providence used to prevent a greater trial. In a few weeks after, however, the young gentlemen were brought back by the good lady's consent, and the connexion issues in permanent friendship with the eldest brother, who hath given me opportunity to

shew my attachment to him for many years; and has proved himself worthy of my most cordial esteem by many pledges of his own for me. Accidentally, I have laid my hands upon a few lines accompanied with two handsome volumes, sent me by the above-mentioned young gentleman, soon after we parted; which may be considered as the beginning of a correspondence, and I think it a tribute of respect due to him to insert it here.

“SIR,

“I HAVE not time at present to write a letter, but only a line, to inform you that I shall never forget the many kindnesses I received while under your care, and beg your acceptance of the enclosed as an acknowledgment of them.”

It bears date September 1, 1783. At my request he was then removed, but returned to me again by his own earnest desire. He now fills a benefice in the establishment, and may he long continue to fill it, and preach that Gospel, the truths of which he acknowledges to have received while at Marlborough. You may conceive of his continued esteem by the following extract from one of his letters

“After a long interval of silence, but not of forgetfulness, I again break in upon you—forget you indeed, I cannot; for whenever I enter my pulpit, or sit down in my study, I find myself expressing ideas I have learned from you, and which bring with them the remembrance of my much-respected friend.” Speaking of the liberality which should subsist between the church and the Dissenters, and the true nature of worship, he says, “You know,

and I feel this: for from you I learned it, and I am often happy that I have passed a part of my life under your roof, as it has prevented me from imbibing many illiberal and unjust prejudices, which several both in and out of the establishment are got to entertain." "I have just attentively perused your letter again. Every kind exhortation that comes from your pen has its full weight upon me, and I hope God, of his infinite goodness, will enable me to follow it." The writer of the above was one of twelve, whom I had together at one time. Of all of them, it may be remarked they were fine youths—they engaged the esteem of the neighbourhood, and gained me credit—they were as my own children. They enabled me to keep a cut loaf, and a running tap for the poor. If I recollect the fatigue, I recollect also the pleasure I had with them, when I could keep them to business—when I was witness to their progress—when their voices were engaged in the praises of God—when their innocent conversation at the table gave vivacity to my spirits, particularly after a third public service on the Lord's day, when they contributed to relieve me from the sensibility of weariness, and when, dismissing them to their rest, I received proof of their affection, and embraced them in my heart while I pronounced upon them the blessing of my lips.

Mr. Higgs was my *primus*. I had laboured to make him useful to me, and he was essentially so. He grew in stature and in knowledge. He was a constant, and I believe a willing attendant upon the means of grace, and very feelingly entered into the spirit of the sermons he heard. I encouraged his views of the ministry, and promoted his preparation

for it, by a liberal education; consequently, though, he was my right hand, as soon as I had carried my exertions to the uttermost, I knew it was my duty to part with him. But his parents were not equal to the expense, and by the advice of Mrs. Verbruggen, the lady who for a time made one of our family, he was sent to Lingen, in Westphalia, from the mistaken notion that his education would be more completely finished, and at a far less expense, than at one of our universities.

I went with him to London, and there commended him to God. It was intended that he should continue at Lingen two years; but after the absence of little more than half a year, I received him again. This was owing partly to disappointment to what was our object; but principally to his own extreme dissatisfaction, founded in causes of moral and religious complaint, both in the seminary and the university: nothing could be more licentious than the habits of the students, while a dreadful dearth of everything good prevailed. Previously to his return, which was October the 30th, 1786, I had been diligent in securing him clerical friendship, to enable him, in proper time, to enter the establishment, to which his turn of mind led him. I thought I could do him service by introducing him to my highly respected friend, the Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Wingfield. He kindly acceded to my motion, and made him upon very easy terms, *pro tempore*, one of his family. There, and at Marlborough, he spent his time till he entered Oxford, which was the close of the long vacation, 1787.

How wonderful are the ways of Providence! That all the mortal part of the dear youth, with whom so

many pains had been taken, should have been in the silent grave at a time when we expected he would have been in the full vigour of life, proclaiming the truths of the Gospel of the grace of God, is one among the many mysterious events that call for submission. It is with peculiar satisfaction I reflect that you, my dear friend, are continued a blessing to a part, a large part, of the church of Christ.

I am, yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

IF sloth in any department of life be a blemish to a character, it must be a very dreadful one in that of a minister; but a minister may be free from the charge of sloth, and yet not perfectly busy. To spend the hours and days in composing a few sermons, smooth and elegant to the ear, which should be employed in preaching many with energy to the heart, is a waste of time. Of many good men it may be said they are laboriously doing nothing whereas if they would study usefulness, they would give many of those moments to public labour, that are now devoted to unnecessary exactness. The thought applies to country ministers who are surrounded with villages, but communicate the Gospel of the grace of God to none of them. When there are real and insurmountable impediments to exertion, a man is free from the reflection; but if circumstances and situation favour diligence, and a man is not diligent, he is inattentive to the direction, "work while it is called

to-day." Village preaching is of importance to usefulness. I am glad such powerful efforts are now used to support it. To carry it on was always an object with me. I diligently attended to it while I was at Marlborough, but my attention to the school, and the studies to which I was obliged to turn my mind in order to discharge my duty in it, relaxed my attention to this important object. I therefore wished I had it in my power to support a young man of pious character, and of improvable gifts, who might receive my communications, and by preaching in the villages, habituate himself to free speaking. Though the idea of such a person was in my mind, I knew not where to look for him; and if I had met with him, I was at a loss to know how I should support him.

Mr. Surman, an excellent youth in humble life, always engaged my notice when I preached at Dursley, and I seldom left the congregation without exchanging a word with him; but as I hardly ever had time upon my hand, we did not abound in conversation. Being upon a visit in Gloucestershire, in the Midsummer of 1782, and having appointed on a Lord's day to preach at Frampton, entering the court, I unexpectedly saw him. Instantly I had an impression for which I cannot account, that I must take him to impart instruction to him, and to introduce him into the ministry. I desired him to meet me in my retirement; I was under such a fever that I suspected at the same time I should be laid aside. I begged him to read the Scriptures to me, by which I found his deficiency. I asked him if ever he thought of the ministry. He replied, he had; but could not indulge it, as he concluded there was no

opening in Providence. I proposed his coming to me under certain terms, which he approved of, if he saw, on prayer and deliberate consideration, it was the Divine will. When his mind was fully satisfied, he acceded to my motion, settled his affairs with great integrity, and gave himself first to the Lord, and then to me. Surely I may venture to call that an act of faith, which was engaged in under what I conceive to have been a divine impression, and for the prosecution of which I had no prospect of support. The event has shewn it was of the Lord. Mr. Surman soon proved a very acceptable and useful minister, and a very consistent character. For the sake only of giving him an opportunity to learn the world, I sent him upon a pleasurable excursion to London, where his preaching gained such attention, that in less than three years after he came to me, he was providentially taken from me, and yet fives a blessing to the church at large, and to a particular society, more immediately, at Chesham in Bucks, over which he was ordained pastor. May his life and usefulness be prolonged.

Soon after Mr. Surman came to me, Mr. Yockney, of Warminster, signified his desire to retreat from secular life, to devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel. He was already blessed with rich experience, and of decent education. Given up to God, and fond of retirement, he made the best use of a little time, and by his assiduity in my absence, I was released of anxiety about the school, as the best care was taken to keep my little folks to business, and the devotions of the family, by these two good men, and Mr. Higgs, were regularly carried on. As Mr. Yockney purposed paying for his board, I had no

difficulty about accepting him. He was happy and useful with me, till removed by Providence, and soon after obtained a settlement at Staines, in Middlesex, where abundant honour continues to be put upon his ministry.

It was at this time our services were required, and freely given, in the village of Tisbury, that gave you birth. Several months previously to the 2nd of April, 1785, my eye was upon you, my dear friend, more immediately than upon any other in the congregation, and my heart knit unaccountably to you. Making inquiry concerning you of Mrs. Turner, she mentioned your name with the anecdote which distinguishes you in her life. I told her I was impressed with an idea that I should one day have you under my roof. You having perfect understanding of all things from the very beginning, can trace the occurrences of this period respecting yourself. You recollect the number and the order of our family, and the worthy female friends who made part of it. How applicable to the description of our happiness and harmony is this stanza!—

“The day glides swiftly o’er their head,
 Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shade
 Their nightly minutes gently move.”

To all that was kind and amiable in you, my dear friend, under God, we were, in part, indebted for that happiness. You contributed your quota to it, and had your share in return. O blessed villages which were favoured with your respective ministerial abilities! O highly favoured Marlborough, whose streets were then occasionally thronged with them

who went to and from the house of God, and had their hearts filled with joy and gladness! I bless the Lord for all that he since has done for you, and by you.

Mr. Spicer must not be forgotten. He came at the desire of his uncle into our family, and is worthy to be had in remembrance, though after a long and fair trial it was found, that large as his capacity was, his want of elocution prevented his acceptance. He stands high in my esteem, and is, I believe, the beloved of the Lord.

The editors of the "Evangelical Magazine," vol. v. page 47, have given the life of Mr. William Griffin—a truly valuable life, and with this concise and general testimony I refer to his biography. Besides our stated times of devotion, our breakfast and tea-readings were considerable, nor were we wanting in recreative conversation. To rise early and retire early, was one of our maxims. Our partings and meetings proved we were in the bonds of friendship. The Lord made us to be of one mind. But we became scattered in time; and the weight of the school resting entirely upon me, from a necessary regard to my health, which was much impaired, I became determined to break it up.

About this time my affairs began to wear a different aspect to what they had done, and a variety of occurrences disposed me to think of leaving Marlborough. I soon began to feel that in giving up my school, I had given up such a measure of my substance, that my circumstances were in danger of being involved. I was quite at a loss for a while to determine what to do. I had devised many things, but could bring none of them to bear. I felt reluctant at

leaving the place where I had laboured hard. The neighbourhood at this time was reconciled to me, but not to my ministry. My sole success had been with the poor. A most dreadful failure had turned out, which had ruined one of the principal families who attended my preaching. By interfering to prevent a marriage, which I conceived would prove injurious to the parties, I had made an enemy of one of my first professing friends; and a circumstance in addition to the whole, turned up to convince me I must remove. The meeting-house was the private property of Mr. H—k, from whom I received £10 out of the £30 per annum, for which I stipulated. He was very rapidly going to the grave. His sons were by no means like-minded with him. The eldest of them continued his attendance upon the word in general. Having one Sabbath-day evening a very crowded congregation, as I usually had, and knowing the dissipated state and disposition of many of the young people, I preached a very plain, faithful sermon. It was certainly all applicable to Mr. H—k; but I did not think of him, nor did I know he was there. However, he considered it as a personal address to himself, and protested, when he went out he would never hear me again. I saw that I must soon decamp, or sink into a most uncomfortable situation. I had an attachment to Devizes, and supposed Mr. Sloper, who knew it, would have been disposed to keep me in Wilts, the state of his health requiring assistance, for which his people were able and willing to provide. I had been in long friendship with him, had shewn him sympathy, and rendered him help, under many of his domestic and church trials. A friend from Gloucester had been with me, to whom

I freely communicated my difficulties. He gave me encouragement to make an offer of my services to the church and congregation at Painswick, in the county of Gloucester. This was a county to which I was partial, but I held myself bound by the fidelity of friendship to Mr. Sloper, not to take a step without first consulting him. He signified he could not advise me what I should do, and referred me to the leadings of Providence. I was then in a disabled state, under a fit of the gout. I wrote to my friend in Gloucester, to say that if the church at Painswick were disposed to give me encouragement, I had no objection to put myself in the way of their notice. I had given warning to quit my house, without knowing whither I was to go. At that juncture of time the congregation at Painswick were so disunited in their sentiments of a gentleman who stood candidate for their service, that he withdrew his motion, and on the mention of my name, they unanimously agreed to accept me. An occurrence of Providence that much impressed my mind was this: Mr. Edwards, of Stratford-upon-Avon, being about to leave his people, and going upon a probationary visit to Wilton, pressed me to pay a visit to Stratford. I engaged on my return to preach at Painswick, and while upon my journey, wrote to Mr. H——k, signifying my design of leaving Marlborough, stating my reasons, and appealing to him for the propriety of my conduct. But before my letters could reach his house, he was almost suddenly removed into the eternal world. This information reaching me by a letter from Mr. Higgs, threw light upon my steps. The house, which during my residence in Marlborough had been always open to me, and from whence many favours

had been communicated, was, on the father's death, instantly shut against me by the heir; nor would he permit me, though invited by the rest of the family, to accompany the remains of his father to the tomb.

The long acquaintance the people at Painswick had with me, and my preaching being so fully known by them, made them indifferent to a probationary visit; though, strange to tell, for a faithful hint, misunderstood and misapplied by a ruling elder, I had been excluded from the same pulpit seventeen years! The good old man, whose authority barred me out, has ever since our connexion been a stanch friend, and we have lived together in the strictest amity. He had long held the reins of government in the church, and was strongly prejudiced against Methodists, of which description he had considered me. He had been mortified by contradiction; but amidst all his prejudice, was of too great integrity to indulge war, and experience has taught me, he was to be won by prudence and patience.

As soon and as quietly as I could, I disengaged myself from Marlborough, but with vast pain of mind when the crisis came. I had some distress on Mrs. Winter's account, who had never before left the vicinity of her birth-place, and by the change of her situation was withdrawn from a circle of affectionate relations, particularly from her sisters. Yet I had reason to be thankful on perceiving her strive so magnanimously against her feelings, and on her complying so readily with the motion of Providence. On balancing my accounts, I found myself in arrears, and my removal was attended with an expense considerably above what was allowed me. A deplorable disaster attended my goods in removal; but the

combined trials were attended with a combination of suitable mercies, on the review of which fresh gratitude arises in my mind. A disposition to trust in the Lord was granted me at the time, and I knew by experience the import of those words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." I had just succeeded in procuring Mr. Higgs his college subsistence. It being the time of his long vacation, he was with me, and was very useful in assisting our removal. By visits to his school-mate, Mr. Horlick, he well knew Painswick; came a little before us with Mr. Spicer; and on the 2nd of August, 1788, received us on the spot where I am now writing. It is a farm, the property of Mr. King, to whom I have above referred. It is beautiful for situation. It is half-a-mile on the north of Painswick, and six miles south-east of Gloucester. It was offered me as a temporary accommodation; but I told my friends if they could make it convenient to let me dwell by them, I would seek no other. In a habitation at one end of the farm-house, the dimension of the principal room of which is thirteen feet in width, fifteen in breadth, and six feet eight inches and a quarter in height, I lose sight and sense of every inconvenience, as happy as I can be in this mortal state/ in the advantage of peace, fresh air, and retirement. Mr. Higgs says to his brother, in a letter soon after our settlement, "I am charmed with the solitude of Mr. Winter's situation. I see nobody here but the family; I have no companion but my books. I cannot describe how happy we are." Little did he think he was to be gratified, and that so soon, when, with his pencil, he wrote upon the wall of the room where he slept and studied,

"Hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo."

I perceived no indisposition upon him, till a little before he returned to College. The day he left us to enter upon his term, he was not quite well, nor alarmingly ill. I have no letter by me that I can find, previous to the 29th of October, informing me of the increase of his indisposition; but in consequence of information from Miss W——e, his elect, of his being indisposed, I wrote to him.

“MY DEAR THOMAS,

“IT has given us no small concern to hear, by letter received on Saturday from Miss W——e, of your indisposition. It would have less surprised me, if I had not previously heard on Monday, that the disorder in the head and eyes prevails very much. Yet that does not alleviate my fear from the fits returning upon you, as I find you have had them more than once. I have been led to account for it from some shock you received in Bristol, from your father’s situation, and other family occurrences. I may be out in my conjecture. If I am not, I would request you not to dispirit yourself. It would hardly be right to desire you not to feel the loss of a parent, supposing I could regulate your passions: but any little disappointment that may attend, of a pecuniary nature, need not discourage you, as no doubt but the resources which close at home, will open abroad. If you are in God’s way he will provide, and bring you through the difficulties of College expenses. While you perform the part ôf a faithful steward with the pittance you have, more shall be given you as it is needful. Let us know as soon as you can, how you do, and write freely of all that is upon your mind.

No more of your letters shall transpire than may be necessary to give your friends pleasure; to hear from you, is gratifying to us all on this peaceful spot. I hope by this time you are restored to the use of your sight, as well as to your former degree of strength. It is a loud-speaking Providence to be so afflicted, and I am persuaded you are disposed to improve it. Since we hold every faculty upon such uncertain terms, how careful should we be to improve them to his glory, who gives them freely, and can deprive us of them at a moment's warning, or even without warning at all! Let your attention in future be much employed in the Scriptures. Transcribe them from the leaves on which they lie open to the eye, into the book of your heart. You will find your want of them for your own personal comfort, and for your ministerial furniture, if you mean to work upon your own stock; that is, if by meditation, and not by plagiarism, you prepare for the pulpit."

I might have spared my advice for the pulpit employ. He was worse than I apprehended. A gentleman of his hall became his amanuensis, and in his name writes thus, in reply to the last extract:—"Since the reception of yours, I have been so indisposed, as not only to be unable to write, but even to dictate a letter.—My disorder is considerably increased.—On Monday last I had four epileptic fits, which have left behind them a very nervous affection. I sometimes begin to think that Providence intends to cut my work short here, and to take me from this world of misery. Patience must have its perfect exercise, and I desire complete resignation to the Divine will. It certainly is a great affliction to be deprived of the amusement which reading affords.

Oh that I had used my time better when I had it in my power! One of the most disagreeable symptoms of my disorder is a palpitation of heart, from which I am scarcely ever free. The happy time will come when it shall cease its throbbings. As soon as I have kept my term, which will be next Monday week, I intend going to Bristol, and to put myself under the care of Doctor Ludlow. Miss W——e will accompany me to Bristol, and if I recover my strength, we intend coming together into Gloucestershire.”

On the 20th of January, 1789, I received the last letter he ever dictated.

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“YOU will perceive that I am yet unable to write, and when I shall be able is very uncertain indeed. We have been long expecting you in Bristol, but imagined the rough weather, or some unforeseen circumstance, prevented you. No friend ever comes more grateful to our family, but more particularly to me. As I am sometimes ready to imagine I shall need little more of your kindness, I have reflected a good deal upon the abundant measure I have already received. I hoped Providence would have afforded me opportunities of shewing my grateful sense of them: if it should not, be assured they were not lost upon me. My whole frame is much out of order, my eyes very little, if any, better, since you heard from us last; I dare say you will think my situation very melancholy. Confined to my fire-side ever since the Christmas week, with my eyes so dim that I am unable to read or write, or see any thing distinctly; a painful seton in my neck, my mouth much affected with the mercury I have taken, and my legs swelled

for want of exercise. You will think ray case very hard, and be ready to condole with me.—But spare your pains, my dear Sir. I grieve not for myself, I -have not an uneasy thought. The reflection, that it is not a thousandth part of what I deserve, makes me resigned to the dispensation, though gloomy, and I adore the Divine mercy, in preserving me from the pains of hell. The physician has just been here, and has ordered another seton to be cut in my temple to-morrow: it is a painful operation, but it is of the Lord'; let him do what seemeth him good.—If we meet not again here, I hope we shall in a better world, where separation will no more take place.

“I remain,

“Dear Sir,

“Yours, affectionately,

“THOMAS HIGGS.”

On the receipt of the above, I went to Bristol, and found him as he described himself, with other serious symptoms upon him. He seemed very desirous to come to Painswick, and with difficulty effected the journey, in the beginning of February. I sent for Miss W——e, also, which was a great gratification to him. She nursed him with great tenderness and modesty, and was a painful witness to his drawing his last breath. He was frequently very cheerful—but not very communicative. He engaged sometimes in family prayer; and when his pains were not severe, was very attentive to any one who read to him. In the evening previous to dissolution, he exclaimed with an innocent soft accent, rather as surprised than terrified, “Oh dear! I have entirely lost the use of my limbs.” Finding he could enjoy

the recumbent posture on neither side, I fixed myself on the holster, and supported him between my knees in my arms. It pleased him, and now and then we exchanged a word. Grateful acknowledgments frequently proceeded from him for kindness received. Soon after he said, "Oh dear, I am going!" and without a struggle he instantly became a corpse.

It has been asserted that a stranger cannot feel like a parent, but I deny the assertion. Oh, how did I feel when I relieved my arms from the dear youth, who knew no more of an uneasy posture! Before that decisive moment how many anxious fears filled my breast, lest his mind should be beguiled! How earnest were my exertions to preserve that spark alive, that I was desirous to see advance to a flame! Disappointed in my expectation, I was ready to say, I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought, and in vain. But reflection corrects the conclusion. Oh no, it was not in vain. He is not a minister in the church, but he is a saint in light.— He was exceedingly beloved by his associates at Edmund-hall. A circle of them, with whom I breakfasted, told me in his absence he was an honour to their society. His tutor, in a letter he wrote to me, in return to that wherein I announced his death, says, "I sympathize with you very sincerely on the loss of this amiable youth, whose good example in our society will long be remembered with pleasure and sorrow. From the little probability of his restoration to useful life, I consider his removal from this state of suffering, as an instance of that mercy on which he was enabled to build his hopes. The will of the Lord has been done by him; however the fond

expectations of short-sighted men have been frustrated, I am persuaded he has not lived in vain.”

In all this you have an opportunity to review the life of him, whom Divine sovereignty saw fit to cut off in the flower of his days. You are spared, and long may you be spared if it be God’s blessed will, after the hand that guides this pen can no more admit of my subscribing myself.

My very dear friend,

Yours, affectionately, &c.

LETTER XVII.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE brought you within a very few paces of my progress, and if, in travelling through the former pages, you find it tedious, you may now proceed with pleasure from the idea, that after a very few steps more, you will have a long halt. You have frequently, yet not so often as I could wish, seen me in my cottage of content, where my motto would Hie, if I were to put it over my door, “*Parva parvum decent.*” But as I came to Painswick, not to please myself, but to finish the work my heavenly Father gave me to do, I proceeded according to the opening of Providence. At my first coming, I collected a class of children and young people, among whom I opened catechetical lectures. I was not contented with exact answers to the questions of a prescribed formulary; but I wanted to prove the attention and the genius of the children, and to discover if there were

any principles of grace, that, under proper nurture, would appear to advantage. As well, therefore, as hear them the Assembly's Catechism, I asked them questions extempore, and often received such pertinent and significant answers as rejoiced my heart. By this means I singled out several, of which number was Mr. Wood, who, while in a course of education for the ministry, died with me, and of whom there is a short account in the Evangelical Magazine, vol. ii. page 207:—Mr. Hogg, of truly amiable disposition, and who is now just entering the establishment:—Mr. Clift, of Frome, who, with an improved understanding, started early, and has hitherto worn well. About the same time I received from the Devizes, Mr. Sloper, now useful and happy at Plymouth. I was uncertain of help, but confident it would be granted, as there was occasion for it. Mr. Welch, by your motion, intrusting me with the care of three students upon his own foundation, I placed Mr. Clift and Mr. Wood upon it, and applied to Mr. Golding, late of Croydon, to come as the third. Blessed be God, I have lately been witness to his growth, and perceive he is ripening in his gifts and in his grace. By the motion of the late Mr. Thornton, I took Mr. Griffin, who with the greatest credit passed his three years with me, in diligence and usefulness; and is well known for the very respectable and useful manner in which he acquits himself in the pastoral charge at Portsea, Hants. I might mention Mr. Underhill, who was determined to be with me almost upon any terms; but, alas! though he did run well, he is hindered, and he is the only one of all the sons I have brought up, in whom I cannot rejoice. Disengaged in the order of time from these, I thought.

now I could do no more to serve the church of Christ in this way, and proceeded to accommodate myself to the retirement of the study, and the exertions of the pulpit, till my mind received a farther impression in favour of Mr. Richardson, who is my faithful Achates. He is the fruit of my ministry, endeared by his steady and uniform deportment. It was with more than former caution I watched to be satisfied that it was right to call him from tools to books; but when fully satisfied, I proceeded upon the old plan. He is now with me, as a son with a father, and it appears as though our separation will not produce a distance of more than thirteen miles. His gifts have made him an object to the people of Frampton, with whom I think he will settle and be happy.

In the complete eleven years which have revolved over me since I have been here, I have met with little in my pastoral connexion to disturb or afflict me. Family differences, personal prejudice, and some instances of immorality, have proved a source of affliction; but these and a few other proofs of human imperfections excepted, I am surrounded with a poor, simple, pious, affectionate people, who contribute willingly, though slenderly, according to their ability, to my subsistence; and for whom I will very gladly spend, and be spent.

I have more reason to be thankful for, than to complain of, the attention shewn to my ministry. Though death and incidents continually occur to produce changes in our congregation, it continues respectable for number. The inhabitants of the town have their strong prejudices against the system I hold myself bound to support; and the preaching of it out of the church renders it additionally obnoxious.

Yet they shew respect to my person. I am indeed in a station of mercy, which I have no disposition to exchange for another. I have my times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, in the congregation, in the family, and in the study. No one can conceive, after a third service on the Lord's day, my mind having been free in my wort, and having had reason to conclude the word has been made a blessing, with what joy and tranquillity of mind I return to my mansion in miniature. It affords me all I want till I get where there are rivers of pleasure.—I realize a few lines I have met with in Pope, and which I a little alter, for the sake of expressing what for full eleven years I have enjoyed.

“Here humble joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease;
Here I most sweetly pass my tranquil days,
And would devote them to my Saviour's praise.”

I am within two months of entering my fifty-eighth year. Infirmities, to which I never was entirely a stranger, press upon my constitution, and weariness results from almost every degree of exertion. On reviewing papers necessary to be inspected to bring this memoir to its conclusion, I find fourteen years back I was exercised with the same symptoms as beset me now—but the Lord has been my support, and having obtained help of him, I continue unto this day—I am amidst all capable of relishing life, but I would not by the enjoyments I am capable of, and with which I am indulged, be hound. Rather I would indulge a desire to depart and to be with Christ, and would wait for his summons. Whenever it may please him to call me hence, I expect to meet

with acceptance only in my Saviour's righteousness. All my salvation is in him; independent of him I am nothing, and hope for nothing. My deficiencies are many, but I would not indulge one of them. Each, as discovered, is a cause of mourning. Nothing that I have done, or that I can do, will afford me satisfaction. The whole is the effort of an imperfect and impure creature, whom it becomes, in gratitude, to study to advance the glory of God, by whom he is made a monument of grace, by whose kind providence he has been supported and preserved, and who remembered him in his low estate.

To God—the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, I commend you, my very dear friend.—That he may be your God for ever and ever, and your guide through a very long life, even unto a late and easy death; and that your yoke-fellow and offspring may abound in the blessings of Providence, in the exceeding riches of grace, and with you finally partake of eternal glory, is the prayer of,

Ever yours, affectionately, &c.

Painswick, Aug. 17, 1799.

TO

THOSE GENTLEMEN IN CIVIL LIFE
WHO WERE ONCE UNDER THE CARE OF THE

REV. CORNELIUS WINTER,

AS SCHOLARS;

AND

MORE ESPECIALLY TO ALL THOSE IN
THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY, WHO ENJOYED THE
UNSPEAKABLE ADVANTAGE OF HIS
TUITION AND EXAMPLE, AS STUDENTS;
THIS ATTEMPT, TO DO SOME JUSTICE TO A
CHARACTER,
WHICH, AS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE
FOR THEM TO FORGET, SO IT IS HOPED
THEY WILL ALWAYS ENDEAVOUR TO RESEMBLE,
HE TAKES THE LIBERTY TO REMIND OTHERS.
IS INSCRIBED BY ONE WHO
IS DESIROUS TO FEEL HIMSELF THE OBLIGATIONS OF
WHICH

W. J.

MEMOIRS
OF
THE LATE
REV. CORNELIUS WINTER.
PART II.
CHAPTER I.
HIS LIFE CONTINUED.

IT has been seen by the date of the preceding letters, that Mr. Winter's account of himself, leaves near nine years of his life unnoticed. He was often urged to carry on the relation; he intended it—but it was delayed till the purposes of his heart were broken off. It remains therefore for the Editor to take up the narrative, and bring it down to the closing scene; and this can be done much more easily than the recovery of any earlier periods of his history. Indeed, the events that require particular notice are not numerous.

In November, 1800, he met with a very painful

affliction, which confined him for a long time from his public work, but gave him an opportunity to glorify God in the fires; and proved how graciously qualified he was to suffer all the good pleasure of his will. He thus describes it in a letter to a friend: "The accident happened just after I had left a venerable dying woman, whom I had been to visit. After proper conversation, in which I found much heavenly refreshment, we prepared for prayer, by reading the 12th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Every word was precious; but the 9th, 10th, and 11th verses came with such light and energy to my soul, that I could have immediately preached from them. The matter of my prayer far exceeded the sick woman's case. I prayed that God would prepare us for whatsoever he had prepared for us, and made a particular resignation of myself into the Lord's hand. It was a very heavy, rainy night. I was at the bottom of a declivity, upon the plainest ground. I never walked more cautiously: but my foot slipped, and the master-bone of my leg was broken in two places."

The fracture appeared extremely remarkable, as he did not strike his foot against a stone; nor bend his leg under him; but fell backward. He was near a mile from his house; and as the only chaise in the town was absent, he was conveyed home in the best vehicle that could be procured. Many followed the cart with tears, to his cottage. He was taken out, and laid upon the bed—but before he would allow the surgeon to proceed, he begged that all might be permitted to come up into his chamber.—He then offered up a prayer with such composure, and with such particularity, entering into all the cases which

he commonly noticed in family devotion, that it will never be forgotten by any who heard it.

What the state of his mind was, will appear from the following extract of a letter to the Editor, which he dictated a very short time after:—"I need not tell you that the consequence is confinement upon the bed, in one posture, and very acute pain. But through the goodness of God, I have an experience to relate that redounds much to his glory; and if I was not disaffected to the egotism, I should use it much upon the present occasion. Shall I venture to tell you, that I am a stranger to murmuring and impatience; that I am in a state of entire resignation; that I have given myself quite up to God and to the surgeon; that though I may groan in the dead of the night, it is merely to soothe the pain; and that I can soothe it better by prayer and praise, and reciting the word of God, than by groaning! I have dismissed all anxiety from my mind. I, who am naturally impatient of suffering, had as much happiness as I was capable of containing the night after the accident, and ever since have known no sorrow. The reason is, that, through grace, I am the heir of promise; and as is the promise, such is the veracity of him that hath made it. His promises are apposite to our exercises, and when the trial comes, then comes the fulfilment, at least to such a degree as the exigency renders necessary. As I am overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness and mercy of God, so I am with the sympathy and kindness of my neighbours in general, and my friends in particular. There is much mercy in the dispensation that I cannot exemplify upon this paper. I believe it is the prevention of some great evil, and that it will be productive of some great good. But

though. I have thus expressed myself, I remember I am yet in the body, and not out of the reach of the enemy's temptations, which may put dimness upon the pure gold, and cause me to be the very reverse of what I describe. While I think I stand, I hope for grace to take heed lest I fall; and as our continuing constant in prayer is instrumental of security, so to be aided by the prayers of others, I esteem a very great blessing. Pray for me, then, my dearest friend, as I do for you. The petition of the present moment is—Lord, keep all his bones, that not one of them may be broken.”

He continued to feel and display the same spirit through all the months of his confinement. Faith and patience had their perfect work. All who were witnesses of the affliction were powerfully impressed by this passive preaching; and the surgeon who attended him, more than once made a remark to this effect—“Till I visited this man I thought religion was only a mere opinion, or something to talk about; but if I am not happily possessed of it myself, I am now-convinced that there is a reality and excellency in it.” At length, by the use of his crutch and his staff, he was enabled to reach town, and by sitting in the pulpit, discharged again all the three services of the day. Enervated by his affliction, preaching at this time appeared to him very formidable, and he often thought he must resign it. But it was rendered a blessing, and the congregation was enlarged.

Owing to the increase of hearers, and also the decayed state of the place, it was deemed desirable and necessary to rebuild the meeting-house on a larger scale. The people, by all their exertions, could only raise a spall proportion of the sum required for this pur-

pose; the remainder was to be obtained by an application to the religious public. This called him forth as a beggar; and few of this order ever met with so much encouragement and success. His name [had prepared his way. Many rejoiced to honour his case personally, and also to recommend him to their connexions; and the difficulties which arose from his modesty and reserve, were more than counterbalanced by the promptitude of friendship.

But these excursions not only proved how high he stood in the esteem of thousands, numbers of whom he had never seen before; but gave him opportunities, which otherwise he never would have enjoyed, of an interview with many of his old friends, and of seeing the grace of God in the various churches, by which he was made glad.

The journeys, however, were often tiresome and painful; and in a multitude of applications, he sometimes met with repulses which his tender spirit would very sensibly feel. The want of more rest and retirement was also frequently trying. But he was determined to persevere, and rejoiced in the thought, not that he should have a better local accommodation for preaching than before, but that he should leave a place convenient, large, and unincumbered, to a successor. This he often mentioned with evident satisfaction, accompanied with the remark, that it was not probable he should occupy it long himself. It was opened on the 13th of June, 1804.

“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.” The word intends every thing by which grace is tried; and this applies not only to distressing events, but also to prosperous ones. Many have endured indigence and calamity, who have been sadly injured

by a successful change in their circumstances. But the deceased had on the armour of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left. As when afflicted, he was not swallowed up of over-much sorrow, so when indulged he was not exalted above measure. He could say, with Paul, "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound; every where and in all things I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

It had been seen how he could suffer, it was now to appear how he could possess. An addition was made to his income, which, though it would have been inconsiderable to many, was far from being so to him. As I wish to make the subject of these memoirs, as much as possible, the writer of them too, it will be proper to insert here a few extracts from his letters, relative to this affair.

To his esteemed friend, Mr. P——e, of Stroud, who had been once his pupil, he writes: "Mrs. Shepherd, to whose kindness I am indebted for a competent subsistence, was a fellow-orphan with me in the same family. She gave herself at a proper time to Mr. Shepherd, who was a man as poor as herself. By a series of events they prospered. But our friendship was broken off for many years, owing to a fraudulent act in which they both were guilty, having taken an advantage of a defect in her uncle's will; and I never was in company with him after. I provoked him sadly the very year he died; he might have put an effectual caveat against my ever inheriting his property. He left every thing to his wife; and when making his will he said to the

attorney, that she had a cousin whom he knew she would take care of. She sent for me up to London, in August, 1803, desired that we might support friendship, and before I left town, made her will in my favour, leaving only a legacy of £10 to a neighbour. She had a wish to live with us, arranged her affairs accordingly, and, wonderful to say, came to us on the 7th, and died on the 9th, of June, at the very hour she had entered the house. She had settled all things so exactly, that no man ever had less trouble in taking possession of property than I have had. It will be little more to me neat than £150 per annum—a great estate to me, who have all my lifetime been in narrow and uncertain circumstances, and will make me easy to whatever period God may see fit to continue me here, and will enable me, if I precede Mrs. Winter to the eternal world, to leave her comfortable. The more I review the Providence, the more I am filled with astonishment. I am thankful, but not elevated; and think myself highly responsible to the Giver of every good gift, who remembered me in my low estate, and in my latter years has dealt so bountifully with me. I have no change to undergo; I shall neither eat nor drink more, nor wear better clothing; yet I would rather lay out than lay up.”

In a letter to Miss C——l, Bristol: “By this affecting Providence I am carried above necessity. My conscience obliges me to restore a sum of which I knew a widow had been unjustly deprived, and which therefore makes a part of the property; whether, after this, it may make me worth £150 per annum, I cannot say; however, I presume it may be something towards it. I receive it with great solem-

nity of spirit, rather than, with elevation, and adore the hand that has committed it to my trust. It is given rather to improve to the good of others, than to devote wholly to myself. My case is the reverse of hers who said, 'I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.' I entered life empty, and prevented with the blessings of his goodness, I close it with the enjoyment of bread to the full."

Addressing his very dear friend, Mr. L——e, of W——m, Shropshire: "Had she died in London, I should never have received her whole property, as she lived among thieves. Her coming to Painswick, with intention to live, and dying exactly on the four-and-twentieth hour after her arrival, is an event that exceedingly affects me whenever I think of it. The change it has produced in my circumstances is truly humbling in my mind; elated I cannot, I would not be. Little did I think, while we were entering Worcester, and I was mentioning to you the probability of my surviving Mrs. Shepherd, that her property would so soon fall into my hands; but thus it is, that God is often thinking of, and providing for us, when we are least apprehensive of it.—Blessed be his name, I have never known what anxiety for futurity is; but under narrow and uncertain subsistence have dwelt at ease. I do not now find an additional want, I have no alteration to make in my mode of living; but as the steward, who is required to be found faithful to the talent intrusted to his care, I wish to impart of the favour imparted, and to consecrate it to God, from whom I have received it."

No person ever acquired a fortune with so little envy. Every one rejoiced at the intelligence, and

the joy was as sincere as it was general. He derived indeed little or no personal benefit from it; it is questionable whether he had upon the whole so much coming in as before, since casual gratuities from various quarters now failed—people having a quick sagacity in discerning that a man no longer wants their assistance—while the number of applications and dependants multiplied. Imagining himself, however, independent in his circumstances, he resolved to alienate his ministerial salary to the support of an assistant, whom he deemed necessary, both from the state of his congregation, and his own growing infirmities. In consequence of this he was led to resume a work which he had declined for some years, and engaged two more students. These were Mr. Lane and Mr. Daniel. While they relieved him from one of the services of the Sabbath, they added to his mental fatigue by his attentions to them in the week; but he rejoiced to see that his labour was not in vain. They both became very acceptable preachers: Mr. Daniel is fixed in a scene of activity and usefulness at Kingswood, near Wootton-under-edge; Mr. Lane, after being compelled by threatening symptoms to refrain for a season from public exercises, is likely to settle at Wells. These were his last pupils.

The following two letters will serve to render this account more satisfactory, while they express feelings that do him honour, and apprehensions that were, alas! too soon to be realized.

The first was written about two months before his seizure, and was addressed to Mrs. S——r, of B——s, who had been much with him previous to her marriage, and for whom he entertained a paternal regard.

“MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER,

“I SIT down purposely to write something to you—I wish it may be something profitable, for otherwise a letter is nothing worth. The occurrences of the day came of course to be mentioned. You have heard we have left the hill, and answer the purpose of a tent by residing where Miss Loveday used to reside.—Mrs. — spent upwards of a month with us here.—Could she have been reconciled to all the inconveniences of an invalid family, she would have been cordially welcome to have stayed till Christmas; but our mode of living is so very different to hers, that I do not think she was quite comfortable. The fact is, that my fortune is reduced below the expected sum per annum, by the change it underwent, and the taxes it is under; so that though in itself a great blessing, economy is required in the use of it, especially as I have many mouths to feed upon it, besides those of our own family, that I may not entangle either it or myself. I have a turn for a little elegance, but I must dispense with it, content with ordinary things and common decency. I see my mercies more than my disadvantages, and desire that murmuring may never take the place of the great gratitude due daily to the God of my life. I am disappointed in not seeing more genuine religion produced by my labours. Some I hope fear God, and walk before him, but many are so irregular in their walk, that I fear for them.—I hope matters are different at B—s. I find the short time since I was there, has produced changes. Some have quitted the stage of life, and left vacant seats in the house of God; others are removed; while instability has turned away a few,

yet our dear friend has a considerable number, by which his hands are strengthened. O that they may be his present joy and his future crown of rejoicing! How surprised I was to see him so full and fleshy! He credits his soil, his pantry, and his nurse. May you, my dear daughter, be long continued to be his comfort, and may his life be coeval with yours, that, at a very late period, you may both have such a retrospective view of life together as will excite a repeated tribute of praise. I need not say daily consecrate yourselves to God. Keep the mind heavenwards; let your friends see that you live in the suburbs of the celestial kingdom. Do not let the world engross you in any degree. Whether it smile or frown, be alike indifferent to it. Conceive of it as it is, fleeting and uncertain. Take the refreshments provided for and suited to the pilgrim, but do not set up your rest where you should only bait. Prepare to meet your God. I hope to be regulated according to the advice I give. I have need; the full allotment of the life of man is pretty near its period, and decay discovers itself, if not so perceptible in the countenance, yet in the feeling of the loss of spirits and strength. Were I in the vigour of my days, inattention to the eternal state would be unallowable. How much more is it at three-score and five! But with all the infirmities and imperfections of nature, not to say sins, I can truly say my desires are ever towards the Lord; and I would be on the constant look-out for my great change, and be daily waiting for my dismissal, rather than be taken up with the trifles of sense—whatever consequence the world may give to them. Will the world ever be wiser than it is? Yery weighty are the

measures Providence is using to make it so. The judgments of the Lord are abroad in the earth, and our nation is like to feel the force of them. A great deal of distress now prevails. Failures in this neighbourhood are incessant. They who were considered wealthy are reduced to the greatest straits, and the trade that is carried on, is so depreciated, that it is asserted, the manufacturers cannot get a living profit. Such is the state of things, and consequently the poor feel exquisitely. My good wife is as well as may be expected, and so is Mrs. Tyler, to whom we are much indebted for her kind exertions. They unite in salutations to you and my son, from whom I shall be ever glad to receive a line. If he will commission you to use his pen, and you will accept the commission, it will be equally and very acceptable to,

“My ever dear daughter,

“Your very affectionate father,

“C. W.

“*Painswick, Oct. 16, 1807.*”

The other was addressed to Mrs. S——r, Birmingham, and was written only a month before his death.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

“IT is so long since I wrote to you, that I am ashamed to think of it. You are nevertheless often in my mind, and I set you upon the list of my old friends. I am yet in life, yet in the house of God, yet engaged in the ministry of the word. But I am waiting for the change when I shall rank with per-

feet society in the world of blessedness, where we shall see no war, nor hear the sound of a trumpet, nor have hunger of bread, as is the case with many of our dear brethren on the Continent, and would have been as dreadfully so with us, if God had punished us as our sins deserve. I am getting old and feeble. I am before my years in constitution, and have been ever since I was a child. So trying I find the ministry, and so many trials have I with my people, that I have been tempted to give it up. But yet I dare not. Be thou faithful unto death, is a peal in my ears, and turns the inclination of the mind. It has been the lot of others, as well as of myself, to have their labours defeated, and to be pained with the worst of all disappointments. A few years will deliver me from my pain and convey me to my rest, and I hope it will be found that however great the ground of my complaint is, that all the labour is not lost.—Our neighbourhood is and has been for some time a neighbourhood in affliction.—Mr. and Mrs. B——r are in the situation where I was at the hill, and I with my good old woman am at the brow of the town, a very short distance from our place of worship, where we shut our eyes at the inconveniences we enjoy. My good wife is in cheerful blindness, desirous of inward illumination. Mrs. Tyler is as well as may be expected, passing her days in devotional retirement, and acting as far as she can in Mrs. Winter's stead. Both unite in affectionate salutations to you. Do you find increasing encouragement from your attention to the school? Do the walls of prejudice in any degree fall at L——d? Persevere, my dear friend, though under discouragement. Some good may arise from your endeavours that may

diffuse itself to posterity. A little stream may convey downward a great mercy, and from your maintaining your ground, the barren wilderness may become a fruitful field. According to this idea I am led to keep my station. The work has derived but little advantage from me; may it greatly increase, by the instrumentality of another, when I am in the grave. Wherever there is to be found one given of the Father, the Son will make his claim to him, and find him out, and according to this truth will be the success, or non-success, of the ministry. What news does B——m afford? Do the Miss W——s appear benefited by the means of grace? Their being so will prove a great satisfaction to you, as the contrary will be your affliction. I hope Mr. W——is prudent in his management of them, and that by his being near to God, he will communicate something to them that shall remain with them for ever. I hear different tidings from W——y, but I hope in the main the work of God is going forwards in both departments of the church in that place, notwithstanding the late awful instances of human depravity.—Do, my dear friend, let us hear from you soon. As I suppose Miss W—— is with you, I take the liberty to send my Christian salutations by you, and remain,

“Yours affectionately,

“In our dear Lord Jesus,

“C. W.

“*Painswick, Nov. 6, 1807.*”

CHAPTER II.

HIS SICKNESS AND DEATH.

MR. WINTER was much older in constitution than he was in age. His strength was never considerable; but for a length of time previous to his removal, he had been generally complaining, and frequently so indisposed as to render the discharge of his work trying and difficult.

December 13th, 1807, he exchanged pulpits with Mr. Jeary of Rodborough. This was the last Sabbath of his public ministry; and two things are observable. Here he preached his first sermon in Gloucestershire; and thus he ended his career in this county where he began it.—And his concluding discourse was 2 Corinthians, v. 1. “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”—The congregation was peculiarly impressed. Many said he seemed to be preaching his own funeral sermon.—So it proved.

He slept that night at Mr. Hogg’s. In the morning he came to Mr. William Cooper’s, Southfield-house, Woodchester, and offered, if agreeable, to spend the day, and take a bed with them. In the afternoon, as Mr. Cooper was writing to the Editor, he wrote on one part of the sheet—

“MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,

“THOUGH I have nothing particularly to communicate, I have wanted to write. A long silence is

hardly consistent with the reciprocal regard that subsists between us. I sometimes hear of you that you are pretty well; sometimes that you are but indifferent. I hope the former is more generally the case. I rejoice in your acceptance; and trust the result of your labours is usefulness in all the variety for which the ministry is appointed. I wish I could give you a pleasing account of myself but I cannot. My powers of late have been much shut up, like water frozen, rather than like a flowing stream. Indeed I have been very, very, very poorly, and when I am forced to preach, it is in a way that is very, dissatisfying to myself. My voice fails me, and you may judge of a sermon that is without voice, as well as without energy of mind. But what is to be said of an exhausted candle? The lower it burns the dimmer the light. I have been tempted to give out, yet knowing that where I do not stand in the way of another I ought to stand as long as I am able; I resist the temptation hitherto. When you have half an hour's leisure let me hear from you, and give me all the good news you can.

“Yours ever, and very affectionately,
“In our dear Lord Jesus,
“C. W.”

In the evening he seemed tolerably well, and prayed with his usual excellence. But in the night he was seized with a bilious fever; and though he came down in the morning he was obliged to return to bed, and continued much afflicted all the day. In the evening of Tuesday, Mr. Payne, of Forest Green, visited him, and after an hour's interview and conversation, prayed with him. He said that his friend

who had peculiarly referred the issue of the affliction to the Lord's disposal, had precisely expressed his own wishes. Though the night was restless and painful, in the morning he rose and came down, and expressed a wish, that was not to be diverted, to go home. His friend conveyed him to Painswick in his carriage, and Mrs. Cooper accompanied him. Before he left the house he said, "I cannot leave you, ma'am, without my blessing." He kneeled down for the last time in this abode of friendship; but so exhausted was his strength, and so low was his voice, that he could not be distinctly heard by the servants, who were more remote from him; and so overpowering was the effect of disease that he was scarcely able to say any thing all the way to his house. Yet after he reached home nothing seemed very alarming, and for some days the physician was not called in. During the week of his return he wrote to a friend: "I was arrested in my progress, and brought home a prisoner. I write from my bed to inform you of it. I did not know on Tuesday morning but I should have seen the Judge of all. I have no prospect of coming abroad soon. The Lord sanctify all his dispensations, and it will be well with us, however severe they be." Hence on the 28th, he wrote the following note to William Cooper, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"BY a poor man who stops a few hours at Mr. Hillman's, I thought it right to drop you and Mrs. Cooper a line. It only expresses the grateful sense of your kindness to me, not only during my confinement at your hospitable mansion, but for conveying me home. I have been a prisoner ever since, but it ap-

pears the hour of release is approaching; and I hope, if no relapse comes, on Sabbath day to resume my services in the congregation. I have reason to be thankful for a mind kept in perfect peace, and for such visits of mercy as amount to an indication that the Lord has not been dealing with me in anger. Oh, my dear Sir, how desirable it is to be weaned from this world, and to die to it, before we are called to die out of it! Reason and religion concur to remind me that I cannot be long here; a respite I may have, a reprieve I cannot expect; that which sin has made terrible, the redeeming love of the Lord Jesus has made delightful.

“To die is gain, and to be kept at a distance from death is therefore in reality a disadvantage—but it is not without its accommodation to them who live unto the Lord. That you and Mrs. Cooper may be richly accommodated with grace till you are meetened for glory, is the prayer of,

“My dear Sir,

“Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

“C. W.

“Mr. Jay bears in mind his obligations to you, and, *Deo volente*, intends performing his promise. Kind respects to Mrs. Wilks, and hope Mrs. Butler is in merciful circumstances.”

Before we quite leave Woodchester, and to anticipate a little for the sake of avoiding repetition—The mansion that had entertained the deceased a few weeks before, welcomed the Editor when he went to attend his funeral solemnities. This circumstance produced what is here inserted, and which would not have been made thus public, had it not been to

gratify a friendly request. It was impromptu; the sudden unstudied language of the heart, which it was deemed unfair to alter.

WRITTEN, AND LEFT IN THE CHAMBER IN WHICH MR. WINTER WAS SEIZED FOR DEATH, AT THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM COOPER, ESQ., WOODCHESTER.

AND was it in this house of peace,
 Of friendship and of love.
 WINTER, the Man of God, receiv'd
 His summons from above?
 With lamp full trimm'd and burning bright,
 And loins well girt around,
 In waiting posture long he stood,
 To hear the welcome sound.
 Born from above, and thither bent,
 And longing for the skies:
 How sweet the voice that met him *here*.
 And softly said "Arise!"
 And, ripe for bliss, to him ere now
 This call had long been given—
 But he, the joy of doing good
 On earth, preferr'd to heaven..
 The world, the church, the young, the poor.
 Ah! these detain'd him here—
 For us he pray'd, he preach'd, he liv'd.
 And pour'd the friendly tear.
 Hence, wing'd for heaven, he linger'd still,
 Nor was in haste to fly—
 But having taught us how to live.
 Would teach us how to die.
 "My Father" cried Elisha, when
 Elijah left the earth—
 And THOU hast claims to filial love.
 As strong as those of birth.

A son of thine, dear saint, here kneels.
 Thy shining flight to trace;
 And bless'd, could he thy mantle catch.
 And share but half thy grace.
 When Jacob on his journey slept.
 And saw the ladder near;
 The top of which e'en pierc'd the sky.
 And God was standing there;
 "How dreadful is this place," he cried,
 "How sacred is the ground!
 Here have I seen the house of God,
 The gate of glory found."
 Inmates! or guests! whoe'er you are,
 That in this room may lie,
 Remember—*here* our Winter *slept*.
 And here began to die.

To return to Painswick—He had collections of his papers brought to him, and inspected them, destroying, as well as preserving many. He remarked, that it was unreasonable for him to give his surviving friends so much trouble. It would appear, from hence, that he deemed the time of his departure was drawing on, even though he might be permitted to visit the house of God again. What the state of his mind now was, the following letter will discover.—The Editor sets a peculiar value upon it, because it was not only the last that he received from his ever dear and honoured friend, but also the last that was written by him.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"THE morning after I wrote to you I was seized with a cold shivering, followed with a violent

bilious fever, and this attended with an inflammation in my right leg, from which I have not the least relief. The fever continues to lurk in me, and I am a complete invalid. Hitherto I have had such pulpit help as the neighbourhood affords, but it is too inconsiderable. I have an inclination to make an effort to come abroad next Lord's day, but it is very doubtful whether I shall be able; but if I do, I fear I shall not be capable of collecting matter that will be a stay to me, so barren is my mind and inadequate to fixed thought. I have been a long time out of order, and my limbs exceedingly affected by every little damp which has come to them. My mind amidst all is calm and placid, and I am desirous that the will of the Lord may be done in the issue. We are sure the Lord does that which is right, and however exercised we may be with pain, it becomes us to live in the exercise of submission. What if this be the presage of dissolution? I hope to consider it the presage of release from sin and its effects; and that, through the grace of our adorable Jesus, I shall attain to the full salvation which his sufferings and death have made sure. I am pleased at the good account you give of William. May you escape the pain arising from undutiful children, and have all the blessings arising from obedience and affection. My love to Mrs. Jay and the family.

"I am, my very dear Friend,

"Affectionately yours, in our dear Lord Jesus,

"C. W.

"Painswick, Dec. 31, 1807."

This was written in bed; and being finished, the hand, which the writing proved was beginning to forget her cunning, laid down the pen for ever.

The relapse of the disorder increased its violence, and seemed to threaten mortification in the right leg. His friends had now every reason to fear the result, and if prayers and tears would have retained him, "Our brother had not died."

There would have been nothing unsatisfactory if the life of such a man had closed in silence. We are prone to lay too much stress on a few dying expressions. Yet the words of departing saints are precious. They convince, and they encourage.

Such stupefaction did the last stages of the disorder produce, that the dear deceased had not many intervals in which he could command the use of his reason. His benign and venerable countenance was viewed with the most sympathetic interest, while he was sleeping away the hours that kept him from the joy of his Lord.

Even his mild and gentle rambles were all in character with the man; and each lucid moment was filled up with prayer, thanksgiving, and friendship. He often mentioned his connexions byname, attended with some devotional expression. Every time he took refreshment, or medicine, he verbally implored the Divine blessing. On the Wednesday night previous to his dissolution, being asked by his nurse how he was, he replied, "I am a little languid, but I bless God that he has brought me thus far, in such an easy manner." Soon after, he desired the three first chapters of the Epistle to the Philippians, to be read to him. He paid particular regard to those passages that speak of ministers and people in their

relation to each other. He said, "He had laboured for the young, but feared he had not been very useful, yet he hoped the good effect of it would hereafter appear."

He said, "If God were to refer the event of the affliction to me, I would refer it to him again. I feel to this world as a weaned child."

On Friday one of his brethren, Mr. Bishop, of Gloucester, visited him. When told that he was come, he lifted up his eyes and hands with surprise and pleasure. Mr. Bishop said to him, "I hope, Sir, that you are happy?" He replied, "Yes." His friend added, "It is but a short step from earth to heaven:" with a feeble, but distinct voice, he echoed, "A short step," and then added, "I have sought the Divine glory more than my own interest. I am closing life as I began it." His eye-lids then fell—his voice ceased—and death seemed rapidly approaching.

Many acknowledgments of a similar nature were uttered, which, as is too common in these cases, the attendants did not secure at the season, and could not accurately recover afterwards. Indeed the affectionate and devoted creatures significantly remarked, they "Did not know that one thing he said was better than another; it was all alike—so heavenly—it was heaven to be with him."

The Sabbath was now come that was to end in the rest that remains for the people of God. In the morning he prayed, "Lord, bless and unite my people." Soon after, he suddenly cried out, "He is my salvation, he is all my salvation." About eleven o'clock he exclaimed, "I am ready, I am ready, I want to go home." Soon after, when one of his

friends looked upon him, and asked him how he did, he replied, "Like a dying man; may the Lord bless you, and your family." He inquired, as some of the family returned from worship, the state of the congregation, and was pleased to learn that it was large.

A little before eight in the evening he said, "Tell my good wife I am going." He then stretched himself out, laid his arms at length upon his body, and indistinctly said, "Come, Lord Jesus and without a groan, fell asleep.

Tuesday morning, January the 19th, was the period appointed for his interment. For several hours before the service began, numbers were assembled together. More than thirty ministers, of various denominations, were present on the solemn occasion. While the coffin was within view of the congregation, Mr. Bishop, of Gloucester, delivered a funeral sermon from the character given of Hananiah, "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many."

The reflections were as interesting as the text was pertinent. As soon as his remains were laid in the vault beneath the pulpit, a very able and characteristic address was delivered by Mr. Jones, of Chalford.

Few services were ever so affecting. The place was a Bochim, a place of weeping.—Painful as it is to attend such a scene, there is a kind of melancholy pleasure blending with it. To mingle with a multitude drawn together, not by curiosity, not by the ostentatious pageantry of death, but by esteem and attachment; to witness unequivocal, as well as numerous proofs of departed worth; to see one turning aside to heave a sigh, another raising his streaming eyes to heaven; to hear, as you withdrew, the short but significant eulogiums from many a quivering

lip,—“Ah! he *was* a good man.”—“I have lost a friend, *indeed*—“I shall never find *his* like again.”—Yes—all this affords a mournful satisfaction. And what attendant will ever forget the mixture of grief and gratification he suffered and enjoyed when this man of God was carried to his long home? Few men were ever adapted to inspire an affection at once so powerful and tender. There are characters we venerate, that we can hardly be said to love. The apostle has made a difference between the impression produced by righteousness and goodness: “For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.” It is goodness that makes one man a god to another; we are only to be won by kindness: they are the cords of love, by which hearts are irresistibly drawn, and indissolubly bound together.

Who, therefore, that knew Mr. Winter, can wonder at the sensibility his loss produced? The intercourse of the friends that assembled in his own house previously to the funeral, was carried on by looks and tears, rather than words. When the procession came out of his dwelling, the spectators that lined the street, all melted into emotions of grief. When the corpse entered the chapel, and when it was laid low in the dust, the audience could hardly be restrained within the bounds of decency—all seemed to feel and to verify the words of our great moralist, “The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the pious simplicity, the modest resignation, the patient sickness, the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss, and to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.”

Many who never heard him, came to bedew his grave. Persons of religious sentiments, widely dif-

ferent from his own, opened their houses to accommodate those who came from a distance. The Kector, with a liberality of mind, and tenderness of heart, that did him honour, apologized for his inability to attend, as he expressed it, "The funeral of the ever-to-be-lamented Mr. Winter." Attendants who had waited upon him; the driver at the inn who had carried him to his house, when he fractured his bone, the coachman that had driven him home, when he was seized for death at the house of his friend—all seemed glad to remember, and to divulge, any little kindness they had shewn him.

Two very impressive sermons were preached in the evening of the day, by Mr. Lowell and Mr. Thorp, of Bristol; and on the following Sabbath, all the ministers in Gloucestershire agreed to improve the Providence in their own congregations. This was done also by his students, and by several ministers in other counties. Two only of these discourses were published, but the number would have been consi-

* The one by Mr. Bishop, of Gloucester; the other by Mr. Golding, of Fulwood, who had been one of his second class of pupils. It might be, and it was, deemed rather remarkable, considering (in some respects) the peculiar regard subsisting between them, that the author did not deliver a discourse on the death of his honoured friend, or that he was not desired to preach the usual sermon on the occasion of his funeral. The truth is, he was much importuned to perform that office; and, from his intimacy, he could not have been ill-prepared for such a service; but he was compelled to decline it, feeling too much to admit of a proper or continued utterance—yea (and let none deem him herein affectatious) the apprehension of such interrupting emotion prevented his having *any* reference to so tender an event in his preaching, or public prayers in his own congregation.

derably enlarged, had it not been from a needless delicacy with regard to the intended publication of his life.

Mr. Winter was only turned of sixty-five; but his looks and walk had even long before led many to suppose that he was much more advanced in age. His person was rather above the middle stature. He was inclinable to corpulency. His face was marked with the small-pox, but not disagreeably so. His eye was uncommonly mild and risible. His countenance was all benign.

There is no very good likeness of him. That in the Evangelical Magazine did him no justice; that in the Theological, disgraced him. The image of his placid and heavenly features will long remain in many a fond memory. May the image of his character remain longer still, and be more vividly recalled—especially by those that enjoyed the advantage of his tuition. May it be present with them alone, and in company. In the family and in the church—may they be followers of him as dear children.

An extract containing the preface to his will may gratify his friends.

