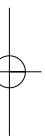


The Happy Mourner Comforted

by

**George
Whitefield**



The happy MOURNER comforted.

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE PARK, AT THE BACK OF THE ORPHAN-
HOSPITAL OF *EDINBURGH*, ON *FRIDAY* MORNING, 9TH OF
JULY, 1742.

MATTHEW v. 4.

Blessed are they that mourn: For they shall be comforted.

By the Reverend Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A.B.
late of *Pembroke College*, *OXFORD*.

PSAL. cxxvi. Ver. 6.

*That Man who bearing precious Seed in going forth doth mourn; He doubtless
bringing back his sheaves rejoicing shall return.*

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A
SERMON

PREACHED IN THE PARK; AT THE BACK OF THE ORPHAN-HOSPITAL
of *Edinburgh*, on *Friday* morning, 19th of *July*, 1742.

MATTHEW v. 4.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN; FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED.

'TIS a blessed Thing, and what every Gospel-Minister should be continually looking up to GOD for, namely, to be inabled rightly to divide the Word of Truth; on the one Hand, to , take Care not to give that which is holy to Dogs; and on other Hand, to take Care nor to make the Hearts of those sad, whom GOD would not have made sad: 'Tis our Duty not to run into Extremes; Ministers should so preach, and People so hear that Sinners may meet with no

Quarters

Quarters while, they continue in their Sins, and that the poor hungry Soul meet with no Discouragement, when his Heart is set upon Christ; 'tis God's Way, first to wound, and then to heal; 'tis God's Way, first to humble before he exalt; 'tis God's Way to shew our Want first, before he point out to us the Remedy; *The whole need not the Physician, but they that are sick*; But when Persons are sick, when Persons are really come off their false Rests, and are come to Christ; 'tis our Business to apply the *Balm of Giliad*, to them; 'tis our Business to tell them, that the Lord Jesus Christ, that great Lover of Souls, his Heart burns with Love towards such.

This text will lead me to speak of Comfort, not to these that may be put God off with a few false and Crocodile-tears, and think he will be pleased with them, because their Passions may be a little wrought upon, and may shed a few Tears. That you may know whether your Mourning is of the right Sort, or whether you are qualified to receive Comfort or not. I have read this Text to you. I shall then shew the Business of these that mourn aright, included in these, Words; *Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.*

And, *first*, I would endeavour to shew you, how we may be said to mourn, be-

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fore

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fore we, are qualified to receive Gospel comfort. And here I would observe to you, that there is a Mourning that arises from the Sense and Fear of Hell; many of you may be struck with Fear, and under a Terror when a Minister is preaching of *Temperance, Righteousness and Judgment to come*, you may be made to tremble, as *Felix* was at *Paul's* Preaching; when you have the Views of an angry GOD as ready to cut you off, when you see the flaming Sword, turning every Way, to keep you from the Tree of Life, when you see Hell ready to receive you, when you see Hell opened to receive you, when you see the Devil ready, and longing to receive you; this may strike a Fear in you, and make you tremble; yet you may go to Hell for all that; tho' the Fear of Hell is generally the Beginning of true Mourning. When the Lord says, Pay me what thou owest, the Sinner, fearing he cannot pay, is troubled; he is like one going to Prison that cannot pay his Debt, he mourns on that Account; if it be no more than this, 'tis not a right Mourning; Thousands have mourned this Way, that are now in Hell; *Judas* mourned this Way, and *Esau* mourned this Way too, and wept bitterly, and said to his Father, *Bless me, even me also, O my Father*, yet he was a strange to Christ. This Mourning that

results

5

results from the Views of piercing your blessed Saviour, it will make you mourn for him whom you have pierced by your Sins, and was lifted upon the Cross for saving your Souls; and if you mourn aright, you will mourn for your actual Sins, for everyone of them was a Thorn that pierced our Saviour; even one of them were the Nails that pierced his Hands and his Feet; everyone of your Sins were the Spear that pierced your Saviour's Side, *out of which came Blood and Water.*

Blessed, are they then that see their Sins set in Order, as it were, before them; not because they fear Hell, or because God will damn them; but because 'tis contrary to the Nature and Holiness of God, 'tis contrary to the Mind of Christ, that brought him to Death; had any of you murdered your Father, Mother, or Brother, you would say, This was the Hand by which I murdered my dear Friend: Thus a Sinner, touched with godly Sorrow, he cries out, These are the cursed Sins that brought my blessed Saviour to Death, these were the Sins that made my blessed Saviour bleed and die!