“In the name of God, Amen. I, Cornelius Winter, of Painswick, in the county of Gloucester, minister of the Gospel, being of sound disposing mind, memory, and understanding, thanks unto the Lord for the same, do make this my last will and testament, as follows: that is to say, I commit my soul into the hands of God, gratefully acknowledging his discriminating grace, of which he made me an early partaker, and by which I escaped many temporal and moral evils, and have had life sweetened, and the

trials of it rendered supportable. Whenever it pleases him to call me, I would die in an humble, but firm, confidence in Jesus, as my Redeemer; renouncing all pretensions to merit, in any thing I have done, lamenting the imperfections of which I am conscious, and many which my understanding has not discovered, in hope of a blessed resurrection with his redeemed people, in the day when they shall be gathered together, &c.

CHAPTER III.

VIEWS OF HIS CHARACTER.

TO consider Mr. Winter personally and relatively, in private and in public life; to give, if not a finished portrait, yet a sketch of his leading features, so as to enable the reader to distinguish and estimate his worth—is the design of this part of our subject. And if the power of representation were always the same with the possession of knowledge, the Editor might hope to succeed; having had from domestic residence, and the most unreserved intercourse and correspondence, peculiar opportunities of acquaintance and observation.

Let us first glance at Mr. Winter's TALENTS and ACQUISITIONS.

He was not possessed of first-rate natural endowments; but it is equally certain that he claimed a considerable degree of mental superiority. His apprehension was quick, his judgment was accurate; and his imagination, though not vigorous and bold,

was fertile and ready. No one could more nicely or instantaneously discriminate the defects or excellences of a performance; but his candour and self-diffidence generally repressed the declaration of his sentiments. If genius be used in a limited and rather modern sense of the word as denoting peculiarity and individuality of thought and expression, Mr. Winter had a considerable claim to it. He always lamented the want of memory. It might be supposed, that a man must be certainly conscious whether he is really deficient in this faculty or habit. Yet I am persuaded the complaint is too general, and helps much to produce the effect it bewails. The memory, like a friend, loves to be trusted, and rewards confidence. No man will be satisfied who measures his power of retention by his wishes: and the memory should not be censured because it does not lodge every thing it meets with, and which would produce superfluity and confusion.—The goodness of it very much consists in an instinctive property, by which it leaves what is needless and unsuitable, and applies only what is pertinent and necessary. And this was the case, at least in a great degree, with Mr. Winter: whether writing or speaking, he never seemed at a loss for what the occasion required, either to confirm or illustrate his subject.

With regard to his learning, it has already appeared that he was destitute of a classical education, and began his ministry under very great disadvantages. Though this could not be considered as his fault, he felt it as his affliction; and never resembled those who depreciate what they do not possess, and are not willing to acquire. Never did a man more value erudition, in all its various branches, and for

all its legitimate purposes; never did a man strive more patiently and laboriously to gain literature. And his acquisitions, considered in connexion with his circumstances, were eminent. He had more than a competent knowledge of the original languages, and read the Scriptures in them. He well understood the Latin tongue,* and made proficiency in the French. His acquaintance with general science, though not profound, was extensive. He knew no luxury so great as a book: his reading was constant and diversified.

Let us, secondly, notice him as a TUTOR.

Here we have to view him as the master of a school, and as the president of an academy. Nothing could have been more unexpected than his introduction to each of these kinds of tuition.

For several years, while at Marlborough, he had the care of youth intended for civil life. The number of boarders was never very large, but this was not for want of applications, which he found it difficult to reject. With what views and dispositions he attended to this branch of duty; and how anxious he was, while qualifying them for secular stations, to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, appears from the following extract of a letter written to the father of one of his first pupils:—"No pains shall be wanting to prepare him for a life of usefulness. The care of youth should be conscientiously undertaken; and though I find it, with my ministerial services, a life of great labour, I can truly say, I set myself to it with a deal of cheerfulness. It

* The Editor has in his possession his Latin correspondence with Professor Warren, of Lingen, in Westphalia, during the residence of one of his pupils under his care.

may in some sort be considered as an observation of our dear Lord's command, 'Feed my lambs.' If we attend to them wholly, that is, to their souls as well as to their bodies, they will not admit of our living an idle life. Happy they who, in whatever line of duty the Providence of God places them, are enabled to perform the part of a wise steward. You, and myself, and all who profess the religion of the dear Lord Jesus, are under an obligation to fill up our place with a regard to his glory: but we shall meet with many impediments, and they are not to be surmounted but by watchfulness and prayer. May we continue in these sacred exercises; and be sure to connect thanksgiving with them for all the mercies of our lives. Many of these lie concealed under trials and disappointments; yea, many of them consist of these very things themselves: they may be grievous to be borne, but they will prove profitable in the end." The pupil whom the letter concerns, in transmitting it, referring to "The happy period" of his being placed under his care, writes "I say *happy*, because, though at the tender age of only eight years, my memory still records many instances of his more than parental kindness; and I trust his affectionate solicitude for the promotion of my best interests, has had a salutary influence upon my subsequent conduct and character." I cannot refuse inserting—"Return the letters I have sent as soon as possible. They will often afford me a melancholy pleasure in the review; and enable me to enjoy a sort of mental converse with the ever-to-be-lamented writer, though he has passed the confines of mortality." This is only one instance of the obligation and attachment felt and acknowledged by numbers more.

In teaching the young, that which is so requisite, is not a vastness of talent, but a peculiarity of disposition. It is a temper compounded of affection and patience; it is a temper that blends mildness with firmness, and inspires rather than commands; it is a temper that, like the genial ray of spring, warms, revives, opens—not like the stem severity of the winter day that chills, freezes, and binds; it is a temper that will not produce timidity by eagerness of importunity, or confusion by hastiness of censure: a temper that will prevent discouragement in reaching a remote distance by not discovering too much at once; and that teaches the receiver as he is able to hear it.

Some have supposed that it was the design of our Lord to furnish a motive rather than a model, when he said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." As if he had said, "Be not afraid to place yourselves under my tuition; my condescension equals my ability; I will bear with your weaknesses; and my gentleness shall make you great." Never had a human being so much of this qualification as Mr. Winter. And this appeared in another and a higher department of education.

In training up young men for the work of the ministry, he did not precisely conform to the common method of education in the seminaries of Protestant Dissenters. It could hardly be deemed necessary. He seldom had more than three or four at the same time. The formalities of an academy would of course be much dispensed with, and conversation and reading supply the place of a series of lectures. He was a father with his sons, rather than a tutor with his students. They were almost constantly with him; he was always familiarly instructing them; and

the love he inspired was such as to endear and impress everything he said. Whether they were walking in the field, or sitting in the house; at the fire-side in the evening, or at the table at meals, improvement was blended with pleasure. Reading always attended the hours of breakfast and tea, intermingled with remarks derived from the subject. It was no unusual thing for one of his students to accompany him in his visits to the chamber of sickness, and the house of mourning: he knew that young men should be sober-minded; and that by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. To prepare them for social and edifying intercourse, they also frequently attended him in his friendly visits. They sometimes joined him in his preaching excursions. There are few things in my life that I can remember with so much vivid pleasure, as my going with him—walking by the side of his little horse, and occasionally riding—on a fine summer's evening, into a neighbouring village, and returning again the same night, or very early in the morning. In these instances I was required to take sometimes a part, and sometimes the whole of the service; but it was a privilege rather than a task, to do anything before him. He heard our discourses and prayers with the greatest tenderness, and beamed with pleasure at every presage of improvement. A backwardness to notice imperfections was his extreme; he loved to commend; it was hardly in his power to find fault. Yet though his approbation seemed easily gained, it was not rendered the less desirable. It was delicious to enjoy it, and therefore it always supplied a stimulus.

He engaged his students to preach very early after

they were with him. This arose principally from the state of the neighbourhood, which so awfully wanted help. Souls were perishing for lack of knowledge, and they who could not as yet hope for acceptance in large and polite audiences were able to shew the way of salvation to those who were generally more deficient than themselves. But I believe it also, in a *degree*, resulted from his conviction of the propriety of the measure, independent of this necessity. He imagined the sooner the young men began, the more facility and confidence they would acquire; and that it would be less embarrassing and discouraging to commence before all their deficiencies were known to themselves; that it was better for them to encounter difficulties one by one as they became sensible of them, than to begin trembling under their united pressure. It is to be remembered also, that they officiated at first only in private places and rustic congregations. It unquestionably gave them advantages as preachers; but it broke in upon their studies as pupils. Some of the villages they served were at a considerable distance: their travelling occupied their time, and its engagements diverted their attention. Upon the whole, and after mature reflection, I should prefer the method he adopted to any other. It tended to keep the heart in the things of God, and to preserve the savour of religion on the mind, which it is well known is easily injured, if not destroyed, where all the studies are purely intellectual, and several young men of vivacity and emulation are blended together.

And the preservation of spirituality is of great importance where the office is sacred. Of this Mr Winter never lost sight. He was always feeding

and cherishing the piety, as well as promoting the literary improvement, of those who were under his care. He constantly reminded them of the absolute necessity of personal religion; and endeavoured to keep alive a sense of their dependence on God, for the preservation and the increase of their powers, and the success of their applications and exertions. Often when we have been perfectly alone, and were going to read even a book on general subjects only, he has prayed a few moments himself, or required the writer to do it; and I have no doubt but all his students can testify the same practice in their private intercourse with him individually. Indeed if nothing of this kind was engaged in formally, it was impossible not to feel devoutly while near him. His presence was the very element of piety.

To illustrate this kind of attention which he paid as a tutor, I shall introduce a few extracts from his letters. If I take them from his correspondence with myself, while I was more immediately his charge, it is not to insinuate that his regards were less real towards others, but because I am only possessed of materials to exemplify his pious care in this one instance.

“DEAR BILLY,

“AMONG the various things which employ my thoughts, your coming to Marlborough is one. I hope in time it will be brought about, and that you will pray for the blessing of God upon our designs and endeavours. You will not forget the object we have in view—it is to prepare you for, and to introduce you into the service of the sanctuary; in which service that you act properly, and shine to the glory

of God, and be useful to your fellow-mortals, it is necessary that you should be devotedly given up in heart and life to God himself. If you are not really converted yourself, you will talk very awkwardly about conversion to others. If you do *not* love Jesus, you will want a most powerful constraint to preach him as the only Lord God and Saviour. Pray therefore for a renewed heart, if you have it not already; and for a growth in grace, if that divine principle is already implanted.—Then you will enter upon all necessary studies like a devoted and dependent youth whose every moment will discover holiness to the Lord. You will then be prepared to partake of the afflictions of the Gospel, and enjoy the spiritual and temporal blessings God may graciously confer upon you to his praise.

“I am,

“My dear Billy,

“Your affectionate Friend,

“C. W.

“*Marlborough, January 21, 1785.*”

The above is part of the first letter I ever received from him.

In another, dated Bristol, Tuesday night, (past eleven o'clock,) he writes:—

“YOUR way to Tisbury seems open. On the 1st of October, if life and health are spared, you are appointed to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, in the village where you first drew your breath, and often since have evidenced yourself to be a sinner. Indulge suitable meditation, and pray that you may go with a holy caution upon your spirit, fearing

lest, whole you preach, to others, you yourself should be cast away. By the thought that this may be the case, I am awakened out of my sleepy frame, and exhort you, my dear youth, on no consideration to take up with preaching merely as a science; enter upon it as a work of the last importance, and in the discharge of it, respect your own salvation as well as the salvation of those who hear you. I do not write as suspecting your sincerity, but as knowing the depravity of the human heart, I warn you. On my journey I have been examining my heart and reviewing my conduct, and have found myself very deficient in exhorting and praying with you. I hope when you return to amend this omission, and trust you will be the better for it. Neither be presumptuous nor too diffident, but go on praying and depending on the Lord Jesus, and may he be with you. Meet my wishes with your endeavours, and you will find me to be

“Yours, very affectionately, &c.”

In another, dated Bristol, November 3, 1778:

“IT gave me great pleasure to hear from you yesterday. I have not time to write to you in Latin, nor indeed much in English. I am happy to hear all is well at home, and much desire to be with you.—I pray the exercise of your soul may be sanctified to you, and that by every means you may be kept humble at the feet of Jesus. O my dear Billy, be clothed with humility, and you will then be happy and useful. God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. Many kind inquiries are made after you.”

In another, dated Marlborough, July 4, 1788.

“I AM breaking off from the sermon I am composing for Mr. Hancock’s funeral, who was buried yesterday, on purpose to drop you a line. Ever since I have received yours, I have been in hurry and confusion. I am absolutely going from Marlborough, and have a fair prospect of settling at Painswick in Gloucestershire. There I shall be glad to see you, and as often as may be convenient and prudent, will exchange pulpits with you. You are much upon my heart, and I think upon you with joy, with fear, and trembling. You must expect enemies, and look for persons who will not take a little pains to invalidate your labours. I have had information of the advice Mr. Cecil* gave you; it was truly important, and equally true the remark he made at the same time. Let nobody spend an afternoon with you, nor do you spend so much time with any one if you can help it- Be sure to preserve some time for attending to Latin and Greek; and by carrying your wits about you, get a knowledge of men and things, as well as pay a close application to books. Preserve your modesty, and walk with great caution and circumspection. I wish I was at your elbow, I could say many things I cannot enter upon now. Time forbids my enlarging. May God keep and smile upon you, and cause all grace to abound towards you.”

* A divine, in the Established Church whose works will long praise him in the Gate.

In another, dated Burford, July 9, 1788.

“I DARE say you received my short line by Mr. Stump. I wish I could have written to you more largely and explicitly, but the hurry I have been in all the last week is scarcely to be conceived of. I have had two providential opportunities to hear of you, and am thankful to hear you are acceptable; I hope the Lord will continue to make you daily so, and keep you low and humble before him! You will want a great deal of wisdom, and had need ply hard to all kinds of studies which are subservient to the ministry, and immediately connected with it. Prayer, much prayer to God, is of great consequence to you. Keep as much as you can from contracting epistolary correspondence. Let your letters be as few as possible; yet here you had need be careful, lest you should overlook essential friendship. Pay all due respect to —, and keep a very close tongue. I preached Mr. Hancock’s funeral sermon on last Lord’s day, in the afternoon. If I could help it I would go no more to Marlborough. O that you could meet with some godly young man to fill up my place there! My heart aches for the people, though they have used me so very ill. I hope God will provide for them, and not suffer them to be given up. —I hope when you return, the country will afford you much comfort and opportunity for study, and that opportunity will be well improved. I am at present exercised with many trials, and hope they will be sanctified. If you can entertain me with any little news, do. God bless you, &c.”

In another, dated Marlborough, July 29, 1788.

“IF you really have performed your appointment for Mr. Hill, I would advise you to attend to no farther invitations, hut leave London immediately. Come into the country to pray and reflect, and wherever you go, set the picture of your mortality before you; and consider that he who has raised you can sink you, and will, unless you give him the glory of the gifts he has given to you. You will take this hint kindly; it intends no reflection. Write, or come to Painswick when you can, and by the first opportunity. I long for a little quietude and retirement, but above all, for that which will come in due time. Till then I hope for grace to persevere in every Christian duty, and to prove myself, by every means in my power,

“Yours, &c.”

In another, dated Wootton, September 7, 1788.

“I A LITTLE indulged the hope of seeing you last week, but I acknowledge it proceeded more from a kind parental fondness than from a hope founded in reason. I hope you are well, and busily gathering store into your hive from the various flowers upon which you light. May all savour of grace, and terminate in the glory of the great and good God, whom to serve, I trust we shall never cease; and of whose service I pray we may never be weary till we are stretched in our coffins. Since God has given you ability for his good work, keep yourself at liberty for it, and in it. I bless myself in my heart, that you are out of London. If I was to study your reputa-

tion, more than the glory of God, I would advise you to take the same steps; but as the glory of God is concerned, and your eye is single to it, I more confidently rejoice. I do not wish you to spend your days in Christian Malford, at the same time I am glad it is a retreat for you. The idea of a young man grasping at lucrative baits is contemptible, and I suspect the Gospel has not suffered a little from such instances; on the other hand, neglect of wealth, indifference to it, and preferment given to poverty and obscurity, put lustre upon a religious character, especially with popular gifts. Profane history gives us many and striking instances of what I say. And we cannot speak with weight upon divine things, but as our practice confirms our doctrine.”

In another, dated Painswick, May 8, 1789.

“WONDER not that I have not written to you before. My heart and my hands have been full, and though I have often thought of you, I have lost you in a cloud, which I hoped Providence would disperse. I doubted not but that I should find you again, and that my bowels would be refreshed by thee. How glad am I that it is your design to be at Painswick, my prison, my palace of pleasure and of praise, next Thursday! Pray start immediately after breakfast, and be not surprised if you meet me in Lord Ducie’s wood, or on Selsley. Somewhere, I will strive to meet you, if the weather be not very foul. Then, if I can, I will tell you how I was bereaved of dear Thomas. I feel under the Providence, but am not miserable. He was an idol torn from me, and I yield him up, from a conviction I have done wrong,

and God has done right. Do not omit to improve upon it. God has given you a tongue, and an early commission to use it; let the heart dictate to it, and may the spirit dictate to the heart. Live while you live; it is but a little while you have to live.* Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh when no man can work.' With an heart enlarged to you beyond what words can express,

“I am, &c.”

In another, dated Painswick, Nov. 21, 1789.

“IT is a pleasure to know where to direct to you. Were it not to you, it would be no pleasure to write, for I am tired. I long to see you, not for the sake of hearing news, but because I love you. What a noise have you made in the world! How many eyes are upon you! How many hearts fear for you! How many envy you!—I hope you are in the possession of heavenly enjoyments, and walking comfortably in the good ways of God. These are your best days, make much of them, and by your indifference to yourself, and that holy negligence which is a bright ornament, and necessary to blunt the edge of even kind suspicion, shew that you can be popular without being proud. The church as well as the world looks with a jealous eye upon the young minister of the day, and especially upon those who have no paternal property to support gay appearance.—Mr. Thornton,* in a letter of Thursday, says, ‘The prevalent attention to

* The great philanthropist who first in many instances benefited Mr. Winter personally, and then made him one of his many almoners to distribute his bounty. He also contributed to the education of his students.

dress and outward appearance feeds the pride, and ruins more than half our young ministers. Even awkwardness, if it tends to humble them, is desirable; for what is more odious than a finical, conceited, dressed up young minister, that thinks he is the mighty orator? I would never wish ministers to be slovenly, but I had rather see them in worsted hose than in nice silk stockings, and would prefer such as drink water and small liquors, to those who cannot do without wine and spirits.'

"I write not this to reproach you, but, as my most dearly beloved, to caution and warn you. I know you will take it as an evidence of my right to subscribe myself,

"Ever yours, affectionately, &c."

I have taken an extract or two from letters addressed to me after my removal from him. I could have added to their number greatly; for his fatherly care never declined. When his students left him, he followed them with his prayers and advice; he watched over them with a godly jealousy, and cautioned, warned, exhorted, encouraged them, according as their circumstances required. They were always welcome to his house as visitants; and nothing could afford him greater delight than to see any of them in his pulpit, and to witness the fruit of his labours. He has often been seen standing the whole sermon with eager attention, and pleasure glistening through his tears.

I would only add that he was peculiarly attentive to the behaviour and manners of his young men. No person ever valued more than he did, the moralities and proprieties of life in all its relations and conditions. This is not always the case. Some of those

who are very zealous for what they call the power of godliness, trample upon its external forms, and circumstantial appendages, which yet are often not only ornamental, but highly useful. Taken up with great things they overlook little ones; not considering that what is little in one view, may be great in another; that what is little in its abstract being, may be great in its indications, its consequences, and its connexions. In this view it is hardly possible to know what is unimportant, especially in moral conduct, and in public office. Are there no instances to be found of characters whose excellency has been obscured, and whose usefulness has been injured—perhaps ruined, by little levities, familiarities, indulgences, and inconsistencies, which the severest casuist could not construe into positive crime? But it has been said with equal truth and beauty, “That the character of a minister is like that of a female: to be suspected, is almost as bad as to be guilty.”* A feather discovers the direction of the wind as well as a tree. Our Lord in sending forth his twelve apostles and seventy disciples issued a variety of maxims and admonitions, which, were they to be delivered now at the ordination of even a young Evangelist, would perhaps be deemed trifling. It was the advice of Solomon, “Let thine eyes look straight on:”—“Ponder the path of thy feet, and thy goings shall be established.”

Upon these principles Mr. Winter entered into the detail of practice; and adduced instances to exemplify the defects and the excellences he described. It was an object with him to teach them how to appear in the parlour as well as the pulpit. He did

* Clayton’s charge at the ordination of Mr. Brookbanks.

not think it unnecessary to guard them against superfluous wants, and unseemly customs—against the sottish and offensive habit of smoking;★ against

* Here the author has been not slightly censured by some of his brethren. One very renowned smoker said his language nearly approached to blasphemy—expressing withal his wonder that Milton, in speaking of the productions of Eden, had never mentioned the noblest of them all, the tobacco-plant Though this might seem to be only uttered jocosely, it had Borne verity of sentiment in it; and there have been known some to whom perhaps few things would be deemed so Paradisaical as this stupid luxury.

The author, however, does not renounce or soften his expressions. His opinion has been confirmed and strengthened by the observation of many years; and he cannot but lament that no physical or civil consideration, and no motive, derived from usefulness or decorum, can induce many preachers to avoid or break off this exceptionable habit.

He has called it “a sottish practice.” And is it not so in its appearance? fume? smell? and immoral associations in the mind of the observer? Does it not hint almost inevitably the pot-house, and the low and sailorly fellowships there? Let a person enter a room in the morning where there has been smoking over night, will the devout savour remind him of a sanctuary, or lead him to think of an assembly of divines?

He has called it “an offensive practice.” And is it not so to many of his own profession, and to many of his own sex? But how trying is it to females, almost without exception! though, from the kindness and obligingness of their nature and manners, they frequently submit to a usage which annoys their persons, and defiles and injures the apartment and furniture whose neatness they so much value. Can ridicule and satire do nothing here?

The pipe with solemn interposing puff.
 Make half a sentence at a time enough;
 The dozing Sages drop the drowsy strain.
 Then pause and puff—and speak and puff again.
 But often like the tube they so admire,
 Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.

Pernicious

giving trouble where they happened to lodge; against detaining the family beyond their usual time of re-

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
 Unfriendly to society's chief joys;
 Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
 The sex whose presence civilizes ours.
 Thou art indeed the drug the gard'ner wants
 To poison vermin that infest his plants;
 But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
 As to despise the glory of our kind?
 And shew the softest minds and fairest forms,
 As little mercy as he grubs and worms.

We say nothing of the silliness of the practice, especially in "a bishop," who "should be grave but to see a man of education, and filling an office which would dignify an angel, passing so much of his time with a tube in his mouth, and emitting therefrom the smoke of a burning herb, as if his head was on fire, must, were it not for its commonness, always excite an inquiry or a laugh. Nor do we speak of its vulgarity. But is not every shop-boy, every apprentice-lad, every silly coxcomb, every pert fop, every common traveller upon a stage-coach, seen now with a pipe in his mouth, or asegar? (The Railroad Companies wisely forbid the desecration of their vehicles.) And should its expensiveness be overlooked? It indeed befriends government, as the consumed article pays a high duty and yields a large profit; but can every preacher afford (for so it may be relatively to him) such a dear indulgence consistently with the claims of household comfort and the education of his children, and some charity to the poor and needy?

Or should its injuriousness be forgotten? Need persons be told that tobacco is a very powerful narcotic poison? If the saliva (the secretion of which it produces), being impregnated with its essential oil, be swallowed, the deleterious influence is carried directly into the stomach; or if, as most frequently happens, it is discharged, then the blandest fluid, which performs as a solvent and diluent an office in digestion secondary only to the gastric juice itself, is lost. But is it not an ensnaring habit with regard to the waste of time, the danger (frequently) of drinking, and fondness for company, not always of the most refined and improving sort?

pose; against inexactness in keeping them waiting at meals; against the use of spirituous liquors; against

I deal therefore with the thing most seriously: speaking boldly, as at my age I ought to speak. Were I upon a committee of examination, I would never consent to the admission of a young man into one of our academical institutions, but upon the condition that he *did* not, and *would* not smoke.

I would exact the same condition from every student, if I filled the responsible as well as honourable office of tutor.

Were I a member of a Christian Church, I would never give my suffrage in favour of a ministerial candidate who was a slave to his pipe.

And if I were a man of affluence, I would not on any application afford any pecuniary assistance to a preacher, who, while he complained of the smallness and inadequateness of his means, could afford to reduce it by indulging this needless and wasteful expense.

The author was one day attending a missionary meeting. Before the close of it, a minister arose and said he had to present a donation. The offering was not indeed large in itself, but it shewed a nobleness of disposition, and was beyond the two mites of the applauded widow. "These two guineas," said he, "are sent from a servant, who was allowed so much by her mistress for tea, but who had, during the last two years, denied herself the use of this beverage to aid your collection." But suppose a person had immediately said. Go thou and do likewise. Spare for the same all-important cause, the eight or ten pounds which you spend in wanton, in needless, and noxious gratification; and at our next anniversary how many will praise and bless you!... A minister should be an example, and not require one. But behold there are first that shall be last, and there are last that shall be first.

We want ministers to do as well as to teach. We want them to be not only harmless and blameless, but praiseworthy. We want them to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things, exemplifying not only all that is moral, but all that is becoming in life and religion; all that is lovely and of good report; all that has any virtue or praise in it.

fondness for delicacies. He did not think it needless to regulate their deportment towards servants, suggesting the propriety of noticing them, as well as the heads of the family, in morning and evening devotion. It will he naturally concluded that he did not leave them uninstructed in their relation to female society. He minutely specified the prudence that must guide them especially in the design of marriage; and taught them to maintain the sacred obligations arising from choice and engagement. Nothing offended him more than the versatility of some young preachers, who seem to think they have a right to trifle as they please with the affections and characters of those they address and abandon.

He knew that a minister's acceptance and usefulness depended as much upon conduct as upon talent; and therefore as a tutor he knew that he could not discharge his office by teaching them how to decline and conjugate; how to find a word in the root and follow it in the ramifications; how to state a syllogism or handle an argument; how to form a style, and use the figures of rhetoric—without turning their attention minutely, morally and practically upon themselves:—so that they should leave him able to compose a sermon, but not to frame a character; filled with science and empty of wisdom: to vapotti through life with scraps of Latin and Greek, instead of being wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

Let us not, thirdly, pass over him as A MINISTER.

He was a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of God, and like a householder he brought forth out of his treasure, things new and old. He had a vast fund of scriptural and experimental knowledge; and few ever furnished so great a variety of important reflections as he produced in his ordinary ministra-

tions. There was no sameness in his discourses. I never remember to have heard a repetition of the same illustration, or even the same phraseology. The principles he taught were those which he originally received when he heard the Gospel to purpose. His conviction of the truth and the importance of them, strengthened with his years. Hence in a sermon he published in 1792, he affirms, "I am so far from repenting that I ever embraced them, and from being ashamed that I have propagated them as an itinerant and a stated minister, that I shall be glad to subscribe to them with my dying hand, and testify to them with my expiring breath." To him, they appeared not only as the distinguishing doctrines, but the peculiar glory of revelation. He regarded them as affording the grand desideratum to the state of man, as a guilty, depraved, and helpless creature. They had the most holy and happy influence upon himself; and he saw that, as they are denied or suppressed, religion languishes for want of life, and the fruits of morality and good works sink and shrivel, if they do not immediately drop off the branches.

Yet he did not preach these doctrines systematically, so much as in their experimental and practical bearings and results. He was most strictly evangelical, if that means to preach—that we are saved by grace, through faith and that not of ourselves; that Christ has once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God; that in him we have righteousness and strength; that his sheep hear his voice, and shall never perish; that every moral duty is to be enforced by Christian motives—

But he would not separate principle from practice; he; would not treat doctrines as naked, cold, angry

propositions; he would not be always harping upon two or three favourite topics, and shun a large proportion of the Gospel scheme; he would not confine his motion to a circle, like a blind horse going round in a mill, or feed like an animal tethered in a paddock; but went over the whole field of revelation, in the length and breadth of it.

Neither would he pervert the plain and true meaning of Scripture, in order to accommodate himself to the taste of a sound, or rather sickly audience. In a letter to a friend, he has freely expressed himself upon this exceptionable practice. "In our last conversation I believe you misunderstood me. I have no treatise upon friendship; and only intended to say something upon it in my extemporaneous way, from Proverbs, xvii. 17: 'A friend loveth at all times.' Some were displeased; the reason is because I did not violate the text, and strike out a doctrine from it, as foreign to the design of Solomon in giving it, as the northern and southern poles are remote from each other. Morality, though introduced in its proper order, and fixed in its proper place, is very distasteful to some of our evangelical hearers, who are very far from being the moral men themselves. They are never pleased with any thing, but that which whips up their frothy passions to a very strong head; and those are the best preachers in their estimation, who bring the whiskey with them into the pulpit, and meet not their true state, but their inclination. Destitute of voice, memory, fancy, and, above all, of a wish to make a nose of wax of the text, I have not been popular; if in any degree I have been useful, God shall have the glory of my usefulness, and I will take to myself the shame of all my defects. I am getting pretty far in life, and am seized with

indispositions common to most old men. They do me no harm, though they put me to pain; I have had my weaning time, and am weaned.”

Never was there a man more condescending and accommodating where duty called, than Mr. Winter, but he would not stoop to vulgar *tricks*; he never *courted* popularity; especially where the acquisition involves censure, rather than confers praise. He would no more sacrifice his judgment than his conscience, in letting himself down to a taste which he knew he ought to endeavour to raise: if he could not correct it, he would bear with it, but would never indulge it, never sanction it. Much might have been done in reforming some abuses, if all ministers had followed his example. While classes of hearers, remarkable for their captiousness and ignorance, meet with preachers that seek to pay homage to them, either from love or fear, they will feel themselves of importance.

But little of the impression he made as a public speaker, was derived from his manner of address. He was venerable in the pulpit, not striking. He had no action. His voice was not very clear or powerful. His utterance was rather slow and inanimated.

He frequently preached without notes; but more generally he wrote a short skeleton; and sometimes of late years read his whole sermon.

Various are the ways of discussing texts. The *Essay* mode: this indeed can hardly be said to treat a text at all, and was probably introduced for the sake of brevity, or as the indignant extreme of the endless multiplicity of heads and particulars that formerly prevailed. The *Expository*: which explains a portion of Scripture as it lies, intermixed with practical addresses in the process, and some-

times closed with general reflections in the review. The *Lecturing*: this resembles the expository; yet is in some respects distinguishable from it, securing the connected meaning and design of a whole passage or narrative. It is common in Scotland, and has many advantages to recommend it. The *Observational*: which peculiarly applies to historical passages, and contains a succession of remarks, founded upon circumstances which require improvement rather than explication. The *Characteristical*: which takes for its subject the narrative of an individual, and holds it up to view, marking its prominent features, to excite admiration or aversion. The *Topical*: which illustrates a theme or a proposition derived from the design of the words, regardless of the phraseology, and to which a hundred texts would be equally applicable. The *Textual*: which deduces the divisions and materials from the language of the text. All these methods, except the first, Mr. Winter occasionally employed, but the last was his common one. And he excelled in it. How many passages of Scripture, under his management, were rendered peculiarly instructive, beautiful, and interesting!

Sometimes, indeed, to a considerable degree, he was obscure and perplexing. There was an involution of plan, an intersection of parts, circuitous exemplifications, sentences too long, and parentheses too frequent. This was his greatest imperfection; and it rendered him frequently difficult of apprehension, especially among the common people. Indeed, in a general way, persons of some intellect and taste were the most likely to approve of his labours: for when most happy and successful in his addresses, there were beautiful transitions, allusions, and illustrations,

a little, perhaps, too refined for ordinary perception and relish.

He had a rich acquaintance with the Scripture, and his sermons abounded with the words the Holy Ghost uses, admirably interwoven with his own.

The gravity of his appearance, and the excellency of his character, always prepossessed people in his favour, and disposed them to listen to him with attention; and they were amply repaid. He very much excelled on public and particular occasions; such as fast days; days of thanksgiving; the Church festivals, which he commonly observed; the seasons of the year, which he never neglected; and deaths in his congregation and neighbourhood, which he always improved. In these performances peculiarly, though not exclusively, he discovered a considerable degree of originality, ingenuity, and elegance. But I fear there are young preachers who will affix wrong ideas to these terms; as it is certain, others have been already led astray, by their mistakes concerning them. I avail myself, therefore, of the opportunity to deliver a few thoughts upon a subject not very well understood by all those who are emulous to excel.

There are some whose whole aim seems to terminate in their being *original* preachers. They must have something *new*; and in order to find it, will strike out into the unimportant and unprofitable. What is solid and useful is often rejected, because it is common and well known. But it should be remembered that usefulness is the end of preaching—that the most common truths are the most profitable—that our hearers are already too fond of speculations and fancies, that bear not on the heart and life—that we should endeavour to recall their attention to truths, which, though slighted, ought to be as in-

teresting as they are momentous—that there is no new revelation to be expected; nor even any fresh doctrines to be discovered in the old one—and therefore—that with regard to us, originality of *subject* ought to be out of the question; and that all the honour of this kind we can claim, consists in new and pleasing combinations, arrangements, and exemplifications of old, simple, and well-known principles; the preaching of which, in the beginning of the Gospel, converted the world from Paganism; at the Reformation delivered the nations from Popery; and is now the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. For want of considering that this is the only legitimate novelty and variety belonging to their public office, young ministers have often become unacceptable and unedifying. The body of the people would have been satisfied with useful and evangelical matter, however plainly delivered, but *they* were disappointed of their food, by efforts at peculiarity: a few individuals, of more sense than piety, would have been pleased with a display of really superior intellect, but *they* were disappointed of their gratification, and withdrew disgusted by inadequate attempts to shine; and thus has the trifler fallen through between both parties.

It would be well to remember the remark which Johnson, in his Life of Cowley, applies to the metaphysical authors, and which is still more true in reference to scriptural subjects, every one of which has been so frequently examined: “These writers who lie on the watch for novelty, could have little hope of greatness: for great things cannot have escaped former observation.” It would be well also to recollect, even in this borrowed sense, the adage of the apostle, “Every man in his own order.” If we

follow what is natural, though it may not render us popular, it will keep us from being ridiculous. It is better to effect well what is within our grasp, than to beckon people together to see us fall into a ditch, by reaching after fruit that requires longer arms.

ELEGANCE is minute beauty, pleasing propriety. Simplicity is essential to it. Hence the line of Cowper, who was himself the finest instance of it—

“—Elegant as is simplicity.”

It is the same in style as what is called chasteness in painting, and which is the opposite to exuberance and glare. An indiscriminate and unsparing application of florid colours may daub a sign-post, but will not be admitted into the gallery. It is the same as gracefulness in apparel; and which is inconsistent not only with slovenliness, but with gaudery. A well-dressed gentleman is very distinguishable from an harlequin. See an elegant female enter à garden. From the profusion of the borders, she seeks an assortment of beauty. Her eye guides her hand. She gathers, but not all that comes in her way. She selects, and the choice discovers her taste; she arranges, and the order equally displays it: the several parts aid each other by their hue, and by their position; though brought together, there is no crowding; though diverse, there is no confusion; though adjusted, no formality; they open, and wave, and retain a natural appearance, even in this artificial state. But another walks on, gathers, because they are flowers, thinks she can never have enough, and leaves off, because the hand can squeeze no more—she binds it—it is a bundle of flowers—but the former is a nosegay.

A love of genuine simplicity is, perhaps, the best proof of an approximation to mental maturity. But

there is an infantile state, during which gaudiness and glitter, shining metaphors, and poetical prose are preferred to it.

Nearly the same may be said with regard to what is *ingenious*. That which distinguishes the true from the spurious is this: the effect appears natural as soon as it is produced, though it was not obvious before; and the reader or hearer wonders that he had not been able to achieve himself, what now seems so plain. Thus Milton, in referring to the consequence of Satan's advice in the council:

“The invention all admir'd, and each how he
To be the inventor, miss'd; so easy it seemed
Once found, which yet unfound, most would have thought
Impossible.”

If this statement be just, there is much that would pass for the effect of genius that abides not the test. If the thoughts are surprising, they are not natural: and instead of being easy, they require labour to comprehend and retain them, as well as to produce them. They may indicate learning, and display knowledge, but they do not fascinate, so that a man cannot disengage his mind from the charm! they do not dissolve him so that all his feelings are melted into a sympathy of delight with the subject! And here again it is no unusual thing for young preachers to err. They value things according to the labour they cost them, and expect others to do the same; and after straining and polishing, wonder at the little interest they have been able to excite; while others by a touch will electrify. The mind is in the best state for composition when it is full of feeling, but at ease, insensible of great expectations from it, and unapprehensive of difficulty. A man may run himself

out of breath with his eyes in the air; the flowers are at his feet.

In the discharge of his office as a minister, nothing was overlooked,

“But in his duty prompt at ev’ry call,
 He watch’d and wept, he pray’d and felt for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg’d offspring to the skies;
 He tried each art, reprov’d each dull delay,
 Allur’d to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 “Beside the bed where parting life was laid.
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay’d,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise.
 And his last falt’ring accents whisper’d praise.”

With regard to this part of his work in which he peculiarly excelled, though he imagined himself very defective in the manner of the performance; he has expressed himself in a letter to the Rev. Mr. S—r, of B—s: and the hints may be serviceable to others.

“You wish to possess my idea on visiting the sick. What I have to say upon this subject is in brief. I find it to be one of the most difficult parts of my ministry. To speak to a careless sinner as though his state were favourable, is not possible. To use those liberties which some good men do, I cannot, by attempting to torture the mind, by imposing duties which, though they may be expected from convalescence, cannot from persons whose minds have been so injured by their disorder, that they cannot preserve a chain of thought, nor exert themselves in the diligent pursuit of knowledge necessary to be acquired. I can seldom do more than remind them that it is a

melancholy consideration, if they put off the concerns of the soul till they are fit for nothing; urge them to examine themselves diligently, reminding them that while they are strangers to the evil of sin, they cannot put a true estimate upon Jesus Christ: that there is no salvation for any but in him; that if, under a consciousness of their guilt, they earnestly apply to him, from his merciful and gracious disposition there is hope concerning them.—Indeed the peculiar circumstances of the patient guide to proper language, and it is pleasure rather than pain, to attend those whose state is promissory, whose sickness is sanctified, and who are reaping the benefits of a work of grace previously begun upon them. I generally turn from the sick to those who are healthy in the room, and conceive that by serious addresses to them, I may speak what is necessary to the sick. I generally endeavour to be very serious in prayer, and usually, if the case of the patient will bear it, read, and, as it is your practice, make use of the Scriptures in my address.”

Mr. Winter was singularly pre-eminent in the devotional part of his ministerial work. I have heard many pray, but I never heard one that prayed entirely like him. I never knew him at a loss for a word, or using a word improperly. Such was the copiousness, such the flexibility of his talent, that, without any premeditation, he could perfectly accommodate his language to every occurrence. He introduced little things with dignity, and delicate ones without offence. This gave him a great advantage, as he was enabled at all times to notice very affectionately the various and minute circumstances of his people. Were some to attempt this, who possess not his richness and ease of diction, it would only embarrass them, and render them formal and absurd.

I am persuaded, however, that much of his devotional fluency arose from the state of his heart; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The purity and fervour of his benevolence made his tongue as the pen of a ready writer. We can easily plead for those we love, and he loved all he beheld. In one of his letters he beautifully remarks, in allusion to the words of our Saviour, "That when he looked down upon the congregation, he saw every where his brother, his sister, his mother." No wonder such a man could pray or—preach. The Sabbath morning he was more than ordinarily devotional, and commonly indulged himself at length, especially at intercession: at other times he was rather short.

To conclude this article,

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
 In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain.
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste.
 And natural in gesture; much impress'd
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well became
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture!"

It is hardly necessary to make another separate article, by considering Mr. Winter, fourthly, as an AUTHOR.

He published no work of any extent, and what he furnished the public, does not rise above mediocrity. It consisted principally of sermons, all of which were funereal. The first of these was on the death of Mr. Joseph Shipman, one of the students formerly expelled from Edmund-hall, Oxford, and whose case excited so much attention. This was preached at

Upton-upon-Severn; and is dedicated to Sir Charles Middleton, now Lord Barham.

The second was on the anniversary of the death of Mr. Whitefield. This was preached at Gloucester, and is dedicated to the poor belonging to the Tabernacles at London and Bristol. As this dedication is very characteristic of the man, I cannot forbear inserting a part of it.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,

“THE following sermon does not make its appearance in the world for any imagined excellency I conceive there is in it; my only design is to answer the title, and by an honourable, though short mention of one of the best friends I ever had, to testify to the church and to the world, the obligations I am bound in gratitude to think myself under to Mr. Whitefield; and I must take the same occasion to intimate, that throughout the connexion I had the honour of with that great man, I did not seek to serve myself more than to be serviceable. When I first thought of making this discourse public, I intended to dedicate it to a person of distinction, whom I count worthy of double honour, till I was struck with the observation of the wise man, viz.: ‘The rich have many friends;’ and as dedications intend nothing more than tokens of our respect, to whom should I shew them more readily, upon such an occasion, than to those who have the preference of the best of blessings, I mean the Gospel, whereby to be made rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom the Lord hath promised? Yours then, my dear brethren, is this sermon, whose servant he was, for Christ’s sake, whose memory occasioned it.

“For some time I was a labourer among you.

Many of you knew my original, and, boasting excluded, it is a satisfaction to me, that I can review what manner of entering in I had unto you, and the whole of my behaviour while among you; that touching my moral conduct, herein I exercised myself always to have a conscience void of offence. When I reflect upon my past labours, they are a sufficient cause of humiliation, and yet I am a bonder to myself, when I consider how destitute of every necessary acquirement I at first made my appearance, and what incessant interruptions I met with.

“A growing acquaintance with myself made me conscious of my inability to be so beneficial to you as I desired; therefore, entirely at my own repeated request, Mr. Whitefield took me into America, where I thought I might be useful in a sphere that nobody would envy me; and where, free from all the trials attending a more popular life, I might glorify God, and be serviceable to the most oppressed and afflicted part of my fellow-creatures. During my state of trial in this humble situation, my habitation was a Beth-el, my soul was possessed with the peace that passeth all understanding; my black charge was dear to me, and I much desired the time when I should be in a capacity to serve them according to my utmost wishes, and for ever retreat from a world of vanity. This happiness I am obliged to say, the B——p of L——n most unkindly and most ungenerously deprived me of, though I sought it at the hazard of my life. And no sooner did I meet with his unkind treatment, than by an instance from another quarter, which I desire to bury in eternal silence, I was taught to cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils.

“You, my brethren, at Bristol, know how press-

ingly, and at what a critical juncture I was brought into your service, in which I still consider myself engaged, though less frequent than formerly; owing to the observance of a piece of wholesome advice dear Mr. Whitefield often gave me, viz. 'Be servant I like, but not servile.' And blessed be the Lord, I find there are doors enough open to me, quite beyond my expectation. My feet have been set in a large place; the poor are the subjects of my itinerant ministry, and I can say, as the result of my strongest affection for them, I am willing to spend and be spent for them, not doubting, but when I can do no more, the Lord will take care of my feeble remains.

"Perhaps the persons into whose hands these papers may fall, require a word of consolation as well as instruction. You are poor, and your situation exposes you to many and great trials; it may be, you find them a sore burthen, apparently too heavy for you to bear. Be it so, you have these considerations to comfort yourselves with. First, they are ordered by the Lord. He is privy to, and designs some salutary end by them. We are poor disordered creatures; he is the physician, and knoweth that we have need of all these things. The medicine may operate severely, but the several ingredients in it will work together for good; and however they may put you to pain for the present, they will be matter of praise hereafter. God Almighty doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; there is necessity for all that he doeth, and the necessity is on our part; when he shall be visibly glorified by the several dispensations of his providence, your profiting will appear unto all men.

"Secondly, the Lord is daily answering your prayers wherein you request that his will may be

done. It is enough that he hath promised, he will fulfil the desires of the righteous: but how or by what means he will perform his promise, is not for you to know; all you have to do, is to follow the prescriptions given you, and suffer the will of God concerning you. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, amidst a variety of the most complicated distresses, and have seen, in the history of his life, the end of the Lord, that he is very pitiful, and of tender mercy. You must acknowledge that your blessings are more than a counterbalance to your distresses; and as you are assured that an eternal weight of glory is to be the interest of your light afflictions, be steadfast, and hope to the end. Divine supports shall be given unto you, and if the period of your suffering season should be drawn out to an unusual length, the grace of God shall be sufficient for you, and as your day is, so shall your strength be.

“Thirdly, In the word of the Lord is both hope and comfort, and this is the word that is preached unto you. I should be sorry to make your temporal circumstances the alone objects of my attention, and I hope you have greater ends to answer, by hearing the Gospel, than to alleviate the sorrow of the world. It so happens that a tide of spiritual distress frequently flow’s in upon the children of God with their temporal calamities, therefore a suitable remedy for both is deposited in the sacred word; and as wise stewards of the mysteries of God, ministers are to deal them out as the exigencies of the people require. If it is well with your souls in other respects, all is and will be well. As Jesus is the fountain of life, and always accessible and communicative, I beseech you to come to him just as you are, poor and needy and bowed down. Cast all your burdens upon

him; you may derive a supply for all your wants out of his fulness; he will withhold from you no manner of thing that is good; it is your privilege to trust in him at all times, and your peculiar mercy, that he will never leave you nor forsake you.

“Thus much I thought necessary to say to you, my poor dear brethren, in this dedication, to supply what may appear defective in the sermon; and now I beg an interest in your prayers, that God may give me a pilgrim’s heart with a pilgrim’s life, that I may aim to promote no interest besides that of the kingdom of God, nor attempt to appear an advocate for any other party besides that which shall stand upon Mount Sion. There it will be seen how sincerely I have been, and so far as occasion offers, am yet

“Yours, affectionately, &c.

“*Bristol, October 5, 1773.*”

The third was on the death of Mrs. Lanfear, the pious sister of Mrs. Winter.

The fourth was on the death of Mr. John Fryer, of Frampton upon Severn.*

The fifth was on the death of Mr. Zacharias Horlock, of Painswick, aged ninety-two.

* This youth, respectable for family, property, education, knowledge, and, above all, piety, died early of a consumption. His opinion of Mr. Winter, and the attachment he bore him, produced an earnest anxiety to die in his arms. His wish was indulged. He expired leaning upon his bosom; and the last words he uttered was a well-known verse of Dr. Watts, only altering significantly and emphatically one word:—

“O! may I *die* to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold.
And sing his Name to harps of gold.”

He published a charge, delivered at the ordination of the Editor; and another at the ordination of Mr. Golding, who was also one of his students.*

Some valuable reflections are annexed to the life of Mrs. Joanna Turner, without his name. Some may not be aware of this, but he was "The worthy Dissenting minister" who is there said to have furnished them; and as they are brief and valuable, and as to many they may be new, they are here inserted:—

"LET IT FIRST be *remarked*, that in what is written the MEMORIALIST doth not design to exalt the SUBJECT of these MEMOIRS above the rank of human beings, as though by her own power or holiness she was what she is described: so far from it, that she knew assuredly that she had nothing of good, by nature, mote than any other person; which MRS. TURNER herself was not wanting to acknowledge in all her correspondence and conversation to the last day of her life, as the preceding pages testify.

"INHERENT sin hath put us all upon a level; so that, though one may be more notorious than another, no man has anything of *merit* to boast of before GOD. Our OBJECT is, to display the riches of the *grace of CHRIST*;—to shew, by an example within our knowledge, to what a pitch *grace* can rise; and to stir up the professors of the GOSPEL to be followers of HER, even as she was of JESUS CHRIST!

* The former from the words of the Apostle to Timothy: "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." 2 Tim. ii. 2. The latter from his address to the same son in the faith: "Consider what I say and; the Lord give thee understanding in all things." 2 Tim. ii. 7.

“SECONDLY.—We wish not by what we have written to discourage any who may appear to come *short* of her STANDARD,—I say appear, because all are not in *reality* inferior to her in their attainments who are so in appearance. STARS, invisible in the element, may be equally bright with those which are visible to our eye, but their *situation* does not admit of their being *observed*. But let not this remark encourage the slothful professor.

“THIRDLY.—However advantageous a situation BELIEVERS may be placed in, or whatever abilities they may have for it, it will not make them *proud* or *vain*. You can no more deprive the SUN of his *glory* than you can induce him to take *that glory to himself!* and equally impossible it is for the *real* CHRISTIAN to withdraw his *shining*, or to arrogate to *himself* the *glory* of his own light. The JUSTICE of this REMARK leads to the mention of an occurrence not taken particular notice of in the MEMOIRS, which is, that MRS. TURNER, dropping into the prevailing custom of the METHODISTS, in choosing a text for a *funeral* subject, and knowing the high esteem her friends held her in many years ago, as Mr. Clark observes, in her *funeral* sermon, selected 2 Cor. chap, xii., and part of ver. II, to be improved at the time of her *interment*. She particularly *reminded* him of his obligation to use it, the evening before her death, as is mentioned in the Memoirs! and does it not carry an evidence of the humble view she had of herself through all that time? If she had been an ANGEL, instead of a human being, she would still have said at the conclusion of every successful undertaking, ‘Give GOD *the glory*;—I am NOTHING!’

“FOURTHLY.—The justness of the real Christian’s

sentiment of his INABILITY, and his disposition to *disclaim* the glory of his own performances, do not slacken his *exertions* for the glory of God! He is like a child who feels himself deeply concerned in the advancement of his father's *interest*, and endeavours to *exert* himself for the promotion of it. If *zeal* be enervated, and we aim more at our own comfort and convenience than his GLORY, it is a proof that our hearts are not right, and that we are not steadfast in his covenant. It best becomes the CHRISTIAN to say, 'LORD, what wilt thou have me to do?' and to make the end of *one* good work the beginning of *another*.

"FIFTHLY.—OUR BLESSED REDEEMER will acknowledge the *willing* mind which is disposed for his service; and in the faithful discharge of it, will *increase* our ability, and cause our usefulness to *grow* with our years. If we are faithful in that which is least, *he* will bless and increase us more and more.

"THE preceding REMARKS are made to prevent *gracious* SOULS under disadvantageous circumstances and dejection of spirit from yielding to discouragement, because they cannot produce an experience equivalent with Mrs. Turner's. But they are not intended to be a SALVO for the *lukewarmness* and prevailing *indifference* of our modern professors of religion, who deviate as much from the spirit of the GOSPEL as they should from the spirit of the WORLD; and live as much under the dominion of a *carnal* spirit, as they should under the governance of the SPIRIT of CHRIST.

"It is no unusual case for people to *admire* what they will not *imitate*; and to applaud the *diligence* of *others*, while *they themselves* stand all the day *idle*.

It is to be feared MRS. TURNER'S *shrine* will have more *admirers* than MRS. TURNER'S *self* will have imitators. BEWARE, dear reader, that it be not *thy* case. There is no reason that it should. Be suitably impressed with a sense of the *love* of CHRIST—thy obligations to him, and the sufficiency of his *grace* for thee; and thy soul will no longer cleave unto the dust, but thy affections will be set upon things *above*. The AFFECTIONS being so *elevated*, thou wilt be constantly aspiring, and as constantly laying out thyself for his GLORY who deeply humbled himself for *thee*. When the APOSTLE recommends a similitude of mind of CHRIST, he exemplifies his humility on purpose to shew wherein the correspondence between CHRIST and the CHRISTIAN should consist. We assent to the propriety of the parallel, but object against being EXAMPLES of it. Hence there are so few who dare to be *singularly* good—who are bold to be *patterns* of a *life devoted to God*; or, if not in providence set in the *sphere of a public* EXAMPLE, ready to conform to those who, being so stationed, eminently fill up and *adorn* it. How many CHRISTIANS are there in *affluence* who, in proportion to their circumstances, do less for the GLORY of GOD than their fellow-Christians in *humble* life! Why? Because their *demands* multiply as their *property* increases. They cannot possess *abundance* without living up to a pitch of GRANDEUR answerable to it. A *decent* appearance above the common rank will not satisfy them. They must make a *splendid* figure; they cannot retrench, either from their buildings, their dress, or their table. The great object self is ever to be regarded; and, consequently, the

GLORY OF GOD and the claims of CHRIST JESUS are ever neglected.

“Nor is it less to be lamented, that persons of MIDDLING rank in life are *like-minded*. They have got into a kind of HYPOCRISY, far from *religious*, whereby they *appear* superior to what they are in *reality*; and by the *outward* APPEARANCE are beguiled into the *inward* DELUSION of THINKING *more highly of themselves than they ought to think*. They plead hard for exemption from rebuke for being conformed to this world; and have persuaded themselves that their gay clothing is compatible with a ‘transformation in the renewing of their mind.’ If it were as practicable to attain to the *wearing of* GOLD, as to the *plaiting of the* HAIR, they would blow upon the *apostle* PETER’s advice; and sooner suffer a member of CHRIST to *perish* than part with a *gold pin*. As good be out of the WORLD as out of the FASHION, is a sentiment almost universally adopted by the professors of Christianity; and to comply with the extravagance of the FASHION, they unfit themselves for those works and that labour of love which GOD and their fellow-creatures require at their hands.

“How very inconsistent is this with the SPIRIT of CHRIST, and the example set us by those who have drunk deep into that Spirit! So far as it prevails, it must be prejudicial to the progress of religion in the heart—to those advances in HOLINESS which are necessary to bring us unto any degree of conformity to the LORD JESUS, and to make US THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

“Had MRS. TURNER contented herself with the knowledge of salvation, without regarding the GLORY

OF GOD, in all the instances wherein it may and should be promoted, she would have been lost to observation among the *multitude* who are willing to partake of the MARRIAGE *supper of the LAMB*, but are unconcerned about the WEDDING *garment*: who, by renouncing their obligations to HOLINESS, evidence that they have no interest in the RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST, nor inheritance in the KINGDOM OF GOD.

“PARTIALITY TO DOCTRINES, however TRUE, will not avail, if we deface the badge of our profession, and set aside the characteristics of *gemdne* CHRISTIANITY. There are different degrees of Christianity, it is true; and we suppose the *smallest* makes us capable of SALVATION: but who would be so sordid as to be content *merely* to be SAVED? Who would not be emulous for the GLORY OF GOD? Who would wish to have *great* things done for *them*, and not be desirous to do *great* things for HIM? If you *are* what you *ought* to be, you will be *dead* to the WORLD, and *living* unto and for GOD. YOU will imitate those most who copy closest after JESUS CHRIST; and by aspiring after *greater degrees of* HOLINESS than you have hitherto attained, ‘grow up unto HIM in all things who is the HEAD, EVEN CHRIST.’”

He sent various communications, especially obituary and biography, to the magazines, which I cannot specify. The lives of Mr. Hogg and of Mr. Adams were written by him.

He was idly appointed final Editor of the Theological Magazine, but others engrossed all the influence, and no papers were ever sent to *him*. He wrote the preface to that work, which some one contrived to spoil before it was printed.

Mr. Winter frequently mentioned a design to publish some memoirs of that very extraordinary character Salmanazer, but the intention was never executed. This is the more to be lamented, as he was peculiarly intimate with him, and attended him in his dying moments. Mr. Winter had hope in his death. He had a fine original portrait of him as large as life. But we hasten to observe him finally—

As A CHRISTIAN.

Of the carbuncle it is remarked, that it looks on fire, but when touched it is as cold as any other stone. There are persons who soon rectify our mistakes concerning them, by our intercourse with them. They will not endure close inspection. Their piety is official rather than personal. It consists in certain exercises and appearances, which are resigned with the occasions that require them: and in company they are the merry companions, the temporizing associates; in the house, the cruel husbands, the negligent fathers, the tyrannical masters.

But it was otherwise with Mr. Winter. His private life was not only consistent with his public character, but surpassed it. We respect him as a man of letters and knowledge, we love him as a tutor, we revere him as a preacher: but as a Christian he “excelleth in glory.”

And here I find it impossible to do anything that is very satisfactory to my own mind, or that will probably meet the sanguine wishes of those who intimately knew him. The amiableness and holiness of his daily walk were so invariable, that, as the whole cannot be produced, so reasons to determine the selection of particular parts are not easily found.

Facts, like quotations, are not always specimens; they may rise above the general practice, or be peculiar to themselves; but here the various excellences we adduce are instances, and may be compared to small samples severed from a large piece of beautiful and finely woven cloth; they are of the very same texture and colour with the whole, and would have appeared to better advantage in their original connexion than in their detached form. For fifty years, here is a man unchangeable in all the varieties of life; by the grace of God, holding on his way without drawing back, or turning aside, or standing still, or even seeming to come short; what the Scripture calls a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil.—Such an one we are called to “Mark and behold.”

His mode of living was very simple and plain. There was nothing superb in his house, nothing superfluous or costly at his table; but a plenitude of wholesome fare, attended with such a graceful welcome, and such an agreeable intercourse, that whoever visited him was more than satisfied, though he might not find all the foolish and gouty indulgences to which he had been generally accustomed. In a letter to his dear friend Mr. L——e, in acknowledgment of a favour received from him, he remarks. “My manner of life is happily adapted to the times; and, as my wants are contracted, I feel none of the inconveniences which crowd upon many, who suppose the ministerial office must necessarily be attended with style, and therefore confound the distinction between a man of property and a minister. A more public situation, for which I acknowledge myself unfit, may require an appearance with which

I can with propriety dispense, and am bound to acknowledge I can obtain *all* I want for myself and my dear wife, with the interest of £400 which she brought me, and the £50 per annum which my situation produces. But I must be given to hospitality, and an attention to this duty *seems* to require a little augmentation, for which I have trusted Providence, and Providence has honoured the confidence reposed in it. The expense of a plain meal, beyond which I never exceed, differs from that of a feast. Wherever I have been, the poor have closely attached to me, and in fact have been part of my family. For their sake I am thankful for such a friend as my dear Mr. L——e, who blesses me with his friendship, and honours me with his pecuniary favours, and affords me the pleasure, by giving me an opportunity to impart to others, which he himself feels in imparting to me.

His family worship was early both morning and evening. Beading the Scripture always made a part of it, and a portion of Henry's Exposition generally accompanied it. Singing also was commonly blended with it. He was remarkably fond of psalmody, and could sing well himself. But—the prayer!—Though the frequency of the exercise and the sameness of the circumstances tend to formality, and allow of little diversity in domestic devotion; yet his addresses always seemed as new as they were appropriate, and as comprehensive and particular as they were short and free.* I shall never forget these exercises; they enlivened me, however dull, and im-

* Mr. Winter was never tiresome in domestic devotion. He often mentioned that Mr. Whitefield being at a friend's bouse, the master of the family one evening prayed himself.

pressed me, however insensible. I rose from my knees longing to be better; longing to be more like him; and thought of the exclamation of Philip Henry, when he closed the duty of the Sabbath, "Well, if this be not heaven, it must be the way to it." Many have expressed a wish that a collection of prayers was published, more peculiarly adapted to the use of families than any of those which have already appeared. Nothing would have supplied this want like a number of his ordinary devotions in the family, had they been secured in shorthand.

Mr. Winter had no children—unless by adoption and kindness. Of this class, indeed, he had many. And it is worthy of remark, how singularly he attracted and attached ah young people to him. And this was the case even with children, so that I believe no child was ever in his company but loved him: and when

"The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man s smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd."

As a husband, he was a pattern of relative virtue. While writing this very paragraph, I have thrown my eye upon the copy of a letter to a friend on his marriage, in which he observes: "Much of the happiness of the conjugal state consists in reciprocal giving and receiving; bearing with infirmities

He was immoderately long. In the middle of the prayer Mr. Whitefield rose up and sat down in the chair; and when the long-winded gentleman had finished, said to him with a frown, "Sir, you prayed me into a good frame, and you prayed me out of it again."

common to men, and forbearing to avail ourselves of inadvertences; closing the eye to failings, and opening it to a discernment of what is praiseworthy.—The study of mutual felicity will be well rewarded, and it is a duty we owe to ourselves, and to the partners of our lives.—The bond that is soon to be dissolved should be firm while it holds.” To Mr. L——e, on his marriage, he writes, among other things: “May your wishes be succeeded to the uttermost, and your expectation of the felicity of the state of matrimony be answered beyond conception. I could indulge myself in the multiplication of good wishes; they shall all be included in one—may every blessing unite to make you happy. They will, if you set the Lord always before you, choose him for your best portion, and study to advance his interest among men. Mr. Matthew Henry’s dying testimony will always prove true: ‘A life of communion with God is the happiest life in the world and his remark in the beginning of his Comment is as worthy of notice, that ‘He who has a good God, a good wife, and a good home, needs nothing more.’ It is the property of a good wife to make domestic happiness; and we seldom find men disposed to seek an addition to their happiness abroad, who, by the attentions of a bosom friend, are made happy at home. When we do meet with instances to the contrary, it is in those whose natural depravity is not subdued. But dear Mr. L——e has long since lived under the triumphs of grace; he has been walking in its paths, been guided by its instructions, and has adopted all that it inculcates. His choice, therefore, I am persuaded, is favourable to his growth in grace; and whatever additional claims his new state may impose,

lie will be equal to, and live in the conscientious discharge of, till the end of life is answered, and he shall receive the 'Well done,' with which the Lord will welcome into his joy those who acquit themselves properly in the duties enjoined upon them, and are found faithful in the improvement of the talents intrusted to them. Exertions in his service from principle, will prevent us from giving them an undue merit; we shall not rob him of the glory which is his due, because he condescends to accept our efforts, and, though infinitely short of perfection, yea, attended with numerous instances of imperfection, honours them with his plaudit. By the grace and providence of God, we are what we are; and his grace will keep us from being proud and vain, while, under the conduct of his Providence, we have opportunities afforded us to honour our religion, and to be an example to those around us."

It is to be remembered that whatever Mr. Winter enforced, he also exemplified. He loved his wife even as himself. This affection was never interrupted by passion or sullied by pettishness. Neither was it suffered to cool with years. It had no abatement under the infirmities and decay of its object. When he was at home, no proper attention was omitted; when abroad, no engagement hindered the regularity of his correspondence.—Nor was he satisfied but in proportion as he realised in his companion an immortal too. All his intercourse was as religious as it was kind and tender. O! what opportunities have I had to perceive this in all his letters that have passed under my review!—In this manner, indeed, the union commenced: and I cannot resist the inclination I feel to introduce a Little of his correspondence

with Mrs. Winter before marriage. It will be found very descriptive of the man. It may prove exemplary. Here follows his first address.

“MADAM,

“I HOPE this letter will neither give you surprise nor disgust—I write it in the fear of God, with a single eye to his glory, from the necessity I am under to alter my condition, and the high esteem I have conceived for you.—The lowliness of my circumstances, together with my want of a settled being, hitherto prevented my ever addressing any one; and I do not now wish to think of a young person, conscious to myself that I am not equal to the duty required in the charge of a large family.—The present line the Providence of God has cast me into, makes my circumstances equivalent to an annuity of about £35 per annum, and as I do not want to live better than strictly decent, I flatter myself I shall do no injury to the substance of the person I desire to be united with.—If I might have the privilege to address you, madam, I desire to do it on the most honourable terms—should I succeed, I have not the least doubt but I shall discover an affection worthy of the marriage state, and engage your affection toward myself by a uniform temper and deportment. I have not the least objection to my character and conduct being scrutinized into, with the utmost care and diligence, and if you please, I will refer you to persons whose eminence will give weight to their testimony.—A line from you will be esteemed a favour, and if it brings the least hint answerable to my wishes, you may expect a visit from me very soon; on the other hand, if you see it right to put a negative upon my

request, I shall endeavour to consider it in a proper light, and be conscientiously careful not to make any future interview with you troublesome. You would have heard nothing from me upon this subject, if I did not believe you to be united to, and a sincere follower of, the dear Lord Jesus. It will be by a mere mistake if ever I take a person of a contrary disposition into my embraces, and the more such a person differs in dress, in the choice of company, and matter of conversation from the world, the better by far will she suit me. The brilliancy of heaven is truly admirable, and therefore desirable; the ornament Peter recommends may be worn without remorse of conscience, even when it is truly awake to know, and serious to examine. That you, madam, may never put anything on, but what you can easily put off, and cheerfully exchange for a grave suit; that you may never unite with any but in an indissoluble bond, is the sincere prayer of,

“Yours,

“In the Gospel,

“1778”

“C. W.

“DEAR MADAM,

“IN the former letter you did me the honour to receive, I promised, in case you did not comply with my request, not to make any future interview troublesome. I hope you will not deem a renewal of the request a breach of promise. I do intend, with your permission, if an opportunity offers, on Thursday afternoon, to say something upon the subject; but I thought it necessary to give a previous hint of my intention, lest, being unapprised of it, I might hurt your delicacy.—All you have to say short of an abso-

lute denial I shall be apt to raise my hopes upon. Your only objection hitherto, I am inclined to think, is a fear that, by contracting an intimacy with me, you should make a fracture in the union of your family—this I would willingly avoid. But is not their consent to be won? I conceive Mr. B——n is a man of understanding. Will you let me pay a compliment to his judgment, by asking his consent to address you? If so, you shall be heartily welcome to inspect the letter. I shall never think of forming a union with any other woman while I have the hope of succeeding with you. Let me beg you to be tender to this declaration, and come to a determination as soon as you can. Should any thing in Providence occur to retard the accomplishment of my wishes, I will endeavour to reconcile myself to it, if I have but your promise.—Do make it matter of prayer, and the will of God will be made manifest. To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I shall be upon my knees to solicit (in a particular manner) the blessing of God upon my endeavours to gain you. What, if at the same time you should withdraw from the family for a few moments to ask counsel of him? It may hereafter furnish us with an agreeable conversation, when we take a retrospective view of the footsteps of his Providence, and be the occasion of our mutual thanksgiving.—In hopes that this will be one (and the most material) of my latter-day temporal blessings, I will venture to subscribe myself,

“Dear Madam,

“Yours, &c.

“*Marlborough, Jan. 5, 1779.*”

“MY VERY DEAR, EVER DEAR FRIEND,

“PERHAPS you would smile to yourself if you did but know how the parson was tricked last night. Though his strength was as exhausted as usual with the *duties of the day*, in hopes of meeting with one he most sincerely loves, he gave an elastic spring, and, with his mind formed for conversation, trotted away to Mr. Merryman’s; but, to his great disappointment, the dear object of his affection was not there. This event preached a better sermon to him than he had preached to his congregation, though he had been three times engaged. It brought a conviction that covered him with shame. It made him reflect with humiliation, how stupid and inactive his powers are, when they ought to be vigorously exerted in pursuit of the dear Lord Jesus.—I hope he will take from you your present aversion to a situation in town, seeing it is his good pleasure to deny us the opportunity of an habitation out of town. I am persuaded a little time will make it familiar to us. It should become a matter of great indifference what our neighbours have to say or think concerning us, while we study to approve ourselves unto God. For my own part, I should be glad to have matters settled soon, and, as the first necessary step, should be glad if you would come and see the house, and give me your thoughts about it. *We* must not expect the advantages of a Paradise while we are here; every gratification will have its alloy, every habitation its inconvenience, every friend his imperfection, and *every* change of situation something we shall be loth to part with, as well as something we shall be ready to come to. Think, my dear love, of this—not to dis-

tress yourself, but to be fortified with such precaution as will be a check upon disappointment, and a means to reconcile you to the little inconveniences which will always attend us in this life.—With this you will receive a small valuable pocket Bible, which I beg your acceptance of, in testimony of your intention to make a present of yourself to me. It has been long a part of my small property, and I rejoice that I have it to present to you as the best signature of my love, and in confirmation of my persuasion that the rich and inexhaustible treasure it contains is all your own.—I have not one of the same impression by me: but the quarto one, neatly bound in black calf, is of *equal value*, nor would I part with it upon any consideration, but that of a desire to testify to your dear sister what an affectionate alliance I wish to form with her, through my union with you. I beg her acceptance of it with my love, and pray that its precious contents may be the joy, the desire, the guide, the support of her soul. It is the Christianity of the Bible, that only will stand the test; and all the profession of religion that will not admit of a trial by it, will be reprobated by God, the righteous judge in that day, when every man's works shall be tried so as by fire. O that I may derive all my doctrine from it; and that we may mutually agree to square our lives and conversation by its unerring and safe rule! Pray for me, and believe me to be,

“Yours, &c.

“*Marlborough, January 11, 1779.*”

“MY VERY DEAR, EVER DEAR FRIEND,

“YOU must necessarily have been very much engaged and exercised by the death of your brother.

It is an event that I hope will be much sanctified to you and yours. In consequence of it, I could not have said much to you upon our own concerns, if I had had opportunity, but opportunity has been cut off, and my mind strangely bewildered, and I may add, afflicted, by the repeated aversion you have expressed against living in the town. While Providence denies me the pleasure of frequent interview with you, it is impossible for me to act as I would, and unless you can conquer your little prejudice against a public neighbourhood, I do not see how my strong desire of union with you can be accomplished. You have too much good sense to require severe asseverations in confirmation of what does not admit of a doubt. I shall therefore be content to say, if I could raise you a house of gold, on a Paraisaical spot of earth, it should be at your service; or, if Providence should abridge us of an habitation so convenient as we would wish to enjoy, I could be content to dwell with you in mud walls. I have been in perpetual thought ever since last Monday about a house out of town, but in vain; and even though a spot could be procured to build upon, serious and deliberate reflection convinces me that it would be the most imprudent step we could take to attempt it. For instance, nothing could be raised but out of your own stock, and by a purchase made previous to the building itself. My continuance in Marlborough depends upon the affection and esteem of my friends, and the success of my ministry; either or both of these failing I must decamp, and then what good would a house do us, merely suited in size, substance, and situation to our own conveniency? Mr. Hancock assured me it was not in his power to oblige us with a house by the meeting, and I am as far from

approving of that in the church-yard as you would be, if it was only because the rent would be too high. This difficulty, on our first setting out, is very seasonable, at least to me. In a day or two after I left Hockley, I wrote largely to some of my London friends, upon the amiable qualifications of the dear woman, whom I told them the Lord had secreted and preserved to be a help, a delight, a principal temporal blessing to me. Nor can I yet alter my sentiment, while I think of the antidote against the cold she so kindly sent me on Monday evening last, and which, through the blessing of God, had its desired effect. Will my dear love let me drop her a hint upon a subject she must know by experience, if ever she is the wife of a minister of Christ, viz. *the cross*? It will appear in ten thousand forms, and be felt in almost every occurrence of life. It will cleave to us if we are Christians, and if we carry it as submissively becomes the disciples of Jesus, it will befriend us even while it galls the shoulder, and prevent our loving or being loved by the world to our utter destruction. Consider a necessity to live in Marlborough against your natural inclination, one instance of your obligation to take up the cross among many. And if it should be the chief instance, it is more the name than the thing. In general, God does not suffer his people to pass from earth to heaven, with so trivial and little interruption. Where the thing is little, it ought to be the more readily complied with, otherwise we shall appear to great disadvantage when tried by that rule, Luke xvi. 10. Had I studied my own ease and convenience I should have taken a very different course to that I have pursued through life hitherto; but I enjoy a secret satisfaction in imitating his example in any degree, who pleased not himself,

and have reason to blush before God, that, having such an example of self-denial in the dear Redeemer, I have in so great a measure walked contrary to it. Heaven will make amends for all; they who have most of the afflictions of this present life, will have most of the glory of that blessed state. Nor shall we wait till our coronation day for consolation. It will mingle with our sufferings, and be the ingredient in our cup that will taste stronger than our sufferings. This we may gather from 2 Corinthians, i. 5, and iv. 17. Better example of patience under affliction, or of authority from whence to conclude the advantage of affliction, we cannot have. Therefore, my dear love, make yourself familiar with that subject in your meditation, that is most likely to be your companion in life. You may rest assured that I shall never intentionally add a grain to the weight. I mean all I say, and abundantly more, and am persuaded, when you have conquered the difficulties of your first settings out (which I know arise from the modesty of your temper), you will find as little inconveniences in a town as in the country. All will depend upon the liberty you at first give your acquaintance. Give up yourself seriously to the Lord, and he will influence you with his wisdom to take every step right. I convey this by your old and trusty servant, Robert Deer, by whom I beg to know when I may have a sight of you. Should it be at Mr. Merryman's, I shall converse with you with some appearance of reserve, but do not let that hurt you; I shall have no reserve in my feeling heart. It pants for the hour when we shall be no more twain.

“I am,

“Yours, &c.

“*Marlborough, Jan. 18, 1779.*”

In another, after speaking particularly of a house and its advantages, he adds, "O how much of our time and thoughts are taken up about this life! We had need seize the earliest moment to animate each other with the thought of the life that is to come. Make it your daily concern to remember, that for a covert in time to be screened from temptation, and an habitation in glory we shall dwell in for ever, we must be debtors to Jesus; and miserable wretches must we be, if he does not espouse our cause, and take the management of our best concerns into his own hands. Woe be to the man whose attention is swallowed up about a being for his body, and exposes his immortal soul to wrath and destruction. I trust this will not be our case. In confidence that I am not mistaken, I long for the commencement of the time when we shall aid each other in praising the rock upon which we are built, the Saviour by whom we are redeemed."

In the last, previous to marriage—"I am sure you will see the hand of God in placing us in this dwelling. My heart is affected with it, and my expectation of our being mutually happy together, rises higher and higher. I know you will not delay to come, longer than is necessary; and for so great a blessing as I expect to enjoy in you, I am willing to tarry the Lord's leisure. I am but poorly with a cold, but my soul is happy in God, and while I am thinking of the prospect of a nuptial enjoyment with my very dear elect, I am at the same time thinking of the period of my departure. But, alas! earth preponderates the scale of heaven. The Lord make me more spiritually-minded."

We need not wonder that a connexion thus formed should have yielded so much peace and pleasure.

Equally excellent was he in the relation of a *master*. He was one of the good and gentle: he forbore threatening, and was therefore served from affection rather than duty. He considered servants as humble friends. He marked their peculiar cases in his devotion, as well as those of the higher branches of the household: he always mentioned them in his letters. He frequently observed that it was wrong to suffer a domestic to leave our family unable to read and write. How often have I seen this matchless character, infirm and enervated to a great degree, after toiling all the day with his scholars and students, patiently, cheerfully devoting half-an-hour in the evening to the instruction of his maid servant! These are scenes indeed that excite little notice and admiration *now*; but a day is coming, when it will appear that to be *truly* great is to be "Great in the sight of the Lord." "Therefore," said one of those who had seen him gird himself with a towel, and pour water into a bason to wash their feet, and who had themselves imbibed the spirit of the example—"Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not."

No person was ever more formed for *friendship* than he, or entered more fully into all its duties. He "shewed himself friendly," and he "had friends." The circle was very extensive and varied. He loved their company; he was devotedly regular and affectionate in his correspondence with them; he was grateful for their attentions and kindnesses; he entered into all their circumstances and feelings; by the tenderest sympathy he made their trials his own; and was sure to know their souls in adversity. His friendship was the most pious, the most durable, the most disinterested. Nothing was too costly for him to

sacrifice, nothing was too arduous for him to undertake, nothing was too humiliating for him to undergo, if a friend was to be served. "He pleased not himself."—He never thought of his own advantage or convenience.—He breathed for others. Hence what he says in a private letter, he might have published to the world without any danger of contradiction.—"I am happy that God has given me not only contentment with such things as I have, but also an accommodating turn of mind, so that I am desirous to make all about me happy, and am happy in their happiness." Indeed he was the Apostle's representation of love alive. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

This leads me to remark, that nothing characterised Mr. Winter more than *Beneficence*. His life was an entire conformity to the example of our Lord, who went about doing good. This was his study, his business, and his delight. His bounty was not pressed out of him by violence, like sourness from a crab: it dropped like the honey-comb. It was not an occasional effusion like a summer shower, but a perennial spring, the streams of which made glad the sons and daughters of affliction all around him. And no being, since the days of Job, according to his sphere and his capacity, could with more truth adopt the exquisitely tender language: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that

cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not, I searched out."

Benevolence is to be judged of by proportion, by income, by self-denial. Hence the most liberal are often those who give the least. Our Saviour himself declared that the poor widow had given more than all the rich. They cast in *much*, she only *two mites*; but they gave of their abundance, and she of her penury; they could go home after all their bounty to a table spread with profusion and dainties, but she cast in all that she had for the day, even all her present living. A period is approaching that will develop character and weigh motives; and then shall every man have praise of God. The hero shall be applauded who went boldly to the stake, as far as he was actuated by a concern for the Divine glory: but that female sufferer in yonder obscure dwelling, month after month, year after year, devoured by the cancer, consuming the ear, the eye, the forehead, till it penetrated the brain; cheerfully enduring the anguish, without one murmuring word; retaining her confidence in God, and loving him under all the severity of his hand; talking of his goodness all the day long, and lamenting her own ingratitude; longing to be gone, yet willing to be detained*—She will be the martyr! The trial of the one was short, but that of the other protracted; in his case there was

* This representation is drawn from the life, and was exemplified in a good woman, whom the Author buried the morning he wrote this.—The subject was Mrs. Bailey.

every thing to rouse courage, in her condition every thing to repress it; he was attended by a multitude of spectators, she was unobserved—here all was pure principle, unaided by any extrinsical influence.

We are far from wishing to detract from the generous exertions of any; at the same time we must not separate principle from practice. It may be charitable to give what we do not want, and cannot use: but surely this is not the criterion of charity; it is not the charity of him, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. Mr. Winter's resources were comparatively very limited and uncertain; by a little common reasoning, especially by the help of that Catholic argument, "charity begins at home," he might have justified the application of the whole of his income to himself; but his care was to separate every thing superfluous from what was really needful; and gratifications in books, conveniences in situation, accommodations in travelling, and indulgences with regard to a thousand nameless things, he refused himself, in order to possess some ability to be serviceable to others. And, his circumstances considered, no one can imagine how much good he accomplished.

We read of the alms *deeds* which Dorcas *did*, and one is specified—*her making* garments for the poor. Some who abound in wealth will perhaps consent to devote the time, and to take the trouble that is requisite to put their hand into their pocket, and even to bring it out again—but Mr. Winter was a benefactor. He was seen visiting the fatherless and the widows in their affliction; he was seen in the chamber of sickness, and by the bed of languishing; he was seen wherever disappointments and losses had left nothing

but the attraction of misery; he and the selfish herd were sure to meet very near the door; they leaving their friends when they found nothing more was to be enjoyed; and he hastening thither as soon as he found something was necessary to be done—the image of him who has said “I will be with thee in trouble.” Is it too minute to mention that his students knew what it was on a Christmas Eve, as soon as it was dark, to accompany him with large baskets of meat to leave in the houses of the poor; and then return for more, and take another route; and thus gratuitously furnish those with a comfortable meal, who, notwithstanding all Paley’s “Reasons for Contentment, addressed to the Poor,” could never purchase one for themselves? It would be endless to particularize instances of a similar kind.

He devised liberal things. If ever a scene of misery occurred within his reach, it instantly set his thoughts, his feet, his tongue, his pen in motion. When we can do very little personally, we may often do much by means of others. He was always stimulating his connexions. In private companies, and at public meetings, he had commonly some case of affliction to propose. Numberless were the letters he wrote, though he was so driven for time, and pressed by business, containing applications in behalf of orphanism, widowhood, or age. The distresses which rendered such petitions necessary, were patiently stated at large, and feelingly recommended, while, by additional reflections, he endeavoured to render his address a letter of friendship as well as of charity.—And no one could refuse him. It would be curious to conjecture how much money he obtained in the course of his life by such importunity.

His disposition being known, and his character established, he was honoured by several, who stately made him their almoner. Were the names of these generous individuals published, the late Mr. John Thornton, and the present Mr. Henry Thornton, his like-minded son, would stand peculiarly distinguished. In the distribution of such money he acted with the greatest impartiality, prudence, promptitude, and fidelity, and fully met the wishes of the donors. "That day will declare" how far he was, by such indulgences, from diminishing personal liberality, or applying to his own use what was intended for others. He refused the liberty to divide it with them, even when he was allowed to take it. Hence, in a letter to Mr. L——e, in 1801, he says, "I was truly concerned to hear of dear Mr. Henshaw's removal. Blessed be God, he lived to purpose. Oh that his mantle, or what is the same, his spirit, may drop on his relatives, who inherit his temporal blessings! I long wished to inform you that he kindly honoured my application of the 24th of November, on the 17th of January, with £15, and liberty to appropriate any part of it to myself. But no—I petitioned on the behalf of the poor, whose indigence is extreme, and the whole sum shall be faithfully applied to them."

It is well known that, if any thing uncommon or delicate was sent to him in the way of a present, little if any fell to his share; he would divide it among his friends, and these were often "The poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind." Ah, "Winter!" They could not recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

He was given to hospitality, and used it without

grudging. His house was always open; and a welcome to enter or remain was too easily discerned not to be abused. There were those who took advantage of his kindness to sponge upon him, and incommode him; and even some who had it in their power to remunerate him the expenses and inconveniences they occasioned.

It was his fate to meet with peculiar ingratitude in many instances from those he befriended: yet this neither checked nor chilled him in his benevolent exertions. It only afforded an opportunity to illustrate the purity of his motives, and to shew that he did good for the sake of doing it. I never heard him mention one of these instances, even in the way of complaint: and when others have been indignant at them, he has without exception tried to apologize for them. The following fact may serve to explain and verify my meaning:—While I was under his care at Marlborough, among other beneficiaries was an aged female, whom he almost entirely supported for a good while before her death. So far from being duly sensible of her obligations to him, she betrayed much infirmity in several very opposite tempers, so as to induce many to speak very severely of her. When she was buried, he preached her funeral sermon from the words of our Lord, “Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again: and why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?”!!

Nor was he free from enemies. It might have been supposed that such a character could never have provoked any kind of hostility. But how then would

he have been, conformed to his Lord and Saviour, who was all excellency, all amiableness; or how would he have escaped the denunciation, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you"? Things like these, without justifying the agents, are permitted and overruled for good. They try, and they discover, distinguishing excellency. They are like the field of battle to the hero. "He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city." "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." "It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression." Laden with this as well as every other kind of honour, he descended to the grave. A man, who for years had treated him very unkindly, and given him much trouble and uneasiness, stood in need of his assistance in a particular case some months before his death. He went and applied to him without any acknowledgments of repentance. Mr. Winter overlooked his injurious treatment, and without dropping a reflection, or discovering one emotion of resentment, politely received him, and attended to his request. The consequence was natural. I saw him at the interment among the mourning crowd, weeping bitterly. Another person, who was under great obligations to him, and whose family he had served in various ways, conceived a prejudice against him, and persecuted him with remorseless malignity. The deceased, after doing every thing that gentleness could devise to soften him, in vain, mentions him in his will, and "Bequeaths to him his dying forgiveness."

His will, indeed, was all like himself. It is full of regard to the temporal and spiritual welfare of others.

Nearly all his substance is appropriated to civil and sacred benefaction.*

* Witness the following extracts:—

“Item.—I give unto my dear wife such of my books as she shall choose, except the particular books written with my own hand, upon the covers, for the Missionary Society, which books so written upon, and such others my said wife shall not choose, I give to the Treasurer for the time being of the Missionary Society, of which Joseph Hardcastle is now the Treasurer, for the use of the Missionary Academy under the superintendence of the Rev. David Bogue, of Gosport,” &c. &c. &c.

After Mrs. Winter’s death, he gives £50 per annum to John Edis and Sarah Edis, with benefit of survivorship; and after the death of the said John and Sarah, Mrs. Winter being dead also, his executors, or their representatives, “do and shall pay the sum of £500 unto the Treasurer for the time being of the Charity School of the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, in the city of London, upon trust, to be applied towards the support of the said school and also a like bequest of £500 to the Charity School of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green; “but I do hereby declare, that the two last-mentioned legacies are given upon this express condition: that, from and after payment of the same, each child, on his admission into either of the said schools, shall be presented with a Bible; and, on leaving the said school, and immediately previously thereto, producing the Bible so presented, shall moreover be presented with Dr. Doddridge’s ‘Rue and Progress of Religion in the Soul,’ and that such practice be continued to the end of time. And I do direct that the same shall be given, free of expense, to the children, or their parents.”

To these two considerable bequeathments he was not legally bound, but he was persuaded that it was the design of Mr. T. Shepherd, and the desire of his widow; and a delicate conscientiousness was more to him than law. After Mrs. Winter’s death, he gives, to the

Missionary

Innocency was a most prominent trait in the character of the deceased. Hence it was one day wisely and significantly said, by his esteemed friend Mr. Matthew Wilks, "I am never in the company of this man without feeling a kind of Paradisaical innocence." The reflection was as full of truth as it was of taste: numbers when they read it, will remember, and weep. Hence, too, his dear and honoured friend Mr. Hill, with his usual force and humour, said, "Mr. Winter would make the worst devil of any man in the world." It is awful to think how many beings there are, human in name and shape, but infernal in disposition and action; and who require only a little change to make them completely diabolical. But what a transformation must Cornelius Winter have undergone, before he could have borne the most distant resemblance to one of these unhappy spirits ! So full of the meekness and gentleness of the Prince of Peace was he, that a friend, very remote from adulation, and of very discriminating judgment, in the city of Bath, more than once said, after he had been the subject of conversation, "I have long thought he is more like Jesus Christ than any man on earth." I hope I shall be excused for

	£.
Missionary Society	50
British and Foreign Bible Society	40
Book Society	30
Homerton Academy	20
Hoxton ditto	20
Gloucestershire Benevolent Society for	
Invalid Ministers, Widows, and	100
Orphans	
Gloucester Infirmary	50
Poor of Peinswick Meeting	20

these insertions; the gratification they afford while writing them is beyond expression. And much of the pleasure arises not only from my regard to a character, the like of which I despair to see again, but from a conviction that the praises here bestowed upon him do not savour of the falsehood or lavishness of common eulogy.

I wish also this part of his character to be rendered exemplary. Innocency may be deemed a kind of negative quality, but it is an enjoined one: "Be harmless "Give none offence, neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God." David was so alive to this, that he was checked from repining and murmuring by the thought of it: "If I say I will speak thus; behold I should offend against the generation of thy children." It is surely an evidence of the degeneracy of the age, that an inoffensive man is an expression used generally to insinuate some imagined intellectual deficiency; as if there could be no good sense without cunning and villainy. But South has justly observed, "The craftiest villain is the greatest fool, and the harmless Christian the wisest man." It is true, inoffensiveness and talent do not always go together, but neither do wickedness and wit: and a man of inferior endowments, with an honest and good heart, is a far more valuable character than one of greater capacities, who, while he has the wisdom of the serpent, has the venom too. Call this quality, if you please, even an infantile property, provided you remember a piece of history—"At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said. Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted

and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." So much more valuable in his followers, and in his judgment, are the simplicity and innocency of a child, than the brilliancies of intellect, the speculations of philosophy, the intrigues of politicians, and the exploits of heroes.

But it must be confessed, that this inoffensiveness is peculiarly attractive, where it is combined with qualities that would render a man dangerous without it: where the sublime is softened by the beautiful; where the simplicity of the child tempers the wisdom of the sage. "In malice be ye children, but in understanding be ye full grown men: I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil." And who did not perceive this in Cornelius Winter? How fearful was he of injuring the honour of religion, and causing the way of truth to be evil spoken of! How tender was he of the purity of another's mind, and the peace of another's conscience! With what truth could he have adopted the language of the apostle, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend!" He made straight paths for his feet, for the sake of those that were walking after him, lest that which was lame should be turned out of the way. His concern was to heal, not to stumble. If a brother was overtaken in a fault, he restored such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering himself, lest he also should be tempted. No one was ever injured by his example or his speech. He made no one angry, no one sad. His whole life was an exemplification of the admonition which Paul gave to his son

Timothy, and which he often gave to *his* sons: "Speak evil of no man." And we know who hath said, "If a man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

As the thoughts we entertain of ourselves influence us in judging of others, the man who designs no evil often fears none; hence he is off his guard, and finds himself sometimes involved in difficulties which are escaped by those who, from the reflection of their own sentiments, keep a sharp look-out upon others. This was not uncommonly the case with our departed friend. But I am persuaded, that notwithstanding these occasional disadvantages, he found his innocent and unsuspecting temper its own reward. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" Sufferings that befall us in this way will assuredly be overruled for our benefit. Yea, our own feelings will more than indemnify us for our losses. Nothing is so much to be deprecated as an habitual wretched state of suspicion and dread; having no confidence in those with whom we have to do; if we sit still—to be listening for the intrusion of thieves, or if we walk out—to be thinking of nothing but treading upon gins and serpents.

The *candour* of Mr. Winter was remarkable. His natural temper was unusually sweet, and religion improved it. He held his sentiments with firmness; but distinguished not only between the true and the false, but between the true and the important. He did not consider every thing alike momentous: and therefore he did not press it with the same degree of zeal. I never remember, while I was under his care, any attempt to form my mind on inferior questions and disputes: he endeavoured to give it in all these

cases a proper temper, but not a particular bias. "Recollect," said he, "that it is possible to defend your own fort without storming another's battery. Maintain by scriptural argument your own principles and practices with modest confidence; but rail not; insinuate no reflection on your opponents; name them not unless—with respect."

Though he was a Dissenter from conviction before he had established his seminary, he sent one student to Oxford, and another to Cambridge. He admired the Liturgy; and was attached to instrumental music in the service of God.

Though he was a Pædobaptist, he was on terms of the most cordial friendship with Mr. Francis, of Horsley, and his brethren of the same persuasion, in Gloucestershire, and elsewhere. And here let me mention a circumstance not invidiously, but to designate the man. He was once desired by a Baptist minister to preach for him. The sermon immediately preceded the ordinance of the Lord's supper: to which his discourse was preparatory. When the public service was over, he was informed that he must excuse their asking him to communicate, as it was contrary to the law of the house. He very cheerfully withdrew into the gallery as a spectator: and all the remark he made in relating it was, "That he much enjoyed the service, and communed with them in spirit."

Here is a case which, arguing *à priori*, would appear incredibly strange, at least to some. Here are two parties of Christians, agreed in all their doctrinal, ecclesiastical, and disciplinarian principles—differing only in one point—and this not essential to salvation—even by the acknowledgments of both,

however inconsistent with such an avowal excessive zeal on either side may be: and yet these opponents, who, when they mutually explain, can hardly find ground enough to stand upon, while they are disputing have commonly betrayed such animosity, that a man of a liberal disposition, who will not help forward the contention, is not supposed to have any fixed conviction upon the subject; and our admired poet has mentioned it, as the extreme influence of the power of charity, could it induce *them* to be friendly towards each other—

“Were love, in these the world’s last doting years.
As frequent as the want of it appears;
The churches warm’d, they would no longer hold
Such frozen figures, still as they are cold.
Relenting forms would lose their power, or cease,
And e’en the dipp’d and sprinkled live in peace;
Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,
And flow in free communion with the rest.”*

What Dr. Rippon said at the funeral of Mr. Ryland, many might have said at the death of Mr. Winter: “*We* talk of candour; *he* had it.” Mrs. Shipway, of Bristol, was his very intimate friend, and many of Mr. Winter’s letters to her are now before me. She had belonged to the Tabernacle; but, in 1776, it appears that, from conviction, she was baptized by the late venerable Hugh Evans. A transition of this kind too often alienates the affections of those who complain of the loss they have sustained; and shyness, if not aversion, takes place

* The author remembers Mr. Wilberforce’s remarking, “How strange it was that an ordinance which implied the union, and was designed expressly to represent and promote the communion of saints, should become the means of dividing them and setting them at variance.”

of cordiality. But this was far from being the case with this man of God. His intercourse and correspondence were as frequent and affectionate as before. As some bigots may consider this a moral phenomenon, let us raise their wonder by introducing a part of two letters the deceased wrote to the individual above mentioned:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ON Saturday I arrived here, after being absent more than fourteen months. In this time I have frequently thought of and purposed to write to you, but something always prevented. It is not yet too late to testify my steady attachment to an old friend, who, I did not know till I came here, had been ‘buried in baptism.’ Well, I can have no just objection to that part of your conduct, though there is no apparent probability that I shall follow your steps. Through mercy I have learned to yield my prejudices to the wind, in matters of faith and practice, while I have reason to hope my differing brethren are following the dictates of a tender conscience under the influence of the Holy Ghost. It is, and ever has been, the lot of the poor Methodists to lose their children, but this is our comfort, we shall not lose the glory of their birth. I pray that you may derive much real advantage from your submission. The good Lord carry on his work upon your heart, and keep you a dependent on his dear Son. I do not doubt but he will: it is not his usual method to lead us into a deep knowledge of ourselves, and impart to us a growing acquaintance with Jesus, and then cast us off. Owing to the power of temptation, I find it hard to hang upon his breast, yet by the arm

of his power defending and helping me, I have hold of him still, and trust I shall be able to maintain it. I am yet indulged with the liberty of speaking in his name, and that with some little success. Travelling without intermission is disagreeable to nature, but it has its reward, and a fear lest I should take a false step disposes me to go forward. Perhaps I may get home sooner than I expect. Many of my dear friends are safely housed of late, it may be to escape a violent storm. What if it should overtake us in the wilderness?—Jesus is a refuge, and that is enough.—I wish you would particularly remember to give my dear love to Miss Delamain, Mrs. Brooks, and the mourner in Zion, under the same roof, and as many beside as know or inquire after me. Poor Bristol! I know thee, and I love thee, but have no more desire to see thee. Could I draw forth some of its select inhabitants to this little spiritual Elysium, and you among the rest, I should be glad, and do not doubt but we should anticipate something of that land where we shall meet to part no more. But we must submit to our Father's will, and bless him for the means he uses to work that submission in us.—Pray for me, my dear friend, and rest assured that

“I continue, yours, affectionately,

“In our dear Lord Jesus,

“C. W.

“*Rodborough, April 15, 1776.*”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I AM obliged to you for your kind favour. I shall always be glad of a long letter from you, but must beg you to accept a short one from me. I have so many interruptions in my sphere, that I cannot

go on with my necessary studies. I rejoice to hear that the Lord's work is going forward upon yourself and others. As to what you hint about a certain minister, I am unacquainted with it. To his own Master he stands or falls; whatever imprudent expressions may have dropped from his lips, I hope the Lord will pardon. I can observe too much zeal for a party both among Baptists and Pædobaptists, and am ready to conclude the subject in debate is a partition-wall God never intended to separate between Christian and Christian, though he permits it. Good Mr. Bunyan's view of it is too general and Catholic to satisfy the mind of a contracted bigot; if followed, it would cut off an opportunity for glorying in man. If nothing but what is consistent with sound argument and good manners is advanced from the Tabernacle pulpit upon the subject, I do not see why it should give more offence than what in the same manner comes from Broadmead. I highly esteem Messrs. Evans, believe them to be dear ministers of Christ, and think they have an undoubted right to assist my differing brethren in complying with the dictates of conscience, and pray that, through the Divine power attending their ministry, your soul may be more dead to the world, more conformed to the image of Jesus, and more than ever alive to God. I do not wish ever to enter upon a controversy with you; my objections against a second baptism are at present insurmountable; my satisfaction with what I received in infancy still continues; nor have I the least uncharitable reflection to make upon you. I believe, in the world of spirits the distinction will be lost, and therefore would avoid any prejudice from it now. Pray for me; you will not see me unless you come into the

country; here I shall be glad to see you, and here you will see something of the Lord's glory as well as at Bristol.—My kind love to all dear inquiring friends. There are many near you I love in truth, and hope nothing will interrupt our social enjoyment above. Wishing you every blessing a covenant God can bestow,

“I remain,

“Yours, &c.

“*Rodborough, August 14, 1776.*”

Though he was a Calvinist, he was intimately acquainted with Mr. Wesley, and often spent some days with Mr. Fletcher; and in the earlier volumes of the Arminian Magazine may be found some specimens of their mutual correspondence. When, therefore, the Methodists, two or three years before his death, erected a chapel in Painswick, though some of his people were displeased, viewing it rather in a way of opposition, he was far from complaining: and the Sabbath it was opened he largely and particularly prayed for the success of the Gospel in it, in each of his public services.

In delivering his most important sentiments he always remembered the advice of the Apostle, “Speaking the truth in love.” He did not suppose that religion was an altar that sanctified every gift. He knew that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. He therefore never employed a pen dipped in gall, nor a tongue set on fire of hell. He left those who differed from him the most widely, to their own Master; and treated them with the greatest affability and kindness. With some of them

he was on terms of the most friendly intercourse, though they never entered the doors of his meeting, till a regard for his character compelled them to go to his grave to weep there.

The little liberality that prevailed among the professedly peculiar followers of Christ made him often sigh, and long for heaven. In a letter to Lady H——, he remarks, “All distinctions that now divide the people of God will then be lost. Though we are now distinguished by our peculiarities, we should not forget that we are but as so many tribes in the same Israel, and as so many families in the same tribes. When I regulate my views by these Scriptural considerations, it makes me very easy about who has the precedency, or what is the plan that seems to have most of the Divine smiles. My utmost ambition is to walk in love, and so to improve my humble talent, that I may not be found with the wicked and unprofitable servant.”

In another to the same distinguished personage:—“It is not always necessary to take sides, and yet it is almost impossible often to be indifferent. When brought into such a dilemma, a tender mind feels perhaps more than the contending parties. This, among other things, serves to embitter even the church as well as the world, and to make us desire to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord, where imperfections in knowledge will no longer be the occasion of differences in sentiment between the Arminian and Calvinist, the Churchman and Dissenter, the Baptist and Pædobaptist.” In another letter to this lady—“I have always considered the church rather through the medium of Catholicism than as in party-detachments; and am

persuaded, that if that generosity and real candour which make no inconsiderable part of our religion were mutually cultivated, our joint object would be more to spread the Gospel than to divide its professions into parties."

In a letter to a young friend who had expressed his scruples concerning the book of Canticles, he says—"Come and see me. We will talk over the matter, and if we cannot unite in sentiment, we will agree to differ; we will not quarrel about Solomon's Song, if you will agree to love a greater than Solomon."

No one will blame me for concluding this article with an additional testimony of the esteem in which his character was held by persons of different opinions; and by another instance of that graceful candour by which he deserved it.

"RESPECTED FRIEND, WILLIAM JAY,

"OBSERVING in the Evangelical Magazine thy intention announced to the public of editing *Memoirs and Select Letters* of my late highly valued friend, Cornelius Winter, I could not find my mind excused or satisfied to omit sending thee the inclosed; the return of which I request.—Accept every good wish for the success of the work, and that of thy ministerial Gospel labours, which I have been occasionally favoured to enjoy through the medium of the press.

"I am, with every respectful regard,

"Thy sincere friend,

"JOSEPH RICKMAN.

"*Cliffe, Lewes.*"

“DEAR SIR,

“THE punctuality of the Friends is an example to Christians at large; I wish I could more exactly copy it, but *voluisse* only in this case, *non satis est*. The last time I was favoured with an interview with you, I promised to transmit to you the copy of Dr. Fothergill’s letter to Mr. Whitefield, but it being mislaid, I could not perform my promise. It was some years before I found it; I have now an opportunity to send it; it is accompanied with my best and affectionate wishes, and would also with a good number of lines if I were not circumscribed for time. An all-wise Providence has transferred me from the unfruitful soil of Marlborough to the somewhat more fruitful soil of Painswick, where I am working in the vineyard according to the ability which God has given me, and waiting for my discharge from labour and dismissal from life. Though I had really lost recollection of your name, I feel a warm attachment to your person, and am, in the love of him, who, in the dispensation of the fulness of time, will gather together in one all things in Christ,

“Yours, &c.

“C. W.

“*Painswick, Aug. 26, 1791.*

“A few friends are in this town with whom I should be glad to accompany you to meeting, either to join in silent waiting upon God, or to receive instruction from your lips. It would no less give me pleasure to lodge you under our humble roof. Farewell.”

“DEAR SIR,

“YOUR favour which you indulged me with on the receipt of Dr. Fothergill’s letter to Mr. Whitefield, is among my papers. It deserved an acknowledgment before now, but as I hinted to you, so it proves, I am a very bad and irregular correspondent. However, my friend coming into your town, I must make her the bearer of a line. I hope it will find you the same man in disposition and resolution; disposed as you long have been, to give the world to come the preference of this, and resolved, in the strength of divine grace, to obtain by vigorous exertion in compliance with your Lord’s will, and by firm reliance upon his promise, the prize of your high calling. O, dear sir, what reason have we to be thankful that we have Scriptural ground to hope we are in the number of the chosen, and called, and faithful, and for that good hope through grace, which maketh not ashamed! Under different professional distinction we appear, to the men of the world, as though we were going a different road, or as though there could be no central point in which we could meet; but we know to the contrary. Jesus Christ is the centre of unity, and by him, through one Spirit, we have access to the Father. The Lord, in tenderness to our weakness, can admit of our differences, and yet can give us a disposition to receive the same essential teaching, and will no doubt consider us in the number of the children of the church, concerning whom it is promised they shall all be taught of God. The happy consequent is, that we shall go unto Jesus Christ, and by renewed

acts of faith renew our application daily unto him. It is his precious blood that cleanseth from all sin, and by renewed exertions of faith we acquire its cleansing virtue. The agency of the Holy Spirit is exerted for our instruction and guidance into the way of all truth; and when we have made the necessary advancement, we shall be taken from the school of instruction to the mansion of our Heavenly Father, where our joy, which is here incomplete, shall be full. What wonder is it if with these views we should leave a noisy world to settle its own quarrels, and fight its own battles, waiting to see the events which the all-wise and over-ruling Providence will bring about by the contentions and dissensions of men? I allude now, as you may perceive, to the state of the political world, and to the several foreign events which perhaps wre could not have supposed, in our juvenile days, would have taken place. It is easy for him who made the world, in an instant to unframe it, and reduce it to confusion, and to make it appear that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men. We are the subjects of a kingdom that cannot be shaken, and if we have the grace answerable to our vocation, it is impossible that our minds should be diverted from it by important trifles. I cannot conclude these lines with any new's. We are in a quiet and pleasant situation. Here are a few friends of your persuasion, something under twenty, among whom is a Mr. Roberts, formerly a merchant in North America. He is a person of great humanity and good understanding. He is a great botanist, and does good by the application of his study to physical cases. We are on good neigh-

bourhood, as you may suppose, and only a want of leisure prevents frequent society. Should any providence call you into this neighbourhood, no one will be more happy to see you than,

“My dear Sir,

“Yours affectionately, &c.

“*Painswick, March 6, 1793.*”

His candour extended to matters of practice as well as of opinion: witness the following remark in a letter: “Though Mr. —— should continue angry with me, I cannot treat him as an enemy. We must bear our sufferings from the church as well as from the world, and stand the shock to which we are liable from the misunderstanding and the resentment even of those we love. I bless God, the misapprehensions of my friends do not alienate my affections from them; and, though I feel wounded, I can distinguish between the thrust of an assassin’s poniard and the blow of an offended brother, who would not strike if he did not mistake.”

His *improvement of time* was exemplary. Though always rather infirm and often poorly, how little did he indulge himself! Sloth was out of the question; but how much did he abridge what many would have deemed necessary for refreshment! He was a very early riser. How many exercises have I performed with him before six in the morning, sitting by his side at the table, with his arm—I think I feel it now—upon my neck! When abroad, many an hour would he secure in his chamber retirement, before the families rose, for reading and writing. He was always anxious to return. His visits at home were short, but instructive. He never

left a company without dropping something by which they might be the better for him. He thus exhorts one of his young friends:—"May you have wisdom to keep conversation, in the visiting circle, from degenerating in the least degree. Connect piety with cheerfulness: let not the former be driven out by the latter. Keep not all your religion for the pulpit: have it at heart and at hand; at dinner and at tea; and let every occurrence furnish you with a subject for spiritual improvement." This was his own practice; and though he did not speak much, and his extreme modesty kept him from taking the lead in conversation, he expressed himself with peculiar propriety, and dropped sentences which were not easily forgotten.

Though the Lord's way is hid from us, our way is not hid from him.

We have an unchanging world before us, and an unchangeable God with us.

I would not only be found in the Lord's work, but I would also do it in his way.

Let us rest in Jesus now, and we shall rest with him soon.

I want to be very different to what I am, much as I differ from what I was.

The more dangerous the way, the more cautious the traveller.

It is a great matter to be able to distinguish between waiting and loitering.

He is all to us, and does all for us, that he may have the glory of all from us.

Every place is alike to him who goes nowhere without God.

Much may be done, as in the building of Solo-

mon's temple, without the noise of axes and of hammers.

Seclusion from the world prepares us for communion with God; and communion with God prepares us for intercourse with the world.

I endeavour to take things as I find them. I fight with my own heart, from which I am most incommoded; and when I can get the victory there, I am an universal conqueror.

Though many of these kinds of aphorisms might have been secured from his lips, they dropped still more frequently from his pen: for the moments devoted to correspondence were by him deemed sacred and accountable; he said it was a fixed rule with him, "Never to write a letter without *aliquid Christi* in it and, neither in his conversation, nor his letters, were these reflections delivered quaintly, nor from a common-place vocabulary, like those of some formal talkers and writers, who have a number of sentences prepared for the occasion, artificially introduced, and used till they are worn out. His remarks grew out of present circumstances; they were the spontaneous expressions of the moment, the natural effusions of a thoughtful mind and a feeling heart, and were never repeated again. He had an inexhaustible affluence of sentiment and phrases. He was perpetually lamenting the waste, of time by interruptions, and the loss of it by inability to improve it as he would. Referring to an engagement with a person of quality, he observes in one of his letters—"It gave me some little specimen of the attendance great people require, when they condescend to be friendly to a poor preacher; and I

wish to know little *of* them, but with a design to do some little good *by* them. They make one spend more time to eat a dinner than seven of them are worth." In another he says—"Oh! that I had been more diligent in using the opportunities afforded me—the morning's work cannot be performed in the evening of the day. My gracious Master, I hope, will accept such feeble services as I am able to execute."

If ever a person was "lowly in heart," he was the man. He was clothed with *humility*. In honour he preferred others to himself. He rejoiced to hear of their success, and was industrious to add to their fame. "He must increase, but I must decrease," was a sentiment that found in his mind its native soil. He condescended to men of low estate. A female friend of his lately put into my hand a letter which he had written to her servant, whose mind was distressed: it was given me as a curiosity; but the thing was by no means uncommon with Mr. Winter. I have in my possession, by the death of the owner, perhaps fifty letters, addressed to a day labourer at Christian-Malford; and, not to observe that something was conveyed in each of them for the poor man's relief, the letters are written with the same neatness and correctness, and are as large and sentimental, as any of those he addressed to persons of rank.*

His humility was genuine, and not assumed. It was not the humility that is founded in vanity,

* Several of these I shall insert in the part of this work which will contain some specimens of Mr. Winter as a correspondent.

and employs a number of self-annihilating expressions as anglers fishing for praise: a humility that retreats—to be followed; that refuses—to be courted; that disowns excellences—for the satisfaction of inducing others to affirm that we possess them, and believe that we are insensible of them. Equality needs no pretensions: but those who have neither the trouble nor expense of maintaining the reality, can afford to be very lavish in professions. I never once heard Mr. Winter in his public services deal in the language of many, who, while they call themselves “Dust and ashes,” “Less than the least,” “Unworthy to open their lips,” show, in their general carriage, that they have no very mean opinion of themselves; and whose frown would probably threaten the daring individual that would address them in the language of their own “voluntary humility.” It is doubtless possible for persons to be led into the occasional use of such expressions from ignorance, simplicity, and a sense of what they really feel: but as they are commonly employed by that class of the ambitious who are straitened for expedients, and as they are generally considered the sneaking wishes of pride, it would be better to use them very sparingly, to keep our good from being evil spoken of, and to establish our claims to this Christian excellency by something less cheap and suspicious—the whole course of our lives. I remember, soon after I was with him, I was called upon rather suddenly to preach at an association of ministers. My dear and honoured tutor saw my agitation as I was ascending the pulpit; and whispered to me on the stairs, by which he was standing, “Make no apo-

logy." What he suspected, I had determined upon; but, confiding in his judgment, I gave up my design. He afterward explained the reason of his prohibition; and added, that "A young preacher's manner out of the pulpit, and in the pulpit, must be and will be his best apology."

If we consider his humility more immediately in reference to God, in whose sight the very heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly—What wonder from such a man we meet with language like this? "I wish always to see myself what I am, and then no varnish can so alter me as to make me excel in my own eyes."

"Lord, what am I? A sight of my own wickedness frequently bows me down, and I would, if I could, lie ten thousand fathoms lower, so that I might be but within the reach of mercy.—It is never better with me than when I am necessitated to lie at the feet of Jesus, begging the crumbs of that bread which, because I am not worthy to receive as a son, I would thankfully accept as a servant."

"The constraining love of Christ is the spur to my work, and the reward of my labour. And when the dear Jesus, who bought me with his blood, shall crown me with his glory, the whole hierarchy of heaven shall hear me shout Grace, grace!"

To Mr. L——e. "We should do what we can, if we cannot do what we would; and when we have exerted ourselves to the uttermost, it becomes us to lie prostrate at the Redeemer's feet, acknowledging that we are unprofitable servants. I feel this to be the case. Whatever formality there may be in my duties, and much there is indeed, there is none in

my confession. I think as I speak, before God and man. I had almost said it is impossible for me to be proud. If at any time Satan and my own heart take the advantage of a more than ordinary lively frame, and by the assistance of a more than usual share of spirits I am carried through a service, the comparison of that with the many dull and plodding exercises which connect with it, forbids me to be vain. It is probable the motives of my humiliation may be more from pride than from a proper concern for the glory of God, my divine master; if this be the case, I am so much the greater sinner before him. Of this I would stand open to conviction. Our great mercy is, that whatever may be our sin, there is an infinity of pardon for it. But it should be our care not to make work for repentance, by indulging sin, or to sin that grace may abound, and thus abuse the information we have of the plenitude of Salvation, and the efficacy there is in the blood of J esus to cleanse us from all sin."

To Mr. S——r, of B——s. "I do not wonder you derived advantage from the ordination of Mr. Hickman. I always attend upon such an occasion, interested in all the advice given to the ordained, and frequently discover a remissness and deficiency that humbles me before God. Not having life to live over again, my convictions of what I have in many instances detected to have been wrong, humble me. I despair of fetching up time past. The decay of nature, which gradually advances, will not admit of my using time present as I ought. I must therefore die repenting, and throw myself upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He knows that I have always designed better than I have performed; and I must

rely upon his compassion to pity the weakness that he knows has ever attended my frame, and pardon the sin which he equally knows has not been intentional, hut, cleaving to my most holy performances, has polluted them. And the failure of putting into practice the resolutions I have formed, makes me cautious in renewing them.”

In another letter. “Oh! blessed Jesus! may we all learn of him. But Oh! my dear madam, with what difficulty have I brought my heart to yield to one of his lessons since I saw you! I do not want, blessed be God, to be conformed to this world; but while I am indifferent to this world, I am not enough conformed to the image of the first-born among many brethren.”

I would only add, that when, a few years ago, I wrote a few verses in my native village, in which I of course was led to notice him as the instrument of my emerging from obscurity, upon my transmitting them to him, he wrote—“It is impossible I can keep the little poem to myself; and yet I truly blush at being the subject of so much honour as it intends me. I pray God that in the judgment-day I may be found the consistent character such as I ought to be. From the many imperfections known to myself I feel shame, while from my fellow-creatures I meet with applause, to which my dearest Jay contributes much. I sometimes tremble on this account. I know that I am not disposed to make an improper use of it, and am sure that it does not in the least divert me from the Saviour, whose name is all my trust. I need his mercy, and am in his service an unprofitable servant. If, like Charles, in Cowper,’ I have been desirous to please, and have

made any effort to serve acceptably, it is because I love my Master; and wherein I can best serve him, I would be most willing." Such a disposition preserved him from complaint under inconveniences and trials, and rendered him gratefully alive to the kindness of God and man. "I feel," says he, "as indifferent to everything above the supply of food and raiment administered in a decent manner, as a dead man does to the coffin in which his remains are confined."

Again. "We are in silent submission called in some respects to take up our cross. My old woman, Betty King,* has taken possession of my study. It is now a complete infirmary. To avoid enormous expense abroad, I have hereby entailed very considerable trouble upon my good wife at home; and as to myself, I am driven hither and thither for my retirement. But we are agreed in our conclusion, 'It is well,' and therefore we must not murmur; and indeed, by considering our appointment and our mercies, we are prevented. Our state is not helplessness; neither are we in want of the necessaries of life, as are many, very many, about us; and when faith performs her office, and helps us to realize things to come, it produces a placid effect."

In another letter. "The latter part of my journey

* One of his eleemosynary dependents, and who had been the housekeeper at the Tabernacle in Moorfields, before Mr. Whitefield's death, and several years after. When dismissed from her situation, not for anything immoral, but an instance of ignorance and inadvertent zeal, by which a divine, who too much forgot the spirit of his Master, chose to be offended, she immediately visited Mr. Winter, and quartered herself upon him for life; and what a trial did she prove by her infirmities! No one except Mr. Winter and Jesus Christ could have borne with her.

has been productive of a very serious cold, of which giddiness, deafness, an obstinate cough, and a continual fever, are properties. Had I only to nurse it, I should not be so sensible of its effects, as I am under ministerial duties, which require me to go abroad, and keep me fully employed at home. But who is without inconveniences? And who am I that I should be excused? Come forth to view my mercies, and excite my gratitude. They are present—my eyes behold them—my heart thinks upon them—and I am ashamed that their weight and number do not make greater impression upon me.”

While humble in himself, he had a holy *confidence* in God that never forsook him. His faith was often tried; especially in the earlier periods of his ministry. But though he was sometimes left almost destitute, and there seemed no probability of relief, he was always enabled to believe in the promise, “Verily thou shalt be fed.” And he had many instances of God’s seasonable goodness to encourage him in his future dependence upon him: and by means of these he strengthened the minds of others.

Loose among his manuscripts, I very accidentally discerned a narrow slip of paper thus written:—“A. Dyer returns Mr. Winter her thanks for the books: as he may choose to increase his library, she begs to have the pleasure of contributing a trifle towards it.” What the sum was, is not mentioned, but on the corner of the paper he had written—“I received this when I was exceedingly straitened, and I leave it with my papers, as one testimony among many, of the providential regard the Lord hath vouchsafed me. Reader, make him your confidence, and he will make you his care. July, 1776.”

In 1789, his benefactor, the never-to-be-forgotten Mr. Thornton, wrote to him.

“DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

“I INCLOSE you £20, as I suppose your purse may be low.—I commend you to the grace and love of Jesus. May he long shine upon you and bless you.

“My dear friend,

“Yours affectionately,

“J. THORNTON.”

On the corner of this, opposite the name of him who, unsolicited, had often supplied him, he wrote,—“I keep this letter to record the mercy of the Lord. It was a time when I received it wherein I was destitute, and knew not where to look for supply; I was kept from fear and anxiety, and found the great advantage of faith. Bless the Lord, O my soul!”

It is more than probable that many other acknowledgments of a similar kind are to be found in the multitude of his papers. It has been observed by Flavel, that they who notice providences will never want providences to notice. And a greater than he had said long before, from experience as well as conviction, “Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

“As to temporal circumstances,” says he, “I can leave them with Him who long since promised, and has been faithful to his word. He will supply all our need. I live upon the bounty of Providence, with as much certainty and pleasure as those can who command their thousands.”

I feel that I tread on delicate ground, when I remark, that my dear and honoured friend frequently indulged a confidence arising from impression, which it may not be easy entirely to justify. There never was a man more free from enthusiasm, if we use that term as significant of a careless dependence upon God, or an expectation of the end without the use of the means. He pressed duty in all its relations; he was sober-minded, cautious, and prudent. Yet it is certain that, in some of the most eventful circumstances of his life, his decision resulted very much at the time from a forcible impulse of mind which he could not feel himself at liberty to resist; and which indeed was fully satisfactory to himself. It is equally certain, that in taking these steps, he had no reason to repent: but was abundantly convinced by the consequences, that they were of God. We must not limit the Holy One of Israel, nor yet be wise above what is written. "A good mans steps are ordered by the Lord; and he has said, in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." The promise is connected with the duty; and *as* the orie is performed, the other is accomplished. Common Christians can hardly understand the peculiar advantages that arise from exalted spirituality of mind, and the most intimate degrees of devotedness to, and communion with, God.

He had an holy and unshaken confidence as to his spiritual and eternal concerns. He knew whom he had believed, and was persuaded that he was able to keep that which he had committed to him against that day. This, under every event that naturally tends to alarm and distress, released him from anxiety, and kept his mind in perfect peace. He was not afraid

of evil tidings; his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. A gentleman, Mr. Dodd, has just written to me, to say that he came over in the same vessel with him from America. He gives the same account of the dreadful storm as Mr. Winter has done in his Narrative: but he adds.—“When all hope of being saved was taken away during this extremity—our impious captain fell on his knees, and intreated our neglected and injured friend to pray for him and the ship’s company. No one can imagine with what dignity, composure, and kindness, this great and good man behaved himself, and what attention was paid to every word that dropped from his lips, as we were kneeling round him.” He was always, indeed, raised above the fear of death, from which some are subject to bondage all through life. To him death was no more than a sleep, not only in reality but apprehension. The last time I was walking with him, he was speaking of his own dissolution. As I wished to know the state of his mind, and he had never been accustomed to *talk* of his assurance, I asked him how death appeared. He answered, “Very inviting.” Aware of his having been generally enervated to a great degree, and supposing it possible that, like some good men, he might have felt a constitutional dread of death, I added, “Has it been always so?” He said, “Always. Blessed be God, ever since I knew him, I have been enabled to live in a waiting posture; and though I am not improperly weary of the world, having found much friendship and mercy in it, yet death is inviting.”

One of his last students writes me, “That he often spoke with obvious pleasure of the approach of death. If a little pain of body seized him, he would fre-

quently say, with a smile, ‘Who can tell but this may serve to introduce me to my father’s house?’”

His early letters, of which I have looked over a great number, abound with joy and rapture; in those of later years there is less ecstasy, but much of that peace which passeth all understanding. Let a few extracts suffice to shew the blessedness he enjoyed from the strength of his faith—it would be delightful to transcribe more of them.

“What wonderful events have occurred since we exchanged a letter!—But the Lord reigns, and he can preserve us. The overflowing scourge cannot pass through the land, but by his permission. What a mercy to be the subjects of a state that war cannot affect, and to be able to look forward to a land where our eyes shall not see evil any more! This, my dear sir, is our discriminating mercy, and it does us good to be thinking of it. Happy would it be for all whom we love if they would set their hearts upon that state, and in their minds connect the present and the last day together; and when gloomy thoughts are excited by political events, would banish the gloom by the consideration that the world to come, and into which we shall soon be transferred, knows nothing of the calamities to which this is ever subject. He who made all things has the reins of government in his hands, and all men at his control. And we are sure that he will overrule all the convulsions which distract the present times, and threaten the disturbance of the future. The storms will spend themselves, and the calm will ensue which will no more be interrupted, when all nations will be blessed. May we exercise faith upon whatever God has promised, and more immediately upon these pro-

mises which respect ourselves, our present concerns, and our eternal glory. We shall then rejoice while others mourn, and our joy no man taketh from us.”