But if the Work be right, you will not only be made to mourn for your actual Sin, but for your original Sin, your Birth Sin, to mourn over that inbred Hell,

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that

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that Mystery of Iniquity, that Depth of Sin that is in all your Hearts. There is a great many of you think you have got a good Heart, but if you were to see the Inside, it would, I believe, fright you; *The Heart is deceitful above all Things, and desperately wicked, who, can know it?* These that mourn aright, mourn not only for the Sins of their Life; but the Sin of their Nature; they will mourn for these secret Sins that the World does not know. I am persuaded, when Souls are rightly awakened, the Enmity of their Hearts against GOD grieves them more than their outward Sins: Blessed are they that mourn over the total Depravity of their corrupt Natures.

There is one Thing more that serious Souls mourn for, and that is, if truly awakened, you will mourn for your Duties as well as your Sins. Before you are awakened, you think to lick yourselves whole; but when truly awakened, you will say, What a Crime have I been guilty of? Even that which the Devil was not guilty of. I have opposed the Righteousness of Christ, and put my own in 'tis Room; I have put my legal and sinful Performances in the Place of the Death of my dear Lord and Saviour; I have been putting my Crocodile Tears in 'tis Room: But I find now all Things

can-

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cannot do. O that I could now get a Glimpse of Christ! O that I could get the Righteousness of Christ imputed to me! Now I see, *There is no other Name given under Heaven amongst Men whereby I can be saved, but by the Name of Jesus.*

But then, there is one Thing more will stick in you Way; and that is, you will find you want a Power to come to Christ; therefore, *Blessed are they, that mourn* for all Sin in general; the Sinfulness of their corrupt Nature, the Sinfulness of their Duties, and that damnable Heart-killing Sin of Unbelief; therefore 'tis remarkable, that never a Soul that is awakened at *Cambuslang*, or the Places about, but they immediately cry out, We cannot believe! I have seen some of them ready to pull their Hearts out of their Breasts, they cannot shew their Resentment too much. Your Convictions are not right, until ye come to see the Sin of not believing; until ye come to mourn over the Sin of Unbelief; until you see, you can no more come to Christ; until you see you can no more lay hold on the Lord Jesus, than you can hold up your Finger to the Sun, and thereby bid it come down to you; then *Blessed are they that thus mourn: for they shall be comforted*. Your Saviour pronounces you blessed, for our Redeemer, in the

A 4

Text,

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Text, says, *Blessed are they that mourn: For, they shall be comforted*. Are there then any such Holy Mourners here this Morning? Can any of you say, that once we were very cheerful and merry, but we find now we were dancing over the Mouth of Hell; if God had cut us off, as we deserved, we would have been in Hell-fire long ere now? I can say, says the mourning Soul, *I have watered my Bed with my Tears, they are my Meat and my Drink*; I now see my Sins staring me in the Face, Sins that I did not think of, I now see them of a Crimson Dye; I now see, I would pull God out of his Throne, if I could; I now feel, I have Enmity in my Heart at him; and I see my Sin, and I own God would be just, if he never have Mercy on me; I find my Sorrow does not result, from the Fear of Hell, but from dishonouring God; I see I am angry, not at God, but at myself. Can any of you say, you feel it? It is not enough, to say you hear of it and have a Scheme of it in your Heads, but are any of you holy Mourners, and feel it in your Hearts? Tho' the Awakening here is not so great as in other Places, yet I hope GOD will not leave poor *Edinburgh*; I hope the Lord will not leave it to go on in Sin; tho' I'm afraid many will be carried away with their Politeness to Hell; tho' you have

not

9

not that Sorrow for Sin as others have, yet *God will not leave himself without a Witness*, he will not leave it empty. I doubt not but there are