—“I catch the retirement of the morning to drop a few lines; I wish they may find you well in God. Then you will be prepared for sickness, should it please him to inflict it upon you. He knows how to deal with us. Nothing shall occur that is really evil IN its consequences if we love him and put our trust IN him. If he designs our good, we may submissively let him do his pleasure with us; it will terminate in everlasting happiness, and that is sufficient. In all the revolutions of your constitution, think of the state that undergoes no change, and where your youth will be renewed like the eagle’s. In sickness and in health it becomes us to meditate upon this; and it will be natural for us so to do, if we live under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and are taught so to number our days as that we apply our hearts unto wisdom. We live in a dying world, and must expect to die. He lives most properly who thinks more of death than of life, and thus dies daily, and lives with an ungrasping hand. I think it is not vanity nor pride in me to say, so I do. I may not, I shall not, have done all I should wish when I come to die, but I do not therefore neglect to look forward, rather to a dying day than to a long life. What is it that can make death friendly to us, but an interest in the death of the blessed Jesus? He destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, in favour of all who make him their friend.”

“I am much better than I was, but am yet under, I was going to say, complaint—but why should a

living man complain, especially the man whose ten thousand mercies stand opposed to a few, very few, inconveniences? Through mercy, I know what it is to be fed with the hidden manna; and at this time I enjoy access with confidence into the holiest of all."

—"It is well we live as yet secure from invasion. I am inclined to think before war ceaseth I shall be in the realms of eternal peace: yet, as far as my reflections extend, I feel for posterity. But when I reflect that the Lord reigneth, I may dismiss my fears. He who governed the world long before I had my existence, will continue his reign long after I am out of the memory of every one. It is enough if I reign with him, or am one in the retinue in which he will be glorified."

—"This reminds us that we must shortly put off our tabernacle, and if we have put on the Lord Jesus, the sooner the better. I trust this is now become our case. The evidence of it keeps me unmoved by storms, and unshaken by tempests, though the awful falls of my neighbours jar me; and I cannot hear of them without being deeply affected. O how dreadful is it, to know the evil of sin by experience, after we have made a most glaring profession, that we know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ! Merciful Saviour! never suffer me to *fall* into that horrible pit. If I must *look* into it, hold me up in thy everlasting never-failing arms, and I shall be safe. The promise is sure; 'I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' But in order to its accomplishment, the precept must be attended to, watch thou in all things. O that I may never be unwatchful, till the enemies which assault me now

shall assault me no more for ever. Then will be the time to put off the harness; and the pain of vigilance will be exchanged for the joy of rest."

—"There is a deal in this state of mortality to make us desire the change, but this desire should be regulated by a submission to the Divine will. Sinful selfishness often pushes us towards heaven, rather than a growing heavenly frame; and if we desire it rather as a convenience, than for the sake of conformity to our blessed Saviour, the desire is itself sinful. We are not better than our fathers who passed through the same evil world, and found it the same as we do. Our duty is in patience to possess our soul, and to endeavour to bear with a Christ-like temper whatever comes upon us, till we are ripened and prepared for that glorious estate where our happiness will spring from our holiness, and we shall be made perfect in love."

—"At present, blessed be God, there is nothing in the world that charms me but what I shall enjoy to infinite perfection in the world of spirits."

—"Why should we fear? The grave is not to be a prison-house, but a bed-chamber. We shall not be thrown into it as criminals, but kindly conducted to it as friends—there our toil will be at an end, our conflicts will cease for ever; endless joy will take place of transient sorrow, and an eternal weight of glory be the substitute for the afflictions of a moment."

—"Here I am like a ship at anchor in a wind-bound condition, longing to sail to the haven of eternal rest. O what a day when I shall behold his face! I now find him the shadow of a great rock for refuge, and as rivers of water for refreshment I have peace and

quietness now; and assurance for ever in that he calls me to possess.”

—So SPOKE Aspasio, firm possesst
 Of faith’s supporting rod;
 Then breath’d his soul into its rest—
 The bosom of his God.
 He was a man among the few,
 Sincere on virtue’s side;
 And all his strength from Scripture drew,
 To hourly use applied.
 That rule he priz’d, by that he fear’d,
 He hated, hop’d, and lov’d;
 Nor ever frown’d, nor sad appear’d,
 But when his heart had rov’d.
 For he was frail as thou or I,
 And evil felt within;
 But when he felt it, heav’d a sigh,
 And loath’d the thought of sin.
 SUCH LIV’D Aspasio; and at last.
 Call’d up from earth to heaven;
 The gulf of death triumphant pass’d,
 By gales of blessings driven.
 His Joys be *mine*, each reader cries,
 When my last hour arrives;
 They shall be yours, my verse replies,
 Such only be *your lives*.

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THROUGH all the preceding pages, reflections have mingled with facts, and the perusal of the whole narrative will, it is hoped, make some *useful* impressions. Yet knowing that people are generally more disposed to indulge their curiosity than to aid their improvement, and that there is nothing to which they are so indifferent as the application of what they either hear or read, to themselves; it may not be improper to bring together, in a distinct form, some additional remarks of practicable utility.

First. What improbable and marvellous changes often take place in the conditions of mankind! Many have reached an eminence, towards which at one period of their lives they could not have aspired. Had the important vicissitudes through which they have passed been previously foretold, they would have replied, with the unbelieving nobleman; "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such things be." What would have been the surprise of David, if a prophet had approached him when he was in a field, sitting on a hillock with the sheep at his feet and his rod in his hand, and had opened to him the future scenes of his greatness! But by a train of events, led on by the Providence of God, he was called to exchange the shepherd's crook for the royal sceptre, and the cottage for the palace. In revolutions less splendid and striking, but not less strange and unlikely, he has led others by a way that

they knew not. He has made darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. Difficulties which seemed insuperable have been overcome; and without a design formed by their friends, or a hope entertained by themselves, they have passed from obscurity to honour; from limitation to enlargement; from dependence, to be the support of others; from inability, to be the instruments of good to thousands. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people." "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

It should teach us not to disregard those in humble life, especially poor children. "Despise not," said our Lord, "one of these little ones." And three reasons he assigns for it: angels are their attendants—"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven; Jesus is their Saviour—"The son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost"—God is their friend. "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Is it necessary to add, you know not what they may hereafter become; what in the destinations of heaven they already are? See that floating ark of bulrushes; it contains a weeping babe, abandoned to the perils of the Nile, in a state equivalent to the want of father and mother—but it carries the scourge of Pharaoh, the deliverer of Israel, the historian of the creation, the legislator miraculously commissioned, the prophet divinely inspired! Behold the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person! Where shall we originally find him? From what peculiarity

of beginning, promissory of his future unexampled grandeur, does his illustrious course commence? Where is he that is born king of the Jews, king of nations, king of saints, king of glory? See that newborn infant, brought forth in a stable, wrapped in coarse swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn! These cases, it will readily be allowed, are peculiar as well as extraordinary—but we may reason from them. They shew us how liable we are to err, while judging after outward appearances; and how unanswerable present indications frequently are to future events. There are many around us unnoticed, in whom are lodged talents, which, if called forth by circumstances, and improved by diligence, would bless, if not astonish, the church and the world. The subject of these Memoirs was not only in a considerable degree an instance himself of the truth of this remark, but an example also of the influence it should have upon the mind. He was observant of the neighbourhood in which he lived, and of the congregations in which he preached; he never overlooked the lower ranks of life, but endeavoured to draw forth and encourage every token of piety or talent, however destitute of external recommendation. How often would he say—

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air!”

Secondly. We see what progress may he made Under the greatest disadvantages. It is frequently the case, that those who have the means and opportunities of improvement, undervalue and neglect

them; while others who are desirous of excelling are denied these assistances. But diligence conquers the hardest things. An intense desire of knowledge will not suffer a man to be idle. It will create the helps it does not find. It will detach leisure from distraction, and solitude from company; it will keep open the eyes and the ears; and by lively, active, minute, habitual attention, it will aggregate and multiply intellectual stores; it will render every place a school, and every occurrence a tutor; it will suffer nothing to be lost.

“Some minds are temper’d happily, and mix’d
 With such ingredients of good sense and taste
 Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
 With such a zeal to be what they approve,
 That no restraints can circumscribe them more
 Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom’s sake;
 Nor can example hurt them.”—

None therefore should despair. Especially let young men, who wish to render themselves respectable and useful, by the cultivation of their minds and the acquisition of science, be encouraged. Let them see what individuals have become, who never enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, regular tuition, and ample libraries. How many instances might be mentioned, if we refer only to modern times! And that which has been done may be done—by assiduity and the Divine blessing. And if any choose, in the possession of advantages which others want, to be idle and ignorant, let them remember that *their* case is not peculiar: there have been, and there are,

“————Whom schools dismiss’d.
 And colleges, untaught.”—

Thirdly. We learn how much good may be done by small resources. The poor and miserable have seldom been much indebted to the rich and great. In general the demands of those in the higher circles of life are equal to their supplies: for they have not only the requisitions of necessity, and convenience, and decency to satisfy, but those of pride, and luxury, and folly. An allowed distinction above the vulgar will not content them: they must be costly, and vie with each other in the splendour of appearance. And hence, whatever be their income, they have little to spare for benevolent purposes. Nor can it be supposed that their mode of life will allow them to be very familiar with scenes of indigence and distress. They will pass by on the other side, rather than approach the wounded traveller; the lamentable tale of woe must not mingle with their music; their feelings cannot bear to be shocked. "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave."

But others do good and communicate without affluence. By small contributions often repeated; by applications to those who are more ready to give than to *do* alms; by the force of example reproaching and stimulating others; by self-denial; by economy; by contrivance; by numberless and nameless personal attentions, where nothing of a pecuniary nature is conferred; they are even rich in good works. It would be surprising to those whose "Strength is to sit still," could they see what may be done by a single individual zealously disposed and wisely em-

ployed. I fear we do not sufficiently make this business our object; for there is much truth in the remark of Richard Baxter, that our success commonly bears a much more exact proportion to our design, our desire, and our hope, than we are apt to imagine. Let this thought be enthroned in the mind. Let it influence ministers, parents, and individuals who are concerned to serve their generation according to the will of God. Let us lay it down as a principle, that no good effort is entirely useless. Let us never be discouraged because we do not command an amplitude of means, but instead of bewailing what is impossible, let us labour to effect what is practicable. Let us never excuse our negligence by accusing our stations—but remember that the ways of doing good are infinitely various; that they are found in every period of life; in every relation, in every condition, in every circumstance: that the luxury of doing good is so great, that the Rather of Mercies has not confined it to a few; all may taste it; all cannot be liberal, but all may be kind; all cannot be generous, but all may be useful.

One is sometimes astonished to see the indifference with which the rich and great are carried to their long home.—There rolls by the procession. It is splendid; but not interesting. It attracts numbers; but not mourners. It gratifies curiosity; but it repels sympathy. The reason is obvious. What has *he* done? For whose happiness has *he* lived but—his own? Something of him will remain on the marble; but nothing written on the fleshly table of the heart. “I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he

could not be found." But what a sensibility is produced by the loss of an individual who filled no public office, who possessed no large bags of gold and silver, who was hardly known ten miles from his home! He seemed insignificant. The ties that bound many to him were not known—but sickness awakened anxieties and inquiry, his death drew forth his dependents, and at the mouth of the grave was testified the importance which had been concealed in life.

I remember some years ago to have buried a corpse.—In the extremity of the audience that surrounded me I discerned a female wrinkled with age, and bending with weakness — one hand held a motherless grand-child, the other wiped away her tears, with the corner of a woollen apron.—I pressed towards her when the service was closed.—“Have you lost a friend?”—She heaved a melancholy sigh—“The Lord bless her memory!”—I soon found the deceased had allowed her for several years six-pence per week! O my God! is it possible that the appropriation of a sum so inconsiderable, may cause a widow’s heart to sing for joy, and save the child of the needy!—Who would waste a *six-pence*? who would indulge themselves in extravagance? who would not deny themselves to be able to secure the blessing of them that are ready to perish?

What we said with regard to the cause of the poor will equally apply to the cause of God. And this, as well as the former, was exemplified in the character we are reviewing. There is one thing I would peculiarly recommend to notice. It is the service he has rendered to the church of Christ, by his training up young men to labour in the Gospel; with regard to

several of whom he had no other support than casual assistance. "It has long been my opinion," says he in one of his letters, "that if every minister would keep a young man under his care, and nurse him for God, it would prove a blessing of no inconsiderable extent, supposing that while he is obliged to learn, he be also permitted to teach."

Let us not be slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. Our opportunities of doing good will soon be over, and they are as uncertain as they are short.

Fourthly. What an impression is made by constant and consistent goodness. No character, indeed, however holy, and however amiable, will elude all opposition or reflection in passing through life. Even among his religious connexions he may suffer, and be wounded in the house of his friends. Some of those who profess godliness have not the Spirit of Christ, and are none of his. Really good men have their imperfections and prejudices. Their minds are not always polished by education, or enlarged by knowledge. Their habits of thinking are often extremely limited. They view every subject through a key-hole. They cannot take those enlarged views of things which are necessary to do justice to a superior character, and therefore may misconstrue his motives when they are most pure, and censure his plans when they are most wise. They may condemn his prudence as cowardice, and his candour as a want of zeal.

And if these things be done in the green-tree, what shall be done in the dry? There is a reproach inseparably attached to the cross. Genuine religion never can be really loved by the natural man. "The

spirit of the world," and "The spirit that is of God," are so opposite to each other, that, before there can be a cordial union and harmony, one of them must be changed. It is not difficult to determine in which of these the change must take place. Indeed it is already determined; "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." He who was fairer than the children of men said to his disciples, "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." To those who did not believe on him, he said, "The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil." The reasoning from hence is easy, and the application needless.—But our Saviour could say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"—"Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of these works do ye stone me?" The enemies of Daniel were forced to confess; "We shall not find any occasion against this man, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." In agreement with which is the language of the apostle: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you. On their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil-doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters." Hence it appears that there is a reproach very distinguishable from that which results from our cause, and for which *we* are accountable. And this may be, and will be, avoided by a con-

scientious and exemplary uniformity, so that no evil thing can be said of us. "He that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God, and approved of men."

By means of such deportment we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour; we put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;—while others are even won without the word, and constrained to glorify God in the day of visitation: according to the admonition of our Lord, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." How powerful is the silent eloquence of a holy and blameless life! Actions speak louder than words; and practice might be rendered more useful than preaching. It is an awful consideration that we are "The epistles of Christ," and by reading us, the world will judge of our religion; "What manner of persons, therefore, ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!" How careful should we be to make a righteous and a favourable impression by the influence of our character!

How lamentable it is to observe, in Ritche's "Life of Hume," that such a man as Dr. Robertson *could* be addressed in the language of profane swearing! but this undeniably appears in the letters of the philosopher to him; and, by parity of reasoning, we may conclude that in the same style he was often greeted in conversation too. We all know how a conscious-

* See a most eloquent and impressive notice of this book in the 'Eclectic Review' for January, 1808. I cannot help availing myself of an opportunity to recommend this Review most earnestly to the attention of my religious readers in particular, and of the public in general. He surely has

ness of the character we are addressing affects us both in our correspondence and our discourse. There are men with whom every one would feel it as impossible to use irreligious improprieties, as to throw mud in the king's face—the majesty of the being would defend him. There is something defective, especially in a minister, unless his character produces an atmosphere around him which is felt as soon as entered. He, even more than a Christian, is a representative of Deity, and the place whereon he standeth is holy ground. It is not enough for him to have courage to reprove certain things; he should have dignity enough to prevent them—and he will—if the Christian be commensurate with the preacher, and he walks worthy of God, who has called us unto his kingdom and glory. This was the case with the man whose loss we deplore.

What he professed to be, he was, *invariably and throughout*. In his character there was nothing to be propped up, nothing to be concealed. It was an assemblage of excellency that would bear the closest inspection, and it struck every beholder. It was impossible to be an infidel near him. Every one saw in him the truth, the efficacy, the glory of the Gospel. No one that approached him could be wicked; he was ashamed of every thing sinful till he got out of the reach of his voice, the sight of his person, and the remembrance of his name. He did much good in the pulpit, but unspeakably more out of

not candidly inspected this valuable publication, who does not allow that its literary merit, its liberal principles, and its evangelical tendency, entitle it to extensive encouragement.

it. He taught publicly, and also from house to house: but when nothing was said, he was always instructing, reproofing, admonishing, and encouraging by his heavenly example. What he did was enforced by what he was. His life crowned his labours.

Fifthly. We are led to reflect on the advantages of evangelical religion. It must be allowed that the deceased discovered the spirit, and exemplified the life of a Christian, in no common degree. But it may be contended that the character we have portrayed was independent of the principles which he had adopted; and that he was so excellent, *notwithstanding* his sentiments, rather than as the result of them. Such an insinuation can only arise from an unhappy indisposition to admit evidence in favour of what are called the doctrines of grace: nor is there any plausible ground for the supposition. Every man that deserves the name of a character, and in proportion to his excellence, lives not accidentally, but by rule: he moves not uncertainly, but is governed by some fixed views and motives: he does not leave the vessel to the current, or the wind; he has a port in view, a rudder, a compass. Hence you know such a person; you can rely upon him; you can determine previously the course he will take in such an occurrence of circumstances. It is otherwise with a man who has no principles. He is the creature of fancies, passions, and events. You have no hold of him; nor can he rely upon himself.

No person could exhibit more consistency than was to be found in the character of Mr. Winter. There was the most exact conformity between his actions and his sentiments; and from the seed sown, you

knew the grain that was to spring up. The doctrines he professed he most firmly believed. He originally embraced religion in the form of them; he habitually viewed it through no other medium. These doctrines with him were not distant and occasional speculations: they were brought into daily use; they mingled with all his devotional exercises. He was concerned to advance in the life of godliness—he knew what it was that most favourably impressed him—he was incapable of avowing influences which he never felt, and advantages which he never enjoyed—but such, living and dying, were his acknowledgments in honour of the sentiments he had embraced and examined. He was alive to the welfare of others; his design was not to make them proselytes to a party, but real, and practical, and useful Christians; and had he not been persuaded that the adoption of these religious views would have the most salutary influence, he would not in public, and in private, and in his correspondence, have recommended them.

It will be observed for what purpose I here mention these things. It is only to prove that these doctrines were in him not opinions, but principles. For if principles are operative causes, if they are grounds of action, if they are leading motives, his religious sentiments were the principles of his character; they were at once the springs of his consolation and the stimulants of his conduct too.

But if this be allowed, surely it follows that they are not deserving of the treatment they have so often encountered. They have, indeed, frequently been reprobated, as of the most pernicious tendency with regard to ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and above all, God himself. But I here see a man under their

governance—with regard to *God*, full of love, and of confidence, always concerned to please him, and always rejoicing in him; thankful for his favours, and resigned to his corrections:—with regard to *others*, universally benevolent as to their welfare, full of pardon as to their faults, and of pity as to their miseries; pleading their cause, and relieving their wants:—with regard to *himself*, neither inclined to licentiousness nor self-conceit; nor trusting in his own righteousness, nor despising others; as watchful as prayerful; abhorring the notion of merit, but delighting in obedience; delivered from the tyranny of unhallowed appetites and passions; exercising self-denial; possessing peace of conscience; relishing with moderation the enjoyments of life, but willing to leave them; viewing death with solemnity, yet raised above the fear of it.

If persons will not trace by reasoning the connexion there is between these principles and this practice, they may appeal to fact, and learn that these truths have had the best influence over the heart and life. The conclusion is obvious. “Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?” It is natural to suppose that Divine truth will have a powerful influence over those who truly embrace it: we know that the Gospel is a doctrine according to godliness: we are sure that, when it was originally delivered, it awakened in men a supreme concern for the salvation of the soul, induced them to forsake the present evil world, and filled them with zeal to be useful to others; it turned them from dumb idols to serve the living God, and to wait for his Son from Heaven, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come; to worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in

Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh: to, account all things but loss for the excellency of the Redeemer's knowledge, and constrained by his love to live, not unto themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again. This is a very brief and imperfect relation of the effects of evangelical doctrine upon those who heard the Gospel at first. But it is sufficient for our purpose. It may be well to ask, what kind of preaching, in our day, produces the same kind of living? Wherever it is found, it has the signature of Deity upon it: and nothing but ignorance and inattention can deny the importance of it.

Lastly. What a stimulus have we here to pious excellency. There is a great difference between the reality of religion and the degree of it. A man may be alive, and not well; he may be able to subsist, and not be rich—but we are required to be *rich* in faith, and in good works; and not only to have life, but to have it more abundantly. There are consolations and privileges which depend on growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour; and a Christian should be ambitious of obtaining them. He should not be satisfied with a conviction of his safety. His soul should prosper. He should be concerned for the welfare of his generation, and the glory of his God. He should "Follow the Lord wholly" with Caleb; and, with Paul, "Forget the things that are behind, and reach forth unto those things that are before, and press towards the mark for the prize of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

This is the way to seize the prerogatives of the Christian. Such as these, God not only saves, but dignifies. He crowns them in eternity, and he owns them here. Whatever freedom there may be in the

operations of his grace, in dispensing honour he always observes a rule, and he has told us what it is—“Them that honour me, I will honour, and they that despise me shall he lightly esteemed.”—“Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eye-sight. With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright; with the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward, thou wilt shew thyself froward: for thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks.”

“THEREFORE, MY BELOVED BRETHREN, BE YE STEDFAST, UNMOVEABLE, ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD; FORASMUCH AS YE KNOW THAT YOUR LABOUR IS NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD.”

MEMOIRS
OF
THE LATE
REV. CORNELIUS WINTER
PART III.
CHAPTER I.
EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY.

EVERYTHING that habituates us to sacred retirement; that leads us to self-inspection, and promotes self-acquaintance; that causes us to review past events, and examine what improvement we have made of them; that produces comparisons between our present and former experience, either for our reproof or encouragement—is confessedly valuable.

Hence good men have been accustomed to write diaries. It was known that Mr. Winter approved of such a custom; and I hoped that among his papers I should find a complete journal. But in this I was disappointed.

I saw, in a letter to one of his friends, the following acknowledgment—"I have been guilty of a capital

omission—the neglect of a regular diary.” Even this did not destroy a hope that several interesting portions of his life had been recorded by him. But all that has been discovered consists of nothing more than two fragments, began early in his public life, and soon relinquished.

Nor are these distinguishable by anything superior in the subject or the execution. The whole is too much in the form of the Methodistical registers of this kind, which, though they may be useful in a degree, are surely very capable of improvement. If it be proper to make daily observations, it is not always necessary to write them. For this purpose perhaps weekly retrospects, or monthly reviews, would be preferable. By this means their sameness might be varied, and their dullness enlivened. They might be rendered less minute and more important. They might be extended beyond the detail of one class of feelings, and which are often misunderstood as to their cause and indications; for how frequently is it the case that no distinction is made between the variations of the animal frame and the operations of spiritual agency; between physical and moral incapacities and fervours!*

* It is strange that several men of talent, and some of them even authors whose works would raise expectations, have left writings of this kind, constant or occasional, in which they have fallen off, and produced nothing like themselves. Even Robinson of Cambridge, the witcheries of whose genius all must acknowledge (while many will lament his defection from truth), wrote not a line here that was Robinsonian, if we are to judge from the extracts inserted by Dyer in his life.

How is this to be accounted for? Were they complying with a custom, very common among their religious con-

Of the plan we would recommend, we have a pattern in Dr. Doddridge; and no one can help grieving that more of his diary was not made public. We there see a man not only looking backward, but forward; not only complaining, but resolving; not only praying, but striving; attentive, indeed, to his pains and pleasures in the Divine life, but always connecting them with practice—you see him investigating his moral character, as well as his spiritual state; you see Avhat methods he took to conquer evil propensities, and to strengthen religious habits; you see how he kept alive the zeal that carried him through so many difficulties, and acquired the patience that supported him under so many trials.

Short and imperfect as these manuscripts are, I shall here present a few pages of them. They serve to shew the pious state of the writer's mind, and may convince the reader that the exercises which he has often been led to consider as peculiar to himself, have been the familiar experience of the Lord's people: and should therefore prove way-marks rather than stumbling-blocks.

“Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With cries, with doubts, and fears.”

nexions, the necessity and importance of which they did not feel sufficiently to stir up their minds while they performed their daily task, and gave in their tale of bricks?

But we would imagine that men, not only good, but great—possessed of resources—alone with God—thinking of themselves morally—the world and time away—and the soul and eternity present, would now and then, at leset, express a striking as well as a pious thought.

“I find from a recollection of past circumstances, I have been very remiss in not continuing a method of keeping a diary of the dealings of God with me; but now, by thy Grace assisting me, I will remark thy goodness, O Lord, who art plenteous in redemption, and abundant in goodness and in truth. A more proper opportunity I cannot have than in the ever memorable instance of thy salvation, O Lord, this 25th day of October, 1767, in which I enter into the 25th year of my age, at which time the Lord was pleased to give me a humbling sense of my wretchedness, so that I could not help weeping much in secret, on account of my own unworthiness and his all-sufficient grace.—Was much assisted in this view by reading Gen. xviii. xix. Wrote to M—— visited a friend, and had reason to say, hitherto hath the Lord helped me.”

“Tuesday 26.—In the morning continued my usual studies; breakfasted with sister S——, there met a poor desponding woman; endeavoured to recommend the Lord Jesus Christ, and to speak of his precious promises. Dined with Mr. S——; our conversation was not light, but turned more upon the creature than the Creator.—Received a letter from Mr. W—d, desiring me to return directly. In the afternoon visited poor Mrs. B——l, with others, where we sung hymns and prayed. I expounded the thirty-second chapter of Isaiah, first and second verses. Our opportunity was solid; there was something of the Lord’s power manifested. I find it very useful to employ myself in those exercises among my friends, as it keeps out frothy conversation, and furnishes me with spiritual matter preparative to public work. In the evening, supped with brother H——n; the

evening was spent in reading the Scripture, singing, prayer, and narrations of the Lord's providence, which shews that he is good and gracious."

"THURSDAY 28.—This morning set out for London; was much assisted in my meditation by the autumn season. Breakfasted at Mr. H——'s; arrived in London at two in the afternoon; my time in the boat was spent in silent prayer and reading. I could not get opportunity, nor find freedom to speak to any of the company, all of whom were abandoned people, but not so intolerably outrageous as some I have been with there. Mr. W——t received me kindly; when I came home with him went to Tottenham-court chapel, where Mr. J—— read many letters of the progress of the Gospel; Mr. W——d explained many things in them.—Though my body was weak, my soul was as the chariot of Aminadib. I could rejoice, not for myself only, but for them who had obtained like precious faith, and believe I shall sit down with them at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

"SUNDAY 31.—If I forget this day, let my right hand forget her cunning! I rose in the morning at four, with a scripture on my heart; my former day's conflict was vanquished, and this was the language of my heart,—'My soul thirsteth for God, even for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?'—Luke xxii. 37. 'The things concerning me have an end,' was applied with great power.—On the road, could not help weeping much on account of sin; and a sense of the Lord's goodness to me, with a sight of the unparalleled love of Jesus, so broke my heart, I could hardly help disturbing the congregation; but the Lord kept me, and I hope put my

tears into his bottle. Was much refreshed under Mr. W——d's sermon from Acts xvi. 13-15."

"THURSDAY, NOV. 10.—Arose as I went to bed; had been much tempted all night, but enabled to take comfort from that precious promise, 'I have prayed for thee.' Wrote to Mr. J——s, and Mr. M——d breakfasted with me and Miss B——n; our conversation was upon the favourite topic. Mr. W——d arrived at eleven, which gave me great joy; was much laid out in prayer for him, that the Lord may prolong his days.—Dined with the poor at Mr. I——d's endeavoured to improve the opportunity; was very dead till I began to expound the sixth chapter of John, when I found my heart deeply affected.—Visited Mrs. S——r in the close of the day; she still continues a mourner in Sion; the Lord grant she may reap in joy."

"THURSDAY 17.—This morning rose at four o'clock; had much conversation with Mr. ——. Was much alarmed at some intimation of one who hath left poor evidences of conversion, after glaring profession. Lord, give me to walk circumspect! In the fore part of the day was led into some comfortable discoveries of salvation. In the afternoon, preached at Kingswood, from Matt. xi. 28; had nothing particular. Supped with Mr. W——d at Mrs. D——y's, who is a discreet and well-taught woman. Various was our conversation, and to some profit. Returned home at nine o'clock; went to bed under great bodily weakness. Lord, be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

"SATURDAY 19.—Busily employed in writing all day to my dear friends; was much comforted in meditation. In the afternoon was much alarmed in

hearing of dear Mr. W——d's sudden illness, which he writes of as fatal. The Lord prepare us for the awful event, and grant that it may not be in judgment. In the evening met the children, with whom I found much liberty; and being much wearied with the work of the day, retired to bed in a sleepy condition. Slept but uneasy all night, owing, as I suppose, to the news from Bath; but am confident of the Lord's tender care over his church, and his abundant goodness towards her. Lord, number me with lier members, and grant I may not be a stranger to the comforts and blessings of the people."

"SUNDAY 20.—This morning waked with my soul fixed upon God. Preached from Matt. vi. 21; a large congregation of serious people; I had much liberty in my soul. At ten, preached at Kingswood, from Heb. iv. 16; it was a feeling time. Dined at Mr. T——'s, where I found great bodily weakness; was obliged to lie on the bed for two hours. O happy day when I shall know no more pain! In the evening preached from Psalm xcvi. 7, 8.—I just got through the opportunity safely, but not comfortably; the congregation was very large and all attentive; O that my hard heart could have felt more for sinners than it did. Hear by Mr. E——s, Mr. W——d is dangerous; Lord, prepare us for the awful stroke; I felt much from it last night, and am apprehensive I have a bitter draught to drink."

"WEDNESDAY 23.—After prayer with a few friends, set out for London, rode all the way by myself, was sweetly refreshed in reading my New Testament, and felt the power of these words, 'Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me! 'At particular times had discoveries of the promised land, and a

good hope, through grace, that I should enjoy it. Laboured under much weakness of body in my journey, but the Lord was the strength of my heart."

"MONDAY 28.—This morning I wrestled against flesh and blood, and with the Lord, for the conquest; when my countenance is smooth and serene, none but God knows what a rough heart it shadows; found the battle was the Lord's. Dined with Mr. W——d at Mr. S——n's; occasional conversation caused most of us to weep; my memory will always retain the subject; rode with Mr. W——d to Mr. C——d, a backslider from the truth he once rejoiced in; how is he now filled with his own ways!"

"TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8.—Dined with Mr. W——d at Mrs. H——ge's with some of Lady H——n's friends; conversation profitable. Mr. W——d's remark was, 'God always makes use of strong passions for a great work.' He wept bitterly in prayer, and in which the whole company was moved."

"THURSDAY 17.—Was much relieved from my late burden, though much tempted to doubt of the perpetuity of God's love, but was enabled to commit my way unto the Lord, expecting he will bring it to pass."

"FRIDAY 18.—Much of this day was spent in sorting my letters. I think myself happy in enjoying so many valuable correspondents. Oh that I may follow them, as they follow Christ! In the evening visited my sister-in-law, whom I found in dying circumstances, but without any apparent knowledge of God.—Prayed with her, and attempted to converse with her, but flesh failed."

"MONDAY 28.—This morning rose between six and seven, but poorly in body, comfortable in my

soul. After breakfast walked with Mr. H——d to chapel; conversed part of the way of the things of God, much to my comfort.—Preached from ‘His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor.’ My soul was much at liberty. Dined with Mr. W——d, and was enlivened by the table-talk. Mrs. S——k’s relation of her experience was of great use to me, and taught me how easily God could pull down every thought that exalteth itself.”

From another diary begun 1775:

“TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13.—This day I left Lancaster; was in much weakness; many trials and many temptations I have been labouring under for five months; our parting was solemn and affecting. Lord, grant the seed sown may bring forth fruit to thy glory.—Preached a farewell discourse at Garstang; had liberty in my soul. Text, Matthew xxv. 6.”

“WEDNESDAY 14.—After a comfortable lodging at Billsborough, and much edifying discourse with the family, proceeded to the Field, and preached at night, from Acts xx. 32. It was a time of refreshment to my soul. Poor R—— parted with grief; I was much affected. Blessed be God, we have a prospect of a glorious meeting by and by.”

“SATURDAY 17.—Was much interrupted in study this day; had many agreeable interviews with friends; but in the evening found my spirits low, and my mind very languid. O Lord, quicken me according to thy word.”

“SUNDAY 18.—This day has been a day of fat things; spiritual blessings multiplied on me abundantly. Mr. M——’s morning and evening sermons were a great comfort to me. I preached in the afternoon, but alas! though not altogether without

help, how lifeless when compared with what I read! O that I may have a more growing acquaintance with my Bible, and a more experimental knowledge of the great truths it reveals!"

"MONDAY 25.—This has been a day of continual hurry; very lifeless in preaching, both at Hardwicke and Wem; my body faint and weak, my mind continually agitated, every thing seems gloomy. I am in a strait whether to settle or continue an itinerant; I fear to take another step. Lord, direct me!"

"SATURDAY 30.—Studied the Hebrew Scriptures much this day, together with the English. Wrote letters and prepared for the pulpit; in general was refreshed, but towards night felt an awful gloom come upon my mind from considering the state of our colonies. If they are ruined, are not we the cause? Lord! the sin is ours. Pardon us, and pity them."

"SUNDAY, JAN. 1.—Awoke this morning with a frame suitable to the close of the year; found it good to draw near to the Lord; heard my old friend

Mr. H—— at Shawbury Church, from Psalm xc. 12; it was a rousing sermon, profitable to my soul. I preached at Hardwicke at night, with more liberty than usual. Some conversation passed with Mrs. P——s, and I retired to bed in much serenity of mind. O that I may begin the new year with a new heart, and renewed in the spirit of my mind."

"SATURDAY, 7.—Came to Wem, found my soul in a spiritual frame, enjoyed liberty in family prayer, but barren in private prayer. Retired to bed in much weakness of body; Oh that my soul may be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might!"

"MONDAY 9.—Slept little and very bad. In the

night rose very poorly; spent the morning in reading and writing to Mr. S——t. Came to Whitchurch in the afternoon; a bad day to ride in, hut the Lord was my preserver. At night he proved very gracious to me, by giving me much light, life, and liberty while speaking from Isaiah xii. 3–6. How pleasant it is to work for God, when God is with us in out-work!”

SATURDAY 21.—Found myself dull and stupid a great part of the day. Was much in retirement; read the Scriptures in the original, and closed the day with a sweet calm on my soul. Had never a more lively faith in Jesus, and a more heartfelt sense of liis love.”

“FRIDAY 26.—After spending the day in company with many friends, I walked to Hardwicke, pretty comfortable in my soul. I dropped an inadvertent word this day that much grieved me. What need have we to say, Set a watch, O Lord, over my lips!”

“SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4.—Sorely beset with my own heart. O how hard a matter to get into a spiritual frame! I am a teacher of others, and have much to learn myself. Through mercy was able to pay close attention to Mr. M——dy’s sermon, text, Cant. i. 7. I preached twice with some liberty, the more to be remarked in the evening, because I went into the pulpit very sapless in my own mind. In my evening retirement was much struck with that part of Gurnal’s Christian Armour, which treats of human learning, necessary furniture, levity to be avoided by ministers in preaching, and other interesting particulars. I bless thee, O Lord, for every thing that rouses my stupid, and quickens my dead, soul.”

“FRIDAY 9.—Had a very providential journey to Drayton, escaping heavy weather, which began and continued to fall all the afternoon. Studied the Greek Testament, and preached in the evening; but was very much straitened, though several were comforted. Lord, help me to be anything or nothing in thy hand, as thou pleasest, only let it go well with my soul; then I have nothing to fear nor anything to wish.”

“WEDNESDAY 28.—Continued at Wellington, and preached from the parable of the virgins. In the course of this day have been variously exercised. I find there is no getting to heaven without perpetual conflicts. Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory.”

“FRIDAY, MARCH 1.—Read Mr. Hervcy, and conversed much with Miss —— on the doctrines of the Gospel; dined with Mr. Y——k, and came afterwards to Wheaton Ashton. Preached with freedom; taken very ill afterward, and thought the hour of my departure was at hand. Most of the night was in great sinking of spirit, but recovered enough to enable me to rise at two, and proceed early on my journey; came to Drayton at noon, and retired and made my will with peculiar solemnity on my spirits, but no dread of death. The whole night was very bad, and expected nothing less than that I was going into a violent fever: could hardly lift my head from the pillow.”

“WEDNESDAY 13.—Spent part of the morning in canvassing Mr. Fletcher’s manuscripts, but we could come to no agreement in sentiment. We parted in peace and love, and I had a pleasant ride to Wheaton Ashton, where I preached in the evening upon Luke

xviii. 14, to a little attentive company; spent the evening profitably with Mr. W——s, and in submission to the will of God, left him.”

“THURSDAY 14.—Spent the day at Sherifhale; all the company not very agreeable; retired to study and read the Scriptures; was happy in my soul; spoke at night from Romans i. 16; had no liberty. Whenever I lose my feelings. Lord, let it be to prove my faith, and not as the effect of my sin.”

“SUNDAY 17.—Have reason to be thankful for the morning opportunity while expounding the parable of the publican; and the residue of the day, till near six in the evening, was spent in reading and conflicting with my own heart. O what a veil does the enemy throw over my mercies, to prevent the sight of them; Lord rend it! Preached at Shawbury and obtained a little liberty, glory to God. Spent the evening and lodged comfortably with my dear friend, Mr. H——d. May I be more thankful for my mercies and less subject to complain of my crosses.”

“WEDNESDAY 27.—Wrote to my cousin, and spent a very agreeable morning in retirement at Marchemley; preached in the evening with no very extraordinary freedom; had but an indifferent night. Mr. ——’s conversation was edifying; I am ashamed of my own preaching when I hear a rehearsal of his sermons. Lord, help me to improve, as well as blush.”

“TUESDAY, APRIL 23.—Came early to Wotton this morning; a sweet ride indeed; the rest of the morning I spent retired, and found it good to be alone. Drank tea, conversed, and prayed with the Miss A——s and Miss D——r. The Lord was with us of a

truth. O that every interview with my friends may be thus honoured!"

"SATURDAY, MAY 4.—Spent the morning in occasional reading; in the afternoon had a short interview with brother C——m. I noticed some things he said with pleasure. Slept at dear Mr. E——s's; found him in a soft frame; was enabled to give him some important reproofs; he took them kind, and we parted, I hope, the better for our interview."

"WEDNESDAY 15.—Dined with Mr. ——, of Ebley; conversation not the most profitable. Pardon me, O Lord, that I do not meet my friends more like a minister of Christ."

"MONDAY 20.—Breakfasted with Mr. Hill at Ebley; taking a farewell of my dear friend Mr. E——s, who is going to Italy. His mind seems exceedingly dissipated and unhinged from Jesus; the Lord restore him! Conversation turned too much on politics, too little on Christ. Mr. Hill set off in the afternoon for London, in a sweet spirit. On the whole this has been a day of dissipation."

"TUESDAY 21.—Returned to Painswick, conversed with brother H——g, but not to my satisfaction. I find I want grace to bear with the weakness of my brethren. May they have grace to bear with mine!"

CHAPTER II.

A SELECTION OF LETTERS.

THE number of Mr. Winter's correspondents was peculiarly great. Exclusive of the letters which, as having nothing worthy of preservation, were destroyed as he received them; and the several hundreds which he burnt during his last illness—some hundreds fell into the hands of the examiners of his papers. Their variety is as striking as their number. They are from persons of all denominations of religion; of all conditions in life. Equally observable also are the greatness of the esteem, and the warmth of the regard they express.

As all these were in answer to letters which he had written, or rendering it necessary for him to write, it is easy to see how much of his attention correspondence engrossed. He more than once complained of the obligations he had contracted; and frequently cautioned his young men not to follow his example. In one case, at least, this advice I fear was pursued to the extreme; and this he equally censured. The writer is the guilty individual. When therefore I had my last interview with my venerable friend, he asked me—for he was willing, if possible, to learn of those he had taught—to sketch the outline of a sermon from the words, "His letters say they are weighty." I complied: but, in presenting it, expressed my wonder at the choice of the subject, and intimated that I could hardly deem it important enough for the edification of an audience, many of whom could not write at all. He smiled: and I saw he had gained

his object In this way he had insinuated a mild reproof. He had drawn from me some reflections, on the utility and importance of letter-writing, by which I own I was condemned.

To excel in epistolary writing is an enviable accomplishment, and may be rendered an instrument of great profit, as well as of pleasure. But every one has not a talent that is very ready or edifying. This, however, the deceased had in a peculiar degree. He wrote with uncommon facility; and his letters were so full of hints derived from his own circumstances, or applicable to those of his correspondents; they were enriched with such a vein of experimental religion; they exhibited so much of the Christian and of the friend united, that, if I had not been urged by others, I should have been disposed to publish some of them with the memoirs of his life.

Aware, however, that in general too many private letters are made public, I determined to keep the selection within bounds: but my perplexity in choosing was great; nor can I presume to say that the very few which have been taken, are preferable to many that remain. Some, from the persons addressed and the nature of their subjects, seemed to have a preferable claim: the rest furnish a variety, and turn on some useful and interesting topic. It was not deemed necessary to observe very strictly the order of time in which the letters are dated.

Several friends have written requesting me to send forth an additional number of his letters in a separate work. To them I take this opportunity to observe, that what is very interesting to us, may not be equally so to others: that a sufficiency is here furnished to serve by way of specimen: and that if a wish for

more be generally expressed, I shall feel pleasure to indulge it. Of copies and originals, enough have come into my hands to make a volume; and they are all valuable.

So I expressed myself when I first sent this work to the press: but now, having a little more space to render the volume sizeable, in this new and complete edition of my publications; in compliance with renewed importunities; and from an increased conviction that they are adapted to usefulness, I have added a number more of these letters.

They will consist. First, of Letters to a poor, pious rustic. Secondly, of Letters to a well-known philanthropist. Thirdly, of Letters to some of his Students. Fourthly, of Letters from America: and Lastly, of Letters Miscellaneous, interspersed among the original selection, but marked with an asterisk.

First. When attempting to describe Mr. Winter's Christian character, I mentioned my possessing many letters addressed by him to a poor, pious rustic. He resided at Christian-Malford, near Chippenham; his name was Daniel Bath; he was a day-labourer, in the field or on the road, while his wife (they had no children) was employed in what was then very common—home-spinning. They both suffered much from a rheumatism, which frequently interrupted their employment, or rendered it painful; and I state this to give the more force to something I am going to observe. They were some of the first-fruits of Whitefield's early exertions, and were not only real but eminent Christians. So attached were they to the cause of Christ, which at that time, and in their view (for they thought too little of Church order and discipline), consisted very much in Evangelical preach-

ing, which, was then, and especially in those parts, awfully scarce; that (and I speak from my own personal knowledge of them) they often worked, notwithstanding their aches and infirmities, an hour or more *after* their day's toil, she at her distaff", and he carding for her, to give a shilling per week towards the support of the interest of the Gospel in that place.

They had a cottage of their own, which, besides the part they occupied themselves, afforded a bedchamber and a plain sitting-room (for which they received nothing) for the accommodation of the preachers who alternately supplied there. The meeting, also, which was an old malt-house fitted up, belonged to them, and was attached to their lowly dwelling: for this also they received no kind of remuneration.

Let none despise the short and simple annals of the poor, especially those that belong to Christ, and have obtained from him the approving sentence; They have done what they could. Here Mr. Winter, as we have seen in his own account of himself, resided for a season, and, having been ordained, would here have resided longer, but for some unkind occurrences, which, however, seemed to accomplish the will of Providence in his important removal to Marlborough; nor may it be wholly uninteresting to some of the Author's friends to learn that this was the retreat (having preached there often as a student) to which he repaired upon leaving the academy for retirement and study: for though he lived at a gentleman's house in a neighbouring village, here he laboured for many months.

Before and after his residence at Christian-Malford Mr. Winter corresponded with these humble individuals, and I introduce some specimens of it.

First. Because of the circumstances above mentioned.

Secondly. To shew respect to an example of the excellency, and power of Divine Grace. A little religion goes a great way when it appears in higher life. Acts of liberality are published and applauded when accompanied with no sacrifice, or little self-denial. We hear of persons giving, and the sums may be considerable in themselves, and yet, relatively and comparatively, they may be below the shillings and pence of others. Jesus beheld (for nothing of this kind escapes him) how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much, and there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called his disciples, and said unto them, "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all. For all they did cast in of their abundance: but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Thirdly. Because few letters are ever sent to Iversons in obscurity and penury, and who are not expected to make acceptable and valued replies. God, indeed, would lead in this direction; and therefore, says James, "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? But suppose there came into the assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel; and there came in also a poor man in vile raiment"—

Fourthly. Because it aids the design of this work. It is very characteristical of the man who is here endeavoured to be portrayed. It evinces his benevolence and humbleness of mind. It shews how

thirsty he was to be useful; and how in doing good he did not act "to be seen of men;" and how, amidst all his applications, engagements, privations, and trials, he was never inattentive to those calls of duty which require principle rather than excitement for their performance. Be it also observed that these letters were not only many, but written with as much attention to matter and manner as those he addressed to persons in superior circumstances.

Lettet's written to Daniel and Sarah Bath, Christian-Malford.

"DEAR DANIEL,

"I HAVE long wished to drop you a line, and to enclose you a guinea, but you know we agreed not to communicate by Mr. ——. I hope this will be safely conveyed, and that it will meet you and Sarah well, and entirely content to be disciples of Jesus Christ, and bound to no Jerusalem but that to which you can go without fear.* I am glad to be preserved from all the trash of the day, and to be entirely decided in my opinions by the Bible, and to let Providence explain itself. I would have all good old Methodists like-minded. We shall find it safest in the end. The times are bad, and may be worse, but the Lord reigneth. We have been disobedient children, and deserve to be scourged; and if a scourge will humble us, the Lord will not destroy us. He is merciful and gracious. Perhaps before he has done his strange work we shall be taken where there can be no sin, where there will be no sorrow, where

* Alluding to a whim which then prevailed with some poor fanatics.

all will be quietness and assurance for ever. I would not write upon this bit of paper, but I have no other at hand, and I have little time to write in. An attached heart, accompanied with sincerity, is better than a fine piece of paper filled with mere compliment. Tell Sarah I shall, one of these days, turn in upon her again, if life be spared; if not, we shall meet in a better place.

“With Mrs. Winter’s united salutation to you both,

“I remain, my dear Daniel,

“Yours, in our dear Lord Jesus,

“CORNELIUS WINTER.

“*Painswick, June 13, 1795.*”

“MY DEAR DANIEL,

“IT affords me a great pleasure that I have an opportunity to drop you a line in acknowledgment of your last. I often purposed it before now, but one engagement destroys the design of attending to another. Thus the things which I would, I do not; and O that I had not occasion to add, the things which I would not, those I do! I am glad the last year’s token of my love was of use to you. I will venture to add to it this year, in addition to what perhaps you will find under this seal. The times are cloudy, and money is scarce, and what is to be done I cannot say. We must stand still and see the salvation of God. It will appear for his children; it will appear for me, who, through grace, am one of them, though unworthy to be put among their number. I hope you and Sarah go on well and comfortable, and find the joy of the Lord to be your strength. Keep your prize in view, nor despair of the crown of your high calling.

The Lord will give you power to run the race that is set before you. I am in the possession of your political piece. I am determined the writing shall go into a great man's hand, who may, if he pleases, give it to the King, as you desire.* But I fear, Daniel, we shall do little good by our thoughts and writings. The times are as you describe in your motto- What a mercy is it to look forward with a good hope to that blessed eternity where the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and to know that we are the subjects of His government! He will not leave men to act at random here, but will make all civil affairs subservient to his eternal purposes. In confidence of this I rest satisfied, though I cannot but feel in conjunction with others. I am glad you yet have the bread of life among you. The spirits of some of your old friends, I find, continue to run high in sentiment; the Lord humble and bring them down. We go on comfortably at Pains wick. It is well for me, forsaken as I have been by old friends, that I have such a retreat. With love to Sarah,

“I am, my dear Daniel,

“Yours, &c.

“*Bath, April 6, 1793.*”

“DEAR DANIEL,

“I HAVE a great deal of work upon ME, but amidst all I do not forget you; and, desirous to convince you of it, I now sit down to drop you a line. Your letter which you wished to have addressed to the King

* The poor good man actually thought of this: with much piety, he had also some knowledge, but, for want of more, had also a share of self-confidence.

through the channel of the paper, I have put into the hands of Sir Richard Hill and Mr. Thornton, both members of the House of Commons, and was in hope it would have produced you a small present, but they both returned it without; and I am sorry to add not disposed to yield to your argument: and I am persuaded if the King himself were to see it, he would view it in the same light. They are fixed in their sentiment, and determined upon the practice they ought to pursue. May God espouse the cause you turned your thoughts to, and lighten the burden you complain of.

“The consequence of the condescension of each of these gentlemen is their sentiments, which are in these words:—First, Sir Richard Hill, whose attention to it was such that he wrote at the Inn immediately as he returned, fatigued with business, from the sitting of the justices:—

“I return the observations of the honest rustic. I doubt not but they are the breathings of an humble, peaceable, loyal spirit, and that the writer really believes that all the distress he mentions is occasioned by the taxes which affect the poor, and the other incidental circumstances he alludes to. But poverty and affluence have been the same almost in all places for many centuries back, and complaints of the dearness of provisions have nearly been the same. Good old Bishop Latimer particularly exclaims in one of his sermons, that the poor could hardly live, eggs being so *plaguy dear* that a poor man nowadays could not have more than *twenty for a penny*. Now the real cause of this apparent difference and distress is not that the price of the necessaries of life is increased by oppression, but that the value of

money is decreased; and I really believe that many articles are in that view cheaper than they were some years ago. For instance; within these dozen years a day-labourer's wages are universally raised from sevenpence and eightpence a day to fourteen or sixteen pence, whereas the price of wheat within that period has been advanced scarcely one shilling per bushel, perhaps from five to six shillings, or from five and sixpence to six and sixpence. If you go back only one century from Bishop Latimer's time, we shall find a good fat fowl might be bought for a penny, a fat hog or a sheep for a few shillings, and everything else in proportion; yet then the same clamours were prevalent as are now, and all talked of the dearness or luxury of the times, and the ease and cheapness of former days. I will venture, however, to affirm, that there is not a nation under heaven where taxes fall so little on the poor, and so much on the rich, as in England. In many other countries where I have been, every pound of butcher's meat, all garden stuff, and everything that is brought to market, pays a duty before it can be sold; and coaches, servants, plate, horses, perfumery, and a thousand other superfluities, pay nothing at all. However, that all degrees of people still feel some of the dire effects of the American war, I will not deny; but neither with that nor the present war is administration now chargeable, nor are any burdens laid on the people which the absolute exigencies of the state have not rendered necessary. What is objected against spinning machines as hurting the poor, may on first view appear plausible, but nothing in reality can be more futile and absurd, since when any large number of persons are employed in doing that which

would be effected by a machine, they are, with regard to trade, manufactures, and the country at large, in a manner as if they were sitting still and idle; and the argument would be equally good against corn-mills instead of manual grinding, ploughing and harrowing instead of digging and raking, waggons instead of baskets and wheelbarrows. It is not many years ago that the outcry against silk mills at Derby was so great that it was said the industrious poor would be starved by them; now those poor are employed in various other branches and occupations, and that city is by means of those mills wonderfully increased, both in its opulence and in the number of its inhabitants, chiefly by means of those very mills which I believe were more than once destroyed by the mob when they were first set up. On looking over the good rustic's epistle again, I find a little spice of wit in it which escaped me on the first perusal. He says, "our labouring men used to look like giants, now like walking skeletons." I must affirm for my own part, that I never saw the industrious poor looking better than at present; and though I have a large number of workmen constantly employed at the stated wages of fourteen pence a day, they all appear content and thankful: and were I to compare their countenances with those of many a pallid, puny lord, who is fed and pampered every day, I think I should make no doubt but that the labourer fared as well, though on much more homely and wholesome food than the nobleman.'

"Mr. Thornton is much shorter, and says, 'I return the paper you sent me, in which, though there seems to be much honesty, and a degree undoubtedly of good common sense, yet there is a considerable

defect in the argument, and, for my own part, I question the truth of several of his chief conclusions. The good man speaks of the increased price of many articles on the one hand, but he neglects to say anything of the comparative price of labour now and at the period he speaks of. He presumes also that the case is the same all over England as in his own part.

“Thus far Mr. Thornton. I know but of one paper that it is probable would insert the address, and now I would advise you to desist from attempting it. It may be thought, after so considerable a notice is taken of it, inflammatory. I believe the times are becoming serious, and I would act and speak cautiously. Blessed be God, we have a better kingdom to look to, a kingdom that cannot be shaken. Thither let us direct our eyes and heart, and be thankful that we get nearer to it every day. If God spares my life, I shall be as attentive to you and Sarah as I can, though I should not see you often. The first opportunity God gives me I will turn my face towards Christian-Malford, but hitherto my coming has not been possible. The winding up of my affairs will admit of my giving you a couple of guineas this Christmas, which I will desire Mr. P—— to give you for me. Mrs. Winter will by the first conveyance send Sarah an old gown, which, though but thin, may be of use.

“The good Lord clothe you both, keep and preserve you, and feed you with the bread of life, is the prayer of,

“Dear Daniel,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Dec. 25, 1793.*”

“DEAR DANIEL,

“THE bearer is as I once was, tossed like a vessel upon a stormy ocean. He has no certain place to dwell in. I know much of him, but cannot enter into particulars. Dear Mr. Berridge, from whom I have received an affectionate letter, says, ‘Look on him kindly, though you cannot do much for him.’ Matthew Wilkes writes, ‘He is truly in a distressed condition: if you can do anything for him by way of recommendation in Gloucestershire or elsewhere, it would be of singular service to him.’ Shew William Jones this, and give my love to him, and tell him if the Coombe people will let him exercise his gifts among them, I will venture to assure them he will make them *hear*. Perhaps a little Christian tenderness towards him, and a little necessary kindness shewn to him, may recover and preserve to you the means of grace. I design to put him into a method of study, particularly to prepare him for school-keeping, that as his gifts enlarge he may have a means of subsistence, and be useful without being a burden to the country. I know two places already where he is acceptable, and has been useful. The Lord make him so to you; then I am sure his occasional services will be acceptable. I have still a glowing desire to do you good, and to approve myself, what I always in great sincerity subscribe myself,

“Dear Daniel,

“Yours, &c.

“*Marlborough, Feb. 18, 1785.*

“Love to Sarah and all friends. I send you by the bearer half a guinea, towards the old long score. Mrs. Winter sends her love.”

“DEAR DANIEL,

“It exceedingly concerns me to hear you are in such poor health, and that you are disabled from labour. I most sympathetically enter into your case, and commend you to the Lord. May he afford you divine supports: I know he will. I should be happy to render you any assistance in my power: in testimony of it, I send you a guinea by Mr. Fry, not without asking the Lord to sanctify all your aches and pains. “With love to Sarah,

“I am,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Jan. 12, 1791.*

“I shall take the first opportunity to come and see you.”

“DEAR DANIEL,

“I THIS day received your letter, and as the best proof I can give you of my real regard. I sit down to answer it immediately. You know, my dear man, what a desire I have ever had to do good at Christian-Malford. I really would have been glad to have lived and died in your chamber. I am so convinced that you and Sarah have had upright intentions towards God, that I can overlook the blunders common to human nature. I myself have many. I feel for you under your decays; and if my inconsiderable property would do you good, which is in your chamber, you shall have it. You know I always wished to make the ministers comfortable who succeeded, me, and could have supported a very *useful* and *respectable ministry*, if the deluded people would have strengthened my hands by merely defraying the

journey of the preachers. They may now do as they can, or as they will. My business is with you. Though I cannot keep you, I may help you.

“I have two guineas, which living or dying I design for you; but I want the proper way of conveying them. If you can only card and spin, you may come to Painswick. I can better talk with than write to you. I would send a horse to meet you, but really don't know what time you will set out. Mr. Miles might get you a lodging at Tethbury if you call upon him. If you call upon Mr. Criswell, baker, at Hampton, and mention my desire, he would procure you another; from which place we are not more than eight miles. I promise you you shall take back as much money as you bring out, and a good coat into the bargain. If Sarah enters into my motive, she will set you out with a good breakfast of BEGGAR TEA, or something as good. You perceive I wish to see you at Painswick, that I may talk freely with you, and I hope this letter will arrive time enough to bring you here speedily. My candle fails me; it is almost twelve o'clock. I must go to bed. God bless you and Sarah, and believe me,

“Dear Daniel,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Jan. 11, 1792.*”

“DEAR DANIEL,

“I HAVE not been able to reach you again, nor shall I be, but I am very anxious to hear of Sarah. I would fain hope she is better, and that God intends to spare her a little longer. If not, his will be done. It will be to her an advantage to be taken home.

I have borne you both upon my heart to God and man. Mr. Wase has, I think, two and twenty shillings and sixpence, which I collected at our dinner at Trowbridge; half-a-crown of which, he intends to give to Robert Freeth. I have just the same sum, out of which, when you receive it, you may give another half-crown. I shall also have something more for you, so that I hope you will not want. I shall find some method of conveying my pittance to you, and the Lord, I hope, will sanctify the use of it. Take as little notice of it as you can, yet use no art to conceal it, as it is known I have addressed some friends on your behalf. Times are very hard, and they pinch most severely where we least suppose. As are our sins, so would be our sufferings, if the Lord were to deal with us according to our deserts. I pray him to withhold his judgments, and to overrule our afflictions. I have little time, and can therefore only add that, with my love to Sarah,

“I am, &c.

“*Melksham, April 3, 1796.*”

“DEAR SARAH,

“I AM truly sorry for Daniel’s situation, yet satisfied that if this is the time in which it pleaseth the Lord to remove him, he will go a little before you into rest and peace. You must prepare for the event with Christian fortitude, and believe the Lord doeth all things well. It is not for us to dictate to him, or to wish to control him. I am quite at a loss about complying with your request immediately. Daniel knows my friendly disposition towards him, but he does not know how difficult it is for me to get a horse

for such, a journey in this place: besides that, I have business in hand that requires close and immediate attention. Let me know in the course of next week how he is. Though your letter signifies he is in his last illness, it is probable he may yet lie some weeks, and it would certainly be more convenient to me to come over in a week or two hence than just now. If it should be the case that he should soon go, you may expect such exertion of friendship as I am capable of; it is but comparatively small, but I hope others will concur with me. Be assured I shall bear you both upon my heart at the throne of grace. Give my love to Daniel, accept it yourself in conjunction with Mrs. Winter's, and be assured that

“I am, dear Sarah,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Dec. 31, 1796.*

“Remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. P——. Tell Mr. P—— I will be obliged to him to let you have half-a-guinea for me, and to place it to my account.”

The following letters are taken from a number addressed to John Thornton, Esq., the distinguished and well-known philanthropist, and to whom Cowper refers when, speaking of the pleasure arising from benevolence, he says,

“And THORNTON is familiar with the joy.”

The sums he was continually dispensing were immense. Besides what he administered personally, he had numerous almoners; and they were chosen without any bigoted restrictions. He was an Epis-

copalian himself, but he employed dissenters as well as churchmen, if he was persuaded of their piety, and integrity, and *benevolent* disposition. He was the founder of the academy at Newport Pagnel, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Ball; and he liberally contributed towards the support of Mr. Winter's students. I would just add two things more: the first shews not only the benefactor, but the friend. Whenever he transmitted a bounty for Mr. Winter's own use, or to be applied to the poor, it was always enclosed in a letter of considerable extent, and full of the warmest regards. These interesting letters of his father, I transferred, at his request, many years ago, to the late Henry Thornton, Esq. The second shews his wisdom and prudence, as well as friendship. In more instances than one, he desired Mr. Winter, instead of dividing the donation he had sent among the poor, immediately to go round with them to their creditors, and pay, *in their presence*, what they owed: thus teaching them honesty, and befriending their tradesmen as well as themselves—a class of sufferers too often overlooked.

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“MANY times since I wrote to you from Mr. Powys's I have been uneasy lest anything I then expressed should have been disagreeable to you. My pen, like my tongue, is not always at liberty; and if in writing or preaching I commit mistakes, they are without design. I am amazed that I am suffered to do anything for God: if he had not infinitely more mercy than I have ability, I should have been rejected from his service long ago; but he continues

to use the weakest instrument, that his power may be displayed, and in some measure the excellency of it is made to appear.

“The accomplishment of that promise, Dan. xii. 4, seems to be approaching in some degree: ‘many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.’ But while we rejoice in the number of ministers sent out in church and meeting, we have cause to lament that they are disproportionable to the demands made in almost every county. O that the Lord may raise up and send forth a glorious addition to those already engaged! In this place there is a small interest of Independent Methodists, which, by Mr. Scott’s desire, I am supplying for a few weeks; afterwards I expect to return into Gloucestershire and Wales. Thus, Sir, I am spending my days; and I hope it will appear in the end that my movements are not altogether in vain.

“May the various methods you employ from time to time to spread the fame of the adorable Emanuel, and for the salvation of perishing sinners, be attended with all desirable success. That you may long be detained out of heaven to be made a blessing upon earth, yet blessed in your own soul with all spiritual blessings in heavenly things in Christ Jesus, is the unfeigned prayer of,

“Honoured and dear Sir,

“Your obliged humble servant,

“CORNELIUS WINTER.

“*Lancaster, July 2, 1774.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“As I would not neglect you, so neither would I presume upon the liberty you gave me. To avoid both extremes, I have deferred writing till now, and now make free to address you. Permit me to wish you a happy new year. May a tide of new covenant blessings flow in with it upon your soul, and increase with your days.

“Since I made my acknowledgment of your last favour, I have been persevering amidst a variety of trials in my work, and have abundant reason to be thankful for the many signal instances of the Lord’s goodness, and demonstrations of his faithfulness to his word. At present I am under the roof of dear Mr. Powys, who, by opening his house for the preaching of the Gospel, is the means of bringing sons unto glory. The neighbourhood is not populous, nor the way to the house, in winter, clean or smooth; and considering the pains the poor people take to hear the Word, the congregations are equivalent to those in London. God willing, next month I go into Wales, where great numbers hear the Word with joy, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. In my humble opinion there never has been in our time a greater spread of the Gospel than at the present time. May the precious Jesus, whose sole prerogative it is to fill that chariot, ride on triumphantly. I know, dear Sir, you will subscribe your amen to it. I have just heard that a wide and an effectual door is opened in Salop for good Mr. De Courcy, who is a lively, judicious, powerful minister indeed. Thus the Lord fulfils his word by causing the knowledge of his glory to fill the earth. By and by the face of the

covering cast over all people shall be taken away. The Lord hath promised it, and he will not fail the accomplishment of his word. Permit me to pray that in your distinguished sphere you may long live to be an instrument jointly with the ministers of the Gospel to promote the kingdom of God upon earth, and after you have served your generation, that you may triumphantly enter into the joy of your Lord.

“I am, &c.

“*Hardwick, Jan. 1774.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“WHEN I received yours of June 25th, you informed me you were going to France. I hope you and your family have been preserved in your going out and in your return home; that the water you crossed, the country you have visited, the spiritual ignorance of its inhabitants, and a blessed experience of the Gospel they are enemies to, have proved as so many steps by which you ascend to an eminence where you can behold wonders of grace, and, standing, adore the hand that guided and continues to keep you from falling. I, who am one among many a partaker of your benevolence, can do no less than pray for the prosperity of your soul and the continuance of your life. We who move in the lowly sphere cannot help admiring the wisdom and goodness of God, in raising up here and there one with abilities equal to their zeal for the promotion of the Redeemer’s interest in the world; we would consider it as a token for good in this cloudy and dark day, and hope that

the Sun of Righteousness does not intend to withdraw his light. I have made Mr. Luke Haywood's letter my *vade mecum*, and read it to many gracious people who can discover in it a simplicity that brought tears from their eyes, and imparted joy to their hearts. The kingdom of Jesus must be built up, and he is infinitely wise in the choice of the time when, and the instruments by whom, the building is to be carried on. Perhaps a little sketch of the Lord's disposal of me would be acceptable. I would therefore observe that upon the receipt of your letter I paid Mr. Berridge and his flocks a visit, and found sweet refreshment in my own soul while preaching in Essex, Cambridge, and Bedfordshires. In each of these counties there are many gracious and teachable people. Having no knowledge of anybody between Bedfordshire and Lancashire, I rode without preaching till I came to Manchester, where upon a very short notice a congregation of many hundreds assembled in the fields, and increased every day during my stay there. Mr. Priestly has preached abroad ever since while the weather would admit of it, and he informs me it has caused a great revival among his own people, besides being the means of awakening others. From Manchester I proceeded to this place to release Mr. Scott, who had been labouring among the people some time. It was a dark neighbourhood but a little while since; we have entered many villages adjacent, and though we meet with much opposition, we have cause to rejoice that there is something going forward worthy of our attention. Eternity will discover how far the success is real; I am afraid to be too positive in my conclusions, having often been deceived in individuals.

Mr. Winton, the person to whom you sent the bill, is yet with me, and joins mé in humble duty and thanks, promising in the strength of divine grace to use the beast purchased with it, with a single eye to the glory of God; he is very diligent in study, and proves universally acceptable in every place where he gives his occasional labours. Your present of books I sent into Gloucestershire, to be there distributed at the discretion of my fellow-labourers. May they become the means of quickening dead sinners, and thereby fully answer your desires. Now we are obliged to act by faith, and under many a discouragement ready to conclude all our efforts are in vain; but by-and-by we shall see the end of our faith, and have a blessed demonstration that God will be glorified in the sinner's salvation by the means of books from the press, and living lectures from the pulpit. That you may be blessed more and more in all your undertakings is, and shall continue to be, the prayer of,

“Honoured and dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Lancaster, Oct. 5th, 1775.*”

“DEAR SIR,

“YOUR present for Wootton-under-Edge library, and the other books for the poor of the adjacent places, laid dormant until the 16th instant, when I first had knowledge of them. I just then returned from Wales, where I had been from the week I wrote to you, preaching the Gospel to large numbers of precious people, who receive the truth in the love

of it. Accept my grateful acknowledgments for your valuable epistle and the favour it enclosed. It is a fresh conviction to me that the Lord is faithful, who accomplishes his promises in a suitable manner and in an acceptable season. From a sense of the propriety of your observation respecting the universality of the kingdom of Jesus, I consider myself under a Gospel necessity to be the servant of all; and though this principle meets with much obstruction from bigotry and party zeal, it nevertheless yields tranquillity to the mind that all its opponents cannot eradicate. From the appearance of a blessed harvest, I was lately led to preach from John iv. 35, which thought of our dear Lord Jesus it is evident was purely spiritual, though he clothed it with ideas borrowed from the lap of nature. The fields had each of them enclosures, but all were sown with one grain, wore one aspect, and were to be reaped by the same means, though in different hands. Thus it is with the church. Different ministers are only servants occupied in the same work of sowing and reaping; the harvest is the Lord's. This should incline us to give the right hand of fellowship where we cannot coincide in every punctilio, remembering that our differences and divisions in judgment are no part of the religion of the holy Jesus, but a striking proof of the fall, which will never be remedied till we arrive where our knowledge will be perfect, and God will be all in all. On this consideration I am ready to preach wherever an open door is set before me; and, the Lord be praised, there are many at this time. There is reason to fear that, being released from persecution, we trifle away too much of our time, and some ground upon which to conclude that

if we were more assaulted from without we should be more united among ourselves. Alas! we lose sight as soon as we lose feeling of the sufferings of Jesus, and substitute carelessness in the stead of peace: from such a supine state good Lord deliver us! It is an unspeakable mercy that there are some who esteem it their privilege to lay out themselves and their substance for the honour of Him who emptied himself of his own matchless glory, and became himself a tabernacler among men. O that their number may be increased!

“You may depend upon it, dear Sir, that your books shall be distributed to proper objects, who I hope will make a proper use of them. I am greatly obliged by the liberty you give me to write to you, which I shall take whenever I can communicate anything that is interesting. In the mean while I pray that your life may be spared; and that every day of it you may be blessed, and be made a blessing to others; that you may live to see the kingdom of God come with power, and powerfully partake of it in your own soul.

“I am, with all due respect, &c.

“*Bristol, Aug. 22, 1772.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“YOUR liberality, like the rain, comes plentiful and seasonable; and, like many other of my mercies, confirms the truth of that unalterable promise, *Verily thou shalt be fed.* Confidence in God for all things upon all occasions is the Lord’s work, and when it is wrought in the soul and exercised in the life, he will honour it as readily as the Bank will

honour your note—he will not forsake the work of his own hand. If an ungodly world did but know the property and efficacy of faith with reference both to Providence and grace, they would allow the propriety of the epithet given it by the apostle, and would esteem it more than their necessary food; but it is a divine principle, and cannot be infused into a carnal heart. That I or any other person possess any measure of it is matter for thankfulness and exclusion from all boasting, except such as the Psalmist speaks of in the 34th Psalm. If I know my own heart, I can assure you, dear Sir, what I may drop at any time concerning myself is principally that the Lord may be magnified. In the year 1766 I first ventured to appear in a public character, and under such great disadvantage through a want of education, and support to enable me to acquire a little knowledge, procure retirement, books, &c., that a review of my former life makes me appear a mystery to myself. Mr. Berridge first introduced me to dear Mr. Whitefield, who took me to serve him in different capacities, and gave me some little instructions, which I have attempted to improve as I have had opportunity ever since. I can visibly see the hand of God guiding me step by step from my first setting off; and though I knew not how or from whence I should be supported one day before another (having no salary except the twelve months I was in America), yet, blessed be God, I never felt a moment's uneasiness about my subsistence. With a view to render my occasional labours as little burdensome to the church as possible, I have continued in a state of celibacy; and, having nobody to care for, as my mercies flow in upon me in broad streams I send them out in little

rivulets, and through rich grace can be content with a treasure in heaven without a purse upon earth. I bless the hand that has disposed your heart towards me, and return you, dear Sir,—many thanks for your present favour and the future liberty you give me. You have my prayers for a blessing upon your person, your circumstances, and all your unwearied efforts for the spread of that kingdom which when once established can never be destroyed. May the good Doctor who, by your presentation, is removed into another part of the vineyard, be kept long out of heaven to be made useful upon earth. Mr. Haywood's letter and the Indian's speech will be very acceptable. If you will let a few copies be left at your counting-house, a friend will call for them and convey them here. Whenever you please to favour me with books of any kind, I shall make a point of disposing of them to proper objects.

“I forgot to mention in my last how very acceptable Mr. Newton, alias Omicron, is; I have reason to bless God for his writings in general. I should never think myself in want of a library if I was furnished with a stock of his writings and a Bible. Indeed the best of books are of no more advantage without the illuminating spirit of Christ than a dial without the sun; and when that spirit of wisdom and revelation is imparted, it is not to make discoveries to please our fancies, but to impart grace to renew our hearts. Though we knew all mysteries, if we were in want of the experimental knowledge of the one great mystery of godliness, they would profit us as little as the science of geography would profit the shipwrecked mariner deprived of the hope of life. What a mercy that the dulness of our capacity cannot prevent the

communications of the teacher sent from God! May we sit at his feet like humble, tractable children, and receive all he has to impart. Once more praying that in your sphere you may be an instrument in his hand, I remain,

“Honoured and dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Lancaster, Oct. 18th, 1775.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“I ONCE more trouble you with a few lines, and write to maintain that intercourse you have permitted to be opened between us. By the additional experience of many months since the date of my last, I can testify God is good, and his goodness appears in the moments of every day. Unnumbered blessings surround and are poured in upon us in divine, though unseen realities. Our short sight deprives us of many a discovery which, if made, would sink us into the depths of humility, and raise us to the highest astonishment. Strange that we, who have deserved nothing but wrath, should be the subjects of matchless mercy. The miseries of our fellow-mortals set our state in a very advantageous point of light; many of them are pining with want, we abound with plenty; some, through the violence of disorders, live the lives of martyrs: if we have not firmness of nerves and a sound constitution, our disorders are no more than gentle taps and friendly mementos, designed to warn us of a speedy remove; they are yet in their sins, we are washed; the veil of ignorance is upon their hearts, from ours it is

taken away; they are strangers to God, we are admitted into fellowship with him; they are without Christ and hope, we have a hope that maketh not ashamed, and Christ is in us the hope of glory. O, Sir, when we state the contrast, we are amazed at the difference between ourselves and others. It is all of grace, and nothing but grace; and while we are suitably affected with it, God the giver will have all the glory. I hope the Lord continues gracious to your soul, and by his rich consolations rewards your labours of love. Look up to him, dear Sir, and pray for the continuance of his favours. To him that hath shall be given, saith the Word, and it can never fail, though we are too prone to limit the Holy One of Israel, and to conclude the promises are not for us, merely because we find the want of a meritorious qualification for the blessings promised us. The pride of the human heart appears in the opposition it makes against the grace of God, till it is forced to submit; and though repeatedly beaten off from the legal hold, as repeatedly does it renew the attempt, till, being worn out, it is obliged to flee to the appointed refuge. This is the standing experience of all God's people; in my travels I meet with daily acknowledgments of it. Since I had the pleasure to hear from you, Lancashire, Shropshire, and Gloucestershire have divided my labours. For the time to come I expect my residence will be in Gloucestershire. The preachers are worn out with age, labour, and infirmity; my own bodily weakness will oblige me to contract my sphere; and, as I am well acquainted with this people, and my labours have been acceptable to them for some years, I am inclined to think it my duty to abide here. The circuit consists

of seven stated and several occasional congregations, and, if there were more assistance, might be increased to a much greater number. I have committed the young man I had with me to Mr. Knight's care, at Halifax, and expect he will be stationed in Yorkshire or Lancashire, or divide his ministry between the two counties. If you favour me with a line at any time, I shall be glad to know what is become of Mr. Luke Haywood and his flock. I presume they are removed from Minorca, through our unhappy variance with our colonies; it may be by this time some of them are burned into their eternal rest. Those events which portend the most fearful consequences to an ungodly nation are often eventual of the fulfilment of that promise, Isa. iii. 10, to individuals of the Lord's family. I don't doubt but many on both sides the question in the present war have found it so. This is a branch of conduct, however mysterious to us now, the Judge of all the earth will be glorified in by-and-by; then whatever account he shall see fit to give of his matters, they will bring pleasure and astonishment to us, and produce shouts of praise and peals of acclamation to his name. O that you and yours may long be continued a blessing to the church, and in the end of your days rejoice in the felicity of his chosen! This is the sincere prayer of,

“Honoured and dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Christian-Malford, July 17, 1776.*”

“A letter at any time would find me, directed at the Tabernacle, Rodborough, Gloucestershire.”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“FOR your donation of books, in the name of many poor at Sutton, Christian-Malford, Castle-Coombe, Warborough, Stratton, Cricklade, &c. &c. &c., you have my thanks. In whatever light this method of disposing of your abundance may be considered by some, it will be found a real blessing to others. An aged woman has just been with me speaking of the great refreshment she has met with from the Pilgrim, and of the daily refreshment she finds in Bogatzky. The Testaments will be disposed of among poor men working in the fields, who will carry them in their pockets; and the Bibles among some poor weavers, who, by having them upon the frames of their looms, can now and then furnish themselves with matter for meditation without hindering the progress of their labour. However, I can venture to assure you that the Gospel spreads in those parts, and numbers attend the preaching of it, yet nothing has occurred materially worthy to engage your attention in a particular manner. We frequently break into fresh places, but never neglect the old ones on a Sabbath-day; and, seeing the bad effect of too hasty conclusions respecting the conversion of people, we endeavour to be deliberate in our determinations, and slow in our censures, where open immoralities do not produce a painful certainty. Perhaps it is more difficult to have to do with the poor and illiterate, than substantial and sensible people. Their prejudices are strong, and their minds are weak; they make mountains of molehills in their differences one with another, and often carry their resentments to such a height as to lay the Gospel open to the reproach of their carnal neighbours. If

the preacher does not set aside all other business, and walk far to see them upon every little disorder they are under, and stay a long while with them, they think he is remiss in his duty, and perhaps will not, upon recovery, hear him with the attention and affection they did before: upon every little occasion they want access to him, and will stay a long while conversing upon what they might have been satisfied with in five minutes.

“Yet, amidst all, there is a pleasure in beholding the fruits of grace connected with the infirmities of nature, that is a counterbalance to the inconveniences of my situation, and demonstrates that the Word of God has a transforming influence. When convinced we are where and what God would have us to be, the trials of our station will be supportable, every burden will be light, and we shall be reconciled to every cross. This is not our rest, and it is our greatest folly to think of any other rest than what arises from a settlement upon a throne, and the inheritance of a kingdom. There the rich and the poor (not lie down, but) live and reign together; there they will mutually praise God for the helps they have received and been able to communicate. May your soul, dear Sir, enjoy prosperity, while you are the means of making others prosperous. May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, give you an increase of the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of himself. So prays,

“Honoured and dear Sir, &c.

“*Castle-Coombe, April 5, 1777.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“I KNOW not how to express myself upon the receipt of your letter, and for the kind reception you have given to mine. I am far from expecting constant returns from you, and have been rather fearful of becoming troublesome to you by frequent writing; but for the time to come I will avail myself of the liberty you indulge me with, and endeavour to make a proper use of it. Thus far there has been no change in my movements prejudicial to that part of the interest of Christ I have had any connexion with. Stability in our conduct, constancy in our labours, and regularity in our motions, I have found to bring credit to man and glory to God. The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience. By working long upon the same ground, though barren in itself, it may be brought to be fruitful. I have often thought diligence, resolution, and perseverance to be the three principal things worthy of imitation in a venerable divine, who, in some instances, proves himself fickle enough.

“The propriety of your remark upon the different appearance of prejudice in the rich and poor appears at first sight, and I have found that, by some attention to the manner of deportment you suggest, I have been enabled to carry my point. It is the safest and surest method of fighting with the world, and the only way to pass, with any degree of pleasure, through the Church. Accept my most grateful thanks, dear Sir, for the bill enclosed in your letter. It will ease my shoulders, and be more useful to me than a

hundred pounds would be to some men. May the Fountain of mercies communicate as plentifully to you as you devise liberal things unto others. While your kindness gives me leave to ask further aid., I would acknowledge the present donation extends to the satisfying of my desires. I shall take every opportunity to inform you how far Marlborough answers your good wishes; at present the prospect is in no way unfavourable. My desires for admission into the Establishment were very sanguine, but never did the hand of Providence more visibly appear against any attempts than against my endeavours to effect them. Since it is so, I find no disposition to be spleenish against either the man or the mode of the Church. Though I have been cast out of her bosom without any just cause, if I may but sit down quietly by her side, she will find me a quiet and peaceable neighbour. My altar is not built in opposition to hers, but erected to offer sacrifice conjointly with her to the same Lord. May our sacrifices be mutually acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ, and each pulpit ring with the fame of his name. I fear I am not mistaken in my views of the state of our national affairs. If self was the object of my attention I should be little concerned, but grace will make a man public'spirited, and though he is secure himself, he cannot but feel for those who have danger before them, but no shelter to betake themselves to. O that all saw as dear Mr. Berridge does! How would peace and happiness reign where religion and piety are professed! We may say, concerning the contention among God's people, an enemy hath done this. But how strange that they who hate his dominion should do anything to aid his interest, and think by Satan to cast out

Satan! It may appear too severe a reflection upon some well-designing, gracious persons, but it is too evident that, though there may be an aversion to the Evil One in them, there is too much of the Evil One about them.

“The discerning part of mankind may most justly reflect upon us for our severity one against another, and conceive our zeal (where it destroys love and affection) to savour too much of pride and vanity. But it is in vain for me to represent the defective conduct I cannot remedy. May the rock upon which others split be cautiously avoided by me! Desiring a continued interest in your prayers,

“I remain yours, &c.,

“C. W.

“*Wootton-under-Edge, March 28, 1778.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“I AM greatly obliged to you for the box of books. May they fully answer your benevolent design, and contribute to that measure of light already gone forth in our part of the earth. I wish it was in my power to inform you of anything very remarkable going forward among us, but it is not. I continue as assiduous as possible in town and in the adjacent villages, and collect little companies of people together worthy of my regard; but they are the poor and illiterate. Though we have no very capital people about us, the possessions and learning they have make them important enough in their own eyes. They think it beneath them to stoop to the Gospel of Christ. Having formed to themselves the idea of a

Gospel on which, they are determined to fix their trust, and venture their everlasting all, the scheme of salvation as revealed in the Scriptures is exploded by them as enthusiastic; and they put the most unkind and uncharitable construction upon the conduct of the little handful who adhere to it. I have sometimes thought the strength of their prejudices in favour of the Establishment is an additional hinderance to their being enlightened; but their love of darkness is manifested by their refusing to admit an evangelical clergyman into their pulpits; and if he gets in by stealth, they will not give him a decent hearing. However, I am not tired of my situation, nor discouraged in it. The ministers of Jesus are sometimes called to labour in the church as the disciples toiled upon the sea—a long while to little purpose, and at last meet with a draught that makes them amply amends for all their former comparatively fruitless labours. He that plougheth should plough in hope. I am waiting for the blessed season when the veil shall be taken from the heart of my neighbours; then it shall be turned to the Lord. A trial of a very affecting nature has of late fallen upon me. A young man who afforded me the most agreeable prospect of his being awakened and making some progress in the Divine life, has, of a sudden, turned out a dreadful apostate, and entered into his Majesty's service. Indeed I have reason to think it is the effect of insanity that a violent fever brought upon him; and I trust, in the end, that will be found to be the cause; for though nothing will be an excuse for the backslider if he lives and dies in that state, yet some circumstances will make the punishment more tolerable than others. No good can come to any

man who wanders from the Lord Jesus; he only has the words of eternal life. When he, by his spirit, makes a poor sinner sensible of his want, disposes him to draw'nigh to him, and imparts to him the earnest of his heavenly inheritance, it makes everything in this world of little importance in his esteem. This has been my experience for more than nineteen years. I wish now to live no longer than I can be of use to the cause of Jesus Christ. It is not without much infirmity I prosecute my ministry, often so indisposed that I know not how to get through either the study or preaching of a sermon. Nevertheless I am carried through from day to day; and though ready to conclude the meanness of my performances will drive the people away, to my astonishment they rather gather than scatter. By accommodating myself to their circumstances, I trust the Gospel will be supported without any just cause of reproach. My demands for this life are but small, and the various methods Infinite Wisdom has used to supply them are repeated earnest of his regards to his servant, and of his attention to his promise. Permit me, dear Sir, to repeat the sense I have of your kindness, which has frequently and seasonably contributed to my slender subsistence, which I am content with if I may but be the means of bringing poor sinners into the possession of the unsearchable riches of Christ. The credit of his bank can never be injured; revolutions in states can nowise affect his kingdom.

“I remain, &c.

“*Marlborough, Nov. 10th, 1779.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“I HOPE these will find you under the continued smiles of the Father of Mercies, having liberty to persevere in your numerous services for him, and enjoying daily consolation in the midst of all your works of faith and labour of love. They leave me in a complex frame—through grace steady in my inclination to hold on my way to the kingdom of God—but under such a stupor, and my intellectual faculties so debilitated and oppressed, that I have scarcely power to think or speak. I have no doubt but it is the effect of bodily disorder. However, the soul is exceedingly clogged by it. In such a case what a blessing is it to be brought out of a dependence upon self into an unshaken reliance upon the dear Lord Jesus! It is hard to attain to such a reliance. The works of the law are so closely pursued notwithstanding they will show us no favour, that we become deaf to the intelligence of rest in Jesus for the weary and heavy laden. Though we yield our assent to the report that he will give it, we suffer ourselves to be sorely exercised before we go to him for it, and are too prone to leave our harbour when the day is cloudy. If the rash sallies we often make were not checked and overruled by the mighty power of God, they would at last be the means of our perishing in a storm. The legality of our hearts is very discernible in the self-complacency we discover when we can act to our own satisfaction, and in the discontent resulting from our dissatisfying frames. How often do we glory, but not in the Lord! How often do we sorrow, not so much because the Lord is not glorified by us, but because we have not whereof

we may glorify before him! May we be delivered from such a selfish spirit, and be possessed by one in its stead that will prompt us to act more to the honour of our Divine Master, and more under the influence of his grace.

“The Lord is kind to me notwithstanding all my unworthiness, and favours the truth he enables me (though in weakness) to deliver with his blessing. From what I can gather by the kind reception given to my ministry for more than fifteen months stately, I am to continue my residence here, and I found it necessary to think of a person to be connected with me as a help-mate for me. My friends all concluded I should marry. As I aim not at high things, I have sought after and united to one who is suited to answer my purpose. She is a gracious woman, of good report; plain in person and in dress, possessed of about 400*l.* which, added to my little stipend, with her frugal management, I trust will prevent our being too burdensome to our friends. I take the liberty, dear Sir, to give you this piece of intelligence, having received so many indications of your kindness, and from whence I conclude it will give you satisfaction to hear of anything that contributes to my convenience and comfort. This change, I trust, will rather be an advantage than a hinderance to me in the service of the sanctuary. Multiplied mercies should be considered as encouragements to our diligence, and we should receive them as oil to our wheels to make us go swiftly forward in the Lord’s work, and not suffer our souls to be clogged by them. The best temporal blessing is but a necessary portion of refreshment to a dying man, intended to make his dying moments the easier to him. Whatever it consists of, it will

be thus received and thus esteemed by the believer in Jesus, whose best inheritance is heavenly. With my dutiful respects to yourself, your lady, and the young gentlemen,

“I remain, &c.

“*Marlborough, May 18, 1779.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“I AM always unwilling to divert your attention from the many and important concerns that daily engage it, by any frivolous and insignificant occurrence, and hope you will let this account for my long silence. How rejoiced should I be if I could make the whole earth ring with the fame of our beloved Saviour, or be instrumental in calling sinners of different nations to a knowledge of him! But my commission is limited to a small spot, and turns out almost as unsuccessful as that of the servant spoken of in the Gospel, whose intelligence of a rich provision was treated with contempt and disdain. Though I invite a multitude, my invitation is received only by a few. As to these, we take sweet counsel together and go to the house of God in company, we mutually lament the barrenness of our soil, and are waiting and praying for the day of salvation when our neighbours shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God. However unfavourable in general appearances may be, we have encouragement to hope. The adjacent villages produce some happy instances to the praise and glory of God’s free grace, and perhaps it is for their sake the Gospel is established here. I have known bright prospects arise out of much darker appearances than

we hare about us, and I cannot yield to discouragement. I am satisfied I am where God would have me for the present; he does not leave me without some refreshing seasons to my own soul. It is by patience and perseverance in the ministry of the Gospel that the work is brought to what it is in many places. May we all act from love to souls and zeal for God, and leave the issue of our endeavours with him. To this we are animated by the example of the dear Lord Jesus. How many were the repulses he met with from me! How little was he moved by them! Perhaps there is not a soul brought to him but what tried his patience long before he felt his power. It frequently turns out that many sermons are preached in vain before one produces the desired effect. This humbling part of our own experience may prove a powerful motive with us to bear long with others. Souls won to Jesus by long and hard labours often prove precious jewels, and, highly prized, turn out greatly to our joy here, and become at last the crown of our rejoicing.

“I am, &c.

“*Marlborough, May 10th, 1780.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR Sir,

“A CONSCIOUSNESS of the inutility of my epistles, and of your moments being of too great importance to be broken in upon by every trifling correspondence, occasions me to refrain from frequently using the privilege you grant me. To delay longer, however, may carry the appearance of neglect. I therefore devote the present hour to you, and glad should I be if my pen could communicate anything that might

reward the attention you give to my letter. I never expect it will be in my power to furnish you with any very remarkable incidents relating to the work of God, my province being to fill up an humble and obscure situation in which nothing very remarkable turns up. Obscure as it may be, in itself it is of real importance, considered as a part of the city of God, unto which he condescends to communicate a stream from the river of the water of life. Viewing my little charge in this light, it makes me think very seriously for it, and lay myself out to the uttermost for its welfare. Though I am not without my discouragements, I am whiling to stand my ground, and would wait for the day when the veil that at present is upon the heart of my neighbours shall be taken away, and it shall be turned unto the Lord. If a desire for the salvation of others is any evidence of myself being in a saved state, I bless the Lord I have it, though it is attended with a thousand fears and painful suspicions lest any deficiency in my gifts, or want of more activity in my work, should make my ministry unsuccessful. I know all the endeavours of men are fruitless without the blessing of God to accompany them, and it is sometimes his good pleasure to exercise the patience of the most laborious ministers by denying them the success they much desire. It was much impressed upon my mind lately to go into a part of our town inhabited by the most reprobate class of people, and make an open declaration of the Gospel to them; finding them decent and attentive, I have ventured to repeat the enterprises. What particular effect the Word will have, I cannot tell: should nothing result from it, I shall have this satisfaction in my own breast, I have

not left the stone unturned. By engaging in my little school, I am prevented from going abroad so extensively as I used formerly, but several of the adjacent villages are partakers of my evenings' strength in rotation. A school in conjunction with my public ministry is a continual drain to me, but there is a kind of pleasure, even under languor of spirits, in endeavouring to lay ourselves out according to our ability in a service that, if attended with the blessing of God, may be of essential service to our fellow-creatures. Of ourselves we can do nothing, and therefore the pleasure we receive in the reflection upon our work rather results from a sense of the honour conferred upon us as permitted to serve, than from any supposed merit in the service we perform. I need no greater means of humiliation than a just sense of my imperfections. It is well the Lord can dispense with the want of continual vigour in his work without casting me off as an unprofitable servant. Forbearance with me, and supplies imparted to me, result from an acceptance in the beloved. The source of our comfort is in Jesus, and we are supported by what flows from him when we should be cast down if left to a sight and sense of what is in ourselves. If there is the least degree of gratitude in us, we cannot abuse this discovery any more than we can in our senses bring a fever upon ourselves for the sake of trying a doctor's skill. Our adorable Saviour is much injured by two sorts of people in the present day, viz. by those who slight, and they who abuse his precious love. Happy for them who can steer clear of those dangerous rocks, the wind of temptation blowing many against them at this time, and the wrecks of faith and of a good conscience are to be seen

in all the borders of the church. I rejoice, dear Sir, as often as I think of you, that you are enabled to hold fast the confidence and rejoicing of your Gospel hope firm unto the end. May your every exertion for our Redeemer's glory be attended with the most desirable success. With my best wishes and prayers for yourself and whole family,

“I remain, &c.

“*Marlborough, August 16, 1781.*”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“SINCE I wrote last, I have been pursuing what appears to me duty in a variety of avocations, and bless God I have neither run in vain nor laboured in vain. The methods to which I have been directed for the spread of the Gospel in our neighbourhood are singularly accommodated to its necessity. You were so kind as to assist me in bringing forth a youth whose improvements in a few months in his public gifts and grace have made him of essential service. By means of him, and another pious young man, several congregations are supplied every Sabbath who otherwise would be destitute. Mr. S——, whom I had with me on the same footing, is settled in a sphere of usefulness at Chesham, in Bucks; and I have a youth for the university, who, if his years would allow of his being admitted into orders, has endowments rendering him deserving of any pulpit in the kingdom. Together with these and the stated labours of my ministry, I have under my direction between sixty and seventy poor children, all of whom learn to read, and some of them to write; and as only Sabbath days, Tuesday and Friday

evenings, are appropriated to their instruction, the success of our endeavours is beyond expectation. I bend under my work, but shall not break till it is finished, at least till my part is performed, for I would hope the work will live when I am no more concerned with it. I am ashamed of the egotism with which my description abounds, but I only intend to use it for the purpose of informing you, dear Sir, of the state of our affairs, knowing that you have no greater joy than to hear that the work of God goes forward in every direction. I hope you are supported and carried on in your numerous and important engagements. My feeble prayers are constantly offered up for you. You and the church at Deptford have sustained a loss, of which I heard soon after it happened, not without suitable concern. The Lord liveth: this is our comfort under bereavements; and he loveth even while he bereaveth. His church is his care, and he will provide for it: notwithstanding, we should not make light of a providence that deprives the world of a Gospel minister whose place is not easily filled up. May the short space allotted to survivors be used in such a manner that nothing may be left undone that it is in the power of our hands to do. Exclusive of a few examples, we have reason to lament that professors in general live so much to themselves, and so little to Him who has an unbounded claim upon them. Were our practice more consistent with our evangelical principles, we should not only abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost, but be also always abounding in the work of the Lord. There are such a variety of opportunities for usefulness offering to persons of every sphere, and in every place, that not

to discover them betrays an inattention, or not to embrace them when discovered a disregard of obligation to the best of masters, and the example of Him who requires us to tread in his steps.

“I am, &c.

“*Marlborough*, Nov. 24, 1786.”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“I WAS, by the advice of our apothecary, from home when the former of your last two favours came here. On Friday your very valuable present of books came to hand, and yesterday your letter advising me of them. It is not possible for me to express the sense I have of your kindness and attention. I hope I shall have wisdom properly to distribute your donation, so as fully to answer your laudable design. I am exceeding sorry for your trial, and the robbery which followed upon it. I trust God, who, after the long and sore exercise with which he tried his servant, amply restored the depredations of the Sabeans and Chaldeans, will make up your late losses. The book of life is secure, and the treasure in heaven not to be lessened by the ravage of thieves.

“May that confederacy you mention between temptation without, and disposition within, be broken, and every avenue to the heart guarded and fenced by the power of the Holy Ghost.

“I am, through the blessing of God, much recovered from my late indisposition; but enough of infirmity yet remains to remind me that I am mortal. I hope the visitation has been sanctified; it certainly was attended with some peculiar indulgence, and

produced evidence that all was well. What a forlorn situation is the prospect of death without a knowledge of Christ! What an awful delusion is that wherein a man can speak peace to himself, and write his own passport for eternity, while his heart is enmity against God! To this point Mr. Venn speaks very pertinent. I shall send his sermon this day to a devoted admirer of Dr. Priestly. May the Lord attend it with his blessing. The little converse I have had with the Doctor's disciples, leads me to conceive of them as men the most hard of any to be convinced of error. They don't choose to be disturbed, and therefore are very cautious how they read any thing that confronts their notions. In order to the building the kingdom of Christ, the kingdom of Satan must be demolished, and we must be guided in our exertions for God by duty enjoined, and not be discouraged by the obstinacy of the prejudice against which we have to strive. This has been your invariable rule: I hope in my humble station, and with my inconsiderable attainments, to copy after you.

“I am, &c.

“Marlborough, April 1, 1787.

“Mrs. Winter's due respects.”

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“ALMOST twelve months are elapsed since I addressed you last. In this time I have been closely engaged with my young friends, and in the stated and occasional duties of my ministry, taking no excursions beyond the country. I generally lie down with languid nerves, weary eyes, and an aching head, yet, blessed be God, rise in the morning with renewed

strength, and a disposition to go over the same track, and to prosecute at once the duty of my station and the journey of life. It is condescension in the Lord to accept my person, and my feeble efforts for his glory in the Beloved, and I have a good hope, through grace, respecting both. While I go to the extent of my ability, I am aware that little comparatively is done; and, by contrasting that little with the great things which I see and read of as effected by others, my mind sometimes sinks into a state bordering upon discouragement. I had almost said it is impossible I should be proud.

“I have reason to hope the public exercises of my young friends are made a blessing, both by the awakening of sinners and the edification of saints. They are all of them simple in their deportment, and spiritual in their frame; and though they make some efforts to ascend the hill of Parnassus, they are best pleased with, and most frequent in their resort to Mount Sion.

“How great are my obligations to you, who am enabled by your bounty to move on in life to more advantage than otherwise I could! I have little aid but what I receive from you, and the review of that will ever make me cautious and tender in my applications. My wants are few, blessed be God! Sixty pounds per annum the extent of an annual income will supply them; hut the poor I have always with me, and there is a peculiar pleasure in being enabled to make their hearts glad. Should I survive you, I should have that pleasure considerably abated from what I can conceive of at present. The bonds of friendship, as well as of our habitation, are fixed, and we have only to let the Lord choose our inheritance

for us. His choice is always a good one; and knowing that it is connected with an inheritance that fadeth not away, should it appear less merciful, it claims at least our submission; but thankfulness well becomes us from this consideration as well as others, 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'

"When favoured with a line from you, I hope I shall hear that you enjoy your health, and that there is as little abatement of strength as may be expected in a person at your years. Mrs. Winter and Betty King, who is hearty beyond expectation, join in dutiful respects, with,

"Honoured and dear Sir,

"Yours, Sir.

"*Painswick, Oct. 16th, 1790.*"

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

"I KNOW not well how to express myself upon the receipt of your very kind and obliging favours received last Sabbath day and this morning. Conceive of a grateful heart, and permit me to say such I feel mine to be, both to God and to man. To be able, through your benevolence, to comfort those who mourn, and to supply with a few necessaries many of my poor neighbours on the approaching season, will enable me to enjoy my own mercies more cheerfully than I otherwise could. I have sufficient proof that with thirty pounds per annum, with the addition of twenty pounds more, the dowry of my most worthy wife, I could pass easy through life, if I made nobody's wants but my own the matter of my attention. But no man who hath the grace of God liveth to himself,

and, indeed, if to live to myself in this impoverished neighbourhood were an adopted maxim, I must have a hard heart and deaf ears. The liberty you give me is great; I promise you, dear Sir, it shall not be abused. I had need prize it, as you are the only person to whom, with hope of success, I can look in seasons of emergency. While I am truly concerned for the bereavements you have sustained in the course of a few months, I was till now ignorant of Mrs. Thornton's removal. I am thankful you are spared. I had a superficial knowledge of Mr. Unwin: I should hope he ended as he began; if so, he has the crown of rejoicing, while his widow has tears to drink. What an undertaking is Mr. Johnson's! I am obliged to you, dear Sir, for the specimen of his spirit by the letters, which I return, with thanks, and wish to take the advice contained in the frank received this morning, as it respects the preaching of Christ to our baptized savages at home. My prayers shall not be wanting that the Lord may stand by him and strengthen him, that by him the preaching maybe fully known, and that all the Gentiles may hear. Though he has embarked to a different quarter of the globe from that to which Providence appeared to direct me, the object of his attention is the same. There is no transaction of my life of which, upon review, I am more satisfied than of the uprightness and sincerity of my heart in that undertaking. The reasons of my not succeeding, so far as we may conceive of them respecting man, are easily to be accounted for: they will not bear reflection. But we must look above man to God, whose designs and purposes are expressed by events, and who has a set time for the accomplishment of all his promises, as well as

a reserve of instruments by whom they are to be accomplished. My work is now before me, and though it may appear inconsiderable compared with what some of the Lord's servants have appointed to them, in itself it is important, and requires exertion, prayer, prudence, stability, and patience; and may be the foundation of a superstructure whose top-stone shall one day be brought forth with shouting. I have long since seen the force of your observation; consequently, though my terms and mode of expression have been Calvinistic, the doctrines preached and the application of them have had a tendency to preserve the pyramid entire. Dear Mr. Berridge was the means of preventing me, when a young man, from: making an improper use of the doctrinal scheme, and consequently of making a schism in the body of Christ. Very heated have been the spirits, and furious the zeal of parties; but we may hope God has not suffered his work to be materially injured by their indiscretions. When improper zeal has spent itself, we may hope a pure zeal will arise, the proper object of which will be the destruction of sin, and the advancement of the honour and glory of Christ. May your life be spared to see this happy change, and may all your endeavours to promote it be attended with the blessing of God. So prays,

“Honoured and dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.”

LETTERS TO STUDENTS.

His Letters to his Students, while under his tuition, in their occasional absences from him, and after they had left the academy, and were labouring as supplies or candidates, or had become settled pastors, were very numerous, and so full of suitable and important matter, and especially advice, that I have found it more difficult to make a selection here than in any other case. I do not consider the few I have introduced as better than a great many more, but they immediately presented themselves, and I hope they will not less serve (which is my wish in every insertion) to display the heavenliness of the author.

TO THE REV. W. R—N.

“MY VERY DEAR WILLIAM,

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“I THOUGHT this little account would be pleasant to you, though it too much precludes sentiment and reflection, such as I know you love to receive. I hope you are well and enjoy tranquillity, and go forward in your ministry with pleasure to yourself and profit to your people. You have been tried by discouragements, and they may not be all at an end; but while you know you are not the cause of them, you may expect Divine support under them, and will prove the faithfulness of God to his promise, ‘As thy day, so shall thy strength be.’ Any degree of success is matter for thankfulness, and some you have—enough to afford an evidence that your call to the work of the ministry is clear. “With respect to circumstances,

though far from affluent, they are sufficient to compass every comfort you need; and contentment, which you possess, makes them ample. You will do well to consider yourself in good hands, to rely upon the Divine Providence, and to expect direction by the Divine counsel. Your condition is, I had almost said, enviable. Being a man of no burden, you are a man of no care, except it be for the things of the Lord, how you may please the Lord; and, in proportion as you attend upon this very thing, you will be blessed in your deed; and, carried above the world, will escape its snares as well as avoid its frowns, and be ready to depart and go to Christ when you have done the will of God on earth. I hope, however, this will not be by and by. You are in a track that leads somewhere, and to something that may be gratifying to your wishes, though in one instance you have hitherto been exercised with disappointment. Disappointment is of the Divine order, and it often produces more mercy than mortification. There is a fitness in one providential dispensation to another to complete the wise designs of Omnipotence, and to effect his purpose concerning us. He tries our submission to his will by our disappointments; and when we can reply, 'Even so. Father,' and resolve our will into his, so that not a particle of ours shall oppose his pleasure, he will honour our breasts with the blessing of peace, and our confidence with such suitable favours as to bless our latter end more than our beginning. It may not amount to riches and honour—these are not generally bestowed upon the favourites of Heaven—the ministers of Jesus have less of them than other men; but it shall consist of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost

with, such a portion of bread as is necessary for to-day, renewed to us till the last want shall receive its supply. And now, may I not claim a line? Direct to me, at —, all you are disposed to write, and write a great deal.

“My very dear William,

“Yours, &c.

“*Malford, Oct. 8th, 1803.*”

TO THE REV. T. G——G.

“MY DEAR TOMMY,

“I AM persuaded by this time I have by my long silence put your patience to the trial, but it is to be accounted for from circumstances—circumstances trying to me, though I hope they will turn out for His glory whom I desire to serve. I came to town with a design to serve Thomas H——g, whose friends wish him a situation in the Church. In this I have been directed and aided by Mr. Thornton. My object has also been to seek help for Mr. S——r’s and Mr. U——l’s support, which, with great fatigue, and the exercise of patience, I hope I shall procure. I still think it is the last exertion of this nature I shall make, but my thoughts are not as the Lord’s thoughts, neither are his ways as my ways. I have taken the liberty to draw from Mr. Holmes all the information I can get respecting you, in order that I may have something to say to Mr. Welch.* I have not seen him yet, but suppose I must in a day or two. What a mercy! I can say everything that is pleasing. I

* Who entirely supported four of his students, of which Mr. G——g was one.

know not whether the advocates for profound learning will acquit us without censure, but our track is rather different from theirs. We despise not their advantages, but we want some shorter preparations for a work that will in the end amount to an importance not inferior to theirs. As soon as I can, I will advise with Mr. Holmes about your return, and will see whether we cannot have another heat together. We shall act in the best manner by acting under the influence of the spirit of prayer. The great Head of the Church, whose concerns lie near our heart, knows from what principles we act; it is neither on the one hand from contempt of superior acquirements as despising learning, nor as supposing we are excused from application. Our rule shall be *nulla dies sine linea*; and if we can get two, four, eight, sixteen, *ad infinitum*, we will not be backward. Our application must be in proportion to the extent of the knowledge we want. Philosophy and divinity shall be the objects of our pursuit; but all must subserve the latter purpose, that we maybe able ministers of the New Testament; and if the spirit of God sets in with our endeavours, we need not fear. Mr. U——l is with me. He supplies Mr. S——n's place while Mr. S——n is preaching at Painswick. The Lord gives him favour in the sight of the people at Chesham—indeed everywhere his services are acceptable, and we have reason to hope, useful.

“What a forlorn character is poor Mr. R——w! O that none of my dear family may fall under the like difficulty! Close study is necessary to acceptable preaching, yet not without close communion with God and prayer. I am in London under much infirmity, but my feeble efforts are acceptable, and the

very large congregations when and where I preach is at least a mark of respect for which I would be both humble and thankful. Dearly as I love the people of London, I am convinced nothing but duty should call me here. Mixed connexions are uncomfortable. Late suppers and late family prayer are unsuitable to an invalid. I am now writing amidst the noise and hurry of three children, in a little room, so that you must not wonder at the blunders you will have to look over. Don't forget to pray for me, that I may in all things act consistently; I would if I were able. Nothing should prevent a full discharge of duty if I could help it; at the same time I desire the Lord may have all the glory. Without him I can do nothing. He is my all. Wisdom, strength, righteousness, all come from him. How well does it become us to make sacrifices for him who hath given himself a sacrifice for us! I will endeavour next week to drop you a line again, and hope to be enabled to say when I shall get homeward: in the meanwhile rest assured that I am,

“Yours, &c.

“*London, Sept. 29th, 1791.*”

TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ON Sabbath Day evening I received yours, and was glad to hear from you. I write to you immediately to inform you, that yesterday morning, at five o' the clock, I performed the last office of necessity and affection, by closing the eyes and jaw of our-

dear Joshua.* He died, with respect to the state of his soul, just as I wished and prayed he might. As he has been drawing near his end his soul has increased in spirituality. He talked very familiarly of his death, and often with an air of pleasantry. He said he neither wished to be flattered by others nor to flatter himself; that though the languor of his frame made him at last unable to think, or even to attend to reading, he could not give up his confidence in his Redeemer. He justified God in his conduct towards him, saying he can do nothing amiss. He often spoke of the frame of his soul, and said that though his early convictions had not been so deep as those of some he had read and heard of, they were sufficient to excite in him an hatred to sin; that he really loved holiness, and placed all his dependence upon Jesus Christ. He sometimes spoke of the preciousness of the Word of God to him during the time he could pay attention. With respect to his dissolution he said he wished to be in a state of resignation. His state at last was sleepless, and consequently he was worn out. On Sabbath morning, when, I believe, he was first struck with death, I found him in an ecstasy of joy, though breathless. He said he hoped his end was drawing near, and that the Lord was about to receive him to himself. He wept, but said it was not from distress, but from a sense of the distinguishing grace of God to him. He desired I would pray for nothing on his account but resignation to the will of God, and patience to behave properly. By unfortunately permitting him to have a sleeping draught, I believe we were robbed of many

* He was one of his students, who died during his course of studies in his house.

serious and sweet sayings, for the draught deprived him of his senses, though it did not produce sleep. His last words with reason were, 'I have no fear—I am happy.'

"While I consider myself released from a burden, I am not transported at his removal. No—I feel tenderly that he is gone. I loved him, and, if it had been the will of God, would have been glad to have nursed him into recovery.

"My wisdom will be to prepare for home, whither, though slowly, I am surely hastening. Any thing, any time, any where, any way, is a good motto for those of us who wish to stand complete in the will of God. I would add more, but am prevented for want of time. Accept my love; distribute it, with my respects, to Mr. and Mrs. H——w. Miss A——n, and all friends, from

"Yours affectionately, &c.

"*Painswick, Jan. 14th, 1794.*"

TO THE SAME.

"MY VERY DEAR TOMMY,

"WHAT a trial have I been to your patience! Forgive me, and love me, notwithstanding; as when you try me by your delays I love while I complain, and return the pledge of my forgiveness by a letter after the receipt of one looked for with impatience.

"My mind has been exceedingly locked up since I saw you, and every little application has been mischievous to my poor head. Could you conceive what I have suffered on the Sabbath day you would pity me; as a child in leading-strings, so am I in the

pulpit, and glad when the sermon is concluded, especially if I have been enabled to say anything acceptable and useful. I must attribute somewhat of this to disorder, for the Lord knows I love his work, and would be found in it even unto death. Perhaps humility may have been on the decline, and infinite wisdom suspends the use of the powers to convince me that I am nothing. Though my public work is made burdensome, my private retirement is pleasant. I can read with pleasure, though I cannot think. How is it with you? I hope well; and that you find the Lord with you. In this respect I am your example; whatever difficulty I labour under, I omit none of my labour.

“Last Sabbath day I saw a good gathering together of the people. Were my flock to be sifted, in how little a space would the pure wheat lie! It is a reflection that strikes me. If you should take it up, perhaps you will agree to conclude we are not expected to produce the wheat, but only to thresh it. May we be of that grain ourselves that God will gather into his garner; and vigorously pursue the work of our ministry till we make full proof of it. It cannot be long before we shall be called to our rest, and therefore let us make the best use of our day.

“I hope your good mother, and I may venture to add my good friend Mrs. M——d, is well. The Lord continue her a mother to the little Israel in C——n, and may you be to her as a son in the Gospel. Take all the grateful and affectionate care of her you can, and make her house a church; and may God bless your domestic as well as your public services. I hope she will not materially lose by the ordination ser-

vice.* People love to read, but are not ready to purchase. I am not sorry it is published. It will give me pleasure to hear if good effects follow upon it; and also that your ministry is very useful. If the result be less, yet, discharging the duty of your station faithfully, don't be discouraged. Your work is set you; and that, and no other, and that, and no more, you will do. I wrote Mr. H. a letter wherein I made a free mention of you, and told him you claimed his notice; and mentioned my free sentiments upon the conduct of Mr. ——. Men are that to us which God makes them, and no more. I have met with a little disappointment from one since I saw you; but, blessed be God, it does not break my heart. I find it necessary to cease from man; may I trust more in the Lord; then shall I never be confounded. We have had such lock-up weather that I have not been able to go abroad since I returned; so that I have not seen your family nor know their estate. Do you, in dependence upon Providence, form a design of coming into the country this year? Tell me all about it when you write, and write soon to,

“My very dear Tommy,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Jan. 25th, 1797.*”

TO THE SAME.

“MY VERY DEAR TOMMY,

“I HAVE been exceedingly baulked in my expectation all the summer respecting you. It is in

* She had engaged to pay the expense of the publication.

vain to say what raised our expectations beyond the report frequently given. But for this you had heard from me before now, though I am become a correspondent worse than ever, partly from aversion, and partly from the occurrences which unavoidably oblige me to keep my pen in my hand. I saw a letter from you to Mr. W——d, which first gave me knowledge of your determination to leave C——n. I am very sorry you cannot continue, but must be silent upon the occasion. You are the Lord's: to him I commend you, and trust you are under his guidance. Don't stir but with caution, and let the light shine upon that path in which you place your foot; but if light should be withholden, grasp that arm which will never shake you off, and which is able to keep you from falling. I could make many reflections upon your situation, but shall desist; fearing they may not meet approbation. I should not doubt but when your connexion closes, it will be with reputation, though it should not be with approbation. You will not meet with a mother everywhere, though everywhere you will meet with your trials; and wherever you go, by taking the Lord with you, and by making his glory your object, you will have your comforts. I am yet, by the gracious providence of God, at the Hill Farm; it is yet the seat of mercy; and though I have not to boast of great things, yet we do not, as a congregation, fall into decay. Our old friends are dropping off; several have died whose years have not extended to the full period, and removals of others tend to thin us; yet we do not visibly decrease. But many who hear are no more than hearers, and the zeal of some who would be thought well of, is not connected with that

strict prudence and integrity becoming the profession they make. A few names are to be found who will stand approved. They who are called our fine folks, still keep at a distance, and will have nothing to do with us. Still my duty is to preach the word; to be instant in season and out of season, leaving the success of all to God, who can bless or withhold his blessing as he pleaseth.

“I am very poorly in my health, and find great difficulty in preaching a third sermon on the Sabbath. I have a very valuable young man with me, of whom you must have some recollection. His name is R——n. In the time of his apprenticeship he was awakened under me, and has walked truly exact. He is very promising, though not a rapid student, and a very acceptable preacher. At present my employ is therefore increased; but if I groan, it is because I am weak, not because I am unwilling. It is one of the last exertions, perhaps the very last I shall make of consequence, to promote the glory of God. I want a little pecuniary help, though I know not where to look for it. The Lord will either send it or enable me to do without it. I wish I could refer you to an eligible situation, but I cannot; however, the Lord in his providence will point out one in his own time. Watch and pray, and give up yourself to him, using all necessary means for your improvement, and preserving that spirituality in your frame that will make it pleasant for you to treat subjects spiritually in the pulpit, and in the same manner to entertain your friends in the parlour.

“My constitution sinks into weakness, but if it be the will of God, I should desire to be removed rather

than live to be helpless. My old dame K—g is in a forlorn situation, and some trouble and expense to me, which I endeavour to bear patiently. Mrs. Winter unites in cordial salutations to you, as would all our friends if they knew of my writing. I am in much haste, but more love.

“My very dear Tommy, yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Oct, 8th, 1798.*”

TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I HOPE this will find you well both in body and spirit—with soul prosperity preparing for rest, yet working in the Lord’s vineyard with great success. You are iri a fruitful hill, by all accounts, and with advantages above many of your equals. Mr. J——y says, from your residence and advantages you ought to be one of the best preachers in the world. With improved time and talent you surely will not be a deficient one. Every man has his proper gift of God, and is peculiarly fitted for his sphere.

“Next month will introduce me into the nineteenth year of my residence in this place. Oh! how many storms have I weathered! With how many trials have I been exercised! How many mercies have I received! I could bear and endure all things if I could but be more useful. The congregations keep up wonderfully; though, since the building of our house, by death and providential removals we have suffered reductions. I want a little more money to make all clear, but I have not been able to go abroad for it. Several impediments have prevented me.

One is the late serious indisposition of Mrs. Winter. It is the first time she has been laid aside for these eight-and-twenty years. I have also been very poorly myself. I have with me two very valuable young men, one from Bristol, the other from Gloucester, both married, for whose improvement I am very anxious, who would do credit to any tutor, and whom I must see disposed of before I can 'travel again. This work, if I am spared to effect it, will carry me into the centre of between sixty and seventy; and I shall then find myself, as indeed I do now, indisposed to go abroad. I live under the continual sensation of weariness, and some bodily infirmities, which make me unfit for the services in which nevertheless I persevere. I owe all my life, and every power and faculty I have, to God. He has prevented me with the blessings of his goodness, and paid me my wages to the full before I have done nix work. I little thought of leaving Mrs. Winter above 40*l.* per annum, supposing I should survive her, whereas I can now leave her bread to the full; such is the unforeseen goodness of God. I hardly know how to express myself upon the subject, and I seldom enlarge upon it, lest it should savour of pride; but by you, my dear friend, it will not be so understood. Take the account for your encouragement, and take my advice along with it. Be prudent. Oh! how many have by imprudence obstructed their comforts I Prudence connects with self-denial, and this must be exercised as long as we live. When we forestall our future happiness by incautiously rushing upon a momentary gratification, it is like taking a draught of water in a high fever; while it makes its way to the stomach it is gratifying, but it

leaves the patient unrelieved. Be prudent, my dear Tommy, upon principles of grace, and you will do well. We have lately had our friend C——l with us. Poor fellow! He has blundered in the article of marriage. He has a family of three children (he has buried his fourth and last child), and has 60*l*, per annum with which to maintain them, himself, and wife. His debt is more, considerably, than his 'year's subsistence. I should be glad to contrive for the reduction of it, but more glad to see it erased by the benevolence of friends. I will be one of them. I know not how your interest and influence stand with the good family at Pounsford Park. If you can do anything in aid of your old fellow-student, do. Let me hear from you when it is convenient. Mrs. Winter unites in all that is kind with,

“My dear friend,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, June 23th, 1806.*

“This letter, after a fruitless search for you through my mistaken direction, returned to me after several weeks. I thought to have sent it before now, properly directed; and am at last stimulated by the intelligence Mr. —— gives me concerning you. It truly gladdens my heart. I heartily rejoice in all that the Lord has done for you, and by you. It is with me much as I have in the transcript of my former letter described. A few more trials and many more mercies have kept pace with the last and the present year hitherto. My last week has been closely engaged with our dear friend —— . He is a lively oracle indeed. O how excellently does he preach! My thought is, that it is impossible he should

preach better. But it is the gift of God, who has a right to dispose of his talents as he pleases. They are well bestowed upon him who uses them properly by improving them. I shrink into nothing; and had need to forget that I have heard him, that I may preach with some degree of confidence. The Lord is not confined to talents, desirable as they are to us. Let not the one be hid, and it will produce from its being improved. Are we ever to meet again? I should be glad to see you here, and also to come to Pounsford Park. But inconvenience arises from being from home. Mrs. Winter claims much of my attention. Her want of sight is an affliction; hut she bears it like a Christian. No murmur; nothing but resignation proceeds from her lips. I wish everybody had the same measure of resignation who is under the same trial, or any other. If you think proper, give my best respects to the family whom you are with. God bless their endeavour to countenance and encourage the preaching of the Gospel. Let me hear from you soon, and tell me all the good news you can. Pray for me as I do for you, and believe me to be, as I have before subscribed myself, and as I always most heartily do,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, August 1st, 1807.*”

TO THE REV. D. W—N.*

“MY EVER DEAR SIR,

“VERY often indeed have I had you in my mind since the receipt of your last kind favour of

* Afterwards rector of E—n. He was one of Mr. Winter's first scholars before he had the education of students for the ministry.

November the 28th. The indulgence you shew to a letter from me, rather requires an apology for not writing oftener than for intruding a line at any tkne upon you. Though I am resolutely devoting the present hour to you, I am afraid I shall not be able to fill my paper with what your elevated understanding should meet, or throw out a few thoughts which will repay your attention. Early possessed with a scientific taste, and by easy steps introduced to the liberal arts, that subject must be very grateful to my once dearly beloved pupil, and now highly honoured friend, which displays much of the scholar, the connoisseur, the virtuoso pointing out beauties beyond the ken of the vulgar eye, or bringing to light the secrets of nature. My ambition prompts me to wish I could gratify him, but my contracted knowledge forbids the attempt. Whether, if I had possessed the capacity and advantages of my friend, that kind of study would have engaged a measure of my time and thoughts proportionable to the extent of my life, cannot be determined. Under peculiarly humiliating circumstances, with hardly the common portion of a pauper's education, very early in life Religion gave me the beck; her authority claimed an extraordinary exertion, which, on attempt, I found hazardous. While turning my back upon her, through discouragement, good Mr. Whitefield was employed to warn me of the danger of disregarding her, and to assist my effort. By his instrumentality I was introduced to her; and with Bible instruction I gained admission into her sacred mysteries. They have ever since engaged my thoughts, and amply rewarded the attention I have paid to them. If it were not that I am unwilling to abound in egotism.