some such Mourners here, that are saying, We are afraid we shall never see Christ, and never be able to take hold of him; our Sorrow is so great, the Travail of our Soul is so grievous, we know not what to do. O blessed are ye! The Devil will now endeavour to drive you to Despair, and tell you there is no Mercy for you; the Devil will represent God to you in horrid Colours; I doubt not but the Devil will represent to you, that God will damn you; *But blessed are ye*, for I have a Commission from my Lord and Master to you, *Ye shall be comforted*. How shall you be comforted? Ye want to have one good Word from Christ; ye want to have him say, *Thy Sins are forgiven thee*; that ye shall have. There are a great many Hypocrites, they think they can go to Heaven with Head knowledge; I fear they will find themselves mistaken, and will find that a Headful of Knowledge, without a Heartful of Love to Christ, will not bring them to Heaven; but I hope, there are some of you wanting him, and desiring that he may pay a Visit to the Temple of thy Heart. Dost thou want Christ, O Man, Woman? Thou shalt

have

10

have him, fear not; tho' your original and actual Sins be great, and never so great, yet they shall be pardoned, God shall drown your Sins in the Depth of the Sea, and they shall be remembered nor more; *Tho' your Sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as Snow; and tho' they red like Crimson, they shall be as Wooll*. Art thou mourning over thy wicked and unbelieving Heart? Art thou mourning over the inbred Hell that is in thee? Come to Jesus Christ and he will comfort thy Heart; the Lord Jesus Christ shall *give thee a new Heart*; the Lord shall *take away the stonny Heart* you complain of, *and give you an Heart of Flesh*; the Lord shall *sprinkle you with clean water, and you shall be clean from all your Filthiness, and from all your Idols will he cleanse you*; the Lord shall *put his Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in his Statutes, and keep his Judgments, and do them*. Fear not, God is greater than thy Lusts and Corruptions, thy Envy, Malice, and Revenge, these inbred Lusts that are in thy Soul shall be all removed, and Love, Peace and Joy shall go into thy Soul in their Room. Art thou mourning for a better Righteousness than thine, own? Art thou desiring to be clothed with the Righteousness of Christ? O blessed are ye, for ye shall be feasted with the fatted

Calf;

11

Calf; he will cause bring forth the best Robe, and put it on you, and put a Ring on your Hand, and Shoes on your Feet; God shall clothe your naked Souls with this Robe; God shall look upon you, as if you never had offended him, you shall have a federal Right to it. Blessed are ye that are watering your Coach with your Tears! If my Saviour were here, if I had an hundred Alabaster Boxes, I would anoint him with them all; my Alabaster Box is my Heart; O, says a poor weeping Soul, if I could weep until I could weep no more, I would come at him, I would lay hold on him, I would come near him; but I'm afraid he will have no Mercy on me; *Lord, I believe, help, my Unbelief!* This Sin of Unbelief grieves me most of all; blessed are ye, Christ is the Author and Finisher of your Faith; blessed are ye, for ye shalt not want Comfort until ye die; but God shall comfort you while here, he shall give you a blessed Outgate, and make you to say, with good old *Simon, Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace, according to thy Word, for mine eyes have seen thy Salvation.* Keep closs therefore with God, and you shall be comforted with all the Comforts of God; God the Father of all our Mercies, and the God of all Consolation shall comfort, your

Hearts

12

Hearts, thou shalt have as much Comfort as thy dear Heart can receive; thou shalt have even more Comfort than thy Heart can Contain. O how many distressed Souls have I seen comforted! I have seen them break out in the Midst of the Congregation, calling all to join with them, to help them to praise him; as I was a departing, one told me that the Communications of the Spirit were so great on her Soul, that the was obliged to keep her Bed eight Days. Another told me that his Communion with God was so strong, that it continued with him Night and Day for several Days: This is Encouragement, to you to go on. Can you not say to him, Lord, let me experience thy Comforts? Tell him, you cannot endure an absent Christ; tell him, you cannot be satisfied until he be reconciled to you; tell him, you cannot endure a frowning Christ; tell him all thy Case, do not mind fine Words; tell him, the Heart is an earthly and an hellish Lump, that deserves to be cast into Hell: If you cannot speak to God, at least you may say, Lord, stamp what thou wilt on my Soul, stamp thy Image on my Soul, for I cannot endure thy Absence. If 'tis so with any of you, it shall not be long, when you shall be comforted; the World will reckon you mad, and melancholly,