I might say that under the auspices of Religion I have enjoyed life; and by her certain intelligence shall he preserved from fear of evil, even though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, which I expect to do in a little time. She has enabled me to discover a permanent provision for a permanent state, out of which I shall not be kept for the want of an hereditary title. The discovery furnishes with matter for meditation, for contemplation, and praise; it fully engages the mind, and relieves it from hankering after a portion in this life. Though possessed of one in the present state, the affections could not be bound to it. A generous disposition wishes not to be the sole recipient of what is conducive to the general advantage of mankind, and the greater share of esteem any one possesses, by so much the more earnest is the man of benevolence to be communicative of information. According to the frank declaration I now make, you see, my dear Sir, Religion has been, and now is, infinitely beneficial to me; but she is not partial to me—she is the real though neglected friend of mankind at large. Hark! doth she not cry? Doth she not put forth her voice? Yes, she does. She standeth at the top of the high places, by the way of the places of the paths; she crieth at the gates at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. In every direction we may meet her and hear her, in the ardour of her address, saying unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men. The Alma Mater under whose wing you have taken shelter from the danger of polite leisure has long since given up the regency of her family to Religion, but many of her sons have spurned at her government, and

violently forced the rein out of her hand. The adorable Jesus, whose agent she is, they will not have to reign over them. Blessed be God, this is not the case with all. A few of the sons of science are the votaries of religion, and have learned by experience the excellences of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord. Were anything comparable to the knowledge of Christ, the Apostle would be subject to censure for the high estimation in which he holds it; on the other hand he does well to give that the highest place in his esteem which, like the name to which it relates, is so highly exalted above every other kind of knowledge. Though not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, make this discovery; yet, blessed be God, there are some, and those of as extensive erudition as are to be found among the enemies of the cross.

“I am glad, for your sake, as I can from the example of such recommend your attention to the Apostle’s favourite study, without being suspected of an attempt to depreciate the laudable, because rational, pursuits of literature. This study equally suits the peasant and the prince, the literate and the illiterate; without it the education of life is unfinished, and under this grand deficiency, being unprepared for death, we are liable to lose the immortal honours of the world to come. As to the philosophic mind which is delighted with the investigation of nature, so to the Christian who would explore the unsearchable riches of Christ, there is full employment; yet the study of religion does not require the mind to neglect other branches of study. The philosopher may blend with the Christian to the greatest advantage, and the Christian can so elucidate the philosopher’s subject

as to prove the world of nature is a proper school for the study of Christianity. Mr. Jones, celebrated for his little book on the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, has, in a late publication dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, exemplified this; nor would he have been destitute of means for the discovery, if he had had less of the Hutchinsonian and more of the Newtonian before him. The admirable Hervey will convince you of the justice of my remark, if you will give him a reading. Should you be attracted by an author of his cast, you will, on the application of your own improvements, discover the Creator in the creature, and the Saviour, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, in the innumerable objects of nature which shadow him forth. His delights are with the sons of men; and why? but that he may engage their delights to him. The reason why they are not taken with him is, because they know not his real worth, and feel not their real want. Religion in speculation differs widely from religion in experience; and a want of the knowledge of the depravity of the human heart will ever be an obstruction in the way to the obtaining an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ. For this reason, were there propriety in my addressing dear Mr. W——n in the didactic strain, I would inculcate a strict attention to the heart—I would require him to bring thoughts and actions to the standard of the divine law, and recommend him to pray for divine illumination, in order that a true discovery may be made; for it is only in God's light that we can see light, and when his light makes manifest what is defective and sinful in us, we shall seek for the suitable atonement made by Jesus Christ. He is the end of

the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; our iniquities were laid upon him, that, by our believing in him, we may be freely justified from all things, from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses. 'Jenks on the Imputed Righteousness of Christ,' a little book I some time since sent you, speaks largely upon this point. It is true the prejudice of the times runs with a very strong current against this ancient divinity. Divinity has its fashion, and is as changeable as the fashion of our clothes and furniture; but the divinity of the Bible is like its divine author, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And this is the divinity which I pray, my dear Sir, you may have for your guide as a man, and, if you see your way clear to the pulpit, that you may hold forth for instruction. Then you will rightly divide the word of truth; and in the account you will have to give of yourself unto God have no need to be ashamed. Taught of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer, you will be led into the way of truth; and the sure word of prophecy, whereunto you will do well to take heed, will be as the pole star to the mariner, a safe directory when all other directions may fail. If you realize a death-bed, the judgment day, and eternity to your mind, and recollect the strict account you have to render, it will be of use to prevent human authorities from having an improper influence over you.

"Supposing you only use your college studies for the embellishment of the gentleman, religious sentiments will not be the less necessary for the regulation of your conduct, and as a proper basis of eternal hope; therefore the above hints, if acceptable, may be profitable. They are accompanied with very fervent

and sincere prayer to God that, whatever your future course may be, it may be by the guidance and blessing of God.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

[*The date broken off.*]

“Yours, &c.”

The following are Letters from America, whither he went with Mr. Whitefield, from pure humanity and compassion, to instruct the Negro population in Georgia, dated from Savannah, &c., and shewing his views and feelings in his work and prospects while there.

To —.

Charlestown, South Carolina,

“My DEAR FRIEND,

“Dec. 4, 1769.

“WHENEVER these reach you I hope they will prove a fresh incitement to stir you up to praise the Lord. Our bodily absence need not hinder our magnifying his name together. I just write you the good tidings of our safe arrival at Charlestown last Thursday, the 30th ult., at six in the evening, after twelve weeks and three days’ confinement on the great deep, owing sometimes to contrary winds, sometimes to our being wind-bound, and other incidents, such as the lightness of the ship, and her windlass breaking. The latter of these was our last trial, by which we were detained at anchor in a part of the sea called Five-fathom Hole, but a few miles from our port, for three days, while others, of a shorter voyage, received their entrance before us. You may suppose this was an exercise for our grace, and I

trust taught us those lessons which we shall do well to remember when that which, to a believer, answers the end of ballast to a ship, shall be conducive to our entrance into that port where we shall have to clo with storms no more. Nothing apparently distressing happened before last Sunday night, when, totally dark and near land, by a furious contrary wind we had like to have suffered a wreck. The escape was marvellous to the captain, and (joined with deliverances from trials of a different nature, which, if ever favoured with an interview with any of us, will be narrated to you) constrains us afresh to acknowledge salvation belongeth to the Lord, and by which we know his blessing is upon his people. By a severe sickness the first month from the Downs, I was brought low, very low indeed. As to my inward state, in general I was kept in perfect peace, yet not exempt from those temptations that made me groan. Mr. Whitefield's health has been remarkably well all the voyage, except some little cold and weakness, occasioned by the heat of the clime we wein some days in; but he came on shore like a giant refreshed with wine, and yesterday resumed his labours, with his usual power, to a crowded auditory. We find great favour in the eyes of friends, by whom we are most kindly entertained. By next Sunday Mr. Whitefield purposes being in Georgia, if nothing prevents. He desires his love to you and all dear friends. Mr. Smith joins me respectfully to Messrs. K——n and H——dy. My love to all. Should be obliged to you to let me hear from you by the first ship bound to Savannah. When settled, I'll write you further. Our future interviews at most will be very few indeed, if any more, on this side eternity. I praise my best

Friend, he has given me (whether he will speedily accomplish it or no—his will be done) an abiding desire to depart, that I may be with Christ. Should it be granted, how abundant the matter of our rejoicing! Here we meet to condole, console, and commiserate; but there all cause for friendly offices and brotherly kindnesses shall be removed, and all our eternity be employed in praising the mighty and mysterious acts of Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness, according to his excellent greatness. Then will I rejoice, and praise the Lord for the privilege granted of subscribing myself, my dear friend,

“Yours affectionately, &c.”

“DEAR MADAM,

“Bethesda, Dec. 15, 1769.

“YESTERDAY, with my fellow-voyagers, after a long and tedious passage, attended with many trying but in the end gracious providences, God honoured me with an entrance upon Bethesda’s pleasant, happy, and fruitful land, where mercy and truth have met each other, righteousness and peace have, and blessed be God still continue to, kiss each other. But though I have changed my place, yet not my state, neither as it respects things common to a believer in a state of probation, nor of the blessed evidence: beyond a doubt, where my dear Lord is, there, sooner or later, shall less than the least of all his servants be. The world is a large school, where we are taught, by sanctified afflictions and unnumbered providences, the knowledge of the Lord’s will. This, though galling in the acquisition, and not to be accounted for in the present moment, yet, when

acquired, will be a recompense for our labour, and to the praise of the glory of his grace and our eternal joy, when the secrets of all hearts shall be manifested, will constrain us to acknowledge the Lord is righteous in all his ways. But why should we wait till that great and notable day to give in our testimony? Why suspend our judgment to so long a period? seeing we have such standing incontestable evidences in our own experiences (though judgment as well as mercy hath been a leading attribute) he hath done all things well. As long as we are acquainted with our own hearts we must own them deceitful; and our hopes and fears frequently being the index of our hearts, too often point out ways and means which, like our hearts themselves, if attended to, would prove deceitful likewise. When we can resist ourselves, that God may be all in all, and, taking words from the once agonizing Jesus with which to refer our cause to Him who judgeth righteously, say, Not my will but thine be done, we may be sure he will, according to his several promises, lead, and guide, and teach us; and though, through temptation to incline to carnal reason, we may sometimes hear a verdict against the Lord's proceedings, yet a maturer judgment, guider by divine grace, will recall it; and in all things, ant for all events, we shall bless the name of the Lord. Consider what I write, and under God it may prove preparative to an information which you may least expect. It relates to dear little Tommy, who I always imagined would share a great part in my affections; but God having provided some better things for him, took him to the enjoyment of them on the 4th of November, after only two days' sickness. He arrived here in perfect health, and had it con-

tinued to him till it pleased God to make a fever the vehicle to transport him to the happy region where the inhabitants no more say, I am sick. Every assistance was given to attempt his recovery, and it may satisfy you of the dispensation when I assure you he was, by repeated declarations, exceedingly satisfied with the place and his state, and by his affable, courteous, and endearing behaviour made his life desirable and his death a concern to all. Mrs. Dixon assures me she never was suffered to pray for the life of any child like his. He had intimated his happiness to Mrs. Dixon in expecting me here, and committed to her his little trinkets to present me with at my arrival; the Avhich I return to his brother Avith the Bible I gave him, if worth his acceptance, hoping these little incidents may be instrumental to awaken in him a great concern how he may be found of God in peace. O that this may be the grand desire of all who have an ear to hear, and the privilege of enjoying such a plenty of the Gospel of Christ as is preached among you! Dear Mr. Whitefield arrived here well in health, after bearing with admirable fortitude a passage which, all things considered, has been exceedingly trying indeed. He has been much owned and honoured of God in his occasional labours, and received, by a tender, affectionate family, with the utmost duty and love.

“I am yours, &c.”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Bethesda, Dec. 19, 1769.

“It is now some time since I had the pleasure of a line from you: herein you are not to be blamed

any more than myself; but now that which then let is taken out of the way, I heartily enter upon a renewed correspondence, which may serve as the renewal of a covenant of former friendship—friendship founded upon its proper basis, and which I believe will increase more and more unto the perfect day when our corruptions shall be destroyed, and every appearance of breaches shall be destroyed with them. I believe you don't use to suspect me of flattery when I signify how dear you are to me in the bonds of the Gospel, nor will your variety of trials render you less so to me. The last you intimated left an abiding impression on me, and spurred me in prayer to God for you, that whatever it was, it might prove a happy fence to separate you from the love of an ensnaring world and the power of a tempting devil lying in wait to deceive. The Lord, who is faithful, hath promised you food and raiment, enjoining you to be therewith content. The greatest potentate, with all his pompous shew, can have no more, and you shall never want this. It is good for us to be God's pensioners, and for that reason he will always keep us dependent. Trust therefore in the Lord for spirituals and temporals, and verily thou shalt be fed. Methinks I hear my dear friend inquiring, How are matters with you? to which I reply, Well—never more convinced of it than now. When I left England, I found the necessity of resigning my affectionate friends, as a self-denial, to obey his call in providence, whose voice in the providence I knew to be the voice of God. Nor am I less satisfied with his wisdom in making such quick work when it came to the crisis, otherwise I might have found a propensity to linger in the plains of the Church, from the affection I bare to its mem-

bers. Our passage was very trying, owing to the length of time, which was thirteen weeks, six of which I was brought exceeding low by sickness, and we were credibly informed of a wicked stratagem laid by one of the steerage passengers to rob Mr. Whitefield. We found him endeavouring to raise an accomplice. He left England through necessity, and acknowledged himself to be the eighth of a gang, two of whom were confined in Newgate for trial, and that officers were in quest after others. This brought on a universal disturbance in the ship: lives were threatened; the captain walked the deck many weeks, armed; but, glory be to God in the highest, it proved in the end an Ahithophel's counsel; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Mr. Whitefield's health has been remarkably good all the voyage. At Charlestown he preached to great numbers of people, with great power and his usual success. The day before yesterday we arrived here. We are too apt to be elated with new things, and when once crossed they become old in our esteem: therefore, sensible of this as peculiar to fallen man, I would be modest in my relation, but indeed Bethesda is peculiarly adapted to, and circumstanced for a soul who is dead to the world. We are separated twelve miles from town, in a remote corner, exceeding pleasant, and inhabited by a loving family, the greatest part of whom know and love the dear Lord Jesus. We were received with the utmost affection, and last night I stood up and told the poor negroes, from Rom. i. 15, I was ready to preach the Gospel to them. I find as much freedom in the little flock as in the great congregation. As to my future situation I can say nothing about it, being thus only introduced to the gentle-

men. At present I am moderately well: how the summer may agree with, me I know not; but why should I take thought for the morrow? it may be tomorrow may put a final period to actual, and prevent all future trials. At present I am, and during the whole of my voyage have been, stripped of every anxious thought and inquiry how things shall be. It is enough I possess an assurance whereby I can say, 'Lord, I am thine,' and plead what long since hath been answered, 'Save me.' But I must forbear to be so prolix, therefore beg my dear friend to let me hear from him by the first opportunity, writing as honourable of the dear Lord Jesus, as from his former letter he hath abasingly of himself. The latter is no fault: I wish our modesty did not render the former a deficiency.

"I am yours, &c."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Savannah, Jan. 9, 1770.

"YOU'LL be surprised at the receipt of these after such a long piece of jargon directed to you of so late a date as a few days past. But I have just indulged myself with a perusal of your many favours (for not one of them has been lost), and have caught something of the spirit in which I believe they were written. Repeated thanks to my very dear friend for them all. May the proprietor never forfeit his enjoyment, nor the writer ever have reason to repent of the time and pains he has taken. Accept these as a confirmation of all my former declarations, how greatly I love you in and for the sake of the most dear Lord Jesus, who hath so loved us both as to

give himself for us. The very thoughts of this unparalleled goodness sometimes carry me above myself, and at once humble and exalt me together. At this present I have such an evidence of it from an inward witness that, if a communication of it will afford my dear friend any consolation, or be any way instrumental to strengthen his hands (though modesty prohibits me from being so lavish of my testimonies), this same love of Christ constraineth me to make his heart the receptacle of the glad tidings. The hour is coming when pride will not only be hid from our eyes, but be entirely extirpated from our hearts; then we may without danger give scope to our affections, and our soids with safety may make their boast in the Lord. I know you'll be glad to hear Providence hath given a turn to my affairs, a succinct account of which I cannot even now give you. I was introduced to my plantation-house last Saturday by the gentlemen who are to be my paymasters; all of them behaved with great honour, though very few of them know any thing of my greater reward. I have twice sounded forth the Word of the Lord at Savannah, and am to repeat it again to-morrow. It meets with approbation from many, but I am afraid has proved a hammer but to few: however, I cannot but think the Lord hath sent me here, whatever opposition may follow. Oh, that it may turn to good account! Strange that I, who a few days ago had not sixpence certain, should for the ensuing time possess 170*l.* per annum! Who would be faithless? Some may think this has elated me, but indeed, my dear Sir, I don't sleep one hour the longer or happier for it, nor, from the first day it commenced, have I thought so much about it as while I am giving you the news. The lively

oracles have sounded a twofold hint to me, which is not to lay up treasures upon earth, nor trust in uncertain riches. As God's steward, I dare not do the one; as his amply-rewarded servant, I will, by his grace assisting me, disdain the other. Blessed be God! Mr. Whitefield continues his health, and all his affairs go on prosperously. Shall I ever see you more? I think I shall; but if I never should, remember, you have my hand to witness it, I think myself honoured by your friendship, and love you as affectionately as David did Jonathan. An earnest this, I hope, of our meeting where our joy shall be full. Till then the Lord be your support, under every relative, personal, domestic, and ecclesiastical trial. I need not repeat my desire of an interest in your prayers—I believe I have it. You are the only friend I shall write twice to in so short a time, therefore must beg my love to dear Mr. B., Mrs. S—r, and all as though named. Pray write as often and largely as you can.

“Yours, affectionately, &c.”

“DEAR SIR,

“Savannah, Feb. 25, 1770.

“IN compliance with your desire I just trouble you with a few lines to let you know that I am inducted into my charge, which has entitled me to the denomination of *Negro Parson*. When expressed, it is meant for a badge of reproach, which to me, since I have been united to Him once the reproach of men, is a mark of honour, and in which I rejoice that I am counted worthy. You would hardly think it possible that such an outcry should be made on account of a

few black slaves being the objects of a poor preacher's attention. Can you guess the reason? I believe I am not mistaken if I inform you it is through fear that a knowledge of Divine truth should make them more sensible of, and less willing to be subject to, that bondage from which death, sooner or later, will give them a final discharge. What a flagrant proof this that they are altogether without understanding, and know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God! If the blood of sinners will be required at the hands of the false prophets who lie in wait to deceive, surely the blood of these poor people will be required at the hands of these hard task-masters, who, supposing the Gospel-scheme was according to their judgment, would increase their substance at the expense of their immortal souls. But, blessed be God! it is a nobler system; and I hope, ere long, many of these poor people will so know it as to become by its saving influence more willing slaves to their masters in a way of duty, and the Lord's free men as their unspeakable privilege. Those who have liberty to attend behave very well under the Word, and I hope I shall have some fruit among them—no matter whether black or white, all are equally precious in the sight of the Lord, and will redound to the glory of the Redeemer in the great day of account. It is with difficulty I can get a place to preach in, and am refused one for no other reason than on account of the principal subjects of my ministry. However, I am resolved to go forward, through evil report and good report, looking unto Jesus, who hath all power to accomplish what, in infinite wisdom, and by his determinate counsel, he has ordained shall come to pass. I cannot help reflecting the loving-kindness of the Lord to me

in giving me *more* than food and raiment. I always enjoyed it in a way of promise, and knew it could never fail; but I now enjoy it in a way of anti-providence (if I may so say), as though the Lord had a mind to prevent the very risings of distrust in my heart. O that, with gifts and graces, I may be the faithful and wise steward, and never forget, when I have a cup of cold water in reserve, to satisfy the thirsty disciple's demand! A part of my fears hath been that I should contract deadness in my soul, and only fill up the place of a formal preacher; but happily on the contrary I find myself much at liberty, with great simplicity, and godly sincerity, boldly to declare the Word of the Lord, and am willing to forego and renounce all present ease for the joy that is set before me, and despise the shame in prospect of the Crown that will one day bring glory without pride, and honour without disappointment, and peace without interruption. May you, clear Sir, with good Mr. H., experience much of this blessedness: it will be a never-failing support to you under all the weight of your spiritual trials and extensive concerns in life. You will then hear every burden as Jesus bore our sins—with a willing mind, and have every complaint silenced by considering him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself.

“It must give you unspeakable pleasure to hear dear Mr. Whitefield has been and continues to be so well in body, and successful in holding forth the Word of Life, and afford additional joy to hear all things relative to his house go on as prosperous as he can wish. Though separated, I am there two days in the week, and in heart never absent in affections even one. I can receive no greater joy than to hear that it is

tlms with my dour friends at home. I never yet travelled without just cause to conclude, from the state of religion and the very few means of grace enjoyed in other places, London is fed with the finest of the wheat: may they never loathe the bread, despise the hearer, and, as a proof of their gluttony, wax wanton! Politics is the grand subject here, for which reason I am obliged to hold my tongue and keep silence even from good words, though it is a pain and grief unto me.

“O, hasten, the wished-for day, when God may be all in all! I hope, dear Sir, your heart echoes Amen to the exclamation, and will welcome it as the blessed of the Lord, whenever it approacheth. But I must no longer intrude upon your time; and beg pardon for my prolixity, and entreat you to accept it as a mark of my esteem for you. I shall beg leave to judge of its reception as I shall or shall not receive a line from you, directed to the Orphans’ House. A few of your leisure moments thus employed will be esteemed a favour. My kind respects await Mrs. K——n. Mr. H——y, and Mr. E——s, when you write to or see him— With all my prayers and wishes for your spiritual, temporal, and eternal welfare, I hasten to subscribe myself,

“Yours, &c.”

TO MISS W., HIS COUSIN.

“DEAR BETSY,

“YOUR kind letter of January 24th needs no apology, nor your passage to Gravesend, supposing it had answered no other end than to see me embark. I wished I could have made it more agreeable than it

was to you in point of outward comfort. But that part of your letter I principally fix my thoughts upon is the pleasing hint you give me of the cause for joy that short passage has been productive of. Has God by his spirit really shown you that you are a *sinner*? What! do you now know the way to a throne of grace? Is grace the one thing you desire? Is faith the thing you ask of the Lord? Is it JESUS you will seek after? This is the Lord's doings; and though I am an instance of his workmanship, and have a happy acquaintance with many created anew in Christ Jesus, yet the repetition of such mighty working is marvellous in my eyes. O, my dear, let us exalt his name together who for every soul he gathers into his fold is worthy to be praised. Your letter has put me into something of that state the disciples were thrown into when at the sight of the risen Jesus they believed not for joy; and yet the style of your letter is too strong to admit a doubt. I will therefore welcome *you* into the church, and salute you in the arms of Jesus as Gabriel did Mary, Hail, thou that art highly favoured; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. The Lord hath done great things for you, but not all he intends. You shall yet see greater things than these. You see your calling is by grace; and if God should bless the attempt, I would endeavour to contribute my mite in an endeavour to excite and disappoint your expectations at once—excite them to look for more grace from his fulness who filleth all things; and disappoint them from looking for the perfection they may rely upon in the church made up of poor sinners like yourself. The advice of the son of Zachariah is necessary to you: 'When you set your-

self to seek the Lord, prepare yourself for temptation.' You are not to suppose that the Christian's life is a series of uninterrupted comfort: no; it is comfort of a superior nature, and therefore strongly opposed. You are now to be a cross-bearer to Jesus, and you cannot expect to carry it without feeling. You are called to lay hold on eternal life; but you must fight for it. Faith is the faculty that is to be in exercise, and by holding out, you will prove it a good fight. Your armour is complete and ready; you have it at large in Eph. vi. 14, and you have nothing to do but take and use it. Looking unto man may sometimes discourage you; many walk in a course of profession who mind earthly things, and are by no means to be attended to. The enemy sowed tares among the wheat, in hope that the wheat would be rejected with the tares; but in the church militant both will grow together. Be you therefore a follower of its members as they follow Christ, and mark them who walk not so. But looking unto Jesus will be the means for you to walk without stumbling. He is the day-spring from on high to give light, and the light of life to keep you from walking in darkness. Walk in him, and you shall never err; abide in him, and you shall dwell safely. The Scriptures are given for your direction; prize them as a choice treasure, and remember they are a letter of loving kindness from an insulted God to the rebellious children of men. The more spiritually minded you become the more you'll be helped to admire and exclaim. How precious are thy thoughts to me, O God! While you read, pray. This will prove to you the safest track; communion with God and yourself will supply the want of other company. Beading the book of God and

your own heart will afford you more spiritual knowledge than all the men in the world can attain unto by the dint of study. Don't be hasty to rush into company, even though it may be company of a religious order; and what you do keep, let it be such as have their speech seasoned with the salt of Divine wisdom, that it may minister grace to you, and that you may depart their society replenished with more grace and wisdom than you brought with you; but the less you keep the better, especially of the male sex. Don't be chagrined at this piece of advice. The more you know of mankind and yourself, the more you'll know the greatest temptation often proceeds from the most upright intention. Hear the Word preached as the word of God; know your opportunities, and improve them; and pray for understanding to know, and grace to practise. I have many other hints of a practical nature that pass my mind, but I can neither enlarge on those I have given, nor give more. Great is my joy that I have reason to believe my prayers are answered in your behalf. What will you know by-and-by if you are enabled to hold out unto the end?—that which will make the hastening period of life desirable, and will at the same time make its prolixity supportable. Pardoning love and justifying grace, and a righteousness spotless and without blemish—these, in the person of the adorable Jesus, are the great things which God hath prepared for you. Come as a *chief sinner*, and receive them freely. If you see more of your misery, it will be only that you may know and be more sensible of the exceeding riches of his mercy; the more we have forgiven, the more we shall love. I beg you will take every opportunity to write. If I was near you, I would watch

over your soul; but, distant as I am, no help shall be wanting that I can afford you, or you will accept. I don't desire to bias you to a party; that be far from me; but to establish you in the hope of the Gospel—that lively hope which will make you what God originally created us, and what only we can be by being created anew in Christ Jesus, viz. a living soul.

“I am yours, &c.”

TO MR. W——R, GOLDSMITH, LONDON.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Savannah.

“As cold water to a thirsty soul, so was your good news from a far country. The superscription soon gave me to understand who was the writer; and before I could well acquaint myself with the pleasing contents, it met with a reception equally welcome with that of the patriarch's servant in the family of Nahor. How was my soul animated with a new song from your own pen, which bore the impress of a royal acknowledgment! The Lord hath done marvellous things. He hath made known his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly shewed. It hath so attracted my attention, that I have put it in a proper fold for frequent perusal, and for some days past made it my *vade mecum*. Indeed, dear Sir, I heartily join your pious prayer to the dear Lord Jesus, who, as our great High Priest, by his own prevailing blood, I make no doubt, has prayed the Lather for us both. May the Almighty put his *fiat* to it! Glory be to his name! he has done it; and it shall be unto us according to his word. I have heard the

adage often repeated, which, though low and vulgar, carries with it some meaning, 'Experience makes fools wise.' You will pardon the citation, nor misunderstand the motive; it may strictly be applied to all who are made wise unto salvation. Whenever I behold a man who, though he makes the most specious profession, cannot say I have experienced, I do experience, or I desire to experience, I am constrained to think, even though I should not say, that man's religion is vain. It is a question which when applied to man can never be resolved, who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? but cannot with any propriety be applied to the Almighty. He that brought such a perfect being out of nothing; that opened the eyes of the blind; that by a word could recover a withered hand, made the impotent whole, raised the dead, &c. &c., can make the most perfect saint of the sinner, being an hundred years old. Amazing instance of unparalleled grace, that the irresistible power of God should be exerted only to subdue and destroy the rebellion of resisting rebels, and in the midst of deserved judgment remembers unmerited mercy in all the dealings of our Emanuel! More tender mercy is manifested towards us than the uttermost parental affection could possibly be expressed in David towards his wicked son Absalom, when he commanded Joab, Abishai, and Ittai, saying, 'Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom.' Happy for us that we have such a beloved friend, who will not desert us in our wilderness state for any storm, but, while he is a staff to support, is at the same time a refuge from the storm to cover our head. May we have persevering grace to make his rule the motive of our attachment to him,

and, dependent on his strength, be emboldened to say, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. My heart rejoices on Betsy's behalf, and your kind testimony is a very considerable addition to my joy: she will certainly find in Betty K——g, amidst natural simplicity and honesty, much godly sincerity. If I were in such circumstances as to require an inspector, who would prove faithful to me from a disinterested motive, I know of none I should prefer before her (I refer to spiritual matters.) It is no wonder her companions have left her to tread the Gospel path alone. It shall be my prayer that the Lord whom she seeks may give her wisdom in the choice of proper substitutes. I have sent her a hint upon it in a late letter, and follow it now with my love to her. Good Mr. A—— has been engaged in the Gospel fight, and has triumphed gloriously through the all-conquering power of the Lord; but his brighter glory is yet to come. Praised be the Lord that his spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof to you. I am inclined, from some former remarks I have made, to think, with you, my cousin is under some convictions; they sometimes do long precede a saving conversion; may they terminate in the accomplishment of your hope. Pray, Sir, join my salutation of love to her and my aunt, of whom I often think, and pray the Father of mercies to grant she may bring forth fruit in old age, and become fat and flourishing. I shall put the whole of yours into Mr. Whitefield's hands as soon as I see him, which pleasure I hope for in a month, six weeks, or two months at farthest, and then your kind salutation cannot escape him. We heard from him very lately that he is very well in health, and had then travelled 300 miles in the

fortnight, and preached every day. His affairs go on very prosperously here; and the Orphan House, being the most remarkable place in the province, is resorted to by all travellers, who conclude with the colonists, as it has been, so it must continue, with increasing advantage, to be of great utility to the place. I have now weathered through the greatest part of the summer, which, though exceedingly hot, and the heat rendered more troublesome by the musquitoes and sandflies, has not answered my expectation, and it is the general opinion of most I converse with, a second and third year will make it less disagreeable. With respect to my poor charge, I am like one rowing against wind and tide: it is the general cry, the white people, in many places, most need my assistance, and they have no objection to my ministry if it was imparted to them. Time may come when I may attend the one without the neglect of the other. At present I have no other convenience than those formerly mentioned in Mrs. P——'s letter. I have, in three different plantations, about 200 negroes to attend, and two very small congregations of white people, to whom I freely give my labours. My great disadvantage is want of ordination, which I shall attempt to effect next year, if I live. The gentleman who will be governor of the province next year is a very kind friend to me, and as my present undertaking is in consequence of a plan he and the late minister of the parish (on whose estate I live) entered upon, he much espouses my cause. I have the near friendship of others of the council, who all promise me the most substantial testimonies. Whether I succeed is best known to the Disposer of all things: if it will be most for his glory, there is no

room to doubt; if otherwise, I shall submit. I am rejoiced to hear of the continuance of the Divine favour to our congregations at home; may He increase them more and more. Pray, my dear Sir, give my kind love to Mrs. W—— in return, and accept it with my duty to yourself. I am greatly obliged to you both for your prayers, and beg the continuance of them; no doubt they will be conducive of some good; you are always in mine. May the Lord accomplish the thing which concerneth you, and give us all a happy entrance into his kingdom.

“I am yours, &c.”

TO THE REV. MR. DE COURCEY,
VICAR OF ST. CHAD'S, SHREWSBURY.

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

“Savannah.

“IT was some little disappointment to me that I did not hear from you according to your promise made me in these words, ‘I’ll answer your letter when you arrive at Georgia;’ by which I supposed you referred to a line I dropped you at Brighthelmstone, and which being prevented an opportunity of answering, you were kind enough, more than once, to apologise for in a measure peculiar to your brotherly kindness. Be assured I esteem you very highly in love for your works’ sake, and pleasingly reflect upon the kind indulgence you give me of your friendship, and, if you judge me worthy, beg the continuance of it. I hear of your success with pleasure; and rejoice in spirit that the Lord always causeth you to triumph, and maketh manifest the savour of the Redeemer’s knowledge by you, more or less, in

every place: may he go on to lengthen your cords and strengthen your stakes, and make you, as a wall of brass, unmovable, always abounding in his work, and impenetrable against all the malice of men, and fiery darts of the wicked. A Gospel engagement will always expose us to such kind of opponents; and as we sustain characters the most exalted, our dignity exposes us to the most powerful attacks of the adversary, by whom we are in nothing to be terrified, because the promise of a conquest is made sure to us by Jesus, the prince of peace, who hath all power to perform, which is an evident token of perdition to those who rise up against us. But alas, my dear Sir, with sincerity, as in the sight of an offended yet pardoning God, I have reason to say my courage is as inadequate to my encouragement as the drop in the bucket is incommensurable with the fulness in the ocean. In general I go out in weakness and in much fear, though I am commanded to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; indeed I scarcely know which to be astonished at most—the long-suffering of the Lord and his kindness with it, or that he hath not ejected me from his service for my dastardly and careless behaviour in it long ago. If it was not for the one, I should not be honoured with the favours of the other; and I have great cause to say he suffereth long, and so far from giving marks of his displeasure, with forbearance, is kind by affording renewed instances of his goodness, and loading me with his benefits. O what shall I render unto the Lord for all his blessings? No doubt but, the particulars of my situation have reached your ears. I would be very minute in my relation if I had anything worthy to charm your attention.

My proud heart would prompt me to say something, but the ground upon which my lot is cast is grown over with nettles, briars and thorns have covered the face thereof, and at present I am looking upon it with a mournful eye, and asking wisdom to work the plough. You have nearness of access: do, my dear Sir, entreat the Lord for me. Who knows but he who in judgment turned the fruitful land into barrenness, may, in mercy, turn barrenness into a fruitful land again? For this I labour. O Lord, grant it may not be in vain! I sometimes think my prayer will be answered, from the present supports he vouchsafes unto me, and the desire he gives me to go forward. If you could have one hour's sight of my poor charge, you would think every monument of Divine grace among them precious fruit indeed. God's husbandmen, and under such disadvantageous circumstances as both they and myself are under, must have long patience: it may be the early and the latter rain may descend in fruitful showers, and this wilderness become a field which the Lord will bless. I was much refreshed in my own bowels, on Friday evening last, while, in as simple a manner as possible, I endeavoured to explain and apply to a company of them, on a plantation, the state and cry of the ten lepers (Luke vii. 11); and on Sunday morning (Luke viii. 39) their attention seemed fixed to hear, and, blessed be God, I was at liberty to speak, which is not always the case. Some of them see my design, and seem willing to receive instruction; but others are, like the brute beast, unsusceptible of anything you can say. O that the rationals, with whom you have to do, may be made wise unto salvation! It gave me great pleasure to

hear your labours are so frequent among our dear friends, who, I must say, are not unworthy the most fruitful gifts; no doubt but they will strengthen your hands in God, and in such a sphere some testimony will at one time or other salute your ears, that you have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain. There is some prospect of my being at home next year, when, if the Lord pleaseth, a part of my happiness will consist of an interview with dear Mr. D—y; in the mean time, if you'll take an opportunity, I shall be glad to hear of all the great things the Lord is doing by you.

“I am yours, &c.”

The following are Letters addressed to occasional correspondents, interspersed with the letters of the old edition, but marked with an asterisk.

**TO MR. —, RESPECTING HIS SETTLEMENT AT
MARLBOROUGH.**

“DEAR SIR,

“IF the few lines I wrote to you from Gritenham engaged your attention, or in any degree raised your expectations, I am sure my promise being protracted, must tire your patience in proportion. But two things are my apology: one is, that I have been in such an unsettled state that unfitted me to write upon the occasion; the other is, that I had no objection to let a matter of so great importance rest till I could well deliberate upon it in my own mind. The very signal kindness you have shewn the Gospel, from its first entrance into Marlborough until now, deservedly

entitles you to the representation of the people who profess it: I therefore suppose myself speaking to the Church or society through you, and am persuaded in you they will find a tender, steady, and affectionate friend. I told you in my last I found my mind bend towards the people—I should have added, supposing they are unanimous in the choice of a pastor; for neither am I under a necessity to change my present sphere from any distraction in it, nor would I upon any consideration be the means of dividing them, nor come among them if already divided among themselves. It is but reasonable, if I enter into a pastoral relation with them, that they should know what I am, and what I wish for, in order to be happy in that relation. I am a Dissenter upon principle, though but a young one, having given the preference to the establishment till within these two years. As I am honest to my convictions, so I am moderate in my conduct, presuming that neither system is so complete but they both would admit of an amendment; and as an evangelical minister in either community would wish to do good, he can no further succeed than as he is disposed to throw aside such rigour and austerity as are nowhere countenanced in Scripture, nor were encouraged by the apostle of the Gentiles, or the Master of that apostle. A compliance with the most eligible methods for usefulness, if thereby we may gain some to the faith, is compatible with a strict regard to the word of God. When I profess myself a Calvinist, and tell you that I preach nothing repugnant to that scheme of divinity, you may suppose the grand and leading truths of the Gospel in their turn are sincerely, though imperfectly, preached by me; nor am I content to deliver them as a mere system.

Their influences felt and experienced can only render them beneficial; nor can they be felt but as they are preached, in a practical, experimental manner, in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Thus to preach is my endeavour, and to come short of it is my sorrow. My wish in the first place is to be useful and happy. Something must be materially wrong when a man can be content to live a course of years with a people in the sacred relation of a pastor, regardless whether his people thrive or pine away under him. As such a person answers the character of the negligent shepherds, Ezekiel xxxiv. 3, 4, his doom must be that of the careless watchman mentioned in the foregoing chapter. Usefulness must be the basis of true happiness: the minister purchases his happiness at a dear rate who suffers his people to sleep in their sins.—Secondly, that I may have a discretionary power to make an excursion from home, upon condition of substituting a proper supply. Such a stipulation may be considered by some a weakness, and subversive of the end of the pastoral engagement; but I apprehend this must arise from prejudice and mistake. Be assured, dear Sir, I have no intention to subvert the end of a home by continually being abroad. I have more than ten years known the want of a retreat, and with pleasure anticipate what Marlborough may (through the Divine blessing) afford. Nevertheless, to me it appears Scriptural to blend the itinerant with the pastor, so far as the formel does not prevent a due discharge of the duties of the latter; and that, under proper regulation, it is profitable both to minister and people, is evident by comparing the prosperity of those societies. that encourage it with those that disapprove it.—Third, that my stipend, if

consistent with the circumstances of the people, may commence at £40 *per annum*; and if prosperity should attend our union, and by change of condition I should find it necessary, I may be at liberty to ask more. This article being well thought of and honourably settled, will become a rule for my conduct, both in domestic economy and in the pursuit of social happiness. I am well aware that my subsistence much depends upon the consistency of my deportment, the success of my ministry, and the circumstances and disposition of the people. As I would make the glory of God and their good my sole aim, I am willing to rest the issue upon these concomitants. It is too late in the day for me to begin to be mercenary; and if little will suffice, I shall not think of asking for more. Hitherto I can, through grace, accommodate the saying of the apostle to my own conduct, 'We seek not yours, but you.' Having no fortune of my own, makes it necessary to propose, fourthly, that I may have the disposal of the sacramental alms. My own liberalities cannot be large; hitherto they have been to the very extent of my circumstances, nor do I wish to curtail them by this requisite. In market towns the sick poor are generally numerous, and the alms of the minister accompanying his prayers, do much to remove prejudice and bring them under the Word. These are the principal terms of settlement that at present strike me; and if reasonable objections can be made against them, I shall be ingenuous enough to yield to them. Neither in these nor anything else do I desire to lord it over God's heritage. Should a connexion take place between us, I trust our stipulation will not be that of master and servants, but of a more sacred and fraternal nature. No conditions are

so binding as those arising from affection, no bonds so lasting as those made up of the unity of the Spirit. My brethren will do well to remember that a man, and not an angel, is putting himself in their way; a man subject to like passions, surrounded with many and great temptations, a man at best but of v«ery slender gifts, and of a small degree of grace, who needs their pity and prayers; and promises not to seek for dominion over their faith, but to strive, in the strength of Divine grace, to be the helper of their joy. Should I have the opportunity to approve myself what I profess, it will be but prudent in me to remember the people are in some instances a counterpart of myself, and will require the exercise of those graces which are opposite to the dictates and inclinations of our corrupt nature. If the providence of God should bring us together, and by the uniting of our affections, and the tenderness of our spirits towards each other, we should be continued together any time on earth, I trust it will be the matter of our everlasting rejoicing in heaven. With my kind respects to your family, and Christian love to all whom these may concern,

“I remain,

“Dear Sir, &c.”

**TO THE CHURCH UNDER HIS CARE AT PAINSWICK,
RESPECTING AN ASSISTANT.**

“MY DEAR BRETHREN,

“IT was my intention long since to have acknowledged the address communicated to me by Messrs. Wood and Horlick. I feel myself much obliged for the acceptance you, and others whose names are not added to the address, have given to the sincere, though feeble services I have rendered you by the ministry

of the Word, and by other endeavours I have exerted for the cause of Christ in this neighbourhood, for full seventeen years. I am, blessed be God, in full mental capacity for the continuance of my labours, though bodily strength certainly declines. As the result, I bend under the weight of a third service on the Lord's day. This is a service by no means necessary for the pious part of the congregation. I at first established and have continued it for the benefit of our neighbours, supposing, if they are inclined to hear, God may bless the Word to them. However desirable assistance may have been, I could not encourage the hope of it, not having it in my power to make the necessary compensation hitherto. Providence having been graciously pleased to throw the property of my late friend and relative into my hands, I thought it necessary, from the acknowledgment X have received for my labours, to make it practical to have an assistant, and when the expenses of our building are completely defrayed, to support him from my salary. My valued friends Messrs. — called my attention to —. I am informed his service does not meet with approbation sufficient to admit of a hope that he may constantly take part in the ministry with me. I shall not think of imposing him upon you. As soon as I conveniently can, I shall resign him, and in the mean while, as God shall enable me, will persevere in my ministry as usual, not doubting but when I fail, God will provide for you.

“In the mean while I beg an interest in your prayers, and exhort you to pray that in due time the great Head of the church may meet our wishes, if he see fit to send me help; or that if, either by reason of weakness I should be laid aside, or be removed to my rest,

the man after his own heart may be the overseer of you. The fragment of my days and strength shall, in the strength of divine grace, be as much as ever devoted to your best interest. My study shall be the harmony, the prosperity, the comfort and improvement of the church and congregation. I would wish to be as an affectionate father among his children, seeking not yours, but you; and if in any thing my conduct should be contrary to this protestation, on its being pointed out, I will endeavour to correct it. May we all remember that we are professedly the followers of Jesus—he was meek and lowly in heart, and among his disciples as one that served: thus by copying after him, may we be possessed of humbleness of mind, of charity, which is the bond of perfectness, and in every respect walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—I exceedingly lament the opposite temper, spirit, and conduct which is among us, and am so far from thinking myself free from blame, that I bewail my imperfections before God, and am sorry that in any instance I have given offence. But He who knoweth the heart, can discriminate between infirmity that mixes with a small measure of zeal for his glory, and wilful sin; between that weakness of nature that clogs the wheels of the soul, and that sluggishness which is indulged without regard to divine honour. That we may walk in love, and live in the mutual exercise of grace one towards another, and altogether glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are his, is, and shall be, the prayer of,

“My dear brethren,

“Yours, affectionately,

“In our dear Lord Jesus.

“*Hill Farm, Oct. 19th, 1805.*”

TO THE SAME, WHEN CONFINED BY HIS FRACTURE.

“MY DEAR PEOPLE,

“MY present affliction has given me full proof of that concern of which I never harboured a doubt, namely, your affection for me; and He who knoweth all things knoweth that I have an equal share for you. We can mutually bear our testimony to the reciprocal attachment between the shepherd voluntarily chosen, and the flock the care of which is freely accepted. How different is such a connexion from that of a minister performing his duty officially only, and a people who are habituated only to a frigid service! My present confinement gives me opportunity to review my past life and labours among you, with neither of which am I so fully satisfied as to be entirely quieted from the censure of my own heart. Indeed I have always been sensible that you had a claim upon me, for the answering of which I have wanted capacity rather than inclination. I am now, by the providence of God, set aside from service, and am taught by experience to sympathize with and pray for those who are the subjects of affliction; but I believe, through your prayers and the supply of the spirit of Christ, that which is an apparent evil will work together for good. It is instructive to us all, and is a sermon, which, if properly improved, is as efficacious as any that could be preached from the pulpit.

“I set out from the house of our venerable dying friend with cautious steps, after having prayed that we might all be prepared for what God has prepared for us; and if caution, independent of God, had been sufficient, I had not fallen. We need continually to

recollect that address once made by an eminent saint, in these words, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.'

"There is a material difference between falling through what is called accident, and falling by sin; from the former we are not always secure, from the latter we may be—through Him who is able to keep us. He does keep the feet of the saints, and his grace is sufficient for all who apply to him for it. A disaster tending to break the bones of any of our members is nothing, compared with the wound a soul receives by a fall into sin. In the former case, experience teaches—me there is peace and quietness which throbbing pain, and the uneasiness of a fixed unusual posture for many days, cannot interrupt; in the latter is an experience, that I pray God we may all be strangers to—of doubt and disquietude, fear and trembling; a heavy scourge, and hard to be borne; and which, if given up to hardness of heart, does but prepare us for that awful state where there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin.

"We distinguish between the backslider who falls to rise, who returns unto the Lord and is healed; and the backslider in heart, who is filled with his own ways. But if we love Him who loved us, who gave himself a sacrifice for us, we should abhor the idea of departing from him, and of causing his Holy Spirit to depart from us. Connected with this disposition there is a duty inculcated upon us. It is watchfulness and prayer; of these consist the Christian's in-trenchment—these are the lines our enemy cannot break: be the person who uses them ever so weak, he will be sure to stand; be the person who neglects them ever so strong in himself, ever so judiciously

taught, or ever so extensive in his knowledge, he is liable to fall. Honour God in all the means of his appointment. Be attentive to social prayer; let the time when most suitable, and the place where it may be most convenient to be carried on, and the length of the exercise, be studied for general advantage. Do not let family worship and the catechising of children be neglected. Be stated and regular in your attendance upon the Word. In this latter duty three things are to be regarded—the information of the judgment, the raising the soul to a state of communion with God, and unimpeached morality. The latter is, by the apostle Peter, denominated ‘All holy conversation.’ In this, perhaps, we are too deficient, and therefore subject ourselves to mutual reflection, and prevent gainsayers from receiving the force of the Word, and joining in our communion. I wish my own ministry, as long as I am continued among you, may have a most blessed effect, that the world may have no evil thing to say of you; and during the time of the suspension of my ministry, it shall be my earnest prayer, that the occasional services which may be afforded us maybe alike effectual. Our beloved brother Mr. Bishop, of Gloucester, has most kindly engaged to arrange our supplies; and as they will consist of the whole association, I should hope no one will consider himself under a necessity to wander from home. All are not alike steady in their attendance, yet the exception is very inconsiderable.

“I need not commend myself to your prayers: I have to thank you already for my interest in them. Cease not to pray that I may be restored to you again if it be the will of God; and that it may be found that my affliction is eventually your consolation. It

is but a little while at longest I can expect to be with you: as long as it may be, O! let it prove for 'your furtherance and joy of faith.' 'Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ, that whether I come to see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs; that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel.' For that which is inconsistent with the pure principles referred to by the apostle, as the faith of the Gospel, will bewilder our judgment, invalidate the precious Saviour in our esteem, and raise in us a self-importance which the Lord approveth not; it will lead us into the mistake of substituting tinsel for gold, and of placing unallowed merit in morality. I inculcate morality upon you with all my powers, but then it is as the fruit of a tree made good. The morality I would largely inculcate extends to every relation and to every avocation of life, that the enemies to the truth of the Gospel may have no evil thing to say of you, but otherwise they may see you have your fruit out of holiness, as you expect the end will be everlasting life. Under the influence of grace that enables you so to live and act, you will be at an entire distance from the spirit of the age; its vanities will not be able to fasten upon you in a way of attraction, you will keep yourself unspotted from the world, find true joys in religion, and your time will be fully occupied between its duties and the avocations of life. You will not withdraw from society, nor insult it by moroseness. You will observe due decorum, be courteous towards all men, and by supporting the consistency of your character, you will be well understood by men who cannot dive into your views, yet will sooner or later admire in you, what they them-

selves cannot immediately drop into: by your good conversation which they shall behold, they may be awakened and won, and perceiving that God is with us of a truth, the day of their visitation may be drawn on, in which they also may glorify God. But whether am I going?—without prudent caution, into the length of a sermon, and far exceeding the limits of a letter. I hope again to address you by an amanuensis, till I be restored to see you face to face, in the re-assumption of my pulpit exercises. Till then, and for ever, I am your faithful and affectionate minister and friend in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel.”

TO THE SAME.

“MY EVER DEAR AND HIGHLY BELOVED PEOPLE,

“NEARLY a week has elapsed since my address to you, in which time I am brought under increasing obligation to love you, and to thank you for the early attention you have manifested to my necessities, which your tender care led you to conceive would be considerable by the affliction I am exercised with. It would be sinful secrecy that would prevent me now from saying, I have all things and abound. The supply of my wants is ample, while you continue in prayer for me that I may be restored unto you with an increase of spirituality and zeal; and that I may adopt the most effectual methods to be communicative while I receive your communications, is a part of my prayers which I offer frequently upon the bed, to which I apprehend I must submit to be long confined. My joy in part is, that I have a list, amply

filled, of brethren who make their free-will offerings to serve you in the ministry till I am restored unto you again. You may disarm yourselves of suspicion that any thing will be advanced by them but the pure unadulterated Gospel of Christ. May every sermon be impressed upon your souls, and while faith and practice are inculcated upon you, may you unanimously say. All that the Lord speaketh unto us by his servants, that, in the strength of his grace, will we do. If I say. Take heed how you hear, it is to exhort you not to be hearers only, hut doers of the word. Pray to the Father of Lights that he may make you the children of the light and of the day; that under the guidance of his Holy Spirit you may be led fully and deeply into the truth as it is in Jesus, and that you may support your characters by walking as the sons of God, unreproueable and unrebukeable in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. You will then live under the banner of his fatherly protection, who, though he may not suffer you to escape affliction, will support you under it, at whatever time it is his pleasure you should be exercised thereby; and make the bitters of your cup subservient to the health of your souls, and preparatory of eternal glory.—Determine by divine grace to be nothing short of what you should be. Answer to the character of Israelites indeed, in whom there is no guile. Be continual in your application to the precious Saviour, from whose fulness you may always be supplied with grace; and in virtue of his communications you may make your boast—‘In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.’ Observe all his ordinances, and come into that contact with each other that will dispose you to form a communion which

will distinguish you as members of the church, as well as general hearers of the word. How glad shall I be to see you all disposed to join yourselves to the Lord, and to be found at that sacred table where there is meat to be received the world knows nothing of! I am more and more impressed with a conviction that the ordinance of the sacred supper is neglected by many of you, who, I am persuaded, have a title to it, through Him who receiveth sinners upon the terms of free grace, and inviteth them to come without money and without price. I hope our brethren who constitute an organized church in this place, will not make the door of admission narrower than that which is referred to in this language, 'Behold I have set before you an open door.' It is sad that such a door should remain open, and so few be disposed to enter. But I find I must desist.

"That God's blessing may be upon all our attempts wherein his glory is concerned,—that all our comforts and all our crosses may be alike sanctified,—that we whose union is so close, and who meet together for public worship upon earth, may at last meet in glory, is the prayer of,

"My dear friends," &c.

TO K. B——N, ESQ., SAVANNAH.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOURS of June the 30th gave me inexpressible pleasure; and I am infinitely obliged to you for the candidness of your judgment and the sincerity of your friendship, which, though it does not divest me of an affectionate concern for the poor people of my late charge, considerably relieves me of an uneasiness.

lest my not returning should “be misconstrued to be occasioned by an unsettled mind, and thereby the glorious Gospel should be eclipsed in the eyes of any who before had formed a favourable opinion of it. It is true, dear Sir, the bounds of our habitation are fixed, and therefore every disappointment our schemes meet with should be resolved into the will of God. I had laid a large plan, and was in hopes bond and free would have received an advantage it was designed to afford; and had I been favoured by Divine Providence to make trial of, or succeeded in it, the very sufficient emolument the worthy trust conferred upon me would have been no more to *me* than I now enjoy in a station which makes me an entire dependent upon Providence, without the least obligation by any kind of contract from any man. I only mention this to assure you, you are right in your persuasion. *Indeed I had not loaves and fishes in view*, though the Bishop of London was so ungenerous as to reflect on me for receiving so large a salary. Let the good gentlemen you mention rejoice without a rival. I will not say I wish them an increase of it, because it is only like the joy of the drunkard, the materials of which it is made will serve to make the reflection more exquisite in the day when God shall prove himself no respecter of persons. Had I returned to you, I should certainly have set my face like a flint, and by the grace of God persevered till the issue of my endeavours had given conviction to my greatest opponents. The inhabitants of the woods are certainly to be pitied on account of their ignorant and benighted state, but I don’t see how it can be remedied at present. Good Lady H—— told me the Bishop of London would ordain two of her students upon

condition they should be confined to the Orphan-house, which no thinking man who knows anything of the state of affairs in Georgia would submit to; and as the way seems to be hedged up for ministers in the Establishment, I pray the Lord to raise up people of some other denomination to espouse his injured cause, and carry on his despised work.

“At present, the conduct of our dignitaries is dreadful and affecting; and *what they think—or do they think at all?*—must be left for some future day to determine. I have not seen Dr. Franklin since I last wrote to you, and have reason to think the whole affair is entirely at an end. I cannot omit my repeated thanks for every personal token of your friendship, which, considering myself a mere stranger, and the out-of-the-way and unacceptable sphere I have been and am now engaged in, is great indeed; and, though I should never see you any more, has so deeply impressed your eternal interest on my heart, that I shall consider myself under an indissoluble obligation to remember you in my nearest accesses to the throne of grace. Then, dear Sir, may you, amidst all the hurry of business, and the many avocations of a mercantile life, constantly resort in quest of the Gospel pearl of great price; and when the mammon of unrighteousness shall fail to afford any longer support, may its unsearchable riches gain you a kind reception into the everlasting habitations. I am very glad to hear all your little ones are well. O that, as they grow up, they may be made acquainted with the best things! In hopes the kind Colonel is living, I have dropped him a line.

“I am, my dear Sir, yours, &c.

“*London.*”

* TO THE REV. J. W——R, NEWBURY.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“YOU have been much upon my mind, and your very kind letter stimulated me to write immediately. There are many to whom I should write; and if I could write with the same freedom I can to you, the correspondence would be no difficulty to me.

“It rejoices me exceedingly to hear you are comfortable and prosperous—a few crosses are unavoidable. That the comforts preponderate and outweigh them is matter of great thankfulness: let us wait with patience, use prudence, and live in the exercise of submissive prayer, and the domestic comfort will come in its proper time. I have been just quickened to gratitude by reading two historical letters of a predecessor in this congregation—a man who, in the nature of events, must have been in all respects superior to myself, but whose cross was much heavier, and his comforts considerably fewer. Why it should be so is only to be accounted for from the sovereign pleasure of God. May I be enabled, by a becoming thankfulness, to attempt some consistent returns. In the death of dear Mr. Thornton I have lost a friend indeed,—the best out of the ordinary way I ever had; but I can truly say I am concerned on account of others as much as on my own account. It would be sinful in me not to say to a confidant and dear friend like yourself that, though I have nothing more than I know what to do with, I can better sustain the loss than I could formerly; and I have observed the conduct of my heavenly Father has been to withdraw and impart as occasion makes it necessary. We had our poor servant sick upon our hands for many

months. I did not see it right to turn her upon the parish: some trial attended the resolution to provide for her; but, as in other instances, the Lord honoured the act, and removed her, I believe, to glory. Among other mercies I number that of the Divine favour attending my little seminary. My young friends gather and scatter answerable to my wishes; and without detracting from the respect due to the more public schools, I am so satisfied with my plan of procedure, that, if the Lord sees fit to continue me in the business of educating for the ministry, his grace enabling me, I never will deviate from it. "We don't want prime scholars so much as useful ministers, who will attempt to ferret sinners out of their holes, attempt to unearth their affections, and endeavour at maintaining the importance of a life of communion with God. I have stretched a point to oblige Mr. H——ll and the dear congregation at Haverfordwest by letting Mr. G——n go thither for awhile; but by weekly correspondence direct the course of his studies, and by procuring for him occasional assistance on the spot, I am in hopes he will suffer no loss. He is a very growing young man, and much accepted wherever he goes,—indeed more than accepted, he is useful. Mr. G——g, who is at home, is entitled to the same description, nor are the others unpromising. You know I mean not to exalt myself by mentioning these things. Blessed be God, there is the strictest harmony between me, the church and congregation with whom I labour, and the family with whom I live. My health is indifferent. I feel mortality, and am waiting for immortality. Whether it may please the Lord to renew strength, or lay me under an additional weakness, is best

known to himself. I find I am unfit for long journeys and for public scenes; yet if I had more leisure I should come abroad a little more; and be assured, my dear friend, one of my journeys would, with Divine permission, be into your neighbourhood, and to you and your people. Go on in the same spirit of Christian simplicity, prudence, and devotedness to God in which you have set out, and have gone on hitherto. Be armed against the depravity of human nature, which shews itself in the best men, I mean the people of God. The whole church seems to be intoxicated with a love of power and reformation; and, under a wrong idea of truth, there is a deal of bustle about opinion. It is allowable to differ, but our difference should not breed discord. In heaven we shall unite effectually; on earth the prospect of a desirable union seems at a distance. All my family would unite with their affectionate salutations if they knew I was writing to you. "With mine to all friends, particularly to Mr. ——,

"I am, &c.

"Painswick, Jan. 7th, 1791."

TO E——S. ESQ.

"HONOURED AND VERY DEAR SIR,

"YESTERDAY I had the pleasure of dear Mrs. E—— for an auditor. I sent one of my pupils for her on a double horse, and, with Mrs. Winter, escorted her home in the evening to your most pleasant and comfortable mansion, where we have each laid down in peace and slept and risen again, because the Lord has made us dwell in safety. I hope your journey has been pleasant and prosperous, and

that with a mind stayed upon God you are waiting the providential opportunity to return, determined to be happy. Should not the toil be entirely unloosed at once, let the idea that it will be one day or another, keep you patient; and though litigation may be settled with loss, let the consideration that it is but a partial loss reconcile your mind to it. Revolve in your own mind the comforts remaining, and give to God the sacrifice of praise. I know I am but expressing your own sentiment when I say, your obligations to God are not the less because your property is paternal. By reflection and expressions of gratitude, the mind may be advanced to an amazing pitch; and without some effort of this nature, we may possess the Indies without enjoying a mite of our possession. If to so valuable and dear a friend as Mr. E——s I mention anything of my own frame and conduct, it is solely with a view to set him upon the same successful expedient of acquiring present tranquillity of mind. I would look not at what I want, but at what I have. I would reflect not how great are my trials in life, but how much greater than they are they might be. I have but a little while to be here, and why should I not enjoy myself on my journey? If the way is rugged the end will compensate; and keeping it in view, I reckon the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to be revealed. These I frankly acknowledge, not from ostentation, or as conceiving they are in me a merit, or that by my own power I thus act, but to exemplify what advantage you in your easy circumstances may live under. Next to God and Christ, love yourself *properly*; by which I mean, make every rational and scriptural

exertion to enjoy what God has graciously given you; and in order to this, first study the peace of your mind, and then the most probable means to restore and preserve the health of your body. In matters of religion use your judgment, and reduce it to practice. Rely upon the Saviour for pardon, look to him for peace, and honour his commands and appointments in evidence that you love him. Pray for grace and strength, and he will make you equal to all that exertion which is expected from the man and the Christian. See, dear Sir, how soon I catch at your permission to drop you a line, and by my didactical strain, what liberty I take from it. I know you will pardon my freedom, and accept my intention as a peppercorn of gratitude for the innumerable instances of your long and steady friendship, which as I most, highly esteem for its own sake, rather than for the repeated pledges of it, I hope I shall never by imprudence, as I am sure I shall never with intention, forfeit. Mrs. E—— desires that my pen may communicate her kindest love, and is pleased to require me to add, she wishes you joy of your correspondence.

“I am,” &c.

TO MRS. B——R.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“I HAVE not forgotten you, though I have not before communicated to you the pleasure I feel on hearing of the mercy you obtained by a safe birth. As for this blessing I bore you on my heart in prayer, so your deliverance has excited my warmest praise.