 But

13

but God will be as good as his Word, *you shall be comforted.*

But, O Sinner, what shall I say to you that do not mourn! And perhaps the greatest Part of you that are in this Place are so. What shall I say to you that never felt the Weight of your actual Sins! What shall I say to you that thought you always believed in Christ! What shall I say to you, that never mourned over an absent God! What shall I say to you? The World may call you blessed, but I dare not give you flattering Titles, but I must call you, in the Lord's Name, cursed: Thou art cursed in thy Thoughts, cursed in thy Words, and cursed in thy Actions, cursed in thy Prayers and hypocritical Actions; thy very Duties will damn you; every Time you take a Token from a Minister, you take a Token to damn you in every Prayer you make is an Abomination to him, and every Thing about you it hath the Signature of the Curse wrote upon it; therefore cursed art thou that never had this holy Mourning, for thou shalt be tormented: Thou mayst bless thyself that when others are so troubled, thou art not so, but by and by *they shall be comforted, but thou tormented; thou in thy Life-time receivedst thy good Things, and likewise they their evil Things, but now they are comforted, and thou art tor-*

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14

mented. Poor Creature, where art thou now going? Thou art going very merrily and cheerfully to Hell; *Ye are the Children of the Devil, and the Works of the Devil ye will do;* Let none of you buoy yourselves up with a false Confidence because you never felt this Mourning, I shall not say to what a Degree, for there are different Degrees of it, but if you never did mourn over your Love to—Sin, the World and Self you, are yet in a State of Nature, you are in a State of Death, *You are condemned already, because you do not believe on the Son of God. Awake thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee Light.* O that the Lord Jesus Christ may awaken you this Morning! I thought the Lord, was pleased to appear remarkably to some of you last Night, I hope I shall hear some good Account afterwards of this last Night's Mourning; O I have been grieved to see so many Sermons preached, when scarce one hath been touched by one of them:—it hath grieved me much to see you hearing the Word so often, without getting good by it, and that I have not been made to say of you, *Who are these that fly as a Cloud, and as the Doves t' their windows?* But I hope the

Lord is beginning to reach some of your Hearts. Blessed are ye, young Boys, that betimes see the Wickedness of

your

15

your Hearts; blessed are ye, young Girls that mourn, for the Lord shall comfort your Hearts, and give a blessed Outgate to your Souls; tho' young, you shall be locked fast in the Redeemer's Arms. Blessed are ye, young Maidens, the Lord Jesus shall come to you with an Olive-branch in his Mouth; fear not, *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. O that I could weep over you; I could wish that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I might weep Day and Night for you* that do not see your own Misery! Howl and weep; however merry you may be now, in a little Time you shall be thrown into the infernal Pit; and there you shall be made to mourn with *Weeping and Gnashing of Teeth*, when 'tis too late. In a little you shall go to *Esau* your Grandfather, and to *Judas*, and there you shall be tormented, and not allowed one *Drop of Water to cool the tip of your Tongues*. O what Howling and Mourning is there! O how many are there in Hell, that have never sinned so as you and I have done! Beg of God to break your hard Hearts; beg of God, your dear Saviour, to let you see what a bitter Thing it is to depart from the Lord: O! my dear Friends, my Heart is warmed with Love to you; I hope and am persuaded, God hath not suffer'd me

to

16

to preach unto you in vain; not that I think ye are not true Converts, because ye do not cry out; no, for tho' none know it but God and thy own Soul, 'tis a true Conversion; but when the Heart is tender, it cannot but break out. We cannot but have Sorrow to see our Saviour hanging on a Tree, and hear him saying to us, Thou hast brought me to Death; and yet it may fill us with Joy to hear him saying, By this very Blood I have washed thee from thy Sins, even by—these very Sins that pierced My Side, by this very Blood and Water thou art justified and sanctified; for you to hear your Saviour, as it were saying, I love thee so much, that I could go through a blood, Sweat and Agony for you again. This cannot but fill you both with Grief and Joy. I cannot tell how 'tis with you, but when I am alone, or when on my Knees, I cannot tell how angry I am for grieving my Saviour; but O! 'tis sweet when the Spirit comes amongst with it, and makes an Influx into thy Heart, when the Redeemer gives it a gentle Touch, and then out comes contrary Tears from this holy

Reck. O 'tis a sweet Time when we can bath our Feet in our Tears, and when we can tell him, how we have grieved him, and can mourn no more, 'tis so far from being uneasy, that 'tis a

sweet

17

sweet Exercise, I could always wish to be in this Frame. O that I could leave you this Morning this Way, mourning at the Sight of the Lamb of God, of whom, you have been the Betrayers and Murderers, and yet he is willing to be your Saviour; ye are sorrowful now, but ere' long you shall be comforted; Jesus Christ shall rake you to himself, Sin and Sorrow shall fly away. *Blessed are ye that mourn: for ye shall be comforted*; God hath promised it, therefore fear it not.

I must now bid you farewell, I am going where I hope I shall see more of the Lord's Presence than I have seen here; the Time is coming, when God will favour *Scotland*; the Time is coming, when the Lord shall display his Power. When this is come, your Prayers are answer'd; when you expected Judgments, he will give Mercy, he will give largely like himself, he will give you a spiritual Harvest. Let it be your Business to mourn over these Sins that have separated between God and you; let us mourn, we have grieved the Lord so long, that the Lord hath been pleased to give so much, and we have been so unthankful to him, that is enough to break our Hearts; when we thought well that the Sword of the Enemy would have come thro' the Land, we have got the Sword

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of

18

of the Spirit. O let us mourn for our Ungratitude; let his Goodness lead us to Repentance; and any of you that are going the next *Sabbath* to the Communion in any Place in the Land, I wish the Lord may go with you.

The next Lord's Day I expect to see a great Day of Mourning at *Cambuslang*, I expect there to see many Sinners washing the Redeemer's Feet with their Tears; may you have Sympathy with us; may there be a Mourning there and a Mourning here, that so we may meet with eternal Comfort. O it makes me mourn, fearing it will be a Parting for evermore; that many of you shall bid an everlasting Adieu to one another! O it will be a dreadful Parting! O it will be dreadful to be absent from God, to be burning in Hell-fire for evermore; this is only to be prevented by coming to Christ. May the Lord give you, Grace to come to this Rock! May the Lord Jesus give, you Grace never to rest until you get the comforts of the Holy Ghost! I beg of you that love the Lord, help me by your Prayers

when I am away, I do not forget you; this was the Place I first began at, I have particular Love for it; it will grieve me, if I do not see a greater Awakening among you, if I do not find more seeking after *Zion* than I have yet done; it will grieve me, if the

Lord

19

Lord take the Gospel from you; and send it to the Country and Villages about you; it will grieve me, if he shall say, I will water *Edinburgh* no more, but I will water the Country Villages about you; the *Manna* is now become light Bread to their Souls, therefore I will send Leanness to their Souls. O may the Lord never say this to you! O may the Lamb of God comfort you! O I know not how to leave you, Brethren, I could talk of the Love of God forever, and the Mourning of an agonized Saviour; O these damnably deceitful Hearts, these hellish Hearts we have, that can see him bleeding and mourning, and yet we stand at his Cross ready to stab him again. This is the very Frame of our Hearts, until we come to see an inward Heart Enmity in us against Sin, until we come to seek to be revenged deeply against it, and angry that, we have so grieved, and so wounded the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour of Mankind. I am sure, he does not deserve it at our Hand; you and I have, we have deserved to be damned, at least I, ten thousand Times. Have we not need then, to ly low before God, and beg of him to break our Hearts? May the Lord give a Commission to break them! If the Lord would give me a Commission, I would break you thro' and thro', until you

B 2

were

20

were brought to Christ; but you have been so used with Gospel-preaching, that it goes over your Heads, and does not touch your Hearts; you will hear and go to Hell at last. God forbid that this be your Place! God is among us, God is now sweetly melting down your Hearts, but when you are out of the *Park*, you will leave your Tears, you will be away to your Gaieties and Diversions again; away to your pretty Companies to stab him again; O you should mourn over these ill Hearts of yours! O if the Lord would let you see them, it would turn you desperate and make you mad! I can do no more but pray for you; the Dew of Heaven is now coming down; the second *Adam* is now dressing his Garden, do you hear him in it, and are you afraid of him, because you are a Stranger to the Commonwealth of *Israel*? God is saying to the most Part of you, Where are you? Take of your pitiful Fig-leaves, and come to me; I hope the

Prison-Doors are, open'd. I hope 'tis a Day of Opening to your Souls; You are mourning because you see yourselves a condemn'd Company. O Captives, what have you to say to it?, Are you guilty? You can say nothing but guilty. *Satan* says, Then let me have them; the Devil longs to have you, but, *Christ* says, This Morning he hath got a