I hope continual mercy attends you, and that you are kept in the delightful exercise of thanksgiving, stimulated by increasing favours peculiar to your situation. I shall be thankful when I have an opportunity given me to magnify the Lord, together with you. At present I am detained from home to acquire all I can for the purpose of preventing debt being contracted by our building, or of making it as light as possible. Till lately I have heard nothing from our committee, but I find my disappointment has been partly owing to my frequent and uncertain movements. I compare myself to a man worn out with repeated shocks of electricity, and therefore would avoid a future one if he could. But if I add to the sum already acquired, I must undergo shock upon shock yet. My journeys, though trying from being obliged to appear before strangers as a mendicant, have been attended with many mercies. I have been providentially directed unto many quarters, where friendship has displayed itself; and it has been thought a kind Providence that has given occasion to an interview hardly expected on this side the grave. I have seen the grace of God in many of the churches of the saints, and have been made glad by the evidence that God has not left his people destitute of his mercy and truth. In our quarter I trust these divine properties are conspicuous. May you have abundant proof of the faithfulness of God, to the promises upon which you are caused to hope. Your new relation gives a turn to your attention, and a fresh channel is now open for your affection to flow in. May the dear infant graciously given to you be continued, and parental care be attended with divine blessing from God, that you may rear into maturity the ten-

der plant, and have your present care rewarded with future comfort. Attention to the dear child will not divert you from the Father of your mercies. You are now as ever, I am persuaded, open to Divine communication, and are frequently turning to heaven and eternal glory as to the ultimate of all enjoyments. When providentially detained from those public ordinances which have been and are your delight, by the attention your infant charge may claim, may the sacred Scriptures open to you in your retirement, and through them as the grand medium of conveyance, may the living water flow to your refreshment. With Jesus is an infinite source, and the streams run from him in all directions, that they may follow after, and meet the subjects of his love in whatever situation the providence of God may place them. When he by his Spirit excites a thirst in our souls, by that same Spirit he will dispose us to look for that supply he only has to impart, and we shall experience that with him is the fountain of life. If we abide by him, we shall be sure to be well supplied; but if we leave him for cisterns, disappointment will be the consequence. Wherever I go, I find they are the happiest who make much of their Saviour. He honours the confidence of his people, and whatever he promises he will give; none ever trusted in him and were disappointed.—On Monday evening I had a short interview with Mrs. W——, from whom I learned the state of your family. I hope all the afflictions with which it may be exercised will prove blessings. I supposed Mr. B——'s health had acquired stability, and was surprised to hear that it had been so seriously attacked again. Mr. B—— I find is hardly strong enough for a soldier. I hope

he never will be called to take the field. If an invalid, he had better consult his constitution than stand upon a point of honour; and nurse himself, rather than hazard himself to weathers which might endanger a life too valuable to be sacrificed by neglect. I hope he will accept my warmest salutations, and that he will consider himself a sharer with you in the congratulation which I tender on the birth and continuance of the dear child; and if my prayers have efficacy enough to prevail, he with you will have days long upon earth, and at the end of them an abundant entrance ministered into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thither two valuable ministers have gained admission, whose usefulness I supposed might have been continued for years to come. I expect Mr. Newton will soon be on the list of the glorified: I had a most satisfactory interview with him yesterday morning. I wish I could give his conversation, his family exposition, and prayer, upon paper; but I must reserve the recital for our meeting, if God permit. Accept in the meanwhile these incoherent lines as they are 'directed, with a design to assure you that

"I am, dear madam,

"Yours, &c.

"London, Nov. 23rd, 1803.

"I have opened my letter on purpose to beg you to present my best respects to Mr. B—— B——. I think of him often. I detained this letter the longer in hope of meeting with a frank. I cannot bear to put my friends to the expense of postage, if it be possible to avoid it; but an unwillingness to appear to neglect when I really do not intend it, makes me send this through the common medium."

TO MR. W——N.

“MY EVER AND VERY DEAR SIR,

“HAVING at an early hour consecrated myself unto God, a part of that time which he has graciously continued unto me, I dedicate in attention to you. In the course of my long absence you have often been in my thoughts, nor have you been excluded from my prayers. I am happy in the occasion now given me to address you, and wish any thing that may drop from my pen may be refreshing to you. I have attended to the prime object of your letter, and applied to a person who I think, if he can be procured, would answer Mr. J——’s description. In a day or two I shall know his mind. It is probable, while I am throwing a few lines together, you are tossing upon the sea; but I trust it is under the protection of Him who gives the waves their fury, who agitates the sea when it roars and is tempestuous, and who has power at any time to reduce it into a calm, and make its surface as smooth as a looking-glass. He has not only power over the sea to control it, but also over the passions and principles of wicked and unreasonable men, of which the raging waves are a true emblem. We have, as a people, to do with such; and whether they may have power to act against us at all, or with what degree of success, is uncertain. Numbers are interceding with Heaven, and pleading, ‘Spare thy people, O Lord!’—May He, in answer to prayer, raise a bulwark consisting of stronger materials than earth can produce, and then all the precautions we may take will be serviceable and successful; but if salvation be not of the Lord, vain is the wisdom, the foresight, and the

help of man. Our discouragement arises from our national sins, which may deservedly cause the Lord's ear to be heavy that it will not hear; and should it be the case that the overflowing scourge should pass through the land, we who, through grace, are not partakers of her evil deeds, shall find support under the judgments which may be abroad in the earth, and shall be safe in those chambers which our covenant God may provide for his people. We must not expect our exemption from, but we may expect our supports in trouble. An interest in his loving-kindness will secure to us the interposition of his providential goodness on our behalf. What his word records relative to this point, may you, my dear Sir, have an enlarged and continual experience of, and thus have authority to say to all around you, 'O taste and see that the Lord is good, blessed is the man that trusteth in him.' If I call your attention to myself, I must say, with respect to the business I have in hand, I have been wonderfully led. I did not know for some time before I set out what course to take; but I found my mind calm while my prospects were clouded. I was preparing for another journey at the instant that a letter, foreign to my business, required me to come to London, and I scarcely entered upon my application when I was pressed into the eastern part of the kingdom. In different places my ministry has met with a kind reception, and my applications, which, as I expected would be the case, though they have clashed with many others, have not been repulsed. Particular sums are small, but in the aggregate they amount to more than —, which I would fain bring to — before I return, nor need I fear of success; but I find myself very inadequate to the

fatigue of soliciting from house to house, and the damp and rainy weather has a very serious effect upon my frame. It brings spasms in my stomach and limbs, and I find precautions necessary lest I lay myself up. The mercies attendant on this journey have been innumerable; but they have not exempted me from a considerable degree of self-denial. There is no possibility of advancing in the Christian ministry and of performing its several duties without it, especially in that department of the church where I am in providence fixed. Mine through life has been, uphill work, and the whisper in my ear has been 'Do all things without murmuring.'

"I would copy the obedience of Christ, of whom it is significantly remarked, that 'He pleased not himself,' and therefore, when required, would give up the luxury of retirement to mix with the crowd, and those improvements which I am coveting after, that I may impart from the inconsiderable stock of knowledge God has graciously given to me. I feel mortified in being the beggar, and my pride is often humbled by unbecoming repulse, and by the ungracious manner in which some grant the request of my lips. But as in this way I am, *pro tempore*, called to glorify God, I yield to the mortification, and contrast with it the suavity with which my dear

Mr. W——n, and a few others who are kindred souls, give treble consequence to their benevolence. It is not the minister's lot only to be mortified. You, my dear Sir, have the bitter ingredient of mortification in the cup of life. A part of it, I am persuaded, consists in your being obliged to leave your consecrated and tranquil home to mix with the different tempers of the passengers in a vessel. Mix I should not say.

It is one thing to accommodate ourselves to company we cannot avoid, and to pass the ceremony of civility, another to *unité*. Light and darkness are as distinct in the spiritual as in the natural world; and the question what fellowship hath the former with the latter, amounts to a strong negation that there is none at all. Blessed be God that you are the child of the light and of the day. I need not say walk as the child of the light. May your steps be exactly followed by those who profess to be in the same communion, and never deviate in their conformity to you, in the vessel, in the dwelling, in the counting-house, and in the church: then they will prove that they are a part of the remnant which is according to the election of grace; and such of them as are wise and discreet ministers will never make that a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence which God puts in the way of his people as a prevention against boasting, and as an incentive to give all the glory of their salvation to him. Such a minister I hope the vacant pulpit at S—— M—— will one day be filled with. Excuse, my very dear Sir, the paper and the imperfection both of the writing and of the subject. My prayers will ever be offered up for you. My warmest wishes attend you for the success of your voyage. My heart's desire is, that I may see you safe in Stroud, and that, by the grasp of my hand, as well as by the strokes of my pen, I may be permitted to express myself,

“Yours affectionately, &c.

“No. 30, *Gracechurch* Street, London,

“*Nov.* 30, 1803.”

TO MRS. H—GS.

“MY DEAR BEREAVED FRIEND,

“I CANNOT say how sorry I am for your very great loss, and for the dear children who share with you in it. It seems to me now as though the stay of my friendship is by this providence broken in Bristol; and though it is an event common to man, and what I have been very familiar with, yet every fresh instance awakens surprise, and for a while swallows up a recollection of what is past. I was in hope of receiving better news, though I feared that which I yesterday received would come. On Sabbath day I said it was probable we should have Mr. H—— with us for change of air. It is otherwise ordered, and permit me to say, well ordered, by Him who can do nothing wrong. The air is changed, and a blessed exchange it is to him who is gone to a region where the inhabitants have no sickness to endanger them, and no maladies to complain of. The nerves are braced to their proper tone, and all is well, eternally well. Do not you, my dear friend, repine at the providence, but trust the promise of which, till now, you were not the subject. You who were a few days since the wife of youth, are now a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit; but comfort will take place of grief, after Nature has had her full vent, if you can but turn to the widow’s God and receive the Lord of Hosts, the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth, in the near relation in which he condescends to describe himself in the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah. To prevent your fear and inspire your confidence, treasure up in your mind a recol-

lection of the divine description, 'A father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation,' Amidst the difficulties and the sorrows and dangers with which life is attended. He preserveth the fatherless and the widow, and relieveth them out of every distress. You are left in merciful, though not in affluent circumstances. May it please God to spare your good and kind father to you, till you are capable of acting more independently of aid than you can just at present. Be the widow indeed; trust in God, and continue in prayer night and day. Let a proper attention be paid to the education of the dear children, and let it be exact and solid so far as it goes, rather than so extensive and profuse as to spoil them for an early admission into active life, and to unfit them for the ordinary duties of it. You may receive general advice from your friends upon this head, as well upon what respects yourself; but Providence will unfold his own purposes. While you lie in a dependence upon the oar, waiting for his commission, he will notice you according to the appointed time.—Whatever difficulties there are before us, there are none before God; and therefore, in a way and manner that never could be thought of, he has reared up into, and carried through life, thousands and thousands whose afflictions have far exceeded yours. Let us, with all the attention we pay to the duties incumbent upon us, prepare for our own dismissal: we are soon to follow those who have preceded, perhaps very soon. O that we may live in the habitual exercise of grace, and being found in Jesus Christ, may have nothing to do but to yield up ourselves when the summons shall be sent for us. Our attachments to this mortal state are loosened by

our friends being removed before us. Their continuance is not so essential to us as we are apt to imagine, and therefore do not let us grudge them their escape, but with a becoming resignation yield to the sovereignty of the Divine conduct, and be thankful for the satisfactory evidence we receive from their expiring breath, that they had firm footing for their feet when earth receded from them. I am thankful for my dear friend, that it was the case with him. I hope that you, from a reflection upon this instance of the Lord's indulgence to him, are freely resigning him; and that, living upon the promise to which we have reference, and prepared for all future providences, you will be a follower of him, and all who through faith and patience are numbered with the saints in light. Mrs. W—— is, with me, much affected with the news, and concerned for it; she unites in tender sympathetic affection. If a journey hither be practicable, and it would conduce to the refreshment of your spirits, we should be exceedingly glad to see you. Let us hear in some little time how you do. Our love to Mrs. H—— if she is capable of receiving it. It may be well that her feelings upon this occasion are capable of diversion. I am pleased to hear the dear children have so much sensibility. I hope you will have them under command, and receive uninterrupted expressions of endearing duty from them. Though not without our complaints, we have reason to be thankful it is so well with us. But we feel our mortality, and trust we are preparing for our immortality. I have not written to Mrs.—— yet, but I think I shall take the advantage of this providence, as it will furnish me

with serious matter. I beg to be remembered kindly to Mr. S—— and Mrs. H—— and the young gentlemen, and remain,

“My dear bereaved Friend,

“Your much affected, &c.

“*Painswick, July 13, 1792.*”

★ TO J. L——E, ESQ.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“YOUR obliging attention to me claims repeated notice and my warmest acknowledgment. It binds you upon my heart, and rivets you in my thoughts, yet my pen is very tardy in proving what it now attests. No apologies are due to me, but more than a hundred should come from me. Your indulgence is a very great addition to all your kindness. The favour of the 20th ult. is now before me, in which is a proof of your attention to my interest too considerable not to be gratefully acknowledged. My manner of life is happily adapted to the times; and as my wants are contracted, I feel none of the inconveniences which crowd upon many who suppose that the ministerial office must necessarily be attended with style, and therefore confound the distinction between the man of property and the minister. A more public situation, for which I acknowledge myself unfit, may require an appearance with which I can with propriety dispense, and am bound to acknowledge I can obtain *all* I want for myself and my dear wife, with the interest of 400*l.* which she brought me, and the 50*l.* per annum which my situation produces. But

I must be given to hospitality, and an attention to this duty *seems* to require a little augment, for which I have trusted Providence, and Providence has honoured the confidence reposed in him. The expense of a plain meal, beyond which I never exceed, differs from that of a feast. Wherever I have been, the poor have been closely attached to me, and in fact have been a part of my family. For their sake I am thankful for such a friend as my dear Mr. L—e, who blesses me with his friendship and honours me with his pecuniary favours, and affords me the pleasure, by giving me an opportunity to impart to others, which he himself feels in imparting to me. Mr. S—r, in favour of whom I wrote to Mr. P—y, is a bright young man, a young man of grace, inclined to the ministry, and disposed to enjoy such an education as the more regular academy can give him. But he is of poor parents, who have done all they can for him, and can only add their present prayers to their past cares. The academical life has certain expenses connected with it for which no provision is made; and as the youth has given himself up to me under God, I must be to him as it is fabulously reported the jackal is to the lion. Having a letter from Mr. P—y inquiring into the property of a minister his society had their eye upon, I took the liberty to ask for assistance on the behalf of Mr. S—r, struck with a recollection that they are partial to the regular mode of education, and not knowing where to turn my thoughts for a supply instantly wanted. It appears the turn of my thoughts was of the Lord, and I thank you, my dearest Sir, for your quota of the collected sum. I am happy to hear your mind has its object upon whom to place that measure of

affection allowed by God, to give and receive pleasure in the conjugal state. The prudence and discretion with which he has blessed you make it impossible for you to err in your choice; and I trust through a very long period of your life you will have cause to be thankful that in Miss S——n God had a blessing in reversion of which, at a proper time, he saw fit to put you in the possession. You mentioned in a former favour a hint upon the subject, but did not name the lady. How much agitation and pain of mind must you escape by recollecting that you have solicited the Divine direction, and think you are acting under it! A large blessing does not always connect with a large fortune. *Parvo contentus sapiens, paupertatem non timent.* Industrious application to the law as a province, and adhesion to the principles of the Gospel and the practice it inculcates, will enable you to find the life of your hand without unnecessary toil, furnish you with what is necessary for this life, and make you rich towards God. If it be his blessed will, as is the liberality of your heart, so may be your abundance. In all things we must submit to God, and be what he will have us. Please to tell me when I shall thank God for your union, and commend you and your elect lady to him as united together. Whenever it is convenient for you to call at Painswick, I shall be happy to see you in the little cottage. If I should be called to exchange it for the confines of a coffin and the state that is unlimited, you will hear by some means: death is making very free in our neighbourhood; several have sickened and died instantly, and some who I am persuaded have found that to die is gain. If we don't die suddenly, we decay of course. It is a

cloudy and dark day in which we lire. What the Lord intends to do we cannot tell. His word informs us of a glorious day that shall come, and we hope that by the shaking of the nations he is preparing us for it.. It appears a great demolition is to precede; probably it is but begun. The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous flee unto it, and are safe. There, may I, and you and yours, meet. You say nothing of your neighbours; I hope they are well. If you mention my writing, I beg to be respectfully remembered to Mr. and Mrs. H——w, Miss A——n, Mr. E——s, &c. and am,

“My very dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Dec. 7th, 1797.*

“Mrs. Winter’s kind remembrances.”

TO THE SAME.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“HAD it been the case that before the summer had closed we had been favoured with your company, I should have numbered it with the blessings of the year. I have blessings in abundance for which to be thankful, yet not unconnected with trials which have chequered them; yet of these would I not complain: they are blessings, though, in their present form, nature recoils at them. The great cause of complaint is in myself. I cannot do the things that I would. Barrenness restrains ideas; and when they rise, the poverty of them makes me groan. I am obliged to labour hard for a little, and am often busy

in doing nothing. The occurrences of the day engross my time, and break in upon my plans, so that I am always behindhand in what I propose. How must this appear to you, who, amidst your important avocations and severer studies, can find leisure and strength for the study of divinity, and can produce meditations for length and depth of thought such as I am favoured with! I hope to have more in addition to those I have already, as your leisure will allow of my being gratified. May heavenly influence rest upon your soul, and diffuse itself by your pen to him who dearly loves you. I hope Mrs. L—— is in health, and that when I am favoured by hearing from you again, I shall be informed that the dear children are in a thriving state. They have entered life at a very eventful time. They will, if spared, review the history of the present period, be witnesses to some of the wonders with which it is pregnant, and, I trust, partakers of that grace which will more generally then prevail. The darkness of the night connects with the dawn of the morning; so do dark providences with those bright things after which the promises raise our expectation. Why they should come with so slow process, be delayed to so distant a period, and be preceded with such desolations as perhaps we are to share in, is an inquiry only to be resolved by a reference to the Divine Sovereignty, and we must therefore conclude it is good and right. Upon this consideration we acquiesce in the providences which more directly respect ourselves and immediate connexions, and endeavour to console our afflicted friends, whom we know to be the subjects of Divine grace, by referring them to heaven under their severe trials. In that blessed

state, where the government is perpetual and the King everlasting, sin being for ever excluded, no pride, animosity, or anything productive of strife, can corrupt, irritate, and disconcert the union and happiness of its inhabitants. Among them we shall stand in our lot. What is allotted to us here, is patiently and submissively to be borne—I had almost said cheerfully; but as no chastening, which is but another word for affliction, seemeth for the present to be joyous, it is not to be supposed that a bright face can unite with an afflicted mind. Sometimes the thoughts and the evidences of heaven are overpowering to our sorrow, like a third or fourth quantity of sweet, acting against a single quantity of bitter. Nor would this rarely be the case if we were more in communion with God, and had our conversation in heaven, and we were from thence looking for the coming of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ Lest I should seem to make a text in the Hebrews clash with a text in the Homans, I would observe that there is a difference between an affliction entailed by our sins, and one that ariseth from the opposition of men to the work of God, or the sufferings of the Christian for righteousness' sake. A martyr's suffering, when the cause has been good, has had more than a fourth or a tenth of pleasure acting against pain, and from such instances we see how God can act upon us, to make us at least equal to whatsoever he calls us to bear. My dear friend might have supposed by the strain of my writing that I am under a particular exercise, had I not prevented the thought in the beginning of the letter. But no; by bending to the times they are not yet too hard for us, though universal experience proves that the expense of house-

keeping is doubled since I became housekeeper. The distresses of the poor are not so easily relieved, though, in consequence of the advanced price upon all the articles of life, their distresses are very considerably increased. The cause of the exorbitant prices of provision is matter of speculation as yet unexplored. Perhaps the lightness of the last crop of wheat and barley accounts in part for the high rate at which these are purchased; and during the drought we could admit of the reason for butter and cheese being advanced. But how mercifully did a fortnight's rain, give verdure to the creation and grass to the cattle, which has continued till now so plentiful that it is a matter for admiration! Why then these commodities should now be so highly rated, must be conceived of from some other cause than the parsimony of Nature. Whatever it be of a secondary nature, it is primarily from the Lord. It is a twig in that rod which is made to scourge, though we are scourged less than our iniquities deserve. May repentance prevent the blow from being repeated with greater force; and may it not only be repentance productive of reform, but may it be repentance unto life. I can only add my own and Mrs. W——'s kind salutations to dear Mrs. L——, and that

“I am, &c.

“*Painswick, Oct. 26th, 1800.*”

TO THE SAME.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“I AM generally unfortunate in not acknowledging your obliging communications so punctually as I

ought, and on this account stand reprobable, though your kindness withholds the reproof. I have had no disinclination to embrace your invitation to W—m; on the contrary, my heart tends towards you; but I have been prevented hitherto, and till now have not been able to fix the time of my journey. A raging malignant fever has visited our neighbourhood, and seized numbers of the dear people with whom I stand connected. It has held long, and still continues; and by the visits my pastoral office obliges me to make, I am in deaths oft. With others, a most valuable woman has claimed my attention, a sufferer of an uncommon description for fifteen years, who, about six weeks since, evidently entered upon her last stage; and I was desirous to continue my feeble services to her till she got beyond my reach. That became the case last Saturday morning. On Lord's day evening I preach her funeral sermon. The following Sabbath is our ordinance day, and on the Monday, with Divine permission, I shall advance to Gloucester in my way to W—m, making Kidderminster of necessity, and Birmingham by choice, in my road.—What would I bring with me if I could of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, instead of which, I shall bring a dull, empty mind, and a body that is far from being friendly to its improvement! I shall come with great expectation of being edified and comforted by my dear friends, dear Mr. and Mrs. L—e, and the circle connected with them. And though it has not been in my power to embrace their invitation while the country scenes are most engaging, what may fail without, by the advance of the autumn and the early closing of the days, will be amply compensated by their society within-doors,

the retirement of the chamber, and the silent instructors with which they abound. I pray that what I may bring into the pulpit may be clothed with divine energy, that the creature's deficiency may be supplied with the fulness of God, and that Divine power may be made manifest in his weakness. I see it a great indulgence that I have been at liberty this fine spring and summer, though I cannot walk much or far at a time; and by the exertion I am obliged to make, I am sensible of much fatigue. The use of the pen has the like effect; but I must act under the influence of self-denial, that I may discharge, in the best manner I can, the duties I owe God and my connexions.—I would rather have our dear friend ——'s love than his lash, because I dearly love him, and, if I could, would preserve him from being lashed; but he sometimes exposes himself to the whip by the liberty he takes, a return of which he cannot well bear. How desirable is an admission into the general assembly and church of the first-born, consisting of the spirits of the just made perfect, when, in consequence of their perfection, their views are exactly right! Could we but live here in the exercise of Christian charity and forbearance, we might differ without being different as to what is essential to Christianity. Uniformity is not necessary to union, except we consider it in reference to Christ. In sentiment and external order it is impossible. In our land, where the divisions of profession are so various, a fine opportunity is afforded for the exercise of charity. But it is hard to attain that grace; whereas depravity, as it appears in our dissensions, is common to our nature, and breaks forth upon the smallest occasion offered. Blessed

be God for the spirit prevailing in you, my dear Sir. May the mind that was in Christ Jesus be in you more and more, till you are as completely as possible changed into his image. Please to present my kindest salutations 'to dear Mr. L——, Mr. E——, and all who have any recollection of

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, August 27th, 1801.*”

TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“WE have slipped into a new year, I had almost said imperceptibly, while my most dear friend's favour of the 24th November remains unacknowledged, though not unnoticed. Shame upon me! I feel it as I write; but, indulged by the liberty you give, I hope these lines, though too long delayed, will be acceptable. Strange to tell! when your letter, with the copy of Mr. W——'s, and the translation of the soliloquy of *Musculus*, came to Painswick, I was in London, from whence I did not return till the beginning of the last month. The call thither was sudden and providential. It respected the business of the good little woman which I mentioned to you when at W——m. The critical moment was the moment of Divine interposition; and by the benevolence of a neighbour, and the vigorous exertion of Mr. P——t, the decent subsistence of about fourscore pounds *per annum* is rescued from Chancery. This occurrence detained me four weeks in the metropolis, where I preached in different congregations, among which the Tabernacle and Surrey Chapel are to be mentioned.

I had as much pleasure as I usually have in preaching; I have not wings to soar high. I had great pleasure in hearing several excellent ministers, within and without the establishment, and am delighted by the evident proof that a great spirit of hearing prevails. It is supposed by some that the spirit of religion is not so apparent as formerly. I would hope this is a mistake. There may be leaves without fruit, but there cannot be fruit without leaves; and I think the inference to be drawn from a number of hearers is natural, that some good is doing, though it may not be in proportion to appearance. The circle I moved in gave me pleasure. I found the friends who formed it such as I could wish. Mr. P——t is not diverted from the Gospel by the study of the civil law, but, like my dear Zenas, finds his delight in the law of the Lord, and has his soul absorbed in the Gospel of Christ, though he has not stepped into a pulpit to proclaim it.—How great a debtor am I to you! I do not forget that I am very much dear Mrs. L——’s debtor also. I revolve in my mind the late visit, and the comfort it was attended with. Not a day, I believe, passes without the thought of you and yours. I hope your late disappointment has left no unpleasant effect upon Mrs. L——, but that her constitution gets confirmed. May many years be appointed for your existence together, and your mutual happiness; and though an addition in course be not given to your offspring, may the dear little creatures you have flourish to a long maturity, and reward the parental cares by a return of affection! Did you go to Ireland? or did the sudden introduction of peace prevent your design from taking effect? I hope it will prove a permanent peace, and that we

shall have no damp brought upon our joy. We have a more important peace in which we are so interested, that were it not made by the blood of the Cross, we must have been eternally miserable; but being made sure and ratified, our eternal happiness follows of consequence. The vicissitudes which occur among individuals and nations, though they may affect us as men, cannot hurt us eventually. Yet a little while and we shall be carried above all that is earthly; and while on earth, amidst all the convulsions common to this world, we shall be preserved from evil, or be supported under whatever degree of it the Lord may see fit to befall us. Mrs. W—— joins in affectionate wishes, that blessings in abundance may be your portion this year. I feel a desire to express more than I am able. I cannot tell you how much

“I am, &c.

“*Painswick, Jan. 9th, 1802.*”

★ TO THE SAME.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“THOUGH there has been a longer suspension than usual of our correspondence, yet I am persuaded there has not been the least abatement of our affection. It was an unfortunate circumstance that prevented our final meeting in London, according to appointment, and laid me under the greatest mortification. I took the full blame to myself, when I returned to Mr. N——’s, which was in a few minutes after you had been there. Had I known the place of your resort I should have followed you. The business I was then

upon seems to have sapped the powers of my soul and body, so that there has been an almost total suspension of my correspondence. I have been sadly interrupted by a nervous fever which has hung upon me all the summer. It was by accident I heard of your very severe indisposition, from which I hope, by this time, you are so fully recovered as to be able to fill, up your duties in the office, and to renew your occasional services in the Church. I am astonished at myself, when I review the journeys I have lately taken, and the fatigues I have undergone, without receiving any material injury. Whether any at all has ensued I cannot say, but I have some symptoms upon me that common sense, but especially grace, suggests to me that I should be concerned to improve. I am within a few weeks of my sixty-third year, and have a constitution that has always been older than my date. From the state of my limbs I should not wonder if they become inactive. It is with difficulty that I walk, and that I stand the three exercises of the Sabbath, and the other duties which my situation requires me to attend. But it is all well. I think I can say I mean only to describe things as they are, not to complain. Wherefore should a living man of any description complain? A man of my obligations to God should be swallowed up in praise—'Praise will employ my nobler powers while immortality endures.' If in my time state I am prevented from giving the revenue of praise due to the God of my life—and, alas! there is too frequent a suspension of the act—it is owing to the infirmity of the flesh. I cannot do the things which I would in any instance, nor as I would. I have performed that which I hardly could have expected I should have been in-

strumental to—that is, I have nearly completed our place of worship. Two things respecting it would make me blush—one would be that it should be any other than plain and unornamented, the other is that it should prove too large. As regard to the former has been so far paid, that it has met the approval of all who have hitherto seen it. It is not quite so full as I could wish, nor has it been hitherto a contemptibly thin congregation that has assembled.

“All things here are subject to change, and changes do daily occur: but we have an unchanging world before us, and an unchanging God to stand by us; his promise of never leaving nor forsaking us is our full security in the evil time, and the consequence of his fidelity is, that in the days of famine we shall be satisfied. Could we trust him more, our peace would be more uninterrupted, nor should we be under alarm from any events. It will afford me great pleasure to hear that dear Mrs. L—and your lovely family are well.

“Believe me,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, August 30th, 1804.*”

★ TO THE REV. J. W—R, NEWBURY.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“TIME was when I corresponded too much; I now correspond too little, and yet, on one unavoidable occasion and another, I write many letters. I could make a swollen apology for keeping a very kind letter of yours so many months in my pocket-book unreplyed to.

“Be persuaded I have not forgotten you, nor my obligations to you; and I am glad of the present opportunity to assure you that it was with concern I heard of your late indisposition. It is with pleasure I now learn that you are restored to health, and are enabled to go on in your work. I have had some serious indisposition, and with difficulty acquit myself of the duties of my station. I expected on settling here that I should have breathed at leisure, or that my business would have been only to prepare for the *pulpit*, and gradually to add to my scanty stock of knowledge; but I am encircled with seven youths, five of whom study for the ministry, and by the time I have given each his portion, the day advances far, and I am so fagged that I am fit for nothing.

“When I am free from pain, and my spirits tolerably well, I delight in both parts of my work. My young men had all to learn when they came to me, hut they are teachable, diligent, and pious, and, I doubt not, will in time be able workmen. The bearer can acquit himself decently in the pulpit, though not a student of twelve months’ standing.

“If you have a mind to be excused preaching your lecture, and have nobody engaged to preach it for you, he will be at your service, and you will find his ear open to your instruction, if you are inclined to give him any hint of advice. He will tell you how we go on here, though his good sense and modesty may prevent him from saying that some amongst us are the fruit of his occasional labours; yet so it is. We have great reason to be thankful for the blessing of God upon our endeavours. The two years’ residence here have produced more evident effect than the labour of eleven years in Marlborough. But

after all there is cause for humiliation. God shall have the glory of his own work, and we will take the blame of what is defective. May the brevity and uncertainty of time quicken our diligence, and dispose us to be single-eyed in all that we undertake. Our situation is very advantageous for a contemplative life. But scenes, however romantic, if not viewed with a mind sanctified by the grace of God, will not be viewed to advantage. The mind of man can become as torpid and as unobservant on the finest landscape as in a dungeon, or be agreeably entertained with the prospect of creation without seeing the Creator in it. I am thankful for your prospects in the Church, and for the honour the Lord has put upon your ministry. I should be very happy if I could come to Newbury once more, but there is no immediate probability of it, as a variety of circumstances must keep me at home. I have some exercises of faith and patience amidst many mercies exciting thankfulness. May God in all things be glorified, and it will be well. I am yet upon the old venerable farmer's premises, and our families are very harmonious. Both he and his wife would join with Mrs. Winter and myself in sending their Christian respects to you and your good lady, if they knew of my writing. Let us hear from, and see you when you can.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours, &c.

"*Painswick, June 25th, 1790*"

* To —.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I MUST not let Mr. W——d return without an acknowledgment of your favour. I wish my mind

could dictate to my pen anything worthy your reception, or that would answer the end of a Christian correspondence. I can, with sincerity, congratulate you on the information I have received of the honour the Lord has conferred on you, in making you so useful to your relatives, and to many unknown to you, by your being the means of introducing a labourer into the vineyard. Above all, I bless GOD that you stand with numbers who believe to the saving of the soul; making a good confession, and rejoicing in Christ Jesus. The Lord requires of us all the faithfulness which has been manifested in your conduct, under certain circumstances, but he does not always immediately reward it; and fidelity to death is sometimes left to grapple with very sore trials in life, while He abideth faithful who hath promised. The mind of man often grows wanton under kindness received, and on waxing fat like Jeshurun, inclines to forsake the God who made him, and lightly esteem the rock of his salvation. It is of grace that the common propensity has not prevailed in us, but that under any providential indulgences we are enabled to hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, and to keep our eye fixed upon the crown of life amidst all the objects of sense.

“This grace is conspicuous in a few of my dear friends of long standing. Prosperity has not been my bait, nor adversity my snare. I have been fording in the narrows, or, at most, coasting by the shores of life—a bark has fully answered my purpose; and in so small a vessel shall I, sooner or later, make that haven where I would be, in preference to the most splendid scenes on earth.

“Strip my allegory, and observe my meaning. Come

and see me when you can, and by my imagery be prepared for a reception in a lowly but peaceful cottage, containing what many a mansion, however rich, does not afford—happiness. If it waxes and wanes, it is in proportion as the Divine presence withdraws or continues. May it be so with you and yours as that you may fully know the import of Isaiah, lx. 20: ‘Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.’

“I am, my dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.”

★ TO MR. F—R.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“INTERRUPTIONS have prevented my wishes; and though I made some considerable exertions to get the simple medicine made up with which these few lines are accompanied, I could not get it conveyed till this day. How thankful should I be if it could prove the restoration of your constitution, and the prolonging of your life; but I do not expect it! My faith moves with reason, when it has not the authority of revelation to rise above it. In your case I cannot expect Providence will go out of its usual course. But I may hope, my dear Sir, that the composition we send will enable you to expectorate easier than you at present do, and that the phlegm, which with such difficulty you discharge, will leave you without producing such fatigue to your tender frame. The good Lord give it his blessing, that

it may be serviceable in some degree, and that, though it cannot prolong an expiring life, it may be the means of loosening the cords of life in a gentle manner.

“Attention to writing may have as unfavourable an effect as much conversation, therefore I will not send you a long letter. The distance at which I am from you, and the short and unfrequent visits I have made to F—n, have prevented me from shewing you that attention for which I have always felt myself inclined from the first time you honoured me with your notice. I ever held you in the highest esteem, and was in hopes you were designed by Providence to be of considerable service to the cause of Christ at F—n. Put though my hopes now are as the giving up of the ghost with respect to your usefulness in the cause of religion there, they are sure and steadfast with respect to the great end being answered by your connexion with it. The ministry of the word, by the blessing of God, has been effectual; and though its effects may have been often obstructed, they have not been destroyed. You have seen and felt the evil of sin, and thereby have been delivered from the delusion of trusting in yourself. You have discovered the plan of salvation; and, knowing in whom you have believed, you are now waiting for the fruition of the great things the Lord has prepared for you. Go forward without fear to your heavenly Father’s house. He will keep you in your last stage, and receive you to himself when you get to the end of it. You are early called from them who love you, but it is to him and by him who loves you better, and who has a claim upon your supreme affection. While he continues you here, I will embrace every

opportunity to see you in my power, that I may convince you that I am,

“My dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Dec. 21, 1798.*”

TO MR. P—E.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“YOUR claim upon my promise is a very just one. I am not mortified that you have it to present me with, but pleased that you hold me worth your notice. Never think hard of me because I am not exact in writing, since I am ready to prove my warm attachment when I can devote the hour to you. I observe your partiality for retirement, and am thankful for the little, and it is but little, I have of it. Though the situation I inhabit is favourable to it, I cannot always use it to advantage. The duties of the pulpit require much more and closer meditation than I can indulge; and, owing to the little services I am called to attend to, on the behalf of one and another, a great deal of time is employed more like a man in business than like a student in divinity, or as a person who would indulge literary pursuits. It is a mercy to be in God’s way; and though it be not pleasant to have our inclination thwarted, in the end it will turn out better to us than living to ourselves. There is literary lust as well as the lust of the flesh; and as unhallowed passion and pride usually accompany each other, so vanity and letters are too closely connected; and the man of general learning too frequently forgets, that if he had not been exempted from manual labour, and had diligently applied the

mind to his favourite object, he would have gaped with wonder at that which, by the display of, he makes others gape. You are evidently called to be the man of business, but whether it be the business of the care-worn metropolis, or that which may be negotiated among the sweet scenes of Stroudwater, is impossible for me to judge. It is the mercy of thousands, and of yourself in the number, that communion with God is not incompatible with business. Let not the latter be carried to the unnecessary extreme, and the former will comport with it. The world is the great stage upon which, not the drama, but the reality of life is exhibited; each man is a character, and has his part once to perform, and having performed it, he makes his exit to be seen no more. Think of this, my dear friend, and perform your part well. Neither you nor I have had our part to choose,—it is wisely allotted to us; and if we look to Him who has appointed us to stand in our lot, his grace will be sufficient for us. Called to advance a little before you, most probably I shall withdraw a little sooner. You are on your advance, and will have your removal: attend to the heavenly Prompter, and you will make no material mistake—no, not in the education of your children. Why are you so anxious upon that head? According to the sphere in which a child is designed to move, should be the limit or extent of his education. Let common and essential parts be learnt well, and leave all the rest. Too highly finished an education to a child who has his bread to labour for, is as prejudicial as a neglected education. You cannot crowd into the years of fourteen the accomplishments which require application till twenty. Unless you intend that your

daughters shall be upon an equality with ladies of the first description, and your sons shall be prepared for a profession, I hope you will be wiser than many parents, who feed vanity and unfit for usefulness, and thereby entail misery and distress upon posterity. Have a special care of their morals, and inculcate the principles and duties of religion with the greatest exactness, and you will lay a good foundation. I wish you had signified whether you succeed in your new department, as to know it will give me pleasure. But the times are bad, and I can hardly indulge hope for many of my friends. The mysterious wheel of Providence is going round, and it will fix politics in their proper posture by and by. Though present appearances are unfavourable, they are in their proper order to bring to pass, according as the God of the whole earth has purposed and promised. I intend, if I live till Fast-day, to engage the attention of my people to the second and third verses of the forty-sixth Psalm. Trouble and perplexity will cease in proportion as we are disposed to be like-minded with the Psalmist. I am endeavouring to accommodate circumstances to providences, and through mercy we are indulged with much peace and tranquillity. When you come into Gloucestershire, we shall be obliged by a sight of you. I wish it had been in my power to have spent more time with you at Hackney; but so wide is the circle of friends in and about London, that it wears me out to attempt to pay due respect to them. I shall not be deficient in my remembrance of you in my best moments. Give me the same advantage, and believe me to be,

“My dear friend,

“Yours affectionately,” &c.

TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“YOUR last favour might be supposed to be a stimulus to me. Indeed it is not without its effect, though I never forgot my obligations. To discharge them presently was not in my power. I wish, now I sit down to discharge them, I may be able to pay you large interest. I have an inclination so to do; if I fail, impute it to my poverty. I am abundantly obliged by your communication of the ‘Monthly Magazine,’ which, for want of time, has been shamefully neglected, and I am sorry I am obliged to add, so superficially scanned over, that numberless articles have escaped me. Every day brings its particular business; and the week is so swift in its rotation, that I scarcely get revived from the fatigue of one Sabbath before another revolves upon me, and finds me unprepared for its public services. I live a life of perpetual languor, and my eyes hardly ever cease to ache. A reading society crowds books pretty fast upon me, and I can hardly expedite the reading of them fast enough. The Bible demands far more of my attention than I give it, both as a minister, that I should be a scribe well instructed, and as a Christian, that I may know the things which are freely given to me of God. A scanty mind will neither receive nor retain everything. That must first and principally be attended to which is of the first importance. My day is far spent; for want of falling early in life into proper hands, the hours are far gone beyond recall, which should have been devoted to improvement; and there are many things which it would be pleasing to be acquainted with, but which, at my time of life,

and in my situation, I must be content to be ignorant of, at least to be very superficially acquainted with; especially as I have a young man with me to whose improvement I must be attentive; and this is an additional reason why I cannot indulge pursuits for which I am inclined. It is well to be disposed to be in the will of God; and knowing we are in it, we ought to be satisfied. Pride makes us discontented with little things, and the universal prevalence of pride is the ruin of the whole world. I hope, my dear Sir, that by living under the blessing of God, and the influence of his Holy Spirit, you have food for contentment to feed upon, and that, meeting with a daily sufficiency for yourself and family, you feel yourself rich. The present are spending, not enriching times. The current where riches flow is partial. It is directed to here and there a great man, very seldom a good man. Any man had better be without riches, unless he conceives of them as coming from God, and that he is accountable for the use and improvement of them. When they are coined by oppression and fraud, and are stained with blood, they will turn to a witness against their possessors in His sight who judgeth righteously, and who will render to every man according to his works. How many are there at this time who are basking in their wealth, but who are nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned! A worse evil than poverty will come upon them as an armed man, and they shall not be able to escape. The way to avoid the snare is to use the Gospel properly, to be decided by its declarations, to be guided by its precepts, to believe its promises, and to be so intensely set upon its heavenly objects as to be detached from earth. A very valuable cha-

racter, Mr. —— of ——, a sweet singer in that department of God's Israel, who had much to do with life, was on Sabbath-day afternoon called from it. He was successful in his endeavours, and has lived just long enough to rear the last of his children. I fear their not partaking of the father's grace will prevent the property gained by industry from spending well. This is the principal piece of intelligence I have to communicate, unless I add to it the happy death of Mr. F—— of Frampton, of which you shall have a particular account through the press. I hope these will find you, Mrs. P——, Mrs. B——, and the dear children, well. My best wishes ever attend you, and my prayers often accompany them. Mrs. W—— unites. Here we are in our little cottage, conforming to the times, and waiting for whatever events our good Lord has appointed for us.

“I am, &c.

“*Painswick, April 3, 1799.*”

TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“STILL I may appear to be deficient IN the performance of my promise; but I still have an excuse to plead. My heart is better disposed towards you, than intentionally to withhold the only gratification it is in my power to afford you. The lapse of almost three months, since I left London, makes the account of my journey home unsuitable; it was a journey of some difficulty, but of more mercy. Within a few roods of the Golden Hart, at Stroud, the coach was upset; but I, the only inside passenger, escaped un-

hurt. I believe my grasping the loop on the upper side, and poising my head with as much caution as possible, prevented a mischievous blow. In all danger human foresight and caution are vain, but as we are providentially directed to them with design to our protection. Our dangers are many more than we are aware of, and our obligation to the Lord for our salvation greater than we can possibly conceive. This being the case, resignation of ourselves to God, confidence in him, and praise rendered to him, should be three principal duties, in the discharge of which we should daily live; and while we thus live, we shall not be inattentive to whatever else respects the glory of God, nor fail to exert ourselves for his praise. An attention to this essential duty of Christianity does not require that we should always be in the act of Divine worship. This is impossible. We must wait till we arrive at glory before we can be thus incessantly employed. Yet are we not to be inattentive to this devotional service while here. We shall find it to our advantage to redeem as much of our time as we can retrieve from the business of life for this sacred purpose; and to engage in it, not as an amusement, but as an exercise of a pious nature, by which our communion with God is to be supported. While we have a spark of zeal for God, we should lament the decay of that custom which, among the people of our connexion, promotes frequent week-day assemblies, as well as those which are collected on the Sabbath. But is there not reason to suspect that we preserve them rather as means of amusement than as being concerned in the use of them, to keep up holy intercourse with God? They cannot be detached from private devotion without losing their efficacy. The

recess of the closet prepares for public ordinances, as the advantages of public ordinances are secured and made efficacious by the exercises of that retirement. But as the tradesman must of necessity engage much of his time to the business of the counting-house, what is he to do? Take God with him—regard equity in his negotiations—guard against levity, even where he cannot with propriety introduce religion. Where it would be impertinent to make religion the subject of discourse, a man may be religious. Sanctity of heart will produce sanctity of deportment, which will act against levity and sinful compliance, without disgusting those who are of a contrary part. Ejaculation is a mental act, in the habitual use of which, communion with God may be maintained in the crowd as well as in the closet, and we can pray without letting anybody know we are at prayer. While settling an account, or posting the books, a space may be found to relieve the mind by the indulgence of a spiritual thought, that may be of great use to prevent it from being engrossed by earth; and though the mind, being constantly upon the stretch, may feel its burden, it will be prevented, by a momentary retreat to spiritual objects, from sinking under it. They that wait upon the Lord for the smallest time shall renew their strength. This my dear friend has learned by experience, and as your knowledge increases you will become daily confirmed in grace. Your helps are more than your hinderances, many as they may be, and your Helper is always at hand. To Him I commend you while I write, as well as at other times, and pray He may endue you with all that fortitude your difficulties and duties may require, and that you may stand every

shock with courage, and submit to every disappointment with a persuasion that nothing comes by chance. Times are yet seriously bad, notwithstanding peace is restored. Whether it be permanent or not, must be left for futurity to determine. If I were to think for myself only, I should be very indifferent about political events, as I am descending into the vale of life, and a few steps farther may carry me beyond all earthly concerns. I feel much which forbids my expectation of becoming a very old man, though appearance misguides the judgment of my friends, who hardly suppose I am the invalid I am in reality. It is at the expense of much spirits I prosecute my ministry, and discharge the duties which attach to it. I have a little youth who attends me every day, the youngest son of the widow H——, for whose improvement I use the *Elegant Extracts*, and there I see such ample instruction for youth, that I wish to recommend it to your dear little folks. I could produce nothing dike it. Accompanied with your lectures nothing can be more suitable. I think John is at a good school; do not remove him. Let him remain where he is and acquire all he can, and live under your eye, and in your house. The years will insensibly glide forward when he will become your companion, with whom, having secured his affection by the tenderness of your conduct, you may pass your evenings with pleasure, though every friend should be at a distance.

“I am, &c.

“*Painswick, March 3, 1802.*”

* TO MR. M——LL.

“MR. M——LL,

“ON my return from a journey last Saturday morning I heard of your melancholy case, and, finding you neglected by those who ought to pay the strictest attention to you, I could not help making an offer of my services. Mr. C——k informs me they are rejected, and I am sorry on your account. But should you let anybody hinder you of a Gospel minister’s visit at such a time? I am not so vain as to imagine I can do you any good, left of God to my own endeavours; yet, if he were pleased to put a Divine efficacy into the words I have to offer, they would become the instrument of your salvation. If I am not suffered to see you, bear with a plain hint from my pen. You have proved yourself a murderer—a self-murderer.* See what the Scripture saith of your crime. 1 John iii. 15. Mark! ‘NO MURDERER hath eternal life abiding in him! ‘If any argument is to be drawn from this awful aphorism it is this—the person found under the power of the sin of murder is devoted unto eternal death! A dreadful state indeed, whether your natural life is protracted to a distant period, or whether you are obliged to resign it at this moment. But I would hope the merciful interposition of Providence by which you are spared is designed to be preparative of an eternal mercy, whereby the sentence you have exposed yourself to will be revoked, and the blessing you forfeited will be granted. If so, you will have humbling views of the depravity of your nature, as being the root of all the sins of your life, and of the many actual trans-

* He had attempted his own life, and nearly succeeded.

gressions previous to the rash and atrocious act which has brought you to the very borders of the grave. You will see that the repentance described in the Gospel widely differs from that insignificant notion commonly received under the name of it, and that there is no salvation for you but in the dear Lord Jesus;—that the salvation in Him can only be brought home to you by a true and living faith, wrought in your heart by the Spirit of God.

“These and many other things necessary for you to know may be strongly proved from the Scriptures, and happy should I think myself if I might be permitted to propose and prove them to your understanding. I beseech and exhort you not to treat them as trifles. Remember!—you have a soul to be saved or lost; and the loss will be the more aggravating if the means of salvation are in your power and are neglected. While it is called to-day, harden not your heart. While there is a person in the neighbourhood willing to shew unto you the way of salvation, redeem time, and avail yourself of his ready mind. Beware lest the same infernal spirit who, by his temptation, has thrust sore at you that you may fall, does not carry his point by the prejudices of those about you. The Lord have mercy upon you, and give you that godly sorrow which worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of. So prays,

“Sir,

“Your willing servant,

“For Christ’s sake.

“*Marlborough, June 13th, 1778.*”

* TO MRS. W—R.

“MY VERY DEAR LOVE,

“NEWS from home is agreeable: news very agreeable indeed, when it reports that you are well and happy. I have thought when I die that you would suit some good farmer; but perhaps some plain good minister, on report of your kindness to me, will be inclined to take you for his second; and, you know, though he should have but little money, if he has much grace with a slender sufficiency, your small property, your frugality and industry, will enable him to appear to advantage. I wish every minister who is yet to seek may find as I have found: he will then lie down in peace, without a curtain lecture; he will sleep in peace; he will rise in peace; he will go abroad without control; he will be affectionately received on his return; he will enjoy his friend without being murmured at for giving so much trouble; and if he can dispense with ceremony, and when it is time to go to rest will accept of the extinguisher and a lighted candle as a token that it is time to retire, he will meet with a cordial welcome, and may renew the visit when he pleases. But, my dear, what a merciful life is this! The Lord make us thankful for it, and enable us to improve it as we ought. I know he will, if we don't merely expect that he should work upon us as the smith works upon the bar of iron, but act under the guidance of his Holy Spirit, and by the direction of his Word. Now, my dear, will you give my kindest love to Mr. K—g; tell him I do not forget to pray for him and his family. I should suppose that the ordinance of the Lord's supper may be administered

on the second Sabbath of this month, the thirteenth day; and though I may not be at home time enough to assist my dear people with preparatory hints, with the permission of Providence they may expect me on the Saturday at farthest. I hope I shall return neither the worse for my journey in soul or body. I gather from all my old friends that I am not altered by time in my appearance; but that sentiment will not mislead my judgment. A flower full blown looks well, but in its fullest and best appearance it is nearest to decay; and while I carry about with me floridity outwardly, I carry within me strong symptoms of mortality. A capacity for eating and drinking may satisfy the epicure, but a capacity for usefulness should be an object to the Christian and the good minister of Jesus Christ, who is of the same mind with the moral heathen, who said, 'I live not that I may eat and drink, but I eat and drink that I may live.' While it is for the glory of God, meat and drink answer their end; but when he designs to draw away life, nature will refuse the nourishment formerly received with pleasure, and food can no longer communicate its virtues. I perceive I am fit for a laborious itinerant: it is a mercy I can do anything as a settled pastor. The pastoral office is an important one. O that my deficiencies herein may be pardoned! Under the hospitable roof of my kind and good friend Mr. H——w I am learning how to be a very good husband, and to cherish and nourish you, if I should ever see you in more than ordinary want and weakness, even as the Lord the Church. It is a good and profitable lesson, especially when practically delivered, which is really the case at W——. I find our dear Joshua has not got out to preach yet. The

Lord has provided some better thing for him, for which I trust he is daily preparing him. Tell him to emulate the seraph's fervour by daily contemplating the sinner's mercy, and by considering his infinite obligation for the blood of Jesus. He hath entered into the presence of God for us, and makes our access into it easy; He has made the darkness of death light unto us, so that when we descend into it we shall not fear. That at that awful moment we may be witnesses to this consolation, is the prayer of,

“My very dear love,

“Ever yours, &c.

“*Wem*, Oct. 3, 1793.”

TO MR. P—R.

“MY DEAR SIR,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“SHOULD I never more see your face in the flesh, I shall not be unmindful of you, Mrs. P—, and your dear little family. The comforts I have received among you, and the favours imparted by you in my latter visits to the metropolis, are not to be erased from my memory. Mrs. P— said, ‘Write to us and I did write, and I write again, to shew you that not merely to disengage myself from a promise, but to convince you I bear you upon my heart, I wrote my other letter, and follow it with a second. I was glad to have my inquiries after you satisfactorily answered by Mrs. W—. I hope you have the indulgences of Providence, and an increase of Divine grace continued to you. Though the former are very desirable, and set the mind at liberty from anxiety, they will not do, being alone. They

may for the natural man, who, as he pants after, can be satisfied with the dust of the earth; but the Christian has soul wants, which are of a spiritual nature, and only to be satisfied by spiritual provision. It is furnished in a rich abundance, and every hungry soul shall be filled with it. The epicure cannot more highly be delighted with his dainty meats than the believer is with the provisions of the house of God, even of his holy temple. The neighbourhood of Hackney I find continues to be enriched with it, and London overflows with it. Our country is not barren; it has its sufficiency. Our Lord always suits his supplies to his family. Wherever he has an infant child, there shall be breasts which he shall suck and be satisfied. Yesterday I was supplying the congregation of Chalford, while the minister of that place was in my pulpit, and I found it good to be there. We find a little exchange good for the body and the mind. The ride of six or seven miles is refreshing, and I am very sensible of it. I cannot do as I have done. I am older in constitution than in years, yet have I passed sixty-four. I could be glad to be excused a third service on a Sabbath-day, but I, for the most part, am thus frequently engaged without abridging either, and in addition to this have week-day services. I sometimes suspect my limbs will fail me. I have as much difficulty in standing as in preaching, and am in constant pain, which, blessed be God, is not excruciating. He only knows to what extent my day is to be continued, who hath lengthened it thus far. The evening of it has arrived, and I am an expectant of rest—that rest which remaineth for the people of God. I adore the grace which has made me of their number, that I have partaken with

them on earth, and am encouraged to believe I shall have my portion with them for ever. There, in that land of uprightness, where the Lord will gather all his people in one glorious body, the din of arms will no longer offend our ears, nor the cruelty and perplexity of war vex and distress our minds. The events of the present day are very serious, and they portend future serious events. To what lengths our inveterate and victorious enemy may be suffered to proceed is hard to say. He is our scourge; may he not be our destruction. He is the rod of God's anger, and probably may be burned, when the correction, of which he is instrumental, shall have answered its end. May our prayers counteract his efforts, and salvation be appointed for Avails and bulwarks about us. The spread of the Gospel is a blessed omen in our favour. I wish, in proportion to its prosperity in general, I could report great things at Painswick. Something however is doing. Our Sunday school is kept in existence; for this and for several poor people, I should be glad of a few Bibles, if among your connexions you could procure me such a gift, with Watts's Psalms and Hymns. With kind and respectful salutations to Mrs. P—and to Miss S——, if with you, and with my best wishes and prayers for your whole family,

“I am, &c.

“*Painswick, Nov. 24, 1806.*”

★ TO THE REV. MR. HOWEL DAVIS.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR, “Bristol, 1767.

“IT is not unusual for me often to promise before I perform. It is some months since I pro-

posed writing to you; and, indeed, the kind encouragement you gave me at your departure from London makes me ashamed that I have not long since broken through all the opposition of a timorous, tardy nature to communicate my thoughts to you. Whether you know it or not, you have been instrumental, in the Lord's hands, to feed my soul as with marrow and fatness. It is a blessing to be under the sound of the Gospel, but it is greater to know it, and to be able to say, as its truths are held forth, they are all our salvation and all our desire. Notwithstanding the many fightings without, accompanied with fears within, I can say, I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded Jesus will keep that which I have committed unto him. It affords me a secret satisfaction to think that I am now writing to one of the Lord's servants, who has borne the heat and burden of the Gospel day. You are capable of telling one called in at the eleventh hour, what is the Master's will; and have proved from many years' experience how precious is the earnest of that great recompence of the reward with which the endeavours of the faithful and wise steward shall be repaid in the day that God shall try the secrets of all hearts by our Gospel. How happy shall I think myself if I may but have a place at your feet! The providence of God called me here to try the benefit of the air upon a body almost brought to the gates of death. By the Lord's blessing upon the means, the expiring taper is revived, and the tongue of the stammerer is again loosed. But oh, the deceitfulness of my heart! I cannot feel desertion, but I am ready to rebel; nor can I enjoy the unction from above, but I am ready to set up the idol self, saying, my own arm hath

done it. These are some faint sketches of the mystery of iniquity I am burdened with; and I am groaning for the happy moment when I shall be clothed up with my house which is from heaven. Pray for me, dear Sir, that having preached to others I may not be cast away.

“I am, &c,”

TO MR. E—L.

“I HAVE longed for an opportunity to sit down, and with suitable composure of mind to acknowledge the dateless letter of my very dear friend. I am ashamed to be so long your debtor, without giving such a discharge as you are kind to accept. But the mind and the body have been alike infirm, and though forced into activity, they have not bent to letter writing, but when and upon subjects unavoidable. I little expected to have been informed of the removal of your valuable and dear mother. The last sight I had of her would lead me to suppose she had many years before her, in which to be blessed by, and be a blessing to her dear J—s. But ‘in the midst of life we are in death and while we seem to hold our friends firm, they slip from us, drawn by Him whose attractive power will have all unto himself, sooner or later, whom he hath secured for himself by the purchase of his precious blood. In that number was the excellent woman who gave you birth, and lived to see you so far on the journey of life, and to witness the gracious providence of God smiling upon you. I well recollect the placid face-

tiousness that mutually passed between you when last at Bath, and the thoughts which it occasioned in my mind. I trust resignation and submission have enabled you to yield the Saviour his claim, and that the thought of your mother being glorified reconciles you to her removal. I thank you, my dearest Sir, for the account of her departure. I am yet behind; I hope ready to go: O that I may not have to say, 'Spare me a little,' when my Master's summons will require me to go hence! I carry about me some symptoms that the tabernacle is in a state of decay. I did not know what the close of the fall might produce.—Through mercy I am a little braced, but not strong. Mrs. W—— gets very feeble, and the remains of sight are very inconsiderable. She has expressed a desire to be removed, if her life be spared till next winter, within a step or two of the house of God; and I am watching for an opportunity by the opening of Providence to indulge her. She says it will be as necessary for myself as for her. It will be attended with a little inconvenience; but to this I submit. I can say what I never could before, that I have settled my last year's accounts, in which my poor have had a portion, and have 20*l.* in the house. Whether, when the lawyer's bill is settled, a trifle more may come to me, I cannot say. The property has sunk considerably, but even with the demands of government, prudently used, enough remains. Your benevolence being consecrated to the use of the poor enables me to be a little, more diffuse, and a very particular case engaging my attention renders it acceptable. May the liberal things you have devised add permanency to your standing on the foundation of Providence, and may the dear off-

spring arising from you inherit a large blessing with which God has often seen fit to honour the parent's liberality. We are much refreshed and assisted in the journey of life by the blessings of Providence. They are not our portion, but only a part of it; and where it is withheld, it requires grace to submit to all the wants and cravings of nature without murmuring and repining. God can and does give grace, suited to that disconsolate station; and in it the crumb is precious, which, in affluence, is only considered proper for the dogs. The Lord sometimes raises the poor from the dust, and if their advancement be sanctified, they carry the estimate of the crumb, according to what their former wants rated it at, and are careful of it, that it be not wasted; and with addition, make it subservient to the comfort of the needy. Though extreme need has not been a part of your experience, you have learned how to use properly, and liberally to dispose of property. May you always have a rich store from whence to 'do good and to communicate.' My kind regards accompany these to Mrs. E——, to Mr. W——, and Miss E——; to the whole number, if they recollect me. My enfeebled and blind wife unites with me. She is greatly altered, but has stamina. How long we are to be together, or which is to precede the other into the state of blessedness, is only known 'to Him who has His plan and purpose before Him; to whom it becomes us to yield submission. To him I commend you, and am increasingly,

“My very dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, January 22nd, 1807.*”

* TO MR. S——R, A STUDENT AT HOMERTON.