Ran-

21

Ranrom; the King hath said, You are pardoned; the King sees you are angry he will therefore, freely forgive you all, feeing you freely lay down your Arms. You may go out, the Prison-doors are open'd. Who will go out? Who? I hope you will go out too, by the Street called *Straight*, that leads straight to Glory, You are now like *Joseph's* Brethren, your Consciences sting you; but he says, Come near, *You shall dine with me*. I hope *Joseph's* Brethren are come Home, I hope many Souls shall be born this Day; I hope this Day shall be a Day of everlasting Remembrance, that God hath kept the best Wine until the last; that was the Time and Place he brought me to Christ! O happy Hour, that I was made to mourn over my wicked Heart; blessed he God, lean now go to God and tell him, my latter Part is greatly increas'd; he hath visited me with his Salvation. I heard there were Fifteen wrought upon at *Cumbernald*; but I would have Fifteen Score wrought upon at *Edinburgh*; every Groan you fetch, and every Tear you shed, reaches his Heart; and he bids me tell you who are Drunkards, Swearers and Sabbath-breakers, &c. that the Devil is afraid he lose some of you this Morning; but I hope the Angels are rejoicing, that some little Boys and Girls; and some old

Per-

22

Persons are mourning after Christ. Do you want Christ? Christ you shall have. Do you want Grace and Glory? You shall have all from Christ.

O how shall I leave you; my Heart burns for you, 'tis my Meat and my Drink to bring you to Christ; I live, if ye stand fast in the Lord. I care not, tho' this were my last Moment, if I could bring some of you to Christ; O my Bowels hath yearned for you, I have been with Jesus the last Night, and blessed be God, ye shall hear the Sound of my Master's Feet behind me; blessed, be God, he will not let me preach in vain. O what will come of you that are unaffected, that have no Concern about Christ? O that I could mourn over you! O 'tis a blessed Time, the Dew is gently dropping from Heaven on you; O call on the Angels and Archangels, call on every Thing in Heaven and Earth to praise him. Why

are you unwilling to come to Christ? The Lord Jesus calls you, Give me your Hearts, I have paid dear for them, I have purchased them by my Blood. If our Saviour were here; he would take you in his Arms, filthy and nasty as you are. Now Christ is praying, and now Christ's Prayer is answer'd, now Christ is praying, *Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me*, and behold the Glory thou

hast

23

hast given me; *When I passed by them and saw them polluted in their own Blood, I said unto them when they were in their Blood, Live; The Father grants, and the Spirit comes down with Power. Sing Praises to the Lord.* O my dear Friends, may the Lord Jesus Christ be with you; may he work effectually with you; may you not forget what you have met with! That will be doubly bad, to come near to Heaven, and afterwards go to Hell; may that Mourning be like *the Mourning of Hadadrimmon in the Valley of Megiddon*. Now I hope the Lord hath poured out the Spirit of Grace and of Supplication on your Hearts; now blessed be God for it. Brethren, farewell; to his Mercy I recommend you; the Lord Jesus fill you with Peace; the Lord give you all Joy in believing; the Lord grant this may not soon wear off; but that ye may be filled with all the Fullness of God, which I hope win be in a short Time, and see the Seed spring up, and I may not weep before God any more, but may have Fruit among you as in other Places. If ye get near to God, you must own it was not in your own Strength, but in the Lord's; *For the Weapons of our Warfare are not carnal, but, mighty thro' God, to the pulling down of strong Holds, &c.* If I know any Thing of myself, 'tis my Desire to, take you along with

me

24

me to Heaven. Pray for me, when the Archers are shooting strong that I may fall, that, the Lord may uphold me. I will pray for you. And O holy Mourners, as God enables you,—engage others, that he may become the Joy of the whole Earth! That it may be said, The Lord hath much People in this Place, and that Scores are coming to Christ! O I know not how to break off, I could talk forever of the dear Redeemer! O that thou shouldst die for my Sins! I have stabbed thee, and thou hast saved me by thy Blood; I want to have ten thousand Tongues to commend him. Sinners, Christ is the dear Redeemer. Have you found him precious to you? May the Lord be among you: *Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen and Amen.*

THE HAPPY MOURNER COMFORTED

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FINIS.