“MY VERY DEAR ISAAC,

“I SHALL always make a point of writing to you by private hand rather than by post, unless any emergent business should render an instant conveyance of a letter necessary. You are now in a very different situation to what you have ever been accustomed before. I dare say you are making the best of time, and improving your invaluable moments to the purposes of improvement as is your capacity; such will be your gain if you give diligence. But let not your attention be confined to your literary improvement. A mere scholar may do for the world, but a man of grace is requisite for the Church. Grace is a very tender plant soon injured, and by neglect brought into decay. You will sustain loss unless you are watchful; nor can you feel the study you have to yourself, sacred, unless you preserve watchfulness in the hall, or wherever you associate with your fellow-students, and pass the cheerful hour. I know that a few *grains of indulgence* is due to the vigour and sprightliness of youth, and I should be sorry to see you a mope. It is impossible that you should dwell always in a book-room, and seclude yourself from company: as to be lively is necessary to health, so to be piously grave is requisite, that you may not grieve the holy spirit of God. Keep your heart with all diligence, and let nothing enter into it, or proceed from it, that is vain and frothy. Keep your eye upon the great work that is before you; bend your soul to a preparation for it; and that you may not be a mere voice, or only a mere propagator of sentiment, drink

deep into the knowledge of yourself and of God. Live in communion with him, and in devotedness to him. Pray always; and let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Let me hear from you when you find leisure and liberty of spirit for writing. Tell me what you are at, and where you attend the Word; if you are in Church membership, and with whom. If you have taken any notes of sermons as you heard them, let me have them, mentioning the preacher; and if any occurrence of Providence comes to your knowledge, favour me with it. Don't let your writing degenerate. A fair letter, written in a good style, is sometimes of great consequence to strike the mind to prepossess the person addressed in favour of the writer, and thereby to gain the point. If in what you now read you have not a proper example, you will remember I am an old man, and going to the grave, and relax most where I can take liberty; and, besides, seldom keep a good penknife, and am too defective in sight to mend or make a pen cleverly. Mrs. Winter desires her love; she is just now tolerably well. I have reason to be thankful, notwithstanding I feel myself bending under infirmity. Time and business will only allow me to add that I am,

“My very dear Isaac,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Oct. 27th, 1797.*”

★ TO MRS. J—S.

“VERY DEAR MADAM,

“ON the instant receipt of your favour of the 17th ultimo, I did not suppose it would have re-

mained by me without a return, so many hours as it has days. You have ever since been much upon my heart; and, were it in my power, I would give you the fullest conviction that to soothe your afflicted mind, and to serve you by any means which might be an alleviation of your sorrows, would be a gratification to me. But I fear I cannot do anything beyond an attempt at throwing out to you a conciliating and a consolatory thought You are in the hands of Him who judgeth righteously and acteth wisely, and has granted you one indulgence for a series of years for which, had it been to be purchased, you would have parted for it, with everything dear to you in the world. In no one instance can you discover such resignation to the will of your heavenly Father, as in yielding up the dear object he has seen fit to take from you. He is taken from the enjoyment of that fruit which is the produce of his long and hard labour, from the remains of necessary attention, and shall I add from the envy not uncommonly attached to affluence acquired. But where is he taken? and to what? This is a question you, my dear Madam, can resolve. He is free from every disagreeable he was liable to here, and from all of a painful nature with which he was deeply afflicted. No additions made to the blessings of Providence with which he was favoured, could have elevated his mind to anything like that he now possesses—*fulness of joy*. He has left you who, in times past, thought you should leave him; left you not under a burden of care—not wholly destitute of subsistence—not without some friends, and a few is preferable to many—not without God in the world. Honour this best of friends with your confidence;

be free with him, and claim his promise. Though your trouble destroys the strength of your mind so that you try repeatedly, but in vain, to raise it above the fogs and darkness with which you are surrounded, you shall not lie neglected and forlorn. Throughout the time of your trouble call upon your God. He will bring you deliverance from the pain occasioned by separation, and you shall glorify him. Perhaps the distance between you is not great. Let this be a source of consolation. You who have so long and so often worshipped the Lord together, shall be together with him. Till then, comfort your heart. Let no portion of the sorrow of the world fasten upon you. Your grief may consume you, but it will not restore him to you for whom you grieve. As you have performed the duties of the conjugal state towards him who so highly approved all you did, perform now a duty to yourself; and as your dying wish would have been, supposing you had gone before him, that your dear survivor should not deprive himself of peace and tranquillity, neither do you deprive yourself of them, but in all respects be what you would have wished him to have been, happy in resignation; and do that which you would have desired him to have done, enjoy your surrounding mercies, and God in them all. I should have supposed there is some abatement of the measure of the cup of your subordinate earthly comforts by dear Mr. J——'s removal; but, if I recollect right, he was persuaded a necessary portion would remain; and so I trust it will be found. I have learned by experience that the Lord can bless the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil; though such a reverse of circumstances should take place that you should pos-

sess no more his blessing, in that would more than compensate the want of an abundance. I pray you, my dear Madam, not to indulge sorrow. It will be unprofitable; it can do you no good; it may do you a great deal of harm. It is a slow consumption of the vitals; and upon physical principles, much more upon religious ones, should be guarded against. If indisposed, it is reasonable to call in physical help; but what good can medicine do counteracted by continual grief? Connect as agreeable society as you can with retirement. Don't be too much alone. If that society is providentially kept at a distance from you, avail yourself of that which is nearest at hand. How gladly would I avail myself of your kind invitation if it were in my power!

“Believe me, &c.”

* To —

“DEAR SIR,

“I AM extremely obliged to you for the kind reception you gave my last: though it contained some sprinklings of reproof, it designed your real advantage, and proceeded from a principle which I hope will ever manifest itself sincere. We are poor creatures, and liable to be turned aside from God without daily watchfulness. Sins in others will serve a bad purpose to ourselves, if we are not very careful to set the Lord always before us: if he is to be our pattern, we are not to be biassed by man, nor to make the best of men a standard. ‘Be ye followers of God,’ is the precept of the Word. We must continue

to run in the race, notwithstanding we should be forsaken of everybody. The cowardice or carelessness, the hypocrisy or wickedness of any or all the professors in the world should rather animate than discourage us, and we can only obtain persevering grace by a diligent use of the means. If we neglect prayer, our love to it will decrease; and when once we imbibe contemptible notions of the ways and people of God, we shall soon unfit ourselves for delight in the one and society with the other. By a conformity to the world we may enervate the hand of faith, so that we cannot receive the love of the truth; and we may in time be so bewitched by the spirit of the world that we should be as unable to obey the truth, as a drunken man, by intoxication, may be unable to stand upon his legs. I am really jealous of you, and think it needful you should be jealous of yourself. The warning must be loud where the suspicion is strong; and it is better (though under a mistake) to sound an honest alarm, than from a cowardly complaisance to let a dear friend be entangled in a snare without apprizing him of it. If you ask me why I did not speak to you in these terms while with you, I answer, because I can write with greater freedom than I can speak, and would not willingly be misunderstood. I can answer to or explain a sentence in a letter much easier than a transient sentence from the lip, which I cannot recover, for want of memory. My prayer is that, for the time to come, you may look less to man, and more to God, and by a due observance of the predictions of the Word relative to the state of professors be prepared for what you may discover. Then by a life of communion with, and growing dependence upon the dear Lord Jesus Christ, you will be

that example to others you would wish they should be to you. I am sorry for the hint you give me about Tommy in your last. Diligence in business is certainly connected with fervency in spirit in matters of religion; and if I had known anything of what you observe, I would have written to him accordingly. He must be under a temptation which I hope he will have grace to conquer. I can assure you I never said anything to him, directly or indirectly, that could give him the least encouragement to think he could travel with me. In his letter he says he does not despair of seeing me in the country, some time or other; but I supposed he meant that he should turn his St. Alban's journey into a journey into Gloucestershire. Though he had ever so strong an inclination, I should never encourage it, without informing and consulting with you about it. This was a step I took with Bobert's master, nor could I have acted honestly in the matter if I had not had his consent. I take a peculiar pleasure in encouraging every dawn of seriousness in young people, and with that design gave Tommy my company, and liberty to write to me since I left London; and there our connexions end. Should any part of his future deportment hurt your mind, I am by no means accessory to it. How common is it in young and old to build castles in the air—to seek for and promise great things to themselves I The Lord set our affections upon realities, which will never fail us, and turn them from those things which have a direct tendency to draw our hearts from him. You sent me a letter from Mr. P—y, which contains an account of great improvements making upon the Orphan-House estates, and some promising appearances of a religious nature.

He very strongly invites me over, but I have no disposition to attend to it. My strength is considerably abated, and I am now more suited to a corner than a continent, especially at a time when all who will take sides with its injured natives must suffer with them. You have early informations in London, but I presume not very desirable ones. The Lord have mercy upon our land and its thoughtless inhabitants! I have been as far as Bootle, in Cumberland, and am on the return to Lancaster. I rode twenty-three miles over the sea sands, which, when the tide is in, has such a depth of water as to carry vessels of any burden. Thus the Infinite makes a path in the sea. In all his works may we adore his hand, and bow to the sceptre of his grace! Pray let me hear from you as you have opportunity, and believe me to be,

“Dear Sir,

“Yours affectionately, &c.

“*Ulverston, Aug. 7th, 1775.*”

* TO —, (*WITHOUT DATE.*)

“DEAR SIR,

“YOUR last favour waited some time for me, and after a long journey from Salop, attended with many former mercies, I arrived here to receive it. I would not willingly put you to the blush, nor be the means of obstructing the answer to your prayers, by cherishing the brood of pride you are seeking to destroy; but must be allowed to say how far I conceive you have been useful to me, and pray the Lord to make you always willing to transfer the glory to

whom alone it is due. Whoever knows anything of the human heart must be sensible that it is easily puffed up by commendation. Though contempt and neglect are mortifying to nature, they certainly are salutary to the inward man. A fair appearance may raise a wonderful conception of our excellency in the judgment of a fellow-mortal, while a knowledge of our corruption renders us contemptible to the Searcher of hearts. I wish always to see myself what I am, and then no varnish can so alter me as to make me excellent in my own eyes. Blessed be God for the comeliness of another to hide my blackness and cover my deformity; thanks to His name for His merits, and righteousness for the justification of my person and the acceptance of my performances: but for these, I know all I am, all I have, and all I do, must be obnoxious to him. Last week, travelling every day, and preaching twice, under a burning fever and much pain, made me groan; and when at the conclusion of my journey my heart should have been thankful for my supports and salvations, the badness of the road filled me with grumbling, and fear of future danger swallowed up a sense of past protection. While this is the case, my friends' art, and their well-meant but ill-judged strokes to make me pleased with myself, will profit me nothing. I have endeavoured, after some severe conflicts (and perhaps some mistaken conduct), to give myself into the hand of God. Pray for me, dear Sir, that I may never be suffered to attempt to wrest myself out of it again. I am glad to hear of your remaining strength, and trust the old stump will wear long. I have seen the stump of a willow yield many flourishing branches, but it had a root remaining, and was planted by a river of water.

Thus may you bring forth fruit in old age. I long to see you, but dare not promise when I shall be able. The summer is coming on apace, and if I can, in any part of it, I will be your way; at present I have not one scheme before me. Just now my call is evidently here, and some refreshings attend the Word. Yet a little, little while, and all will be well, because we shall be with Him whom our souls love.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.”

* TO —, (NO DATE.)

“HONOURED AND DEAR MADAM,

“IN A packet Mr. Thornton was so obliging as to send me, he gave me an idea of your afflicted situation. I was in hopes, previous to the reception of it, that your health was on the revival. I have a desire to concur with your numerous friends in dropping the sympathetic line. Perhaps, if it is whispered to you by an humble friend, or a faithful servant, in the interval of pain, the Lord Jesus may speak by it. It can contain nothing new, but, like the long-standing testimonies in the volume of Truth, assert the Lord is good even to those to whom he appears severe. You know it, dear Madam, and will know more of it, when you will stand under the eternal weight of glory, which is so called from its immensity, and not to give us any idea that it will be attended with the least inconvenience. The way you are going is common, and connected with that spoken of, Isa. xxxv. 8. Every day advances you nearer to Zion, where you will obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing

shall flee away. If I am not mistaken, the prophecy has had a more literal accomplishment upon you than perhaps the gloom of the present dispensation will allow you to acknowledge without recollection. You have joined Zion's worshippers in their songs, and that at a time, and under circumstances, when you could have furnished yourself with the worldling's delights, if your heart had not been better disposed. You voluntarily chose rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin. You gave yourself up to Jesus, he accepted the surrender, and you may now claim his care and his support. What would you have done amidst acute pains, and in repeated wearisome nights, such as I conceive have been appointed you, but for Him? He enables us to suffer, as well as supports under sufferings; He will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear, but will with the temptation make way for your escape to the glory that shall be revealed. Your admission to the joy of your Lord will deprive the world of a blessing. May all who will' sensibly experience it be thankful that the Lord blessed you to them, and take up a becoming resignation when you enter into your present remaining rest.

“O Thou who doest right, and lovest whom Thou chastenest, bless thy dear handmaid whom Thou hast long afflicted! We thank Thee that though she is perplexed, she is not in despair. Thou hast cast her down, but dost not design to destroy her. O, as the day of natural life closes, may the day of eternal life dawn upon her, and the day-star arise in her heart with all its splendor. Enable her to bear up under the residue of her trial. Give her faith and patience

that she may enjoy those promises which are immediately suited to her afflicted case; and may she anticipate those which have long been held forth to her, and can only be inherited with the saints in light. Let not her heart meditate terror when she passes through the valley of the shadow of death; but be Thou with her. Be a light unto her, and let thy salvation set her upon high," &c.

“*MY DEAR COUSIN,

“Two Sabbaths and the best part of three preceding days I tasted the sweets of home. On Monday I was obliged to sally forth again. An ordination on Tuesday, connected with a half-yearly association, has kept me in a continual bustle. I catch the retirement of the morning to drop a few lines. I wish they may find you well, and very happy in God. Blessed in the latter view, you are best prepared for sickness, should it please the Lord to inflict it upon you. He knows how to deal with us. Nothing shall occur that is really evil in its consequence, if we love him, and put our trust in him. If he designs our good, we may submissively let him do his pleasure with us; it will terminate in our everlasting happiness; and this is sufficient. In all the revolution of your constitution, and the change of your frame, think of the state that undergoeth no change, where your youth will be renewed like the eagle's, and be for ever retained. In sickness and in health it becomes us to meditate upon this, and it will be natural for us so to do if we live under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and are taught so to number our days

as that we apply our hearts unto wisdom. We live in a dying world, and must expect to die. He lives most properly who thinks more of death than of life, and thus dies daily, and lives with an ungrasping hand. I think it is not vanity nor pride in me to say, so I do. I may not have done all I should when I come to die, but I do not therefore neglect to look forward rather to a dying day than to a long life. What is it that can make death friendly to us, but an interest in the death of the blessed Jesus? He destroyed death, and him that hath the power of death, in favour of all who make him their friend. To every person out of Christ he will be found a voracious enemy—an enemy subservient to the Devil. I have just left Marlborough, where I find many removed, and strange faces taking place of them who are gone. I thought to have sent you this some days ago, but my interruptions have been incessant. I hope soon to have done with this extraordinary duty, which wears my spirits, robs me of my time and retirement, and is otherwise disagreeable. Whether we clear expenses or not, on the 13th of June we open the new house. If you could be one of the congregation on that day, I should be thankful.

“My dear Cousin,

“Yours affectionately, &c.

“*Newbury, April 11th, 1804.*”

* TO MRS. J—S.

“MY VERY DEAR MADAM,

“I am truly ashamed to think how long it is since I have written to you. I must not attempt to

soften my conduct by apology, but plead guilty; and I hope I shall obtain your forgiveness. My request, I hope, will be accompanied with, or followed by, a Christmas dinner—not as the purchase of a pardon, but as a small token of love and gratitude. It has in this neighbourhood been an unfortunate year for turkeys, so that you will receive but a small bird; I am sorry to say, not much larger, if any, than a barn-door fowl. If it were as large as my heart, it would make a capital appearance upon your table. A small affair may be the model of a large one; and by doing what is in our power may be inferred what we would do if our ability were equal to our inclination. I hope my few lines will find you well, and prepared to meet the returning Christmas with pleasure and cheerfulness. Most cordially do I join issue with our brethren in the Establishment to remember and give glory to Him who was born in our nature that He might die for our sins, and to utter the memory of His love with all His redeemed people. I always find pleasure in the return of this season with no other abatement than what is occasioned by the sympathy I feel for the poor, whose feelings perhaps are sharpened by the reflections of the aboundings and superaboundings of many around them. Blessed be God that we are in the lot of many who have their full sufficiency, and have also a measure of health by which we are capable of enjoying our comforts. I contrast the present time with Christmas 1800. How good was the Lord then, and how good has He been ever since! His goodness endureth continually! I have been this fortnight indisposed with a cold, attended with a complaint which has been encroaching upon my constitution for a considerable time. I hope

it may be weakened, if not destroyed; but if the Lord otherwise determines, His will be done. We have been highly delighted by reading Mr. Whitefield's Life this week. O how brilliant does he shine in glory who was so distinguishingly useful on earth I I hope to see him by and by, and to see others also whom my soul loveth; in the number will be conspicuous our very dearly beloved Mr. J—s. I am happy to say, though Mrs. Winter and Mrs. T— get feeble, they yet are active. You cannot think, my dear Madam, what an elegant plain chapel we have got. The congregation is much enlarged, and I hope good is doing. The dial is an ornament as well as of use. I believe I informed you that Miss Sarah H—g died sweetly; since then, dear little Charles B—n is removed. I hope you have had satisfaction in seeing the young people at B—s go on well, and have enjoyed your friends at W—h. Favour us with a line when you have opportunity. Accept the kind salutation of my family, and believe me to be,

“My very dear Madam,

“Yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Dec. 20th, 1804.*”

* To —.

“MY DEAR SIR,

Bristol, April 23rd, 1768.

“AN intimation of a removal prevented my writing before; but, as I have just seen the contents of Mr. J—'s letter to a friend, I conclude it is uncertain, and therefore begin to assume my privilege—a privilege my God honours me with, and my distant friends encourage me in the use of.

But what shall I render to the Lord for *all* His benefits towards me? They often fill my soul with amazement, and induce me to exclaim, 'Whence is this?' and 'Lord, what am I?' I hope such infinite favours will meet with more grateful returns for the future, and so strengthen my hands in God as henceforth to make me more active and diligent in all my engagements. A sight of my own wretchedness frequently bows me down, and yet I could sink fathoms lower, so that I might but be within the reach of mercy. It is never better with me than when I am necessitated to lie at the feet of Jesus, begging for that bread which, because I am not worthy to receive as a son, I would thankfully accept as a servant. O for a faith that will not take a denial!—a faith that, when refused even a servant's portion, will thankfully seize the crumbs under the table, because not worthy of either. I see some of God's dear children who thus wrestle, nor will let go their hold before they have obtained the grant—'I have blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed.' O my soul, arise, hold on, and be doing, for thy labour shall not be in vain in the Lord! ... When I consider the times, and the troubles that threaten the Church at present, I begin to seek a proof of the Divine faithfulness. Such a proof I never wanted to support me in lesser trials, and therefore believe (Lord, help my unbelief!) that He will not desert me in greater troubles. Amidst the honours my Master has conferred upon me, one has been wanting—the Cross of Christ—I mean, such a share of it which, had I lived nearer Him, I should have been counted worthy of. Who knows but one day I may take Simon's place?—Oh that it may be more freely than by compulsion! Upon a survey of

the Divine economy, I see the weight imposed is in proportion to the degree of strength given; for the Lord will lay no more upon us than he will enable to bear, and the promise for our encouragement is. As thy day so shall thy strength be.

“I have often since weighed your remark upon Ahaz’s false modesty, and consider it too much an emblem of myself; notwithstanding, I find by a happy experience that, when my soul gets near God, and enjoys a view of his Christ, and his infinite fulness and everlasting salvation, pretended modesty is succeeded by a bold resolution, not only to ask but to expect a reception of that abundant grace which gives light to my darkness and turns my sorrow into joy,

“It may be by this time the Lord has added to your family; if not, I hope your dear wife is well, and doubt not, my brother, but you are daily exhorting her to cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart. O that the enlivened creation, with all its returning blessings at this season, from every fruitful plant and flower, may teach us the absolute necessity of living under the refreshing influences of the showers of heaven, and the fructifying rays of Jesus the sun of righteousness.

“Pray present my tenderest love to all the dear brethren of the Conference.* Recommend me much to their prayers, that I may not be an impediment to the work of God in this city. No less remember me to all that know me, especially to Captain J——s; tell him I love him dearly, pray for him heartily, and hope his intended journey will add to the victories of

* Before the division of the parties between Mr. Wesley and Whitefield.

the conquering Jesus. I shall write to him soon: he has got a letter of Mr. Berridge's to me; I take it as a favour if he will send it me by Mrs. Day, should she set out before him. Our times here are in general happy. The two last Wednesdays have been glorious opportunities at the Sacrament and love-feast. The Rev. Mr. Fletcher was our minister. Oh that man of God! How thankful should I be to sit at his feet, and learn to preach Christ in life as well as lip! I have united Kingswood Society, I hope upon a good plan. I have much more to say, but paper obliges me to conclude.

“Yours affectionately in one.”

★ TO MR. K—T, (WITHOUT DATE.)

“DEAR SIR,

“AT last I have procured you half a dozen Bibles—the greatest number I can at present obtain. May they be very useful to the children who, by your benevolence, are under education; and may the teachings of the Holy Spirit accompany human instruction! You do well, dear Sir, in starting forth as an instrument of good to others; at the same time, may the good of God's chosen be the matter of your personal concern. In a world of temptation, where in the enemy of souls goeth about seeking whom he may devour, it is necessary that we should look with a very especial care to ourselves, and give diligence to make our own calling and election sure. I exceedingly lament that my sphere gives me so little opportunity to press this and other scriptural points upon the attention of my neighbours; and that, even among those who appear to have a degree of zeal for

God, and the spread of the Gospel, there is such a conformity to the temper and spirit of the times. It will not do for us to open a gate for others while we ourselves remain without; but as we wish others to move and advance, we ourselves also must go forward, and, by receiving the doctrine of the Cross, and bearing the reproach of the Cross itself, become the disciples and followers of our adorable Lord, who endured the Cross and despised the shame for us.

“I am in the possession of a few letters of Mr. Melville Horne, the missionary to Sierra Leone, which I intend on Sabbath-day evening to read and lecture upon, in order to hold forth an example of ministerial zeal, Christian patience, and the nature of that grace which is necessary to constitute the Christian in the sight of God. As he is a clergyman, and we have a few of the Establishment who attend our evening worship, it may be acceptable and useful. With respectful compliments to Mrs. K——,

“I am, dear Sir,

“Yours,” &c.

★ TO MR. E——DS.

“MY DEAR SIR,

★ ★ ★ “I OFTEN call to remembrance some sweet moments (preceded by many temptations and soul conflicts) enjoyed with dear Mr. E——d’s little flock; and the sweet counsel I took with dear Mr. B——k when I was honoured with his company and blessed with his conversation, which often made my heart burn within me while he talked. And as now by a kind of constraint I must resume by a short epistle our former discourse, I hope it will meet with

reception, for the sake of that Jesus who in broken accents shall be the end and the subject of my writing, as well as my heart can dictate. Others may enumerate many reasons why it should be so with them, but I more—or at least I have as many claims to join with them in magnifying His name who hath experimentally taught me he is abundant in goodness. I make no doubt but the Lord has enabled you to go from strength to strength, and given you frequent consolation in reflecting on the happy day when you shall appear before that sympathising Jesus whose office it is to comfort all that mourn with a consolation, as durable as it is salutary, wherewith we are comforted of God. When by his Spirit he speaks, 'Be of good cheer,' the word is all powerful, and the accomplishment is as sure as when He spake and by his word the heavens were made, the earth and all that therein is. May our dependence be sure, and our expectations strong from the hope of Israel who cannot lie, and the strength of Israel that cannot repent. Everything proclaims His faithfulness. The revolution of the heavenly bodies—the succession of the seasons—the spring of life after death in the vegetable creation—these all proclaim His unchangeable purpose and unalterable counsels who has His people's good at heart, and with desire carries on His work till it be completed. Here, my dear Sir, is the cause of our joy; and but for this, with Rachel we might refuse to be comforted. All is nothing without this one thing; and when we seek after this as the principal, we are safe from disappointment. O how joyful will that day be when the veil shall be taken away;—when our eye shall see that without a cloud which now by the cloud we view in a confused

light! Then the dark mystery of Providence shall be unfolded, and we shall see the hand of the Lord in all disappointments, and the love of a God in those crosses that are only intended to add beauty and lustre to the work when finished. This pleasing reflection has a happy tendency to reconcile my erring and perverse heart to those dispensations which seem hard to flesh and blood; and preach a lecture upon quietude held forth in the well-known sentence, 'be still.'

"I hope, dear Sir, you go on as when I left you—leaning upon your beloved. Be free with your burden. He is a never-failing prop as well as a sure defence. I have found Him so by happy experience since I left you. I have forfeited the pleasure of a line from you by seeming negligence; but if I may recover it again, I should be obliged to you for the favour quickly, as I expect soon to embark for America.

"I am," &c.

* TO MR. L—E, (*WITHOUT DATE.*)

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE you continually upon my heart. On the receipt of yours of January the 4th, I had no thought I should have delayed the acknowledgment of it till April the 12th. Bather than forfeit the place you have given me in your affection, I would promise not to be so slow to reply to your favour again; but if with the latitude you have given me I should again transgress, I hope you will impute it to its proper cause, and never judge of the strength

* TO MRS. E—S.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

of my affection by the length or the number of my letters, but by the very sincere expressions in those you receive. With a great deal of work I have little capacity, and am tardy in the performance of everything. Be assured, my dear Sir, by writing to me you do not force yourself upon a forgetful mind; and that when I sit down to write to you, I do not recall you to mind after a long space of forgetfulness. Could I command your presence as often as I think of you, we should not be long apart; and yet it is very improbable if we ever meet again unless you honour the little cottage again where I was favoured with a few days of your company. Its inhabitants are in *statu quo*; but indispositions encroach upon the mortal frame. I will not trouble you with a particular description of my ailments. They are like the warnings of the clock before it strikes; and if not taken and properly used, will make the coming state truly awful. Blessed be God, I have no inclination to be taken by surprise, but would wait for the Lord's approaches. Happy for you that you are alike disposed, and that you have your mind engaged to Jesus Christ while it is obliged to keep pace with the hand, revolving the many folios of the law, and with the eye that minutely pries into the several lines of those volumes multiplied and made necessarily complex by human depravity, and by a general departure from that golden rule, 'whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye also so to them.'

"Had the preaching of the Gospel its full force upon the human mind, it would be brought into such a state of moral rectitude as to render the profession of the law unnecessary. But alas! among those who

profess to be influenced by it, there is a great defect in morality; and we have reason to fear the end of many of them will be destruction. No one of the number of such persons are desirous of sanctification, or consequently that their afflictions should be sanctified. But my dear Mr. L—— is not like unto them; therefore he has requested a subject from me, and has happily sent me some materials by which I may work it. What but grace could make you see the advantage of affliction, desire it may be sanctified, and be concerned *for an evidence that it is sanctified?* One evidence is, that you take the affliction, whatever it may be, as coming from God. Affliction cometh not forth of the dust; neither doth trouble spring out of the ground. God wisely permits it, and graciously applies it. We receive evil at his hand, but it is for a good end. A sight of the agency of God in the affliction imposed, is a good proof of its being sanctified. If our heart do not fret against the Lord because we are afflicted by him, but we turn to him that smiteth, saying, ‘I will bear the indignation of the Lord, for I have sinned,’ it is a blessed token. Carnal men lose sight of a first cause, and attribute their sufferings to the second—they are as the bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, and like children, who, never thinking upon the end to be answered by their medicine, reject it because it is ungrateful to their taste. With them nothing is acceptable but what is palatable; and therefore they despise the chastisement of the Lord, and faint when they are rebuked of him. But the soul to whom it is sanctified, endures his affliction without rebellion and without murmuring, and expects it will work together for good.

“Unsanctified affliction has a tendency to alienate the affection from God, to loosen the mind from religion, and to lead it to a state of apostacy, and to avail itself of an occasion of stumbling cast in the way; whereas sanctified affliction has quite the reverse effect, and the man sees the very faithfulness of God in every stroke of the rod. he owns the justice of the chastisement, saying, Righteous art thou, O Lord! and adds. Wherefore should a living man complain?—a man for the punishment of his sins. He may describe what he feels, but acknowledges the punishment is far short of his desert; and is free to confess that mercy softens the blows, and restrains the deserved number, which, if it were to proceed to extremity, would consume before it ceases.

“I would enlarge the evidence of affliction being sanctified in your own words: ‘If God sanctifies affliction to us, it will draw us off from the world, and fix us upon God.’ And has not yours this effect? What circle of worldlings could you enjoy before the saints? In whom is your delight? Is it not in those who are denominated the excellent of the earth? Why do you delight in these rather than in any other? It is because they bear His image whom, having not seen but with the eye of faith, you love. Why do the reports of the Bible delight you rather than the novel or the drama? It is because you are formed for the enjoyment of the blessings they hold forth—the goodness the Lord has laid up for them who fear him before the sons of men. Were your afflictions as many as those the Church was pressed with when she said. Thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, and covered

us with, the shadow of death, I am persuaded you would adopt another expression of hers: Yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant; our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy ways. You say your many trials serve to discover to you your own weakness and absolute inability to perform a spiritual action without God's grace and assistance. Blessed evidence again of trials sanctified! The foot of pride will never prevail against you while this is the case. By this means your enemy will be warded off, and your soul will be fenced. The trials which produce such an effect are favours by which God compasses you about, as with a shield; and though he should increase them tenfold, neither of them, nor all of them together, shall do you any hurt; rather they shall work together for good, enrich your grace, and add to the splendour of your glory.

“As often as I review your complaint of the weight you feel from your profession, I feel much for you by sympathy. Make a venture answerable to your wish, and cast that and every other burden upon the Lord. His tender heart will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able. He will either give you stronger nerves and confirmed health, put you into an easier track, wherein you will be enabled to command the business allotted to you, or in His providence call you from it. The most important advice relative to your case is the most simple; and though, to a worldly man, it may appear extravagantly enthusiastical to say, don't look beyond the present day! yet it is essential to your comfort. I have been under pressures which have made my case similar to yours, and have found it hard to feel

them and be quiet. No situation is exempt from trials; but He by whom they are allotted can support us under, and carry us through them all.

“What a ballast to prevent evil effects of prosperity have dear Mr. and Mrs. H——w had! How are they now? I am ashamed that I have not made the inquiry sooner. Had mortality followed from Mr. H.’s late attack, surely I should have heard in some way or from some quarter. We are all advancing in our turn, and shall soon leave a distracted world to others. The present has been a dreadful time for the poor, many of whom have died by inches, and perished for the want of the common necessities of life. Blessed be God that I and you have been provided for; and, by adopting a rigid economy, I have been enabled to contribute, in a small degree, to the relief of others.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.”

★ TO MR. W——R.

“DEAR SIR,

“I HAVE carried your last favour of the 20th of September about with me till I am ashamed of myself. If I had been as backward in my prayers for you as I have been in writing to you, you might justly conclude the bow of friendship was unstrung. It is not safe always to judge from appearance. You know the man and his communication, and must exercise charity towards him when his foibles do not rise into enormities: that they never do, is owing to that grace which I hope will be the subject of his

song in glory. I was just about to receive my *n&n-con.* ordination when yours was brought to me. I desire to bless God for the circumstances of that day. "What I then did, I did upon principle and deliberate thought. The only advantage I derive from it, and the only change made in my circumstances by it, is that I am put into an *office capacity* to serve that branch of the Church of Christ I am connected with in administering all the ordinances of a divine appointment. My dress and address are the same, neither is my diction more pompous nor my gait stiffer than formerly: I can look at the Establishment with the same placidness and hid God speed to her ministers with the same sincerity as formerly; and pity their folly, weakness, and prejudice, who, losing sight of the nature of the Church of Christ, can puff at the Dissenter, and be a formalist in their own communion. Sin and grace are the same everywhere; and among all people the best constitutions cannot varnish over the one so as to elude the eye of God, nor can the most opprobrious names eclipse the glory of the other. I am weary of seeing men as they appear, and long to be admitted into the world of reality. While here, we must make the best of our situation; and if *we* are permitted to read the hearts of others, we may be sure it is with a design that we should correct our own; for all hearts are alike, and if we differ anything it is by the humiliating, transforming power of the grace of life. I wish you an abundant increase of it; and if you attain it, you will be prepared for everything in the Church and in the world that is disagreeable as well as pleasing. I am exceedingly glad Latimer's divinity is palatable to you. You know, my dear Sir,

where it is to be had freely and plentifully, and where it is so scarce that it is not to be bought with money. The writers of the present day explode a novel opinion by often quoting a Latin author, who says, 'Times are changed, and we are changed with them let that never be applicable to us. While the Meeting-house and the Established Church can jointly suit our spiritual taste, we may with ease comply with Solomon's injunction, Prov. xix. 27. As to Dr. Guise, whether you read his Sermons to Young Men, his Select Sermons, his Sermons to Ministers, or his Paraphrase, you will always find him worthy of attention. Some men's writings may be more blessed to us than others, as we may be more quickened and refreshed by some men's preaching than by that of others. O that what we read and hear may engage our hearts and affections to Jesus, and a thorough conformity to his mind and example! Few in the present day answer the end of their profession, or attain unto that exalted state proposed unto them in the Gospel: yet there are a few, and the Lord will not destroy the lump for the sake of those precious particles which lie concealed in it. Let us be earnest on our own account; our time wafts us on apace towards that state where the fiat of God will fix us irrevocably, according to Rev. xxii. 11. My dear friend Mr. Roquet was soon translated. I went to Bristol just time enough to pay my respects to his remains. Happy they who are taken from the evil to come; and instead of continuing here to fast and humble themselves before the Lord, are keeping an eternal Sabbath with him in his kingdom. This may be our lot before the close of the ensuing year.

"I desire my kind love to Mrs. Winter, and the

rest of our family. I am exceedingly obliged to them for all their expressions of regard; and I hope, while Providence continues us in being, we shall all maintain that union which should ever abound in families;—the bonds of it will be strong in proportion as we partake of the riches of grace.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Wootton-under-edge, Dec. 13th, 1776.*”

* TO MRS. J——S.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“I AM not forgetful; I often remember you and commend you to Him who is able to save. I hope, now the principal burden is off your shoulders, you are more at ease than you were; and find in your new habitation His presence who can make a cottage pleasant, and his people cheerful while they suffer the loss of all things. I need not say, look to Him, and make much of Him. I know it is your habitual conduct; and in this way you honour Him. It is the way to be honoured by Him, with the honours of grace—the great discrimination between his redeemed and the world; and the honours of glory, such as all His saints will have in the end of their afflictions and pilgrimage. O what a day will that be to us, when we shall exchange worlds!—when, by dropping the body of sin, we shall be freed from all our restraints, and attain to our glorious liberty, and recover our connexion with them whose loss we deplore, and after whom we pine! It will come, and will not tarry beyond the appointment of the time which the Father hath put in his own power. For

this let us wait, and in it let us work like faithful and wise servants, who are made acquainted with our master's will. Love and gratitude are to be seen in our conduct; and no wonder it is our grief that we come so short of our duty, and are such unprofitable servants. In this case what should we do were our unprofitableness charged upon us? But it will not: we have a Mediator who bore our sins, and on whose account we stand as righteous before God as though we had never sinned.

"I am still in the doctrine of faith and practice; and I hope I do not labour in vain. Our congregation is on the increase. We are much the same as formerly at the Hill. Mrs. Winter gets weak, but exerts herself as much as possible. How good the Lord has been to us in giving a turn to the weather just as it was necessary! The happy consequence is, that the grain has ripened, much of our harvest is gathered in, and the present weather is favourable to the securing of the whole. I hope the hand of monopoly will not be suffered to arrest the bounties of Providence, so as to prevent the poor from having them upon proper terms. What a happy nation might we be, if different distinctions and descriptions of men would study each other's interest! This will be the case when gracious influences prevail generally upon the human heart; and that time will come. But before then, we shall have our station in that world of blessedness where we shall be 'equal to the angels.' Till then we would be where and what our heavenly Father pleases, and bless Him for all His care and kindness.

"I am, my very dear Madam,

"Yours, &c.

"*Painswick, Sept. 4th, 1802.*"

* TO MR. E——, (*no date.*)

“VERY DEAR SIR,

“NO friend’s case could have made a deeper impression on the mind, than yours, expressed in your letter, did on mine. Though through a variety of occurrences I have omitted to reply to it, I have never lost recollection of it in those moments when I have gone before the Lord. I find you are not yet delivered from the lion’s mouth, consequently there is yet cause for prayer. “While I can lift up my feeble hands and exert my enervated powers I will pray that the Lord may deliver you from every evil work, and keep you in the exercise of faith, with your mind stayed upon him. It is impossible to say what is in the womb of providence, or what are the revolutions a good man may pass through before he closes with time: but they will not be random motions; they will all be guided and ordered by Him who marshals the stars. He maketh poor and maketh rich, without assigning the reason of his conduct. In this, as in other cases, he giveth not account of his matters at present. Hereafter the mystery will be unfolded, and it will explain itself to the praise of his glory; in the meanwhile we must be like the vessel to the merchant, receiving what freight he shall commit unto it, and as it is under the government of the master, pursuing what course he shall steer it. A mind like yours looks beyond itself: it wants not for its own sake, but for the sake of others; and therefore, when cramped in its benevolence, it feels what the mercenary man would feel upon his own account. Here resignation must be exercised; we must submit to the restraint and acquiesce in His wise dispensa-

tion, who appoints unto man his work, and intrusts to his care and use, different talents, expecting from him only the improvement of what he commits to his trust, whether it be few or many.

“You have a satisfaction in knowing that you have not entailed upon yourself an affliction by any irregularity of conduct, and you may safely look to Him for support and deliverance who hath given his word that he will not forsake you. Events may, and I trust will, occur to refund all your losses. A serene old age, I hope, will succeed all the storms of early life. You have taken the best course in making the Lord your refuge, the most high God your habitation. Divine consolations will outweigh all afflictions, and you may acquire greater stability of soul and stronger enjoyments by your recent trials than otherwise you would have attained. Still make the Lord your trust; hope for his providential interference; and expect his gracious protection. He will bring forth your righteousness as the light, and your just dealings as the noon-day. To the upright there ariseth light in darkness.

“I am thankful your church connexion is rendered comfortable to you, and that you can go in and out and find pasture. I am satisfied that more depends upon the piety of our spirit, the sanctity of our frame, and the regard we ought to pay to the immediate teachings of the Spirit of God, in our public worship, than we are aware of. Ministers have various degrees of endowments, and the more I know of Mr.— the more I see God has honoured him with a large portion; but no man can serve as a substitute in the stead of God himself; and when we go to the house of God, with our eyes directed no higher than the

pulpit, it is no wonder if we return convinced that we have looked too low. If a man be always fed with dainties he will find he can cloy upon them, and if he never has them he will find he can do without them: the plainest food is the most wholesome. Your good sense will make a proper application of the remark; and I pray that where the providence of God has cast your lot, the spirit of God may impart food and refreshment to you. Growth in grace will attend the means when God is honoured by our attention in the use of them. I have been variously exercised since I saw you. A weak, enervated body is a great clog to my soul. It is with much difficulty I get through my work, especially at spring and fall, when I seem given up to torpitude of mind, and while I have many things to call my attention, can scarcely engage in any. What a mercy that our acceptance with God does not depend upon the merit of our performances! if it did, I must be cast out of his sight as an unprofitable servant. But this is not the case; we are accepted in the beloved—even Jesus, who hath delivered us from wrath to come, and hath appointed us to obtain salvation with eternal glory. It will be our wisdom to realize the appointment, and to reflect with gratitude upon the glory to which we shall be advanced when we shall lay down this body of sin and death. We may contemplate the resurrection also as that event which will give vigour and perfection to the body when it shall be raised from the dead. No more shall we be drained of our spirits, nor of our strength, by any of those consumers which now continually surround us. No more will the cares of trade dissipate us, nor the labours of the hand engross our attention. The wicked

will cease from troubling. That wicked lord and artful swindler to whom you refer in your letter, and all such characters, will be as the fat of lambs—they shall consume into smoke, they shall consume away. May the interposition of a gracious Providence, in the meanwhile, defeat and destroy whatever would be inimical to your peace, destructive of your property, or otherwise hurtful to you. I hope the addition made to your family will be continued; and as you and dear Mrs. — may have the pleasure of seeing your offspring grow to maturity, in their maturity may you have the happiness of seeing them walk in the truth.

“I am, my dear Sir, yours, &c.”

*** TO MRS. E—s.**

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“ * * * WE ever bear you upon our hearts, and wish it were in our power to render you an essential service. We are two poor infirm people, descending into the vale of years, and feel that indisposition is continually making an encroachment upon our frame. I have had the gout in my hand all this week, and I thought it would have disabled me from using my pen.

“We are in silent submission called, in other respects, to take up the cross. My old woman, B. K—g, has taken possession of my study: it is now a complete infirmary. To avoid enormous expense abroad I have entailed very considerable trouble upon my good woman at home, and I am driven hither and thither for my retirement. But we are agreed in our

conclusion, 'it is well,' and therefore we must not murmur; and, indeed, by considering our appointment and our mercies, we are prevented. Our own state is not disability; neither are we in want of the necessaries of life, as are many, very many, about us: and when Faith performs her office, and helps us to realize things to come, it produces a placid effect. I always wish to hear that you are comfortable. Go constantly where there is plenty of comfort—even to Him who is called the consolation of Israel. Let his promises always be the matter of your expectation. He will give you present satisfaction from them if you are enabled to fasten upon them. I have not written to you since I saw my good old K——g in his last conflict. The battle was not hot till it came to the close. Three or four minutes the enemy did his worst, and then the victory was obtained. The Church will want recruiting: its increase depends on the Captain of our salvation.

“My dear Madam, yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Feb. 22, 1800.*”

★ TO MRS. E——S.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“I HOPE you had a safe and comfortable journey, and find yourself very tranquil and comfortable in mind, and your health in a state of improvement. I forgot to say to you, before we parted, that to-morrow sennight we have an association at Tewksbury, which I am under obligation to attend; and after that, with Divine permission, I shall endeavour so to adjust my affairs as to be ready to attend upon you, to render you any service in my power. Since you were here

I have thought much of, and prayed much for you; and shall, if we are permitted to meet, give you such advice suited to your present circumstances as I would give to my mother, my sister, or my brother, if living, and in a similar situation. The subsistence to which, my dear Madam, by the events of Providence you are reduced, though enough to enable you to live, will require the exactest economy, that you may possess every necessary; and economy, coupled with content, may supply the place of your late abundance. If your habitation, wherever it may be, and however inconsiderable its dimension, has the Lord's presence, it will be a mansion. In the exercise of grace suited to the change of scene, you will have enough, and the Lord will give you the portion you want, if you look to him. I am glad you have 'Henry' continued to you. You cannot think, by reading it regularly, what a blessing it is to our family. The stream of the comment runs so immediately from the fountain, and so much of the property of the fountain runs with it, that I know not how to admire it enough.

"If I should attempt to use my influence to engage your residence at Painswick, supposing an eligible accommodation can be procured, it will be because I should think myself happy in having you under my ministry, and should prove that my motive is free from lucrative. Though a thousand ministers should invite you into their folds as disinterestedly, I hope the good providence of God will decide the matter, and teach you the way wherein you should go, and the thing that you should do. I need not say, in all your ways acknowledge Him, nor revive in your recollection, that He shall direct your paths, the promise being made in connexion with the duty required.

“I am very poorly. I little thought I should survive dear Mr. E——s, but I don’t expect it will be a survival of a long continuance. It is under very many infirmities I go forward. The promise of support holds good as long as there is work to be done. Excuse the effect of haste; I have been instructing while writings and can only add that

“I am yours, &c.

“*Painswick, Sept. 17th, 1798.*”

★ TO MRS. E——s.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“AMIDST many indulgences of a providential nature you have had some crosses to take up, and you are now exposed to many exercises peculiar to the state of widowhood; but they are all wisely ordered by Him who is the husband of the widow, and can make the trials peculiar to the state subservient to their best interests who are exercised thereby. Don’t fear, but put your trust in the Lord! Be like the bending osier, pliant to the hand that turns and twists it; nor doubt but in the narrowest circumstances, if the in consideration of Mr. E——s’s relations should render them inattentive to your comfort, the Lord can bless and make you happy. If the lesson you have to learn is to know how to be abased, you shall acquire it perfectly by sitting at the feet of Jesus. Think of former days, rather to revolve over the vicissitudes of human events as tending to YOUR improvement, than to excite in you a dissatisfaction with present circumstances. If they amount

to food and raiment, with a probability of their continuance till some survivor puts on your last dress, and nature will crave no more, contentment will make them equal to a kingdom; and by comparing yourself with others who are clogged with a refractory or an afflicted family, you will see abundant cause to be thankful in a solitary situation.

“Many afflictions of late have called for my attention. It is a world of trouble. How kind is the Lord to temper *that* wherein he sees fit to exercise us, with mercy—to make the ingredient of comfort stronger than the sensibility of affliction! I must own this is my indulgence, thus far; though my heart, without close watchfulness, would baffle me out of the proof. I must not be without the common lot; may I not be without special grace. I am persuaded neither will be the case. May you, dear Madam, have grace answerable to every degree of your present trial, and be mercifully supported and carried through. The end will come when we, with those gone before, shall have rest from our labour, eternal quietude for our minds, and the advantages of eternal glory. May we wait with patience for the joy set before us, and in patience possess our souls while we are running the race set before us. We are in the same situation and circumstances—as content, and therefore as happy, as ever. We neither envy those above us nor despise any below us. We are greatly affected by the calamities of many we cannot relieve. Till I see or hear from you again I am, as I ever shall be,

“Dear Madam, yours, &c.

‘*Painswick, July 11th, 1798.*’

* TO MR. F—T.

“DEAR SIR,

“Marlborough, Sept. 7th, 1783.

“Under similar circumstance, with those you complain of, I sit down to acknowledge your favour. The acknowledgment must be shorter than the favour itself, owing to many avocations and little time to perform them in. I was glad to hear you got safe to London, and found all well. This is one of the mercies that make life pleasant; no doubt but every succeeding one will be answerable to your necessities, and comporting with your best interest. I begin to conclude that we must account physically for many of those complaints which affect our spiritual state; and that we must judge of our safety and prosperity rather by our desires, our sincerity, and our deportment, than by the death and darkness that too often unfit us for duties, and deprive us of joyful sensations. We must remember that we should not stand in need of a present benefit from the clear Lord Jesus, if it was not for the nature and number of our present complaints.

“May we live by the faith of him, and exercise faith in him at all times; and then he will support us in weakness, comfort us in sorrow, quicken us in deadness, and be to us all we want. * * * *

“You are kind in your conceptions of my ministry. Perhaps if I was more singly devoted to it, I might find more satisfaction in it myself. My little family is a sad interruption to me; and I am only reconciled to it from a conviction that by such an employ a ministry is supported in the town; which, from the poverty of some and the narrow-spirited-

ness of others, would otherwise be wanting. My good woman is abundant in labours. I wish it may not hurt her at last. She joins in Christian salutations to you and yours. If you mention me to Mr. C——, pray give my kind love to him: I wish him all things in Jesus; and they are as much as he desires, or can do him good. I should be glad to see him in Marlborough; but, from the nature of his engagements, I know it is impossible. When time gives place to eternity our joy will be full, and not merely the gratification of a transient interview, but an eternal residence together; and our being together with the Lord will perfect it. I am at present under the power of a great cold, which much unhinges me, and makes it troublesome to write or do anything. If I am spared till next summer, and permitted to come to London, I shall hope to see you: in the meanwhile I am,

“Dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.”

★ TO MRS. E——S.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“I SUPPOSE almost as soon as it was possible for Mrs. J——s to be acquainted with dear Mr. E——’s death, I was informed of it by Miss L——y, our neighbour; and, from that time, had a great desire to intrude a letter upon you. I was prevented, on Monday morning, by extreme debility; and had I then written, ignorant of the favour you had conferred upon me, I could not have made my

acknowledgment, as it was not till Tuesday morning I received it Ah! my dear Madam, had it been practicable, *incognito*, I would have bedewed the corpse with a tear of affection; and would have embraced in death the *dear friend* who, from groundless suspicion and misapprehension, deprived me of that access to him in the latter months of his life which formerly he indulged. I could give you a sufficient reason why I did not make the farewell visit at P——n Hill. It was not from deficiency of affection—affection on my part to dear Mr. E——s knew no abatement. It always constrained me to look to the deserted house, whenever I rode in sight of it, with thoughts the most tender of its former possessor; for whom I offered up, my warmest petitions, till I knew he was beyond the reach of prayer. The partiality of my soul for him, the peculiar light in which I viewed his case, and the conception I form of the all-wise God, who knows how to discriminate where mortals cannot, induce me to think he has obtained mercy, and ranks with the redeemed of the Lord, in that blessed state where there is rest for the weary, and unmingled joy; where the desire is completely gratified, and God is the glory of the whole company. I hardly know in what light to consider your bereavement. It certainly is a release of mind from great anxiety; and though it may reduce you from a degree of affluence to a narrower sphere, it affords you an opportunity to exercise contentment; and, by a prudent management, to live without carefulness, and in that devotional state that answers to the Apostle's description of the widow indeed. If, in any sense, you should be

desolate, trust in God; continue in supplications and prayers night and day. Let your mind be truly devoted to Him who will honour you with His protecting providence and special grace, and give you an interest in his favour suited to make any station in which he may place you a scene of delight.

“Holy retirement must be peculiarly sweet after all the perturbation you have undergone, and the many interruptions your solemn hours have been chequered with. The presence of God is preferable to the most splendid scenes of earth; and resignation to His holy will makes it easy for us to part with that, without repining, which custom may have made second nature to us. You have my warmest wishes; and the purest friendship would induce me to shew you every attention if you were within reach. Though in widowhood, I hope you are not forsaken by those whose duty it is to serve you, and to whose province it falls in the course of events. I should suppose our late dear friend has survivors to whose attention you have a claim, and who have humanity enough to act accordingly. Whatever difficulties we are providentially brought into, giving ourselves into the hands of our faithful Creator, we shall be supported under, and carried through. It is but a little while before we shall be disengaged from all. May we have firm faith in the promise; and till all which is spoken shall be fulfilled, may we have proofs of the fidelity of Him who hath promised in such a variety of instances, as shall be a check to our unbelief and an encouragement to our faith.

“I have reason to praise the Lord for his goodness! In the place and circumstances wherein you

knew me, I continue to prosecute my ministry, not without success. Death has taken off several; and of the number is poor Miss M——n. She died before she knew she was ill enough to die. She was at her seat on the morning of the day on which she breathed her last. She has left behind her strong proofs of genuine religion, and what it does for its professors under the trials of life. Her character shines greatly on review; and contracted as the sphere was in which she moved, she is missed by several. * * * We stand aloof from those from whom we broke connexion at ——; who, while cruel to the infirmities of our deceased friend, were deliberately perpetrating wickedness, which, at last, could not be concealed. To God I commend you, my dear Madam.

“I am yours, &c.

“*Painswick, June 2nd, 1798.*”

* TO MR. W——A.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“THE last three weeks hath been such a scene of motion, and, I may add, dissipation, that I have not been able to attend to, or rather answer, your last kind letter. Hath L—— D—— done anything, or will it be necessary to trouble Mr. P——s for a line by way of certificate? If, by return of the post, you will direct a line for me at Mr. R——’s, in the Crescent, Bath, I will act accordingly. So far as I have proceeded, I have done pretty well; but personal

applications occasion slow motions, as it will not do to wait upon persons *merely* to serve a turn. Some little specimens of the attendance great people require when they condescend to be friendly to a poor preacher, make me wish to know little of them but with a design to do some little good by them. They make one spend more time to eat a dinner than a dozen of them are worth.

“Mr. P——s wants me in Shropshire, and I must endeavour to comply with his wish. The week before last, a gentleman offered to use his influence with one of the bishops, who, he says, is an intimate friend of his, if I will promise to be *regular*. I must acknowledge it attracted my attention; and I am tugged partly with a desire to comply, and partly with my present connexions. My grand objection, however, is the obligation of an absolute promise, which, the more I think of, drives me to the greatest distance from compliance. I am sensible this is the grand bar that will ever lie in my way. In your next give me your thoughts upon it freely. In the multitude of counsel there is safety; and I would always do the will of God if I knew it. Though settlement would be most agreeable to my nature, yet, not knowing future contingencies, I think it dangerous to bring myself under absolute promises when necessity does not require it. Yet a little while and my work will soon be done; and therefore, having a vineyard to occupy in, the particular corner of it should be a matter of indifference. I hope your endeavours for Mrs. M——l’s happiness will succeed.

I expected you would make her one of your family upon hearing the vacancy Providence hath made, and

trust both you and Mrs. W—— will have cause to say, ‘this same shall comfort us.’ My love to Mrs. W——r and to Mrs. M——r. I wish them all joy in God, and peace in believing in Jesus. I should have been glad to see you in these parts, which are extremely pleasant. That we may all meet with and dwell together in the kingdom of our Father, is the prayer of,

“Very dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“*Ebly, May 18th, 1773.*

“I forgot to tell you I have decently furnished a room in Christian Malford.”

* To——.

“My DEAR, MADAM,

“I DON’T like to lay my friends under any suspicion that I neglect them; but I am obliged to intrude upon their patience very often: it has this effect, to prevent my censuring them when they exceed the bounds of expectation. I put yours of the 14th of last November in the way of my eye on purpose to embrace an early opportunity to acknowledge it, yet more than two months have elapsed since the receipt of it. The intermediate time has introduced us into a new year, and two-thirds of the first month have slipped by, leaving me under accumulated debt to God and to man. I forbear to say to either, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. I must of necessity die insolvent; and therefore it is most consistent with my situation that I should plead forgive-

ness, rather than that I should presume to divert the mind with promises. I am conscious that I am not dishonest; but the truth is, that I have more business in hand than I can perform; and I am in the situation of some wary tradesmen I have talked with, who, when I have pressed it upon them to contract their business, say it is impossible—that they must drive on largely, or give out. *They* labour lucratively; if *my* labours be not the means of directing my friends who engage my attention to eternal realities, and of informing their judgment in the truths of the Gospel, and of engaging their affections to Him of whom the Gospel makes such a blessed report—I labour in vain, and spend my strength for nought. Upon this head, while I have my fears, I indulge my hopes. It is but a little while before the doubtful matter will be decided; and though fruit may not be equal to the pains, the pains will not be wholly lost.

“Allowing for the vicissitudes common to men, we have great reason to be thankful. “We have passed under no considerable variation. Our solitary state does not admit either of the blessings or of the afflictions of yours. Our call is to be prudent and content, your duty is to be thankful and submissive; and you may be sure it is to answer some wise end when a flower is taken from your garden, whether it be taken in a tender or a mature growth. The circumstances under which our dear young relative left the world are worthy of notice, and are a proof how early the operations of Divine grace can enter the mind. So early a removal is a loud call to parents not to neglect early endeavours; for though they, independent of the Spirit’s operation, will avail nothing, and He may work

independent of their endeavours, yet their efforts are means by which he ordinarily displays His agency. The care should increase with their years; and they should always be led to conceive that the joys of religion are superior to every pleasure arising from the vanities of life; and because the vanities of life counteract the operations of the Holy Spirit, on no consideration are they to be indulged. Our Saviour is to be our object—living and dying—in infancy, in youth, and in age—to whom we are to look, and from whom we are to expect food and pleasure for the mind. There is in Providence a track marked out favourable to mental accomplishments, without hazarding the loss of the soul; and a religious education prepares as effectually for life as that which attaches to it vanity and pride, and makes religion subordinate to its ends. When it is made last in place, its force is weakened; and when it is associated with what is heterogeneous, it will refuse connexion. It will not be as a character judged necessary to a public company, and in vain is something like it introduced with its garb if itself be absent. You do well to reject the consolation suggested by the unworthy idea of many that are left; it may be well designed, but is too indelicate to be offered, and not to be accepted by an affectionate, tender parent, whose confidence is reposed in a gracious Providence who is equal to the largest demands of His creatures. But whatever might be the agonies of parting, they must be soothed by such a death. In future, let submission and gratitude go hand in hand, and be exercised towards Him who has seen good to add to the family of heaven one so young from your own family; and let

survivors be stored with divine subjects, that, if early, reduced to dying circumstances, they may have language to utter consistent with the solemnity of the hour; and that, while their souls are held on in life, they may have something to utter to His praise who giveth life, and breath, and all things. I hope little William gathers strength, and that the last three months have, been in his favour. Various are the events occurring continually, personal, domestic, and national. The times are favourable to nobody. We are cramped, and are witnesses to very affecting scenes as the consequence. The continued rise upon grain is a gloomy occurrence, as thereby the stay of life is in some measure weakened." * * *

* To Mr. W——r.

"Upton-upon-Severn, January 14, 1772.

"VERY DEAR SIR,

"IT is not unseasonable to wish you a happy new year, nor a fruitless wish when it proceeds from the lip or pen of those who have discovered wherein true happiness consists. Blessed be the Lord, the last year brought you some of the heavenly treasure; and who knows but this year may completely fill the vessel? Blessed thought I—enough to animate in us a desire to depart, and make us, like the mother of Sisera, looking out at a window and crying through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? You know to whom I apply this, and you know with

what propriety it may be applied: a sense of the evils and corruptions of our hearts, and the sluggishness of our nature in spiritual exercises, make it desirable; and the great deliverance we shall obtain from all these complaints, with the glorious liberty we shall be brought into, make it delightful. The great matter is to distinguish between waiting and loitering. Let us be guarded against the evil of the latter, and submit to all the concurring circumstances that may befall us in the former; looking unto Jesus, who hath long waited that he might be gracious unto us, and is highly exalted that he may have mercy upon us. Then we shall be prepared for whatever awaits us, and shall not be afraid with any amazement that in the course of Providence, or through any unexpected disaster, may befall us. Last week a Mr. E——s, one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, made a short step into eternity, only having a little cold that did not lay him by for a quarter of an hour. O the unspeakable pleasure of being interested in a dear Redeemer's merits, washed in His blood, clothed with His righteousness, and ready—habitually ready—to meet Him at the shortest warning! Methinks this is the desire of my soul—my earnest prayer for all my family, and my joy that it is a prayer frequently repeated and abundantly answered on your behalf. Do, dear Sir, give it the pre-eminence in your heart. Let it be the first and the last wish of your soul. I need not say what a satisfactory substitute it will be in the stead of the world; you have found that already: and I shall not say how sufficient it is to support under the trials we are exposed to from the visible members of the Church in her militant state:

these I apprehend your situation at present does not make it necessary for you to be exercised with; and if it ever should, you will find the grace of Christ sufficient for you. It does not signify from what quarter our enemies come; the war is on Christ's account, and he will not suffer us to go on the warfare at any time on our own charge. He is all to us, and does all for us, that He may have the glory of all from us. In earth and in heaven our song shall be. Worthy is the Lamb! Yes, He is worthy of all our praise, for that he hath wrought all our work in us. Our very desires are of His own begetting; from Him proceeds our spiritual breath, and His are all our thoughts. May He upon these accounts be more precious in our esteem—more desirable in our sight—the Chief among ten thousand! My love to Mrs. W——r and aunt; tell them I often pray for them, and much desire to hear that their soul can magnify the Lord, and their spirit rejoice in God their Saviour. The bereaved Mrs. S——n is now by me; she often makes me think of my aunt. All her talk is about her poor Joseph, as she calls him. Indeed it is not to be wondered at. I have been looking over or hearing read his manuscripts, and am astonished at the good sense,, sound judgment, and great grace he received in the very instant he emerged out of the dregs of impurity and wickedness. His standing in the divine life was but five years, in which short time he was like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.

“I pray that my own leaf may not wither, and that whatsoever you do may prosper. I forgot to tell you that I have read Dr. Brown, and think many

of his thoughts worthy of notice. I intend to read him again. Will you give me leave to make my aunt a present of something by way of new year's gift? Pray signify it in your next.

“I remain, dear Sir,

“Yours respectfully,

“Cornelius Winter.”

END OF VOL. V.

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